

The Thread of Dawn Act 2 - Caught In The Storm

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The thunder roared across the land, shaking the very mountains and forests nearby with its bellowing howl. Threatening everything it towered over, especially those out of sight. Something the red wyrm within the nearly blocked off cave could sense within the eastern dragon's slumber. Every loud rumble that passed over them caused the serpent to become tense and nearly brace in Zarj's arms.

But the larger one was there to protect Alkardoc, shelter him from such a violent storm. Even if the small campfire they made had already burned into faint embers, the wyrm was there to keep his new friend warm.

Friend... The term made Zarj'annan smile as he rested below the constant heavy beats of the rain. It felt good to finally have another friend again, someone different from himself. Who knew so much and whose life was so drastically altered from the red dragon's own. Be it in tales, perspective, or simple the very comfortable green grass that made their bedding. Freshly made just a few hours ago, and already Zarj wished he had such a thing waiting for him within his own cave.

But was the eastern dragon really his friend? Or was Alkar actually... More than such? Everytime the larger one thought about him, which was pretty much everytime the draconic serpent moved a bit within his embrace, his armored heart fluttered. Sometimes with a bit of fear when the term Eastern came to mind, but just thinking about his golden face... It was a new energy, a wonderful euphoria that swept underneath those hardened scales.

Maybe it was the wyrm still feeling a bit on the frisky side, nearly giggling at the things the two were doing a few hours ago. Blushing deeply as that sheath once again started to swell, wanting to continue such an act for quite a while as the red one attempted to rest. But all he could think about was entering Alkardoc once again, the inner walls of his fleshy slit, somehow able to accommodate such a weapon.

Yet, was such a thing respectful? It was the golden one's idea in the first place, after all. Or was it? Perhaps it was the massage, and the curiosity that really got them both to submit to such a thing. He wanted to imagine that the golden serpent was thinking the same things as he was, running in thought circles or like a hopeless wyrm. Lying in a grassy field with a branch full of leaves, plucking them off one by one and wondering if he likes him.

Or was it just the red one pondering such thoughts? Him being hopeful for something better in his life of late? Something he's been missing out on due to the tedious traditions of his elders and their history. Abandoning all desire to even attempt such a thing in his lands and just focusing on his studies with that telescope. But with this... Golden serpent, a beautiful metallic snake that could only faintly be admired with every bright flash of light that ricocheted off the walls... Could he be it?

Strange how meeting such an exotic creature in his life could change everything about the larger wyrm. Make him feel wonderful in ways that he never dreamed of, to the point where he wanted to wake up the dragon in his arms and chew his ear off. Wondering what more tales he could possibly have from his lands, what their homes were like, their cuisine...!

Zarj never thought he would be so fascinated with the other lands, but the more he thought about the stories, the more enthralled he was about such a place. It's people, culture, and landscape. Possibly even willing to... Visit-?

A sudden shift of the golden one's body was felt, then a sharp yelp when a heavy thunder startled him. Getting those thinner claws of Alkardoc's to dig into those red bracers, almost whimpering while feeling that head to jerk back and forth for a moment. That smaller heart racing and almost struggling against the organic shelter until the vocals could be made out. "Shhh, it's okay. It's just me, Zarj'annan."

"Zarj'annan...?" The serpent questioned silently for a few moments, giving the golden one time to piece the recent night together and take a deep breath before relaxing. Though still tensing whenever a rumble was heard. "I-I'm sorry. I'm afraid I'm not fond of storms..." A chuckle from the red one, getting a playful nudge under his thick jaw.

"You did it again." A noise in question as that slender body stretched a bit, pressing up against the crimson package. Actually getting a tickled reaction that left the wyrm blushing a bit. "You apologized."

"Well, I am sorry. Unless you don't want me to be." Another teasing nudge.

"T-that's okay. But... Dragon's don't apologize for anything unless it's something drastic."

"Perhaps in your lands, yes." Alkar snuggled into the larger one's embrace, his head and mane fitting perfectly within Zarj's neck and jawline. Allowing him to nearly catch the scent of that azure mane. "Maybe the way humans have used the phrase has rubbed off on us over the-" A loud snap of lightning close by interrupted him. Nearly making the golden one jump out of his scales.

"You're safe, don't worry."

"I can't see how you're so calm. Let alone enjoy such things." A chuckle from the wyrm.

"I can't say I enjoy being in storms but... I enjoy this."

"This?" The viper teased.

"Being with you." That made the two smile brightly, feeling that golden tail start curling around his thicker red one. Once again pressing up between those hind legs, hearing a slight whimper leak through the rain as those furred ears flicked.

"...Oh, yes. I never got you to finish, did I?" A loud swallow was felt that time, then a deep breath from that basically purple muzzle.

"You... Received quite a bit of it, but n-not completely..." Zarj whimpered a bit, still not used to such conversation. But he was still smiling uncontrollably, especially at the small chuckle from under him. "How...?"

"Yes?"

"Did you even... Learn something like that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Taking it in your..." Another press into his red and nearly ready package. "T-tail, I mean."

"You don't have such things in your lands?"

"I..." A breath, trying to hold back his stutter from embarrassment as another thunder passed. "We have male couples in our land, yes, as rare as they are. But I never questioned what or how they did... Things." Another chuckle from the eastern one. "I-I just expected that they just used their maws, but as I said before..."

"You've never tried it with a male." Alkardoc mumbled almost below the heavy rainfall. "What... Did you think?" A bit of a pause before the large wing that was sheltering his slender body shifted up to cover the wyrm's face. Leaving the eastern one rather puzzled. "Is everything okay?"

"Y-yes." Zarj whimpered, feeling one of his red paws move up to cover his eyes. Taking a few moments for the serpent to make out the movements, then understand what happened. Chuckling after and giving the larger one a playful nudge against the organic roofing, which in turn made him almost curious about it. Lightly and carefully touching it with a golden paw as the membranes twitched with sensitivity.

"Does that hurt?"

"N-not at all." The western one almost giggled, trying to resist such a reflex as he let the serpent continue his study. "They're just-" A sharper jerk that time that made him release a higher pitched chuckle. "Ticklish."

"Oh? How interesting..." A few more brushes that at least got the larger dragon's mind off of certain urges for a bit, just enjoying the attention of the eastern one. "They're... Almost like hide? Very faintly furred, I believe. Which would explain why they're so sensitive." A faint noise in response that could barely be picked up over the rain. Then he felt it, getting Alkardoc to stop and attempt to look at the slightly saddened expression. "I'm bothering you..."

"What? No-no! You're not-!"

"But then what is...?" The slender one rotated himself to face the wyrm, placing a paw on his armored chest. "This?" A sigh of defeat from Zarj'annan.

"Just an old wound."

"...Conway?" A slow nod. "Yes... He used to study you, like I am now..." The large embrace only held the golden snake tighter.

"He did. I never thought I'd miss the sessions, sometimes hours long, of him studying my eyes. Asking me to focus on certain objects, both nearby and at a distance, until they just felt too sore to continue." A nod was felt from the smaller one, soon getting a nudge from the red paw that didn't quite know its strength. Yet, grabbed Alkar's attention nonetheless. "Please continue."

"Continue...?" The serpent asked, looking for confirmation and feeling that wing attempt to get closer. Really feeling how it contained and directed the warmth of the faint embers.

"It feels... Different when you do it." A sad smile from the wyrm as he took a breath. "I... Might know what it is."

"Oh?" The eastern one asked, carefully examining the strong branches. Feeling the heat of embarrassment from the larger dragon and slightly teasing him. "And what could that be?"

"Please... Don't think ill of me, whereas..." The curious stare of the blue discs only amplified with that as those now purple ears lowered. "I..."

"It's okay, Zarj. You can be honest with me." A disappointed mumble from the red one as he took another breath.

"I... Don't think of you as... Inferior..." A bit of silence. "C-compared to-" A growing chuckle from Alkardoc even started to make the wyrm instinctively laugh with him. "It feels so terrible to say now, but-"

"Your kind really does see yourselves above all others, does it?" Another tease that forced Zarj to whimper a bit.

"N-not... Everything." The eastern one just continued his studies, still chuckling at the thought. "L-like you..." A noise in question. "I... Like you, is what I'm trying to say."

"Oh?"

"Y-yes. And I like... What we did last night. E-even though I know you said you didn't like males-"

"That's not what I said, dear." Another whine from the large one. "I just never found one I was interested in, until I met you." The glowing smile from that bearded muzzle could be felt against his neck, along with the whiskers still attempt to stroke through that spineful mane.

"Can I ask... Why?" A bit of silence as the rumbles passed over again.

"I honestly... Do not have an answer for you, Zarj'annan. I truly wish I did, but that's just how I felt." Slight worry filled the red one's chest. "Maybe it is due to that..." A golden paw on those thick plates. "That you're so different from everything I've observed-" A loud blast of lightning hit near them once again, nearly deafening the two as they yelped. Holding onto each other tightly as the monstrous thunder passes. "Okay, I changed my mind about storms."

"Changed your mind about...?"

"I really, really, **Really** dislike them." The golden one whimpered, getting a chuckle from the larger one. "I swear it's getting worse!"

"It's probably getting closer to the eye." Zarj stated, attempting to look at the hole in their roof. Getting a large flash to illuminate the outside for a very brief moment. "The winds are picking up, the air is getting a little colder as well."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"That the center of the storm is approaching-" A loud grumble was heard between them, getting both dragons to blush for a moment.

"S-sorry." Alkar apologized, getting a strange look from the red one again. "It appears that I'm more hungry than I thought."

"I thought that was my stomach." The wyrm stated, getting the two to chuckle before sighing. "We both are."

"If we were elsewhere, I... Might be able to make us something, but it would be terribly bland."

"Make...?" A nod from the slender one, and then it clicked in. "With that... Tree growth-" A chuckle from Alkardoc as he confirmed it.

"Yes. But accelerating the growth of plant life is one thing, the fruits they bare... They wouldn't carry the true nutrients as they would if they grew normally."

"So, likely tasting rather... Watery?" A bright smile as the smaller dragon gave him a lick.

"Still, I don't think we'll have the room for much..." Zarj mumbled and trailed off, only for an idea to spark in his head. "Wait a moment..."

"Hmm?"

"There was something at the wyrmling's camp...!" Another noise in question from the longer dragon. "It smelled like fruit, anyway. In one of the crates."

"Camp?"

"Yes, they ended up building a small fortress not far from here. It's why I was out here to begin with." The red one snorted at the thought of the little ones begging to him. "It should only be a short flight from here."

"You can't go out in such winds though, can you?" Alkardoc looked at him with worry.

"The eye of the storm will be very clear, like a perfect day. But only for a little while." That gaze didn't lift off. "I'll be fine and back before it picks up again, I'm more worried about getting out of this cave without damaging it."

"What do you mean?"

"I could barely make it out of that lower exit without my back basically rubbing against it." A snout toss towards their light source. "I'm concerned about breaking down that entire wall while getting out of here, leaving us without shelter."

"Oh..." Another low rumble that was off in the distance, leaving them in silence for a bit. "Then... Let me go." A double take from the wyrm just as a close lightning strike hit, actually not removing the attention of the red one.

"What?" He asked, after the rumbles died down.

"Let me go out instead." Zarj curled his neck, giving the eastern one a stare of both concern and disapproval. "I can fit easily through that. Maybe even the top one as well."

"Yeah, but you won't be able to make it there and back in time."

"Is it that far?" The red one started scratching the back of his own mane.

"N-no, but you can't make it from the ground alone." A puzzled look from those blue discs, looking over the wyrm in the darkness.

"But... You can?" A nod from the red one. "You can really run that fast?"

"Run? No, I'll fly."

"But I can fly too, so what's the...?" That curious look of Zarj's intensified as he took a few moments of silence to study the eastern one. Even rubbing the golden one's back a bit

before speaking.

"With... Without wings...?" An excited nod from the slender one. "...How!?"

"That's actually very interesting-!" Another thunderous blast made him yelp and grasp the wyrm in front of him tightly. "...I really hope you're right about this eye of the storm thing."

"I am. You'll have to trust me, like I trust you." The winds howled loudly, as such a system started to become more and more intense.

"H-have you ever been in one of these before?" Alkardoc nearly had to yell over the roaring gales, feeling the red one nod and continued to shelter him for several long moments. Roars of thunder and constant strikes of lightning echoed fear into the serpent's heart, but he had to be brave if he wanted to eat. Granted, wishing he could grow his own food started to become more and more appealing by the second.

Then, all at once, the threatening storm outside died down. Getting the two to look outside towards it, barely seeing the wall of mist slowly dissipate. "Are you sure you want to do this, Alkardoc? We can just wait. There's no reason to risk your life for a little bit of food-"

"It's rude to keep my guest hungry." The golden one nervously teased. "You said it wasn't far from here, correct?"

"Just a little ways passed the river. You'll see a large tree in the distance that sprouts much higher than the rest. Towards the base of it is where you'll find their little garrison." A small chuckle from the slender one. "Within it there should be a few barrels off to the corner, and one they were attempting to use for the base of a table. Hidden in that are their stolen stash that should still be fresh." A faint nod from the golden one as they looked at each other with a bit of worry.

"...Close your eyes." A noise in question from the wyrm, but he did so. Feeling that smaller paw on his chest. "Now think about the tree. Picture it in your mind." The frilled ears flicked, but Zarj followed such instructions. "A little harder. Concentrate. Try to make it as clear as possible... Okay, and the playhouse? ...The Barrel..." One by one, the larger dragon thought about them, even getting the strange sense like they were being observed in the process. About to ask him about such an ability, but the serpent then gave him a deep kiss. One that lasted longer than it should have, and nearly causing the red one to fall into those instincts of just pushing the eastern into the grass and mount him.

Thankfully, the kiss was broken before then, getting Zarj to exhale and breathe off to the side. Nearly stunned by such a powerful, sudden action. "I will be back." Alkardoc stated in a whisper, attempting to get up but was held down just for a moment. Sharing one more small kiss that the wyrm started before getting a few licks from that purple tongue.

"Please be careful and be quick. If you don't make it back in time..." Those orange eyes

started to have second thoughts about all this. "I'm coming out there after you." It honestly made the golden one blush and smile.

"Don't be silly. I'll just hide elsewhere if it comes to that." Another small kiss. "Then you can hunt me down after it's over." The two awkwardly chuckled.

"Just..."

"Be careful?" They nodded.

"And... Don't enter the mist." Those golden ears flicked in question. "If you head in that direction and all you can see is mist... Just come back."

"Okay." The serpent was finally released and floated under the cave's short entrance. Getting the red wyrm to attempt to follow, with his eyes, then look through where the lightning blast made a hole. Able to see the crisp clear night sky along with the dozens of stars that were neglected for the night. Looking for the golden shine of the serpent as he circled through the air in long barrelrolls.

Zarj almost loathed this, a heavy weight hanging off his very heart when he watched the eastern one leave. Let alone into a dangerous place. It should be him out there instead, in case something happened to Alkar. How would he explain such a thing if he was ever found in their lands?

The wyrm took a deep breath, attempting to calm down. All he could really do right now was wait for the golden one to return, and pray that he would be fast enough. Gazing out the hole as far as he fit his head through to watch for any signs...

He couldn't believe how calm everything was, considering his entire field of view was cut short by a thick veil of fog and mist a ways out. Able to clearly see the forestry below the flying serpent, as well as the threatening boarder as the storm continuously rotated. The damage such a thing caused was unreal, able to picture the very same forest through the western's thoughts. Now torn apart from the sheer winds, but not completely lost.

Yes, destruction itself was a part of life, is what Alkar's elders would state. Almost hearing their thick, yet wise tone. It's needed for regrowth, for the forest to become stronger than before. Much how a snakelet needs to endure hardships in order to gain wisdom, however... The golden dragon has rarely seen such a thing for himself, at least not at this degree.

And then though the clearing, he spotted it: the blue divide that (truly) separated the two clans of dragon lands. Though now a bit murky due to the excessive amount of dirt and debris that polluted such a thing, it was still almost... Terrifying to the eastern one. He was going

to finally cross that border to the other lands! Sure, he did it before when the storm hit, but it was the storm that really carried him passed the river. Now...? He was going willingly.

The sheer act of passing over it nearly kicked his instincts into a defensive status, causing those golden scales to nearly stiffen like he was going to be struck at any moment. The stories of the Western Wardens played through his mind, nearly fogging it from his main objective. Keeping a sharp eye on the thick trees below, just waiting for a large beast of a dragon to bolt out and snatch the serpent from the sky.

It got to the point where he nearly ran into the wall of mist, his whiskers stiffening to warn him of the deadly winds just in time. Getting Alkar to circle back a bit and attempt to calm himself down while the eye of the storm made more progress into the western forest.

He couldn't believe how tranquil it was within such a force of nature, barely picking up the harsh winds at a distance as the sky looked so crisp. The stars early twinkling within the blanket of dark navy, as if signaling a greeting... Or a warning of sorts. The thick silence now starting to make the eastern one almost uncomfortable.

But soon he saw something that looked oddly like that large tree he was after, just damaged quite badly. As much as he wanted to keep scouting into the lands, the dragon was on a time limit. When it was safe to go in closer, he dove into the forest carefully. Finding a rather impressive structure that looked nearly like something humans would build; a wooden shelter that was built in a tree, either for protection or perhaps sleeping during travels. It even had some furniture that... Honestly seen better days.

A few chairs that had dozens upon dozens of scratches on them, several large barrels with objects or other debris, several large ragged tarps for a roof that were taken down. And then the table, one that the large flat surface was thrown across by the harsh winds. Leaving the barrel casted aside, but it did good work to preserve the sack within it. Seeing several fruits but not bothering to study them just yet.

Something crawled under his scales, telling him to escape such a dangerous place immediately before he was caught and, if likely, taken prisoner. Flowing out of the dark forest and running into a few branches, not quite able to see clearly where the dragon was going, he jumped out of the treetops and took off back where he came. Moving in large evasive barrels towards that river as fast as he possibly could, hoping he could make it back before that wall of mist claimed their shelter once more...

Time moved so slowly, those orange eyes constantly watching for any movement whatsoever. Scanning the cleared sky with his flight membranes over his eyes, so he didn't have to blink. It was like the entire evening slowed to a crawl, while Zarj could picture the storm moving a double speed. Quickly creeping up at his golden friend, and where was he? Stuck in a

cave, a makeshift shelter. All so they would have a place to hide from the storm's fury.

Hiding... That's exactly what he was doing, wasn't it? All while he sent that beautiful dragon out to danger. For what? Because he was a little hungry...? A heavy exhale nearly deflated the red one. One of the best things to ever happen in his life, and he was risking it for a few fruits!?

The wyrm started to get angry, furious with himself as he watched through that narrow skylight. Sending out a few torrents of flame to signal out where the cave was, just in case Alkardoc couldn't find it. The storm was right on his tail, he knew it! The harsh winds would take his smaller frame away and he would be at the mercy of such a thing-

A loud hiss in frustration as the larger dragon flinched at such a thought. Getting him to start digging into the dirt under the cave's exit. Once in a while moving back up to fire another breath of flames and just hoping he would get some kind of signal back. Telling him that the golden one was alright...! But nothing. No winds. No Rain. Silence, besides a few rumbles of a storm that was about to swallow the eastern up- A wall of mist to claim those blue discs for itself!

Those claws raked through the wet dirt, tossing it aside to make a small ditch. Giving the dragon just enough space to get through without breaking the wall... Or at least he thought. Screw his previous plan of waiting until he heard the winds starting to pick up, Zarj would escort the golden serpent back himself!

One last look outside and still no sign of those wonderful golden scales. So the wyrm started to squeeze his body down to fit through the main cave entrance, head first. Taking a few steps and really feeling just how small it really was, taking a lot of effort and nearly snarling at the idea of him getting stuck like this. Attempting to look back to see if he was really in the correct position before facing forwards again, only to nearly yelp at the sight of that golden muzzle with the azure beard directly in front of him. "A-Alkardoc!"

"Was I gone that long?" The serpent half teased, giving the red snout a playful boop.

"It felt like it." The larger one half grumbled, mostly at the idea of moving backwards downhill over the time waiting. Letting the slender one through and just now realizing how his tone could've reflected impatience over discomfort due to the mud. "I..." Zarj started, once again having his thoughts trip over themselves again. Unable to hide his blushed ears over the dense moonlight shining directly on him as those sapphire eyes looked at him a bit. Only for that serpent to smile and hold up the bag of fruits, getting a breath of relief from the larger dragon and a sudden tight hug. Almost making the eastern one yelp in the process.

"You are filthy!" The slender one playfully struggled against the embrace, nearly making a face when he felt the wet dirt smudge against his beautiful coating. "Well, I know now what to get you everytime we meet." The two chuckled, but with the contact... Alkardoc could feel it. "Is

something wrong, dear Zarj'annan?" A shaky breath from the red one as those wings covered them. Soon hearing the winds begin to pick up outside, displaying just how close such a mission was.

"I just..." A heated exhale towards the wyrm's self. "I just didn't want to lose another friend..."

"My goodness...!" The golden dragon purred loudly, his muzzle occupied with the fruit as he let such flavors dance along his forked tongue. "These are...!"

"Amazing, aren't they?" The wyrm shyly smiled, still sheltering his new friend with now a fresh fire beside them.

"Absolutely...! Almost orgasm worthy!" That actually made the large one choke while whimpering, getting a chuckle from Alkardoc. "What did you say they were called?"

"Sadifruits. I believe Conway used to make drinks from their juices."

"I can see why! It's a shame that such a thing doesn't grow in our lands."

"They don't grow nearby, but often get imported from the far west." The red one took another two out of the sack and gave one to the serpent, still realizing that those golden scales were shaking. "Are you... Cold?"

"N-no. I'm warm enough." The slender one stated, snuggling up to the dirty wyrm's side. "I'm just... Still jittering."

"From what?"

"From finally crossing your territory! I never imagined how thrilling such a thing would be!" Another bite and a very thick purr that was almost a whimper in bliss. "For these wonders, I might cross to obtain a plant! Perhaps I can take..." He trailed off, getting Zarj to double take slowly and witness a near paralyzing fright from his friend. "Oh no..."

"What?" A whimper in response to the wyrm. "Alkar? What is it?"

"I..." Those blue discs gazed over his slightly muddy paws. "I... Crossed the river..." He whined, looking at the sack next. "And I... Stole something...!"

"Stole something? Alkar, you didn't-"

"But I did! I-I'm going to get exiled for this!"

"Hey." The wyrm said a bit sternly, grounding the golden one's rapid thoughts and

getting his attention. "You're fine. Nothing is going to happen to you, Alkardoc." A worried look from the slender one. "Besides, I don't know what you're talking about."

"W-what do you mean?" A devious look from the red dragon.

"I stole the sack, remember?" Those orange eyes gave the smaller one a wink, only to have a blank stare in return.

"...Zarj?" A noise in question. "We can tell-"

"YouCanTellWhenWe'reLying! Taath!" The large one hissed to the side, getting a chuckle from Alkar and nudging the sighing wyrm.

"It's the thought that counts." A playful snort in return.

"It just means I'll have to cross into your lands and steal something of yours then." Zarj purred, getting a puzzled look from the golden one that was almost worried.

"Steal something...?"

"You, specifically." That red snout nudged him that time as Alkar blushed deeply. Letting the tongue lick that golden muzzle a bit and the two shared a small kiss. Then another one, as the serpent could detect that wonderful flavor within the wyrm's maw. Letting that forked appendage slide in deeper as their breaths heaved and their purrs once again rivaled that of the rain.

Zarj's body was locked with desire, following the eastern one's lead as he gently motioned the larger dragon to once again rest on his back. Washing that large body with the warmth of the fire as he started to rotate, being careful of that wing and feeling that slender body climb on that red belly. Eager to get back into that maw while teasing that western lower horn, making the red one slightly whimper through his purrs. "I think..." Alkardoc started between lip locks. "I should do my part as a guest..." A few strokes along the base of the wyrm's tail. "And finally finish you..."

"I-if..." The larger one started, his frilled ears turning a dense purple.

"Would you like that, dear Zarj'annan?" That bearded jaw smiled sincerely, letting the two get lost into each other's eyes for a few moments before seeing the red muzzle nod almost nervously. Questioning exactly the eastern one had planned, yet at the same time he was nearly paralyzed with excitement. Ignoring the constant thrashes of the storm outside against their shelter, causing the flames to flicker a warm light over the two as the eastern dragon explored him.

Zarj couldn't help but shudder slightly, both in excitement and anticipation, his tail quietly thumping against the soft ground beneath him, though doing his best to stay still to try and avoid making the smaller dragon fall off of him. He looked down at the golden form of

Alkardoc, and showed a small smile, feeling his face flush all the while, deciding that he quite liked the look of them resting against his body.

Feeling them exploring his own body made his breath start coming out heavier, almost huffing out in delight at the gentle touch of the golden dragon, his own paws coming up to rest against that slender back above him. While the touch of the eastern dragon was pleasant, there was one particular spot that was making sparks of delight race through his body. His hind legs spread a bit further, his excitement obviously showing as his length pressed back against the soft body that was on top of him, his wings spreading a bit to try and keep his balance.

Alkardoc was enjoying himself too, unable to hide the grin on his face as the red drake seemed to squirm beneath his touch, though he didn't want to make them uncomfortable. He let his paws roam across the larger body, his tail gently pressing against the red one beneath his, letting his chest and belly happily rest on top of Zarj'annan's. After the kiss that the two had shared he didn't think taking things super slow would be fitting though, so it wasn't long before he found himself gently gripping at the thick length between the western's legs.

The action immediately brought a response, making Zarj gasp out loudly, his tail twisting and thumping louder against the ground, with his paws gripping onto Alkardoc as if he was in danger of falling. His hips pressed upwards, grinding his length even more into the grip that was holding it, as well as the soft belly of the eastern dragon, feeling his slick pre already leaking from the tip of it. While he still wasn't completely accustomed to receiving pleasure like this he was finding that it wasn't something he wanted to deny.

Alkardoc continued to do his best to please the red drake, rubbing and grinding with both his paws and his body, feeling himself getting more and more excited as well, his arousal soon becoming clear to the both of them. He grabbed at Zarj's neck a moment later, gently wrapping his paws around it in a hug and squeezing his body down even closer, the warmth of the two of them pressed together making him almost forget about the storm that was raging outside.

He could feel Zarj moving around more beneath him and knew that the large drake was enjoying themselves just as much as he was, if not more, which only drove him to want to work even harder to bringing him pleasure. The fact that he was eager to feel more worked into things as well, but he was happy to be able to help the red dragon enjoy themselves again as well. He decided to try something that they would be more comfortable with for now, lifting himself up a bit and shuffling around before settling down against the western body beneath him again, though this time with his nose resting a few inches in front of the impressive member that Zarj had to show.

Zarj'annan was disappointed for a moment, lifting his head and wondering if the eastern noodle dragon was already done, but found that he didn't have to worry about that just yet as they just seemed to be getting into a different position. His vision was filled with the sight of

their underbelly at first, though he quickly got a look at just how much Alkar seemed to be enjoying himself as well, watching their exposed shaft twitching above him.

Zarj didn't have much time to think about that sight though, as he felt the golden snout pressing against his own sensitive flesh, his hips bucking upwards a bit before he managed to settle down, a slick trail of his pre coating the top of that muzzle now. Alkar jumped slightly at the sudden thrust, but didn't let it distract him too much, quickly returning his attention to the almost hot feeling member that was so close to him. He slowly opened his maw, leaning forwards and let his tongue trail a long, slippery path along the shaft, letting the tip of it rest inside his mouth.

Zarj'annan wanted to press his hips upwards, to feel his length be engulfed by the tight warmth of the golden dragon's maw, but knew it would be better to wait for them to take their own pace. He didn't want to just leave his new friend to put in all the effort and not enjoy themselves as much though, so he slowly reached up with a paw, gently gripping the shaft that was practically bobbing above his head, and lifted his maw to give it a tentative lick. He found himself rewarded with even more pleasurable attention from the noodle dragon, and found that it was good incentive to get more into it himself, letting his tongue coil around the warm shaft and gently tugging at it with the slippery muscle.

Alkardoc was surprised to feel that tongue against his own length, but didn't complain about it, instead just bobbing his head down further and engulfing more of the western drake's shaft in his warm maw. He worked his tongue along the underside of it, licking and lapping at it, keeping an almost constant pressure against the soft flesh, a quiet rumble working its way through his body. It wasn't long until he had almost all of that thick length lodged inside his slick mouth, and with how Zarj was moving around and huffing beneath him it was obvious that the other dragon was enjoying it.

Alkar continued to gently bob his head up and down now, stroking the leaky shaft with both his tongue and the warm insides of his maw, though taking special care not to let his teeth press against the sensitive member. He was making sure to coat the red dragon's sensitive shaft liberally with his saliva, his warm breath huffing down against the scales under him, a small smile showing on his snout as he watched Zarj shift around, almost like he was trying to contain how much he was enjoying himself.

When he found his nose resting against the smooth scales under him Alkardoc finally took a small break of his bobbing, letting his tongue slowly squeeze and tug at that shaft, feeling it twitch and throb against the soft insides of his mouth. He knew that the western drake wouldn't last much longer at this point, they did seem to be rather inexperienced with this sort of stuff after all, and as much as he would have liked to prolong things more he knew that it would likely just feel like teasing to his new friend.

The storm seemed to be getting quieter outside, but neither of the dragons noticed it much, finding themselves too focused on each other at this point. Zarj'annan was letting his

tongue slowly explore the western dragon's exposed length by now, half pulling it into his maw, though feeling nervous that he could cause some sort of damage accidentally with the pleasure he was receiving now. Zarj'annan had wanted to try and bring the overly pleasurable feeling noodle closer to their own release, but his body was starting to tense up already, his claws digging into the soft ground under him and his tail loudly thumping against the ground, announcing how near his climax was if the golden dragon wasn't already aware. He had to focus hard not to try and take hold of that slender snout that was covering his member and just pound into it, but he managed to restrain himself enough to just let them do what they wanted.

Alkardoc could feel Zarj tensing up even more under him, and resumed bobbing his head, his tongue quickly twisting and coiling around his length, attacking the hot, sensitive flesh from different angles, and was quickly rewarded with what sounded like groaning from the dragon under him. He wasn't getting as much attention as he would have liked in return, but he was more than happy to just continue servicing the red for now, finding the way that they seemed to be holding themselves back almost cute.

Finally finding it too difficult to restrain himself, Zarj reached up with a paw, half resting it against the eastern dragon's head, half pushing it down lower, and let his head press back against the ground under him, his back arching and letting out a loud roar, feeling dirt fall down against him from the sheer power of his voice. His hips bucked upwards, and he could feel his member throbbing hard, before painting the inside of Alkardoc's maw with his seed, surprising himself at just how pent up he was.

He couldn't remember having such a powerful release before, but he half felt worried he was going to drown the golden noodle on top of him, though he could practically hear them gulping down his tremendous surge of cum. Alkardoc was enjoying himself with his maw gently clamped down around that throbbing shaft, the strong, fruity taste of that hot seed easily coating his tongue, and flowing back down towards Zarj's red scales despite his attempts to swallow it all down, almost choking for a moment at the humorous thought that the western dragon would be able to solve any food shortages if they could manage the impressive output they were showing now.

Zarj'annan was panting when he finally started to calm down again, his chest heaving under the golden dragon that was on top of him. Stars and spots were dancing in his vision as his lungs worked on taking quick, deep breaths, his muscles slowly relaxing and leaving him feeling surprisingly weak as Alkar continued to gently lick and squeeze at him. His wings were half spread under him, resting limply against the ground, and his paws soon followed after, his tail only giving an occasional twitch when he felt that slick tongue against his overly slender shaft, accompanied by a gasp or quiet groan.

Alkardoc spent a few more moments with his head pressed down between the western dragon's hind legs before pulling himself up with an audible slurp, making Zarj's face flush a bit in response to the sound. Alkar let out a loud sigh, letting himself gently lay down against the

smooth red scales that were under him, feeling his own member still hard and half pressing down against the larger dragon, turning his head back to look at them with a grin.

"Mm, I don't know if anyone has told you this before... But you are a very tasty dragon." Alkardoc said, giving a slow lick of his lips for emphasis.

Zarj replied with a quiet rumble before his mind could get the words together for a proper response. "Well... It's certainly not something I have heard before, but you... you don't taste too bad yourself." He huffed out in reply, that faint taste still fresh on his tongue. "I'm sorry I couldn't return the same effort you showed me."

"It's fine." Alkar laughed. "I'm sure that we could find some time to work on that."

The grin on that golden muzzle seemed infectious, since Zarj found himself returning a grin before he could stop himself, feeling the eastern dragon's slick length resting against his cheek but finding no reason that he should take any issue with that.

"The storm doesn't seem so furious now, but it doesn't sound like it will let up any time soon either." Alkardoc said with a soft huff, shifting around so that he was comfortably lying on top of the red drake.

"I guess that we should find something to keep ourselves occupied for a while longer then." Zarj smiled back, his shaft barely getting softer even after his powerful climax because of the warmth of the serpent dragon pressing against him.

After a while of resting and just enjoying each other's company, Zarj'annan decided to finally try and return some of the pleasure that Alkardoc had seemed more than willing to show him. He gently grabbed hold of the eastern's body, but instead of moving them upwards he softly moved them lower against his body instead. Alkardoc raised a questioning brow at the motion; though just let himself be moved by the larger male, interested to see where they were going with things now.

"You seemed to enjoy yourself so much before that I... I thought maybe I could give it a try." Zarj huffed out after a few more seconds, lifting his hips a bit and letting Alkar feel just where his exposed shafts were resting now, right under that hefty red sack.

Alkardoc gave a small wriggle of his hips, feeling his leaky tip softly grind forwards against Zarj's tight tailhole. Despite not wanting to push the western dragon beyond their comfort zone, Alkar was definitely feeling eager to get a good feel of what his friend could offer. He made sure to look at Zarj'annan as he moved his hips forwards, teasing at that sensitive flesh and watching for what sort of reaction he would get.

He showed a grin when Zarj seemed to be enjoying himself, though they were looking away, too embarrassed at the situation he was putting himself in to maintain eye contact right now.

“I’ll do my best to be gentle, but it can be hard to show restraint when you are offering something so... appealing.” Alkardoc said, punctuating his sentence by grinding his hips forwards.

Zarj’annan just nodded his head, feeling his puckered hole already becoming slick because of the generous amount of pre that was leaking out of the tip of Alkardoc’s shafts. He could feel the tip of one of them gently prodding and pressing forwards, half sinking into his soft insides before finally pushing forwards harder, making the red dragon groan out and squeeze down naturally at the feeling of it. It was a new sensation, but once he could get passed that he found that it wasn’t bad, and as Alkar slowly shifted their hips he decided it was something he would definitely be interested in feeling more of.

Alkardoc was taking things slow, teasing his hips forwards when he felt Zarj relaxing, slowly feeling his slick shaft being engulfed by those soft, warm walls, the other length sliding up beside Zarj’s own. He was making sure not to make the larger dragon uncomfortable, but they seemed to be getting impatient themselves, feeling those red hips pressing back against him a bit, and looking up to meet the hungry gaze that Zarj was directing at him. He got a nod from the western dragon, and felt himself quickly sinking his hips forwards further, earning a groan from the drake under him and letting out a pleased sigh of his own.

There was well over half of his shaft wedged inside of Zarj’s tight rump when he finally stopped, feeling it twitch and throb softly as it pumped even more of his slick pre into the other dragon, half pulling his hips back before softly pushing them forwards again, grinning widely at the pleased groaning he was hearing in response to his actions. His tail was shifting around behind him, seeming like it had a mind of its own, wrapping around the red, muscular appendage that was softly thumping against the ground.

Zarj’annan was breathing heavily already, his length almost achingly hard above him, becoming adjusted to the new sensation of being spread around that invading shaft, feeling like the heat of it was warming his whole body. He was nervous, but at the same time eager for more, gripping down around the length that was gently moving around inside of him to get a good feel of it. He had been able to get a very close inspection of it before, but he was sure that it seemed bigger now that it was spreading him open like that, not that he didn’t dislike the feeling of it though. His tail continued twitch and sway, though he could feel the motions becoming more difficult as the eastern dragon’s dexterous tail seemed to wrap around it.

Alkardoc was starting to move quicker, his hips pulling back, only to grind back forwards, feeling the re-entry becoming easier and easier as his pre made those tight insides nice and slippery for him, teasing himself in further with each thrust. It didn’t take long until he could feel the half swollen knot at the base of one of his shafts pressing against that tailhole, though he had no plans on stuffing Zarj with that just yet, he wasn’t sure if the large dragon would be able to handle something like that yet after all.

He hunched his hips forwards a bit, hugging at the red drake with his paws, and started to really thrust his hips, giving a soft slap each time he pressed forwards. He was enjoying the feeling of that warm velvety grip around his sensitive member, but the look of enjoyment that Zarj was showing made him feel delighted. He was making quite a mess with his one shaft grinding against the red scales under him, but a bit of angling made sure that it was pressing up against Zarj'annan's own exposed length.

The feeling of that grinding against his draconic spire made Zarj rumble happily, getting to feel two separate sources of pleasure, which seemed so similar but worlds apart at the same time. He could feel Alkardoc starting to move quicker, feeling his body rock softly against the ground with each thrust, but he knew that the eastern dragon was still taking care not to make things too rough for him. He almost laughed when he realised that had been what he wanted, dragons were tough, and a little roughness wouldn't be enough to hurt someone like him, especially when it was something so... interesting.

He pulled Alkardoc's chest closer down so that it was pressing tightly against his own, and lifting his hips off of the ground when he felt the eastern dragon thrusting forwards again, feeling them push in further than before, and hit a particular spot that seemed to knock the breath out of his lungs and make him feel dizzy with pleasure. His muscles tensed up, and his paws trembled lightly, his shaft spurting a thick glob of pre against his own belly, and he could see a big grin on Alkardoc's muzzle, sure that the eastern dragon knew just what they were doing.

Tingles seemed to be running through his body, his rumbling and groans getting louder inside of the small cave, with Alkardoc's own joining him, filling the small space with a mix of their voiced pleasure again. Alkar could feel himself starting to get closer to his peak, his thrusts becoming more erratic, though still holding himself back a bit out of consideration. His hips were moving much quicker than before, though he was working on not just slamming himself forwards to sink in as deeply as he could with each thrust, but he knew that this would be more than enough for him anyway.

He grabbed hard at the red drake's body, feeling like they would have been in a loving embrace if it weren't for the pounding the larger male was receiving, though in its own way it was a sort of loving embrace anyway. Alkardoc tilted his head back, his slender body shivering lightly and his dual shafts throbbing and twitching hard, the scales covering Zarj's lower half practically painted in the pre of the eastern dragon at this point, as well as his insides.

Everything seemed to happen in a moment for Zarj'annan, he felt Alkardoc almost slamming into him, feeling that knot swollen as it pressed against him, though oddly enough it seemed like the eastern dragon was fighting to hold their hips back, and then he felt himself flooded with heat, the sound of that roar fitting in perfectly with the sudden torrent that was filling him. Alkardoc was panting when he quietened down from his roar, his hips still pumping

back and forth, though they were rapid thrusts now, and barely pulling any of that slick flesh out before pushing it back in.

Zarj's mind was awash in pleasure, though he hadn't reached his own climax again, not that he was complaining with how nice he was feeling like now, feeling oddly content with the feeling of that heat seeping deeper into his body, and pressing his head up to capture the noodle dragon in a kiss, his tongue quickly snaking forwards into their surprised maw and happily wriggling the slippery muscle against their own tongue.

Alkardoc returned the kiss quickly, in a half desperate fashion, feeling out of breath but eager to show his affection for the big red dragon, a paw lifting to hold at the back of their head but it felt like Zarj'annan had no intention of pulling back just yet anyway. His dual shafts had finally stopped throbbing and pumping out his thick seed, and he realised there would be quite a mess on top of Zarj now, but he would be more than happy to help clean that up later.

A distant thunder woke up his conscious mind, still resistant against such things while his large body remained in a deep slumber. Unable to even get his heavy eyelids to open, but those ears could still scan around the enclosed area. That snout could still pick out the scent of... Azure, for lack of a better description. Yet it was good enough for Zarj to recall what had happened, as the deep numbness of sleep very slowly released its grip.

Slight waves of euphoria still pulsed through, feeling the liquid warmth of the one in his arms still leak out from under his tail. Feeling himself blush deeply when he thought about what the wyrm let himself do, giving himself to a new friend that he just met several hours ago. However... It just felt right. Not that he owed the serpent anything specific, but it was just that: a gift. And a wonderful one for both of them, or at least Zarj hoped Alkardoc felt that way as well.

Alkardoc... 'The Thread Of Dawn', or how it translated from his parent's little secret language. It seemed so fitting to the eastern one; a golden thread laced with a deep blue. Some small strands still parting from the main one, just thinking about the whiskers at the end of his snout made the red one smile. Something he hasn't done so often until this very night...

It was then that the smile faded away as a sudden thought started to bore into his mind. One that actually got to open his eyes, now realizing that the light started to peer through: The night was almost over. Possibly the best night Zarj'annan would ever have. The storm would be passed, and the two would sooner or later separate back to their own lands. Likely never seeing each other again due to those damn old traditions...

His large heart sank. His mind ran wildly attempting to find any way around such a thing. Perhaps maybe actually kidnapping the golden viper for himself? Find an isolated home where they could just be together? Away from the elders and their foolish rules? Just like all those

fairytale the children came up with-?

...'For Himself'. The words silenced the very thoughts from his head, even the rain for a few moments. It really did define his species of dragon, didn't it? The wyrm's instincts defaulted to such a thought pattern, especially when it came to something he adored. Something he desired in his life, something he Needed. For Himself. While the golden thread in his arms often worked together with other species, making them better and providing assistance. Not afraid to even ask the lesser creatures for such a thing in return... Zarj only wanted the serpent. For Himself. "Is everything okay?"

It was like a sudden shock that caused those red arms to hold tighter, nearly making the eastern one to squeak and chuckle. Playfully tapping that larger tail with his own, almost splashing in the puddle that was still leaking out from Zarj's rear. "Mm... Last night is coming back to me now." Alkar mumbled, nuzzling against the armored underside, only to feel it again. "...Zarj'annan? What's wrong?"

"Nothing." The large one mumbled, feeling that whiskered muzzle look up and resting on his own.

"Dear... What is this shame that you're feeling?" A heavy breath in defeat from Zarj, of course he was going to sense it. And he could either remain quiet like the proud western he was, or...

"I... I don't want you to leave."

"Leave?"

"I want you, for myself. -And I know how selfish that sounds!" The red one growled, an anger that was not directed to the thinner dragon. "But after tonight... After the storm is finally over..."

"We will part ways..." A heavy sigh from the large one, nearly in sync with the eastern.

"And we cannot keep meeting in secret, due to..." A slow nod from that bearded muzzle. "...Let's run away then." A sudden double take from Alkar, actually bumping his snout against the red one. "I know, it sounds insane, but...!"

"Run away...?"

"Outside of our territories, where we could live together. No longer held down by eon old traditions!" He felt the viper in his embrace start to move and rotate to face the wyrm. "I... Love you, Alkardoc. And I'm willing to abandon my old life for you-" With a flash of light, he could see that blue gaze in the darkness. Only for a split second, but that's all it took to read. "...You're not willing to let go..."

"I... I am afraid not, Zarj." The golden one mumbled sadly. "As... Adventurous as it may

sound, you must realize that we have only known each other for only a pawful hours." A shameful look away from the large one, of course the eastern serpent was going to turn down such an impulsive idea. "Please don't badger yourself."

"Badger...?" Another paw against his plated chest and the wyrm let out a defeated sigh. He could detect that as well, he thought.

"I understand your need for such companionship, Zarj'annan. I truly do... But please do not make me choose between you and my colony." A heavy frown from that red muzzle as the larger dragon slowly nodded in agreement. "However..." Those frilled ears perked. "That does give me an idea."

"What is it?"

"Let's tell them." A near strike of fear within that large heart when the red one heard such words. "Let us finally tear down these walls, speak of our encounter and our views." A whimper from Zarj while the serpent chuckled, sliding up his golden tail around that red pouch and sheath. "Of course keeping a few things to ourselves. But what do you say?"

"You want me to...?"

"You speak to your elders about such a truce and I will do the same. We will meet back by the river in one week's time; seven sundowns. Just the two of us, we will discuss such actions and events then."

"As well as any possible conclusions." A near excited nod from that bearded muzzle, feeling that adventurous energy once again fill the red one. He didn't have that much pull towards his nestmates, but Zarj also didn't have any bad blood either. Is it possible that they would listen to such a tale and at least consider a diplomatic relationship? That smile crept up his red snout as it playfully nudged the golden one, though not knowing his own strength. "Let's try it."

"Wonderful!" The two kissed on it, then a second time. A third as that energy within the large dragon flourished and that sheath started to swell up again. However, after a few moments the viper started to slow down, those furred ears scanning the walls outside. "The rain has stopped."

"Has it?" The two took a listen, only detecting the sounds of water dripping off the rocks and a bit of wind. "I guess that means our time here is over..." A soft but dirty paw stroked around his red frilled ear, bringing those eyes back to the eastern's as Alkar smiled sadly at him.

"Only temporary, my dear. We can and will see each other again, I promise you that." Another statement that fluttered his large armored heart, spreading that sad smirk like an epidemic as the wyrm held onto his thread tightly... His Thread. Though those selfish instincts were still with him, such a statement still made the larger dragon nearly glow with happiness.

The two remained still, resting in each other's arms even after the storm was over. Almost waiting for the other to end such an evening, but not wanting to. It took no supernatural empathy for Zarj to detect such a feeling from the serpent, however... If one of them was going to shoulder the burden of ending the best night he's had, it would be the western. Giving that azure mane a few licks, as well as chase that ticklish furred ear with his tongue until the long one chuckled sadly, Zarj'annan stretched and flexed his body. Signaling such an action that Alkardoc understood, sadly nodding. "It's... It's about time we left this small shelter."

"Yes... Yes it is." The golden one mumbled, enjoying the after-embrace they resided in. Though feeling something strange within the plated chest next to his as the western got a rather sly idea.

"I suppose..." He started, getting a little better at not stuttering. "I should clean you off before I set you free."

"Clean me off?" That bearded muzzle chuckled.

"Yes. I'm not sure if you've noticed this, but you are filthy." The two laughed, getting a playful tap on that large red shoulder.

"I'm only unclean because of your antics."

"Not only." Zarj snorted light-heartedly. "But I suppose I should bathe you, regardless." A chuckle from the serpent as he nuzzled against that metallic neck, taking a breath before standing up. Taking a moment to look over the serpent laying in the grass within the darkness as he got up and stretched as well. As heavy as it was to finally leave this cramped place, it had to happen sometime. The longer they left it, the longer people would either worry or get suspicious.

The large one gestured the exit to the eastern one. "That's alright." The serpent replied, getting the wyrm to double take. "You can go first."

"What?"

"You may go first, Zarj." He gave the golden scaled one a puzzled look, tilting his head and attempting to read his motives.

"You... Realize that I might get stuck, yes?"

"And if you do, I'll be a much greater help to you on this side." A slight stare of confusion, but the rather composed statement of Alkardoc did make sense. Another glance at that small crawlspace got his scales to click loudly in a shiver, but he had to squeeze through sometime.

Pawing at the soft dirt a little bit and carefully moving it back, hoping he didn't splash his friend with such a thing while Zarj started to crawl down a little further. Not realizing that such a

stance would cause his tail to raise and present himself to the golden one as he attempted to shuffle through the small space. The dirt turning more into mud the more he advanced, and swearing the path was getting more and more narrow.

Only to discover that it actually was! The mud raising up against his chest and pinning the wyrm's winged back against the rock wall, stopping against his collar and jaw while all four legs braced. The hinds spreading for grip, but those frilled ears flicking backwards to catch the eastern one's laughter. "A-Alkar!?"

"Sorry, my dear. I just couldn't help myself." A few soft strokes were felt at the side of that armored tail, sliding up to those red spread hindquarters as Zarj let out a whimper. Yet, there was something so... Exciting about such a position. The feeling of admiration as digits carefully circled around that tailsplit, still wet from contents that made the large one blush.

Then a cup against his large orbs, swelling up that sheath as a soft bearded muzzle nudged the base of that thicker tail. Feeling the ground get a little tighter under his plated chest, but not because the mud was being manipulated like the wyrm first thought. He realized just how much a few soft strokes and such a position got his breaths to become deeper and deeper.

It wasn't until he felt a single digit press near that leaking slit that a sudden noise of disgust was heard. Breaking their rhythm and sync long enough for Zarj to double take. "I didn't think you were this dirty." A couple sounds of spitting followed Alkar's voice, then the ground started to sink once again. More this time, allowing the wyrm to get out easier before turning to face the serpent. Unable to hide his blush and almost chuckle at such a thing, especially against that azure mane giving a friendly nuzzle. At least before groaning at the feeling of thick mud rubbing off and masking his wonderful blue. "No wonder I don't trek around the wet areas of the forests."

A little bit of light-hearted laughter as the red one nudged him back, smearing brown against his crimson scales as it went lower and lower down the viper's underside. Resting below chest level before nudging a little harder, motioning for the eastern one to climb onto him, carrying Alkardoc to the nearest stream of water across the dense wet grass. Feeling the long body start coiling around his collar, the two unable to keep themselves from smiling at such silly actions. Like they were a couple or in love.

Perhaps they were, and just didn't know how to tell. But such thoughts were soon vanished as those muddy red paws stepped into the cold waters with little slowing. Letting it reach his thick chest, one that was still carrying a certain serpent who gasped loudly. His body tensing up against Zarj's larger one as those breaths increased, having to deal with the shock of sudden temperature change. "You okay?" The wyrm teased.

"I cannot see how you're so calm." Alkar panted, his mane nearly standing on end from all the shivers.

"I can't really feel it, but I know such a reaction from Conway." The larger dragon smirked, taking a deep inhale and almost choking on it when those blue eyes double took at him.

"No." Alkardoc grumbled sternly, only to feel the wyrm start to lower into the cold water. "No-No-No-No-!" Another thick gasp of air and near growl as the serpent constricted tightly around the armored male, still keeping their snouts above water. "This is...!"

"I'd hold your breath if I were you."

"Don't-!" A little bit more of a lower to signal that the red one wasn't bluffing, getting Alkardoc to suck in as much air as he could hold before he was forced under the surface. His whiskers floating in the cool waters and having a hard time to sense anything until that large muzzle come up to touch noses with the serpent's own. Carefully putting his flight membranes over his eyes, the eastern one looked at the devious grin of Zarj before feeling himself become untangled by the large wyrm.

Only for those paws to start rubbing that golden underside, not quite softly but enough to wash the dried mud from those scales and bring back the glossy shine. Getting done the serpent's neck and chest before returning them both to the air for a refreshment. "It's not so bad, is it?" Zarj'annan teased.

"I'm still not fond of running waters." Alkar admitted with a faint grumble. "I have been swept away by them when I was a snakelet."

"Then you better hang onto me tightly then." The large one purred, getting the two to share a lick.

"I might just have to do that." With another deep breath, they kissed before submerging once again. Locking lips and feeling that long body squirm and sway underneath those armored plates. Between the four legs of Zarj, and nearly teasing the larger dragon with a few prods under the tail, almost being able to hear the deep purrs as a series of bubbles left that red snout. Letting the stream's current wash away the free dirt and mud until they were required to get some air. "Before we get too clean..."

"Yes?"

"We still have quite a bit of time before sunrise." Another kiss then that serpentine tongue slipped up to his frilled ear. "Feel like making one more mess?" A shy but large grin across that red muzzle as he felt that armored heart flutter within. Answering with more of an action as the wyrm pulled them out of the waters and onto the long soft grass nearby.

"Mrrr..." Zarj'annan rumbled out, shifting his paws a bit under him. "I would be lying if I said that I didn't enjoy feeling your tight warmth around me, but I am a bit... curious... about trying the other side of things some more." He said, giving quiet coughs and dipping his head

lower a bit while talking, though the twitching in his tail helped show Alkardoc he wasn't just offering to be kind.

"Well, if that's what you want then I would be happy to provide." The eastern dragon replied, rubbing his long body against the larger one next to him, letting his tail trail down between Zarj'annan's hind legs, drawing a gasp out of that red maw.

Zarj was quick to show his eagerness, feeling his sheath swell rapidly and his length starting to press out into the cold air. He had been shown a whole new world of pleasures during the night, and he was shamefully eager to experience more, his claws digging in against the ground as he held himself back from grinding his body against that teasing tail. His breath was misting in the air as he huffed out loudly, looking up at the stars that were littered through the night sky, feeling an odd mix of excitement and nervousness at being out in the open in such a situation, even though it really wasn't unnatural for dragons to rut without much privacy.

Alkardoc was enjoying himself enough just watching that muscular red body tensing under such a slight touch from his tail, pressing up even further against Zarj's sheath and feeling the warmth of his exposed member grinding back against him for just a moment.

"Well, I'll leave it up to you for however you want to do this, just make sure you are comfortable." Alkardoc whispered to Zarj'annan, pulling himself away almost reluctantly, lust easy to hear in his voice, and his dual tips already starting to peak out.

Zarj'annan stood still for a few moments, just breathing deeply and feeling his shaft gently slapping up against his belly, fully erect at the thoughts of what would be coming. He turned his head to the side, moving his paws a bit and half turning his body to the side, before lifting his tail behind him and pressing his rear back a bit with a half nervous smile.

"Getting to lie down for so long was comfortable, but I would be happy to just stretch my legs for a bit... if that's okay with you." He hastily added at the end.

Alkardoc made sure not to make the western dragon uncomfortable, quickly moving in so that they wouldn't have to stand there in that position for too long, letting his tail quickly slide against Zarj'annan's draconic shaft as he moved behind the larger dragon, getting a good view of that exposed rump, and already knowing what he could expect from the drake, his shafts growing harder and his tongue flicking out against his lips at the thought.

"Mm, well just let me know if you get uncomfortable." Alkardoc replied, lifting his front paws and letting them squeeze against Zarj's haunches for a moment, enjoying the feeling of those muscles under the red hide and the quiet grunt that his friend gave in response.

He slowly moved his body further up, massaging and caressing Zarj'annan as he slowly pulled his body on top of them, always happy to get a good feel of that structure, and glad that the red dragon was enjoying himself as well, if those soft groans were any indication. He could feel an occasional shudder under him as he worked his slender body further up, his paws

reaching the base of Zarj's wings, though the western dragon felt more solid beneath him than he would have expected.

Zarj'annan was clearly enjoying himself, just the feeling of the massaging was enough to force a pleased rumble out of him, and the eastern dragon felt light enough that he would be able to easily hold their weight without getting uncomfortable for a while. His length was twitching beneath him, pre practically oozing from the tip and coating the grass under him with the fruity smelling fluid. He shuffled his wings a bit, giving a sort of hug to the noodle dragon on top of him to show his encouragement.

Alkardoc didn't take much longer until he was properly in position, his paws gently wrapping around Zarj'annan's neck in an embrace, feeling his twin shafts grinding against the thick red tail base under him, both of them at full length now, slick as they slid against the smooth scales. He pulled his hips back a bit, angling his hips so that one of his members could press up gently, feeling the tip teasing at Zarj'annan's tailhole and smiling at the sound of the gasp that he earned. He slowly teased his hips back and forth, not quite pressing in yet, just letting his slick pre spurt out against the warm flesh while hugging at Zarj's back.

Zarj'annan had to keep reminding himself to stop gripping the ground so hard beneath him, practically digging up the dirt from the anticipation he was feeling, though he knew things would go smoother if he didn't rush the smaller male, just letting them work at their own pace, and they would likely know what they were doing much better than he would. When he finally couldn't take that teasing tip poking at him anymore he roughly pressed his rump backwards, feeling Alkardoc's hind paws slide back a bit against the wet grass, and groaning out in delight as he felt that warmth spreading him open again.

It was Alkardoc's turn to feel surprise, he knew that Zarj had been eager, but he hadn't expected them to be quite so impatient, having to focus on not just burying himself deeper inside of those velvety insides. He pressed his snout down beside Zarj'annan's head, taking in a deep breath and letting it out before moving his hips again, pressing himself forwards, his shafts twitching excitedly and spurting pre against the red scales of that deliciously tight rump as well as into those enticingly soft insides.

He was moving faster than last time, but was still doing his best to be gentle with the larger dragon, taking his time but not just teasing at them now. Working his way deeper and deeper, pulling his hips back for a moment before digging in further, only stopping when his half swollen knot was pressed against that tight rim, his other length resting against the pre slicked tail base and working on slowly painting Zarj's backside. He rested for a bit before moving again now, lifting one of his hind paws to rest against Zarj'annan's leg before pulling back and plunging back in quickly, his hips rocking back and forth in a smooth motion.

Zarj'annan let out a grunt that turned into a groan half way through when he felt the eastern dragon finally start thrusting into him properly, squeezing down with his muscles before relaxing again, feeling his hips lightly rocking in time with those thrusts, the way that the golden

dragon was pulling back so far before pushing in made feel empty for a short moment before being stuffed full again. His pointed member was practically throbbing under him, his jaw clamped shut to stop his tongue from just flopping out.

He could feel that knot bumping up against him each time Alkardoc pressed their hips forwards, and while it had seemed enormous to him before, now it seemed curiously enticing, making him wonder just what it would feel like to have that stretching his insides. He was starting to press himself back into each thrust, and Alkardoc was starting to move faster in response. His thrusts becoming less steady and more powerful, making Zarj'annan sure that he could hear them slapping against him at one point.

Alkardoc was starting to grip harder against Zarj'annan's body, though made sure not to dig his claws in against them, even though he was sure that those scales weren't just for show. He could hear just how slick his pre had made the red drake, sliding in and out of that tight, slippery tunnel again and again, feeling his knot pressing a bit harder each time, though he planned on holding back again, not sure if his new friend would be able to handle such a drastic difference so soon. He was starting to get closer to his peak; the feeling of that tight warmth gripping at him as well as those smooth scales under his other shaft was making him shudder in delight, his hips grinding hard against Zarj's rump.

The more he got to enjoy the feeling of Alkardoc pounding into him, the more Zarj'annan was starting to want to feel that knot, he was sure he would be able to handle it, he was a dragon after all and dragons weren't known for being weak. It was still a new sensation to him, being spread around another male like this, but it was something he was eager to feel more of right now, feeling his climax rapidly approaching, his shaft twitching and throbbing under him each time he felt Alkardoc thrust into him. Hitting that one spot that made him feel like his legs were as hard as steel and as soft as wool at the same time, though he still managed to stay standing proudly.

He was panting openly now, arching his neck a bit and starting to squeeze down a bit tighter every time he felt Alkardoc pumping into him, making the eastern dragon start pushing in harder with his thrusts. It didn't take long until he felt like he was right on the verge of release, electric tingles of pleasure running through his body for what felt like an eternity. And then, as Alkardoc pulled back, he did his best to just relax, almost falling forwards onto his face as he did, but the golden dragon obviously hadn't been expecting that as they rammed their hips forwards hard into his rear, feeling like his breath was knocked out of his lungs with the force of it, his hips rocking forwards hard.

Alkardoc was barely aware of what happened, just feeling that tightness enveloping him so completely, and finally losing his composure, his hips starting to rapidly move back and forth before he could even realise that he couldn't quite pull his hips back as much as before. It felt like Zarj'annan was clenching so tightly around his sensitive member, and he was faintly aware of the red drake roaring out, their head tilted back, and he wasn't long to join them, adding his

own voice in. It was like some sort of ancient melody, the sound of the two of them roaring out in bliss, challenging the sky above them, which was starting to lighten up, a soft golden glow quickly spreading from the horizon as the sun started to show itself.

Zarj'annan was feeling immensely pleased with himself, a big grin on his face and his tongue hanging from his maw, blinking the dancing spots out of his vision and really getting a good feel of that knot that had managed to wedge itself inside of him. It felt bigger than he had expected, much bigger, but it seemed to fill him so completely, his hind legs giving a slight wobble before holding steady, feeling the heat of his own seed spurting against his belly, sure that the grass under him was being painted in his essence as well. He could feel Alkardoc throbbing inside, and against him, feeling that warmth seep into him as the eastern dragon unloaded their draconic spunk, and he was sure that he could feel that warmth almost reaching to his wings.

He was certain that Alkardoc had really had the chance to enjoy themselves with such an intense release, and he had definitely enjoyed himself, was still enjoying himself even, feeling his shaft weakly twitching under him. Over the sound of his panting, he could hear a pleased rumble coming from deep within his chest, feeling like it was definitely a good idea to have some more fun before getting fully cleaned up.

Alkardoc took a while to come down from his climax, almost frowning as he realised that Zarj'annan's tight walls were gripping at one of his knots, though a blissful smile still showing on his face. He hadn't planned on forcing the red dragon to take it, but it seemed like they had had other plans with him. He gave a gentle tug back, groaning at the feeling of it, the sensation of his shafts throbbing again, before relaxing against the solid scales under him.

Whimpers left the red one that echoed concern through the serpent, watching Zarj's face twist a little in expression. Releasing a few huffs before another straining whine, until those furred ears picked up a few more sprays into the grass below followed by pants of relief. Carefully lowering his larger body into the grass, still feeling the twin towers twitch and release their final jolts within. "S-sorry." Alkar huffed from above, hearing the red one chuckle.

"You did it again..." Zarj mumbled between breaths, bouncing the golden one up and down with his shoulders playfully. "There's no need to apologize for something so little."

"Well, knotting you wasn't my intention. At least not yet." A friendly lick on the side of that red muzzle, feeling it nudge him back and go in for a small kiss.

"Y-you're saying you had future plans for me, is that it?" The two chuckled, feeling the twin rods finally slip out of that tailsplit.

"I would be lying if I said no." Another tease from that forked tongue as those pants grew longer as they geared down. Making Zarj study him slightly sadly.

"Done already?"

"I'm afraid I do not have your kind's endurance, dear friend." A nod in understanding from the red one. "But I promise I will finish you properly the next time we meet."

"In one week?"

"In one week." Another kiss. "Right here, just across the river."

"I will look forward to such a thing." Zarj stated with a bright smile, getting up to once again dip them both in the running waters to clean off such a mess. Then returning elsewhere in the grass, laying back down around the curling up serpent as those blue eyes looked him over. "You should rest before you head out."

"And you will shelter me, is that so?"

"From Suns or from Storms." Another small kiss as that red wing blocked the glare from their eyes. The armoured western once again protecting the kind eastern during his slumber. Soon drifting off to his very own to the hymns of those foreign purrs.

A few hours later, the scent of warm wet grass filled the air. The small green blades actually tickling those nostrils until the red wyrm grumbled awake, stretching out his broad limbs and suddenly realizing that his embrace was empty. Those eyes adjusting to both the light and the shade after a few moments...

And the golden serpent was gone, sinking Zarj's heart a little but still catching his scent where he rested. As well as a small blue flower that grew within the folded grass, one he swore wasn't there before. Opened and azure, just like the perfection that maned the golden jaw.

Such a thing made him smile brightly. A small Goodbye gift that the western reached for, claws stopping just at the very stem before cutting it... Only to feel that ache once again. Only to feel that instinct of possession once again. If he clams such a thing for his very own, the flower dies and ceases to symbolize what he loves.

It only took a moment for the dragon to withdraw his retractable blades and, instead, start digging around the plant. Getting quite a bit of the flower's roots within a pawful of dirt before gently touching it's beautiful petals. Zarj would change, he promised himself. He would be more like the very serpent he was caught in a storm with. He would find the courage to convince his elders that their traditions and stereotypical ways of the 'Mischievous Eastern's were false. And finally...

Zarj'annan would see The Thread Of Dawn again.