

Butterfly (Waiting For Tonight) Act 2 - Valkyrie Missile

By Bartan Tirix

The squeaking of the door's hinges opening was more of a punishment than the actual jailtime, making the brown female in cuffs growl while attempting to hold her aching head. The guard even giving her a moment as the judge behind her gently pressed a hand on her shoulder, leading her inside.

The hallway air somehow smelled worse than the outside air of the Black Citadel, as they passed doors upon doors of empty cells. Only to stop when those hinges shrieked again, feeling the male cover her ears the best he could to prevent the pain. The gesture was kind enough, but it didn't help her mood any. "...It's not the best way to get through a hangover, but the bright side to all this is that it'll be quiet in here." The male charr spoke softly, not getting a response as they continued to walk.

"Kyella... I'll do what I can to reduce the charges, but you can't keep doing this." Again, no response other than the slight rattle of metal chains as she kept walking. "This is the eighth time in the last three months. You need to lay off the sauce. Sober up. Get a better job-"

"That's easy enough for you to say." The brown one growled, glaring at the robed male nearly hidden by the shadows. His surprisingly thin frame barely being made out as his white ears lowered at her tone. "You and everybody else."

"Are you willing to talk about it this time?" Silence. "I'm serious, Kyella. I'll grab you a pitcher of water and I'll do everything I can to help you-"

"Why." She barely asked, moving herself into the empty cell that was all too familiar at this point, hearing the judge behind her sigh. "We were in the same

farhar, but past that I don't understand your willingness to help me. What do you get out of it." Her yellow gaze stared down his blue one, seeing a series of guilty conflicts within but unable to read them. "Just..."

"...I'll get you some water." He mumbled sadly, starting to close the sliding bars shut, only for them to get stuck halfway through. Needing to struggle and use his entire body weight to loosen them free until-

The slamming of a jail door caused the Charr to jolt awake in the dark cave. The scent of musky damp blankets and slight sulfur mixed itself in the desert air, causing her to grumble and attempt to get up. Only to be suddenly surrounded by strong limbs. Scaled, armed with claws and some long patches of fur as the beast surrounding the brown feline let out a low grumble.

...Followed by the deep breath of slumber. It wasn't awake, making Kyella release a breath in relief but also trying to figure out what the hell happened-...Last night? Yesterday? A few hours ago? It was hard to tell in this dark cave, but a little light was shown ahead of her vision. Odds are the exit to the cave.

Her lower body felt a little sore, now remembering being stuffed full by a... Flying creature of sorts? Scarcely remembering gold scales and blue fur, sharp cyan eyes gazing at her like the Charr was prey. And then the bottle incident- instantly making the feline groan louder than she could help, covering her eyes with a paw as the memories came back to Kyella. Sure, taking that action likely saved her life and several hours of smelling rancid, but it was also absolutely DUMB Luck that the aphrodisiac worked at all. Swearing she could still smell it through the mix of strangeness in this cave.

Let alone a wonder that the smaller female could even take in something this creature's size! No doubt thanks for Linet's formula... Speaking of which, what even was this? Perhaps it was best not to stick around and find out, being very cautious about moving through the forest of strong limbs. Like vines that lightly tightened up around her body whenever it detected movement, taking several minutes for Kye to properly escape without waking this... Thing.

...And realized she was no longer wearing pants. Wondering if they were lost in the pile of blankets they were laying on, or- right. She took them off and left them with her pack. It wouldn't be the first time the Charr woke up without any leggings, let alone in a strange place. But a cave pinned underneath a beast was... Okay, the Cave was a first. But there was that one beast of a charr...

The deep slumbering breaths got her to lightly stare at the large winged creature, trying to heed Linet's warnings about doing so for too long. "Most animals and beasts will take it as a challenge or being hunted. Even when they don't even quite detect you, most do have a primal urge knowing when they're being watched." And the last thing Kyella wanted was to be trapped in a room with this thing while in the dark.

The little scrap that they had earlier clearly told the feline she really didn't stand a chance against it. So, being as quiet as can be, she started moving across the smooth rock towards the exit. Stepping into the warm ray of light and fresh wind- only to realize she was hundreds of feet above the treeline. Instantly getting her to step back and stumble on her backside as the uncomfortable instinct of heights took over. Making her fur puff out and curse a little loudly under her breath, while noticing the... Sand on the floor? Weird.

She half recognized some of the rocks from the vistas before, some of the forests and the waters separate from the ocean. But the thought of these large pillars of rock being somewhat hollow never came to her mind. Let alone something claiming it as their nesting spot, but if they ever wanted to feel safe to sleep...

It was stunningly beautiful, honestly. One of the most gorgeous places the

desert had to display, showing that such a climate could thrive without the bleakness further inland. Providing it had access to water, of course.

Something her own body required, but how was the feline to get down without any climbing gear? A look over the edge showed her some spots she could start, but it was impossible to tell further down. Let alone how unsafe it would be without a safety harness. However, Kyella didn't have much of a choice currently-

While peering over the edge a gust of wind got in her face, causing her to hiss a bit as it nearly got in her eyes. Soon hearing the slumbers of the beast begin to break up and begin to awaken, making the feline curse in her head. What should she do? She couldn't hide, if anything not for long. Ignoring it seemed like a really dumb thing to do...

("Think like the animal.") A memory of Linet echoed in the brown one's head. ("Try to see things in their perspective in order to get an understanding of their view of the world. And your actions towards them.") A deep breath as the winged creature behind her growled a bit, likely detecting her heartbeat increase. If the Charr hid, it would look like she would be trying to hunt the creature during his sleep. If she ignored it... Maybe it would see her as a free hunt?

A snarl as the golden scaled beast got up and prowled towards the feline. Hearing her take a deep breath and mutter under it. "This is such a dumb idea...!" Before turning towards it and standing upright. Barely looking taller than the wyrm while he was crouching. Not running, not moving as it came closer with low rumbles in his throat. Staring her yellow gaze in the beast's direction, but not fully locking onto the cyan eyes as to challenge it.

Every step closer it took felt like a mechanical clock ticking against her mortality. Wondering if this was how the charr was going to bite it; standing up against an unknown flying creature, in a cave hundreds of meters above sea level, and without any pants. Swallowing loudly as her heart beat in her throat, swearing she could feel the heat coming out of that maw as the beast approached-

Just as another bit of wind crept in, interrupting his growl with a couple of sniffs. Turning his stance from defensive to... Curious? As Kye let the scaled and azure bearded one closer to her. Sniffing at her belly, then lower, before releasing a deep purr. "You remember me, do you?" She asked, seeing the creature take another step forwards and lap at her fur, now realizing that he could likely still smell the aphrodisiac the feline used from before.

The tongue was stronger than she expected, pushing near her center of mass and causing the charr to take a step back for balance- only for her paw to step awkwardly on the edge and slip! Her other leg was unable to support such a change in weight, dropping her chest hard against the edge where her arms attempted to anchor her movement inside the cave. Hind claws desperately scratching against the smooth wall, trying to find something to grab a hold of as the beast towered over her.

A low rumble as the bearded muzzle leaned down, taking its time to sniff at her fur and give Kyella another few licks as she struggled against gravity, cursing under her breath a few times. Only to feel those fangs within the forest of her neck; digging a bit roughly as the wyrm's jaw took hold against her mane and lifted the large feline up like she was a doll. Still attempting to grab a hold of something before with her limbs before being dragged back into the cave with near ease.

Back into the bedding, where Kye was let go, only to be circled around and witness the dragon lay down by her. Keeping his head against her middle and continuing to lick at the source of the scent, mostly around the Charr's upper chest, sternum, and down to her pelvis. Allowing her to check her neck for any damages and feeling a tad bit of blood, but nothing alarming.

A deep deep growl came from that plated chest as the beast continued to lap at her fur, making the brown one nearly huff at the strange massage. Attempting to read the vocal signs and body language of such a strange creature, taking mental notes both at his movements and eyes before slowly reaching out a paw to touch his golden arm. Getting a slightly more aggressive growl out of its throat but the movements continued, stroking the arm until it got a little more

comfortable with the female's touch.

Then up the broad shoulder and thick neck, able to easily feel the vibrations of the beast's... Purrs? They were purrs, just significantly deeper than what Ari's were. However, such examinations were interrupted when that tongue reached between Kyella's legs, causing her to gasp and lean forwards as it lapped tenderly at her folds. That fluffy brown tail fluttering at such attention as she attempted to keep it still, easily getting the attention of the creature but not disturbing him from his work.

A few moments of such a thing for self indulgence, but the Charr's own bodily needs were giving her warning signs. Specifically hunger and thirst, keeping her from completely submitting and starting to pull herself away from that golden muzzle. Of course expecting the much more aggressive growl from the wyrm, more so when she started to get up and that head nudged the feline down onto the smooth rock floor again. "No." Kye grumbled back, putting a hand on that snout who only tried to shove it away and go back to the delicious scent.

"I said No." The brown one growled, getting a much deeper and more intimidating growl. Rolling out of the wyrm's reach slowly and getting up as the beast glared at her, mane raising up. "If anything, I need water first, which means I need to go down." She pointed to the outside while staring directly at the golden one, still hearing it release growls of disapproval. "It'll be 10x safer if I could borrow your wings, but." Kye swore that cyan gaze narrowed at her.

"...What am I doing." She sighed, placing a paw over her eyes. "You can't understand me. How does Linet even do this?" The charr made her way to the opening of the cave, but to her surprise the beast shot up and moved in her way. Growling loudly while blocking her path outside with his body. "Hey! No!" The feline growled back, attempting to kiiiinda match his volume. "I need water. I'm going outside."

Another nudge attempted was stopped by her paw, still hearing a heavy grumble from the wyrm but it didn't retreat. Occasionally trying to push her towards the bedding, but it made it hard when she moved to the side. Still

keeping that paw on his golden snout as if to lead his vision to the desert vista. Pointing to it with her other hand and looking directly at those strange cyan discs. "Outside. I, need, to go out." The free hand gesturing lower. "Water. That's what I need right now."

A long grumble from it in response, still attempting to get her back in the cave. "And I'm going with or without you. I'd... Just prefer the help." The two stared each other down for a few moments until she broke the gaze. Closing her own yellow eyes in a sigh, but when she opened them back up, the beast was looking at her gesture to the waters below. Then back up to her, with something shifting in his gaze.

With a loud snort that actually startled the charr for a moment, the wyrm approached closer and held Kyella against that golden underside with his fores. Making her slightly whimper at its size before leaning over the edge and falling, unable to control her yelp. Feeling the intense winds rush past them as the two fell, keeping those wings closed as the grounds rapidly got closer and closer in her rapid vision. Her grip intensified as she screeched, clawing against that golden armor.

Until those wings began to slowly stretch out, tilting the wyrm gradually into a glide where those membraned limbs extended fully and began flapping. Keeping a decent amount of speed and making it much more manageable, at the cost of a heavy bounce when lift was generated. Almost surfing over the treetops as that's pretty much everything the Charr could see from her holding position.

But soon the speed of their flight slowed down and the wyrm landed pretty hard on two legs, dropping Kye in the sand before using his forearms to catch his upper body. Her own form nearly shook from such a scare as she laid underneath the large beast; keeping one hand against his armored chest while regaining her bearings. The creature taking a moment before stepping over her and heading to the water as the brown one's form allowed control again.

Slowly getting up, making the mistake of looking at the rocky spire where they came from and realizing just how high it was up. The thought nearly

paralyzed her again, but she took a few breaths and pushed herself to move. It was such a strange feeling to lose motor control, especially not while drunk but instead numb from fear. Starting some faint memories that she shook off before looking around.

It looked almost like a beach of sorts, trees surrounding the sands and crystal blue waters. An oasis away from the heavy heat but there was something off about it all. Something the Charr couldn't quite recognize, but the distinct lack of other wildlife seemed... Strange. Maybe they were afraid of the golden 'dragon'? The flight down was so sudden and fast, but she didn't recall him roaring.

Still, a heavy need for water refocused her thoughts. Approaching the liquids and kneeling down to cup drinks of it in her paws, washing her face and mane with it and wondering if she should dive inside to rinse off the scent. But right now... She felt like it was the only thing keeping the beast able to recognize her. And Kye still needed to collect her bags.

Her sight drifted over to watching the scaled 'bunker' of a beast lap against the waters. Occasionally trying to dip his snout inside it, but the shore wasn't quite deep enough. Taking a moment before the brown feline approached him, getting the attention of those cyan eyes. Stern, but... Tense? Was it somehow on edge because of her? Or was it something else?

Still, she cupped the water and gently put some of it against that golden neck, getting a questionable grunt from it as the feline continued to do it, higher up the azure mane. Making him shake it from the strange tickles the water gave him, but actually seemed to gain comfort from it. Allowing her to do it closer to its bearded jaw and head, just away from the nose.

However, he continued to nudge her body more, trying to push her away from the water and almost back up to the shelter. Just as a little breeze caused the waters to almost shutter. "Not yet, you. I want to get my pants back, for one. As well as my other gear." Another stronger nudge actually forced her to take a step back, getting a bit of a snort from the beast in the process. "It'll only take a

moment... If it's even still..." She looked around from the ground level, trying to find out where the two first encountered each other. "There..." Kyella finished her sentence but still couldn't find a proper answer, completely turning around to search the high surroundings.

The wyrm bunted her forwards enough to get a paw on her back, nearly making her yelp as it forced the Charr onto her hands and knees. Actually making her blush a little while releasing her own growl as it started to mount her, turning the vocals into a whine. Well, until that large golden paw reached around her underside and pulled her close to the armored body, soon taking lift with those powerful wings and moving towards the spire.

"Hey!" She yelped, half trying to struggle for the beast's attention without making him drop the feline. "No! Not yet! I still need-!" A sudden lift upwards nearly suspended her in the air as the wyrm adjusted her position a little, throwing her danger senses into overdrive as the tree tops were getting farther and farther away. "I still need my gear!"

Several seconds later, they were above the height of the rocky platforms and cliffsides; about halfway to the beast's nest. Tapping the bulky limb pretty hard to get the wyrm's attention, she pointed to the large rocky flats. "There! Somewhere over there!" But the thing ignored Kye, only setting his eyes on 'home'. "Hey! Hey-!!" She growled louder, almost yelping when the wall of that massive spire came dangerously close and feared that they were going to crash into it!

But the golden one's stance changed to place all three limbs on the vertical surface, with the last still holding the 'good smelling feline' still against his body. Resting his restless wings as the winds picked up, the wyrm dug its thick claws into the ridged rocks and began climbing upwards. Half forcing the Charr to do the same while her rear end was almost grinding against a swelling sheath. "H-hey, I told you!" Kye attempted to speak over the winds. "Not yet! I want to search for my gear! My pack at the very least." The beast growled in response, his sight following her point outwards and then a bit further back behind them. "It won't take long, (I'm still not sure if he can understand me)."

To her surprise, the thing grumbled for a time, as if indecisive. Snorting and re-adjusting the feline against his front before leaping to the side and into the skies again! Towards where she was pointing and ignoring her yelp, moving towards the location quickly. Making it slightly easier to spot the objects, but still hard due to the strange and jagged lifts to keep up in the air. "There!" The feline pointed, spotting her bag and feeling the wyrm lock onto the direction.

The creature bolted towards the area and landed a bit heavily, sliding across the smooth rock. Once again dropping the feline who was a bit ready for it this time, though still having balance issues from being airborne. Causing her to stagger and crawl towards the bag now a little sunbaked while the large flap flicked in the wind. The... Unusually growing winds, even from this high up. "Looks like everything's here at least. I'm surprised there isn't more animals around attempting to-"

The rattle of the glass bottle got her attention as she took the bag and dashed for it. Catching the slightly fragile object as it got wedged between rocks, and finding the cork nearby too. But still no pants, making her grumble as the golden one came up from behind and started almost shoving the Charr with his head. "Well, this is more than I expected to find, but I was still really hoping to- what's gotten into you?" She growled at the wyrm, only to look beyond him and the source of the wind.

A massive wall of clouds and sand were spotted in the distance. Reaching from the very grounds to the bluest parts of the sky, draining the blood from her face as it rapidly approached and devoured everything within its reddish fog. Whimpering nearly in fright at such a thing, Kye didn't struggle as the beast picked her up and took off back to his shelter! Fighting against the progressively stronger winds as he attempted to get as high as he could with them, but it was getting too difficult. Instead opting to climb the rest of the way; locking three limbs onto the wall while the other forearm attempted to hold the Charr against him. Ascending, but far too slowly with the winds at his back.

Adrenaline finally pushed through her fear paralysis as Kyella adjusted herself to see the rapidly approaching wall of sandy winds. Knowing they weren't

going to make it up unscathed at this rate, but there was possibly something she could do! Strapping the backpack over her shoulders, taking the collar of her shirt and lifting it over her head and horns as the beast growled at her movements. Creating a makeshift mask of sorts as the feline lifted herself and 'hugged' around the wyrm's golden neck tightly; supporting her own weight while her face was lightly exposed to the winds. "Climb!" She howled over the roaring winds, slowly feeling the paw release her to make sure she was staying on.

With that fourth limb helping out, the wyrm was able to ascend dramatically faster. His armor toughened against the strong winds as their entire vision suddenly became clouds and blistering heats. Constantly being pelted by the rough sands and salts as if being dragged by a fast raptor through the desert. Taking chunks of fur and skin from Kye's arms and paws, stealing strips of fabric as the shirt's durability rapidly deteriorated.

Yet, against the constant barrage and assault, the beast scaled the wall. Needing to stop and hold firm against some heavy howls as his grip started to slip, but he never faltered against the storm. Eventually reaching the opening of the cave and taking shelter on the inside, carrying the feline onto the bed and resting on it. Wings covering her as the few winds attempted to invade the home, but protecting the 'good smelling' female.

The dark room was filled with snarls and grunts, along with the heavy creaking of the bedframe. Slamming all of her weight against the male charr's pelvis as the brown one rode him, using all that pent up frustration from a few days' work. Nearly making the male +50% her size howl in ecstasy as he attempted to last as long as he could before finally giving out. Detecting the hot eruption in

her vent, and nothing else but Numb.

She slowed to a stop, reaching over and taking another large swig from the heavy bottle. Finishing it and tossing it somewhere in the room where it echoed but didn't break. "Damn, kitten..." The larger charr caught his breath as he reached over for a bottle himself, only for the female to lean forward and pin his shoulders to the bed. Chuckling at the rough play as she lowered her head down. "That good for you too, huh-?"

One of her paws suddenly clamped that muzzle shut, making him whimper as he half bit his own tongue. Looking that face over in the low light, recognizing a specific scar on his snout that brought back memories... And the spark faded before it could become something. Making her exhale loudly and grumble while getting off him. "A disappointment."

"What...!?" He leaned up, still drunk as he attempted to follow where her movements were in the dark room. "Listen here you little cun-" Only to get slugged hard in the muzzle and knocked out in the bed, unable to hear the brown one hiss at the pain in her fist. Leaning up against the wall holding it before sliding down to the floor, her vent still leaking out what was mostly regret at this point. Already feeling the hangover start as she covered her face while comforting the sore hand.

An hour after the storm had passed, the Charr's limbs still felt stiff. As if petrified by the heavy and hot sands while Kye did her best to remain still, the more she moved the more warning signs were detected throughout her body. Signals of pain in areas, mostly those who were exposed to such winds.

She was warned, that was the thing that really got to her pride. She was warned before she left the villages to beware of the sandstorms. Offered sales of masks in case they did surprise explorers, so that it would protect her face, but the Charr declined. Thinking it was just a little bit of sand and nothing more.

Eventually the pain signals made her so uncomfortable that the feline started to move. Forming cracks in the caked in sand against her arms and some of her face, flaring up several nodes along the appendages and areas with a distinct sharp pain. Shrugging it off for the time being, and sliding out of the wyrm's grasp on her body. That wing was still trying to shelter Kye and attempting to hold her in place as the charr attempted to move. Almost growling in a low rumble as the beast took a long inhale and released it.

He went back to sleep. Possibly for the best for the golden creature, as Kye carefully slipped out. Getting caught a couple more times by those arms and wings, but not enough to wake him. Finally able to get some light to observe the surrounding cave, now realizing how all the sand got in.

First thing's first though, the feline moved into a lighted corner to better see the damages on her arms. Finding her fur plastered with the dry sand, but also with dozens of metal bits piercing the pelt. Needing more force than expected to break the sanded armor of sorts for it to start falling off, sending more and more of those warnings to watch out for the shrapnel; marked with a deep red of caked blood.

Carefully Kye took off that weathered and sunbaked pack of hers, going against the warnings of her body as she growled through it. Never thinking that she'd be so sore after such an encounter with 'a cloud of dust'. Retrieving her medical kit for a pair of tweezers, removing as much sand as she could before pulling the metal bits one by one. Some were actual metal, while others seemed to be wood or procline, all just gathered up by the winds to be carried and flown around violently until finally hitting something.

The charr couldn't do such a thing quietly, so it was no surprise when she got a growl from the wyrm as it awoke and looked in her direction. But Kyella

didn't pay it any mind; remaining sitting down and pulling out what she could find. Giving the beast a glance to let him know that the warning was at least heard, just not taken as a threat.

To the feline's surprise, it just stared at her. Watching for several moments before stretching and going back to resting, as if finally able to recognize who it was... And accepting her presence? The more Kye looked at it, the more curious she became of the beast she hesitated to call a Dragon. Wondering if he was actually related to any of them, possibly a new form of 'minion', as the military often referred to them as.

Returning to her treatments, pulling out a small mirror to look at her face; a strange mix of feline and earth. Like a Charr Elemental of sorts, she barely recognized herself. Now realizing that there were several bits of debris in her face as well, a look down at her shirt that she used as a makeshift mask... And it was torn to shreds. Nothing more than rags now, as she took it off and set it aside; still containing uses once cleaned. It helped keep her from getting blind, but most of that appeared to be dumb luck.

Back at the mirror, Kye stared at herself. Never feeling so naive, so foolish. One of the first major trips on her own and she nearly dies from a killer cloud. Not only that, she nearly gets someone else killed too. Possibly an endangered species, one that was... Possessive of her? Or did he sense the storm coming and was trying to warn her about it?

Looking back on his actions, either one was possible. But the sheer fact that the wyrm agreed to do what the charr asks was surprising, even if they couldn't quite communicate. Yet why such an attraction- nevermind. That was a silly question.

...Or was it? Putting the mirror down for a moment and pulling out the empty bottle that had the aphrodisiac in it; now corked shut and hopefully sealed. This scent had something to do with the attraction, that's for sure, and the beast could still smell it on the feline's coat. But... What would happen when it wears off? Would the Dragon turn on her?

Kyella didn't have the means to make another one as of yet. So she would have to trust that Linet was right; that these creatures are more intelligent than people give them credit for. There's just this language barrier that they both need to meet halfway in order to understand each other. The thing is, Kye had no idea where to start in making such a bond, but... Could this beast be her Ari?

It was a thought that kind of made her blush, honestly. Maybe a little hopeful too, because... Well, that session earlier was kind of nice. Perhaps a little too big for the charr, but it definitely reminded Kye of those sessions with Ari. Just more... Rough. Expected, really, especially since this wyrm likely didn't understand his own strength against the feline. Making her wonder how long it took Ari to understand Linet's body and what she could take.

A little huff left her as Kye pulled out another piece of metal from her cheek. Trying to be careful around the eye so as to not get any sand in it, a more sensitive region that added some aggression to her exhales. Brushing off what she could and getting some healing cream to put on it; a substance that felt like it burned on contact, wound or not. Making the charr half hiss or growl in her breaths for a few moments until it stopped.

Staring outside the view in thought, the comforting breeze to attempt to sooth her pain. The desert oasis down below never looked so pristine, almost untouched by the storm. Wildlife returning to the waters for a drink, both predators and prey; as if in agreement to keep the area free of any bloodshed or violence.

Another gentle warm gust helped her naked body relax, but a little too much that the cream covered wounds stun. Making her release another half hiss, though in turn, it caused the beast to do the same. Finally glancing at his direction and spotting those cyan eyes focused on her, ears slightly perked as if studying the area beyond. Kye did return the gaze for a moment just to recognize the beast's attention but did not expect him to get up. Growling once again a little as the surprisingly bulky creature approached the exit and looked out.

Several moments the bearded beast studied the outside and down the

rocky spire. Snorting afterwards before moving that head towards the feline, sniffing and grumbling at the intense scent of the medicine. Seeing Kye faintly nod at his towering curiosity as she lightly lifted a paw towards that snout. "It's... Just something to help heal wounds, but it stings when it's in." She stated, letting the cyan eyes study her body for a few moments before laying down on the spot. A place rather close to her, staring outside towards the vista.

He seemed calmer now, at least. Probably understanding that she was injured? Only minorly, but it was difficult to really tell how much the beast could process what he observed. Looking down to put away the aole cream, she noticed the dust on her ankle areas too; one not entirely covered during the sandstorm. Covering the medicine and starting to take off the caked sand, a sharp sting made Kye hiss and immediately get the wyrm's attention. One she didn't even notice as she took the tweezers and pried out the shrapnel. Tossing it in the small pile that got the golden one's gaze, and leaned forwards for a sniff.

Blood. Sand. Tainted metal. Then the overwhelming scent of the cream as the charr took a bit of it and put it in the wound, growling when it made contact before releasing hisses under her breath. Studying the rest of the foot area to see if there were any others before moving onto the next one. "I know it doesn't smell as nice." She spoke, not expecting any response. "But it does help treat the wound and keep it clean."

A few smaller bits of metal weren't a threat, leaving her to put away the medkit as the beast stared at her. Watching as she took a bottle out from the side of the pack and opened it, taking a swig as the wyrm curiously sniffed. Then got closer for a better one, the Charr letting him study the fluids inside. "It's... Complicated. Doesn't taste the greatest, but it allows me to... Well, 'Take You'." Those cyan eyes focused on her. "As in... It makes me able to fit that tree of yours inside me. It helps me... Stretch." The feline added some gestures with her free hand, but it didn't really seem to get the point across.

Kye put the bottle away after sealing it, moving some things and hearing some of the other bottles inside lightly tap together. Causing those golden ears of his to perk up and sniff closer to the pack, releasing a little purr as she chuckled

and opened it up. Bringing out an almost empty bottle that was recently used. "That's what you're looking for, is it?" The charr opened it, letting the wyrm sniff and purr deeper. Trying to give the spout a lick. "I know it smells really good, that's what it is used for." Kye lightly teased, but closed the bottle and hid it behind the pack out of the dragon's sight.

Bringing out a few more as she looked to make sure she still had a spare pair of clothing left. Releasing a breath of relief when she found some, a single set but it was better than nothing at all. But that large metallic snout nudge the bottles, instantly getting her attention as she grabbed a specific one trying to roll away. Only for those jaws to pick it up before she could. "No-no-no-no-no! Do not break that!" The charr commanded, immediately rolling to her knees and putting her hands against the beast's snout and the bottle. Getting a bit of a growl as it attempted to pull away from her. "Hey! No no no-!" She tried again, only to be pushed back by the male's large paw.

"HEY!" She roared, getting a violent glare from those cyan discs as she stood up and approached the dragon again. This time not showing any fear towards him as the feline moved the blocking wing out of her way and tapped that large snout. "You break that and you'll never want to come back here again. You'll probably never taste anything else for the rest of your life either." Her voice reduced the volume, but her tone became more stern. Placing a gentle hand on the bottle still wedged in his teeth and rubbing that large snout. "Let go of it. Please."

A few moments of the two staring down each other and that large nose snorted. Releasing its grip on the tough glass and allowing the feline to have the bottle back. Watching her sigh in relief as she looked at it and made sure the clear barrier didn't have any cracks in it, then double checking the seal before putting it away. However, taking one of the others up and bringing it over to the beast's head. Brown. Stirring it to reveal lots of different bits floating around inside. Opening it and a tasty aroma of food came from the bottle. "A little bit of leftover stew from the previous camp. Open up." Another tap on that golden muzzle, this time softer and reaching further down as if to pry his jaws open. Getting some resistance from the wyrm, but she persisted for a bit before taking a little swig of

it herself.

Going back for seconds got the golden one more curious and Kye tried again. "Open up." She called, tapping his jaw down and getting a bit of a grumble from him. "Do you want to try it?" The feline asked, letting him sniff at the mouthpiece again, then poured just a little but on the end of his muzzle. Close enough for his tongue to reach up and taste it, getting a surprising reaction from him as that bearded snout scrunched up and lightly shook. "He did put a lot of pepper in it, but I enjoy sipping at it during travels." She took another bit for herself, but to the feline's surprise, she got a small nudge on her middle from the beast's snout.

Those cyan eyes stared at her in want, making Kye smirk a little bit as she once again tapped the side of his snout. "Open up." Another nudge as that golden nose and hidden tongue attempted to steal the bottle, but her vocal denials got to the wyrm first. "Aht, open up." A little growl, but this feline was defiant. Slowly opening his jaws and seeing her nod as she carefully placed a brown hand against one of the lower sets of fangs. As if holding it open and pouring some onto that tongue, making it snap shut on first contact as expected as Kyella backed away in time. Less of a surprised reaction this time, and a bit of a flutter at the end of that heavy scaled tail too.

The charr then turned around and bent over, putting the bottle down safely and getting another one without realizing she just flashed the beast. However, it was only for a moment as she opened the next flask that was only about half full. Giving it a sniff to make sure and taking a small drink. "This one's just water, but I really should refill it next time I'm out." Letting the beast have a study of his own for a moment before putting it away.

This time, the wyrm was ready for when she turned around and began putting stuff away. Pressing his snout under that fluffy tail and giving a deep inhale at that wonderful scent made Kye gasp, pushing her lightly forwards so that she had to balance herself against the wall of the cave while that large tongue lapped at her fur. Deep purrs sent vibrations throughout that strong muzzle and directly against her vent, leaving her panting for a few moments before putting the bottles

away.

The action of turning about to face him denied access to that tail, instantly turning those purrs into growls. But to his surprise, those brown paws lead that golden muzzle right back into the charr's crotch, petting his head and mane as the dragon pressed the strong appendage against her sex. Blushing deeply as Kye huffed, unable to stop herself from nearly grinding over it as a warm breeze came through. She knew there were more pressing matters at the moment, but her instincts just... Needed something to relax with.

It wasn't a bad time to study the dragon up close either while he was occupied. A thick mane filled with heat, every pet seeming to release a good amount of it. Acting like a heatsink of sorts for his body. Predator structured eyes; focusing on details in front of his head (and something very specific at the moment), able to cross views for depth perception. Large horns thrusting forwards for a form of defense against forward attackers, possibly even to shield the head from frontal assaults. They didn't look damaged or large enough to do rams with, so they likely didn't use them the way the rockdeers did.

That tongue-tip nearly separated the charr's swelling folds, interrupting her thoughts as she released a little bit of pre herself on the appendage. Further deepening that rumble in his throat as he started to press more and more upwards against the slit. Causing her legs to become a bit weakened and shaky, forcing her to balance both on him and the rock wall next to the dragon. Sliding that brown paw around his ear and under that bearded jaw, lightly scratching underneath it trying to find a good spot like Ari had.

But the prods were driving her needy instincts crazy, making Kye's mind foggy outside of the steady wanting of her desires. Sliding that paw to his chin, then underneath that moving muscle- instantly getting a growl from the wyrm as it thought she was interfering again. But instead leading the tip of that tongue to point upwards instead, getting a much stronger vocal out of the female. Flicking that fluffy tail to sway side to side rapidly as the appendage pressed harder, making the feline grind over it before giving that tip a tight squeeze.

Then that squirt again from earlier, still surprising the dragon, but a lovely reward of flavor and scent that made him desire more. Nudging her with that strong head as he got up, making the charr lose balance with a yelp and land backwards onto her side beside her pack. Though against the angled rock wall as the beast's snout pressed inbetween her legs, making her release a cry in bliss as that tongue could more easily press against Kyella's vent. A little too strong as it stretched her lower gates wide open and the muscle slipped inside.

A deep moan as the charr curled forwards, placing both paws onto his snout and lightly clawing into it; pulling it close to her crotch as she squeezed the intruder. Feeling it squirm inside and out, deeper and deeper until she released another jolt. Lapping up all the female's precious juices before going again, milking her over and over while his own tool was getting frustrated waiting for its turn. Just one more taste, that's all he needed-

Only to get a large squirt in the snout! Driving him to step back again and shake that muzzle a little in surprise but licking it all off as the brown feline got time to catch her breath. Getting a few more tender laps before the creature got up, Kye's mind remained stunned until the wyrm attempted to stand over her again, but she was too far against the angled wall. "W-what-? No-no-no!" She braced a hand against that armored underside as the male grumbled loudly, more towards the wall than her as a paw attempted to drag the feline out from the corner.

A meaty rod slid up against her belly while leaking something a little thick and viscous, sticking to her fur as it searched her brown coat for that vent of hers. "H-hey!" She called a few times, only to be interrupted as those strong jaws took hold of the Charr's trapezius (neck-to-shoulder area) and near effortlessly dragged her to the bedding again. Giving the dragon a lot more room to mount the female, trying to pin her with a paw as soon as he dropped the brown body, but she moved! Getting him to growl as she moved down out of his reach-

Only to feel a sturdy grab against his tool! ...And then soft strokes? Nice ones that turned his growls into purrs as it began to satisfy his frustrations; nearly hypnotized by the smaller one's soft paws against his flesh. "You like that?" She

panted, a little bit in fear as the golden tank was basically right on top of her. "I'll stroke you like this for now, but no mounting." No vocal arguments, unable to tell if the male even understood her as Kyella got to observe such a design.

"...N-not yet, anyway." She whimpered in blush, yellow eyes fixated on the deep red rod that was about the size of a large thermos. The head of such a thing flexed as the tip winked at the charr, leaking its foggy fluids onto her fur, twitching while her paws stroked along its walls. Catching the several soft nubs that stuck out in a bizarre, almost irrational pattern down the sides.

But Kye could only study it so much from this angle, attempting to move only caused him to growl and try to pin her down. Cutting off any exit with a reach and a bit of a rake from reflex, one rooted in pleasure which led to another heavy squirt. But also nearly squatting on the charr, a large pair of balls between her knees as the beast attempted to slide his tool against the matted fur. Nearly thrusting as she stroked him with more strength as his pouch tapped her sex.

A very deep vocal made her think it was a growl at first, but an actual growl interrupted it as if commanding Kyella not to stop. "Okay, okay... This is better than in the sky at least." She half grumbled and whined, but at least had an idea of what he may like due to the charr's experience with a certain raptor. Lightly gripping the red flesh from the base of the sheath and sliding up the tender weapon up with both hands. Feeling the wyrm above her nearly shutter and that tail to flick, slapping the ground and startling her for a moment before spotting it swing from side to side. Then another thrust against her belly as if to say do it again.

The dragon liked it, safe to say. Giving it another few strokes as that tip released more and more pre on her chest. Wings starting to droop as very loud clicks were heard overhead with the shivers and shakes. His thrusts were causing him to slide that tool ever closer to her muzzle, and Kye had another idea. Next couple of motions that got closer, the feline leaned her muzzle closer and kissed the tip. Not getting a response until she licked her slightly rough tongue against his opening.

A surprisingly questionable grunt from the golden male, almost unsure of what to think of such a thing until the female persisted. Lapping a little harder and finally touching it in the right way for his hind legs to buckle and nearly lose balance over the brown one. A heavy wave of bliss paralyzing his body still as the female tended to his weapon; stroking the shaft and kissing that tip tenderly with that tongue-!

Until she got a very large squirt that covered most of her face! Then a few more much smaller ones along her collarbone, hearing the beast above her huff loudly and growl... No, heavily purr in pleasure. And maybe growl when she kept doing it; strokes, tongueplay, stunlocking the wyrm in place. Sending him into near climax until he finally broke out of it, releasing a few more jolts of pre onto the charr's middle.

However, he went back into thrusting against her, nearly putting in all the work as she kept those paws nearly still along the sides of his shaft. Touching the tip with that sandy (textured) maw-muscle when it came close, breaths getting heavier and heavier. Tail slamming the ground and flailing side to side. Loud churning was barely heard beneath the steady wingbeats. The thick claws actually digging into the very rock floor and raking it as he thrust harder and harder! Pinning Kyella to the thin bedding!

The dragon's body stiffened quickly in place, his body arched upwards; tail, wings, head, and roar! Shaking the rocky spire before a heavy barrage of wet torrents erupted from that weapon, soaking the female feline in a heavy and slightly more viscous goop. Not very pressurized but there was just so much of it. Drenching her head and coat, even her back! Pumping thick glob after glob out, showering the charr with dragonseed and painting her a watery white. However, Kye attempted to help him through it with one paw while shielding her face with the other, not noticing him inch backwards and cover more of her belly... Then pelvis-!

Only for her to pin together what he was trying to do! Attempting to stop the beast from pulling back but losing grip on that slippery tool, then soon feeling the spraying tip press against Kye's folds! Launching a torrent into her sex,

instantly filling it up as it prodded a little harder, swearing she could feel the warm seed venture deep within her as the flare pressed harder! But with her body completely soaked; including the blankets she was laying on, it only slid the feline's body up with every press.

However, the wyrm's body locked him in place, preventing any pursuit and just having to settle with the feline riding on his tip until those wings dropped down. That tail went limp and that head hug panting heavily. Doing her best to wipe her eyes of the release and regain her bearings, only to notice a faint... Shake in his limbs? Oh no-

Kyella attempted to scamper out from underneath him, but her area was so slippery that she couldn't quite move before the beast collapsed almost on top of the charr! Getting her head and upper body out from underneath his chest, but her legs pinned down around his pelvis. Struggling to squeeze out of the dragon's odd pin proved futile. Trapped underneath him with that weapon still pressed against her vent and leaking under her tail, sending waves of pleasure through her but not feeling any pain. Somehow even getting 'greased up' didn't aid her ability to escape due to her legs not getting enough of it, leaving the brown one stuck until the male woke up.

She was stuck nearly in the same position; on her back in the bed and pinned down by two. One sliding their shaft into Kyella's sex while her own brown muzzle tended to the folds riding on her muzzle. Hearing the two moan through each other's kisses as their urges climbed higher and higher. Bouncing over that brown snout that was being aided by the fancy bedding, pounding into the feline's lower end as Kye's legs wrapped around his surprisingly thin waist.

Only for the two to reach a climax very close together; soaking the brown one's muzzle as an eruption of warmth was felt in her vent. The two's hips buckling a few times as they went through their intense motions before relaxing. The white female dismounting Kye's face and giving her mate a deep kiss as he took a bit of time to finish inside the brown one. His breaths gearing down before sliding out and letting the fluids leak from those swollen folds.

Their voices were hazy to Kye as they laid down beside her, cuddling and giving that brown muzzle a few tender licks of thanks. Getting a few drinks, offering the brown one a bottle which she gladly took. Taking a moment to enjoy the sweet taste of the other feline before washing it down with a strong... Burning numbness.

...And the spark faded.

It was the burning feeling in her throat that resurfaced the feline to consciousness, staring up at the cave ceiling and not recognizing it for a few moments. Nor the deep breaths of something large beside her. Covering the charr with a wing while also pinning her down in place; on her back against some blankets that still had some dampness to them.

...No wonder that memory came back to Kyella. Starting to shift and really feel the discomfort of sleeping on solid uneven rock, still half stuck as she attempted to pry her legs out from under the beast. Shoving his heavy side a few times and getting the golden one to let out a low rumble as he shifted slightly. Just enough for the feline to slip out and away.

Coughing at the heated air against her dry throat, fur once again matted

with something sticky and unpleasant, she moved to her bottled water. Taking a long drink of it that half satisfied her throat, but her bag being in the sunlight didn't really help keeping it cool. The refreshment was nearly empty. Food getting low. Out a set of clothes, and in need of one hell of a bath. To top it all off, stranded at the highest point of the desert without any climbing gear. Stuck in a dragon's nest that might not remember her when he woke up, due to that 'special scent' now likely completely drowned out.

Have all Kyella's life choices really led up to this moment? It was hard to believe, but being in the possession of a behemoth that could kill her at any moment made it difficult not to think about her life. Many tales of the other species talked about 'Their lives flashing before their eyes'... Is that what this was? Is that why so many damn memories were flooding back to her?

...What would Linet say if she were here now? What would Culpris suggest? Would this be the kind of life the judge wanted for her? That his mate wanted for Kye as well? Finding herself sitting at the edge of a rocky pillar, the warm winds attempting to comfort her clothless form as the brown feline sipped away at some old stew like the bottle she could never let go of. Watching the sun begin its evening pass as if she were to be executed as soon as the dragon woke up... But...

Was she perhaps mistaken? That the creature didn't only see the charr as a form of sex? But there was still a possibility that it may recognize her, or maybe even its own scent. Or it may even think its own scent was another dragon's which would once again lead to the feline's demise, no doubt. The thought made her take a large swig and nearly choke on it when something solid got into her maw, forgetting it wasn't a hard drink but stew. Making her cough a little bit, but loud enough for the golden one to grumble.

(Moment of truth...) She thought, taking one last drink from the stew before putting the lid back on. Placing it and the old rags that were once her shirt in the bag after beating the sand out of it. The noise of such a thing made the creature grumble and try to go back to sleep, almost ignoring the 'intruder' until she got up and he growled loudly. Hearing the pawsteps approach him, take a breath, then touch the back of the beast.

That head shot up and the wyrm glared at her with a side eye, making the charr stop in place and stare back, but slowly lower herself. Not acting like a threat as she looked over the golden back with her hands. Getting a sudden snag that caught her attention, finding a shard of metal wedged in his scales and carefully pulling it out. Expecting a flinch or a growl from the beast, but nothing. Another few pets while looking back into those cyan eyes, letting them study the feline for a bit longer before she moved up and around slowly. Moving behind his vision where she stood still and waited for the wyrm to shift and get a focus back onto her.

Kye's heart rate slightly increased as she tried to keep her breaths low and deep. Slowly blinking at the dragon as she took another small step towards him, finally getting that vocal warning. Stopping for a moment and lifting a half-closed hand; palm down. Waiting for a moment and getting a little closer until another vocal. Stopping until those blue discs began to shift between her own and the brown hand. Taking a long moment before leaning in a bit for a sniff as her heart stopped...

And the wyrm snorted, pulling his head back and shaking it a little. Puffing that azure mane out a little and shuffling those wings. Making the feline exhale in relief that it... Kinda recognized her? At least it didn't come off as aggressive. "Hey." She spoke softly, not really getting the attention of the dragon. "I need to get down. Kinda need a bath and to... Move on." A grumble from the beast as it laid its head back down, not seeming to mind the charr's company. Even when she moved closer, a frilled ear perking and flicked with an assertive exhale.

Kyella was playing with fire, she knew that. But she couldn't just wait around for him to get up when he felt like it. Who knows, he might even sleep until morning if she let the wyrm. A shuffle closer and she gently touched that large scaled paw, seeing it flinch a little at first and give off another faint grumble. Lightly pulling back and away from the feline, but within the shade she noticed another shard of debris stuck in his scales. Another scoot closer and she gently pressed a hand near it with no real response. Using that hand to support her weight while the other took a hold of the sliver of wood- and that arm flinched

back again, far more than expected as Kye leaned back. Then further as the golden body moved after her! Wrapping that large arm around her and pulling her close-

Only to lock the brown furred one against his neck. The heavy limb wrapped around her middle and over her legs as Kye remained sitting. Was... Was this beast... Cuddling? It was a bit of a surprise to see such a thing considering he didn't really show any affection aside from the dragon's own interests. A slight movement in position to get comfortable and the charr placed a hand on the top of his head, feeling him move it closer and nearly embrace the small one between his arm and neck. Letting her pet the messy mane without fuss.

It made Kye smile, honestly, getting that spark again as she leaned against the broad neck as well. But questions did come to mind; what was going on in this creature's head? Was he just confused by the aphrodisiac earlier? Perhaps in the middle of his kind's possible mating season? Did he actually see Kye as a strange sort of mate? That last one actually made her blush and whimper in slight surprise. More so when that spark within her core flared up further.

...Did... Did she feel something within him? Or was this just stockholm syndrome kicking in? Falling in love with her captor as she relied on the beast for hospitality. Maybe just the interest in something new or strange, which is usually how her interests started. Trying a one night stand on a drunken stooper, being invited to a three-way... What if this was just another one?

She let the wyrm rest for a few more minutes before giving him a few taps. Progressively harder until he grumbled in response. "Okay, it's time to go, big guy. I'm thirsty, hungry-" A loud grumble coming from his middle got her attention for a moment. "And it sounds like you are too. Come on." Kye began to squeeze out, getting a tiny bit of resistance but that was about it. Surprisingly, letting the feline step out of the embrace as he shifted and began to stretch his body. Raising those large wings that honestly made the beast look nearly twice the size of his already large shape. Easily touching the top of the cave as the dragon flexed his limbs and shook the kinks out of his body, then moving towards the entrance of the cave.

A slight look at the female as she retrieved her pack, this time being careful

not to raise her tail towards the wyrm and 'present herself'. Overlooking the large one as she put a hand on that large shoulder, letting him scan the area for a moment and... 'Taste' the winds? Flicking that tongue with the breeze. "Any more random sandstorms approaching?" She half asked, but almost got a response of a faint grunt before using his closest forearm to collect the feline. "Wait-wait-wait." Kye stepped out, getting a look of disapproval from him. "Can we... Try something else?"

That glare didn't let up, trying to follow the charr from behind as she looked over his haunches and tail. Then attempted to climb onto them as the golden beast growled at such a movement, switching his head from side to side, trying to see what the brown one was doing as she laid on his back; spreading her weight out to the point where he could barely feel it. The pack underneath her chest and she tried to grab a hold of something that wasn't his mane, but it was very difficult to find anything.

Of course still getting a growl of disapproval at such a position. Shifting his back around but not specifically trying to throw her off. "Okay... Go slow? Please? I don't really like heights-" A loud yelp as the dragon leaned forwards and launched himself from the cave's drop, nearly making the charr airborne for a moment until those wings spread out widely. Catching the air and very easily (and somehow) slowing the heavy beast's fall, but still causing a panic from the flightless feline as her instincts kicked in and grabbed anything she could. Specifically his azure mane which made the golden one hiss at the pull as he prepared to descend to get the ride done faster.

But diving down only caused that pull on the tufts of hair even worse- until they were suddenly released? A loud curse behind him made those wings spread again to catch himself, but spot the charr fall just before him. Before he could even react to catch her or the bag. Making the wyrm grumble as he dived again, circling around while catching up to the freefalling feline and snatching her with his paws. Never before having such a tight grip on his arm before, but then saw one of her arms attempt to reach for her bag.

Another quick dive and circle, this time with a large cursing cat in his arms.

Getting close to the sack and barely missing it with his claws- however, spotting her grab it with a single arm instead! Nearly losing balance and pulling the brown one back into his body as he leveled his flight just over the treetops. Getting a couple dozen tree leaves in her face and his lower body, but nothing terrible as the clearing soon approached. Circling around the water before landing on his hind legs a tad hard- but dropping the charr in the sand as he caught the rest of his weight of the beast's upper body.

The two remained still for a few moments. Kyella gripping her bag and attempting to regain control over her body as the adrenaline of fright passed through her system... And the dragon... Sheltering her? Giving a few nudges to her side to get her moving, but only getting a single hand on that golden snout at first. "G-... Give me a minute... I really don't like flying..." Another strong nudge from the large one before stepping over her and to the waters. Taking several drinks as she calmed down enough to pry her body out of the fetal position.

"Maybe I should look into gliders or parachute systems in case of freefalls..." The charr grumbled, getting up off the warm sands and opening her bag. As much as she wanted a bath to get... A lot of stuff out of her fur, best to refill her water first. Taking the empty glass bottle, filling it up, drinking nearly all of it and topping it off again. Hoping it was clean enough, but she drank worse.

Then came the the washing... Though that also meant washing off the aphrodisiac if any lingered. Walking into the large clear pool and rinsing herself off, a little quicker than the feline wanted but also didn't want to completely be rid of the aole cream covering her wounds. Starting to leave when Kye double taked at the sitting dragon staring at her, occasionally looking around as if guarding the area. A thought that put a smile on her face as she walked towards him, getting a tad cautious when she got close just in case he couldn't smell was used to identify her.

But the wyrm didn't really pay any mind. Noticing the charr but no signals as if she were a threat. Maybe... Linet was right about them; that they know and understand more than what the rest see. Petting the navy blue fluff in his chest up until that bearded jaw, still not quite getting a reaction until her strokes were

more underneath the jaw's center. A soft rumble in his throat as that strong head leaned down towards the brown one, leaning into the strokes.

Only to suddenly pull the charr close to that armored chest again with a paw, swinging her off her feet and making her lightly yelp as the beast stood up. "Wait wait wait-" A grumble as it leaned down and grabbed her pack with its maw, but she struggled out of the grasp. "No. No." Kyella moved and stood into his view, placing a hand on that muzzle and gently taking her pack back. "We... We should go our separate ways from here on." A slow blink from those cyan eyes. "I gotta get back to civilization, we're both starving and should eat a proper meal. And I..." She looked up at the roosting cave way above in the towering spires, making him do the same following that paw's gesture. "I can't stay there. I can't live in a place like that."

Those cyan discs looked at her puzzled as Kye sighed. "It was... Fun. A good time, to be sure, even though you basically abducted me. My fault, of course, but..." A quiet breath as she pet that muzzle on the side and stepped away. "It's time to move on. Okay? You'll find your mate that will be more help to you than I ever could be." A little bit of pain shined in her eyes just before she closed them, taking a moment to strengthen herself before looking back at the large golden dragon. Rubbing that snout gently as those eyes kept shifting around the naked charr before she began walking away.

The wyrm stopped and stared at her for a few moments before taking a step closer to follow her. Only for the feline to quickly turn around as if expecting it and say. "No." A grumble from the beast, learning not to like that vocal. "Go hunt something, get your belly full and live your life, okay?" The two stared each other down for a few moments before she broke contact and began moving away again. Hearing another grumble before seeing it fly away, making Kyella sigh a little as the spark...

...Didn't fade. Making her wonder if she made a mistake. Chose the wrong path once again. It was too late now, if anything. Finding her way through the bushes and pulling out a compass to make out where she was. A small hand-drawn map of the area that wasn't perfect, but good enough. Then finally:

clothing. It was her last set, but best not to walk around naked.

With the help of the birds-eye view from above earlier, the feline had a good idea of where she was. Donning the white clothes and making sure everything was packed- this time more ready with the correct bottle on the top of the backpack's contents, Kyella headed out. First, she needed to find a way up the cliffs and swore she spotted a path to the south. Avoiding the more thicker parts of the jungle in case something was hiding within, the charr's kinda had her fill of encounters at this point.

Several minutes of walking she finally came up to what looked to be a worn path. Something made for... A dolyak mount maybe? Odd how there weren't any wheel tracks in it, but the path should lead back to a proper road. Taking it while keeping an ear out for anything dangerous. Many rustles through the trees and in the distance, some by the wind, others by the creatures in the oasis.

But then some wingbeats caught one of her four ears, getting them to perk as Kye looked around in the sky. Wondering if it was the same wyrm or perhaps a different one? Shielding her eyes from the sun as she scanned the open skies- only to be suddenly pulled off her feet by some invisible force! Dropping the pack as she was dragged into the forest, a strange haze suddenly clouding her mind before she could even properly defend herself!

A heavy swat of a large appendage then knocked her back out into the open path, leaving the brown one prone on the ground and coughing as she attempted to shake off what was almost like being painfully drunk. Still stunned by what felt like getting hit by a swinging tree as something growled in the forest lining. Large, red; about the width of the path itself as a massive lizard stepped out.

A damn Reef Drake!? She's heard the sailors talk about the ones from Southsun Cove, able to take out groups of unprepared adventurers. The charr didn't expect them to get this big, but the description fit otherwise. Approaching the unarmed brown one slowly, prowling over her pack and at least not stepping on it. Kye needed to get to it once her sight stopped spinning, but those ears still worked! Detecting the creature inhale in a growl as she jumped and rolled out of

the way. Barely escaping a strange sonic attack in a cone in front of the drake!

Combat wasn't her strong point, still not quite able to do that dodging roll back onto her feet just yet. What she needed was a distraction so that she could get to that damn bottle! As much as she detested the thought of using it- only for that thought to get distracted by a shadow passing over them. A bit far behind Kye fell a large gray body from the sky, startling both her and the drake.

Was... Was that a Ram? A loud roar came from behind the red beast as a familiar golden one landed on top of it and started a fight. Filling the area with loud growls and snarls as Kyella avoided the violent dance, swings of claws and tails nearly catching her in the middle of it as she made her way around them to that backpack. Grabbing the bottle on the top, making sure it was the right one-

Only to get hit in the back by a tail not aimed at her. Knocking the charr a bit into the grass and the wind out of her chest for a few moments as that strange sonic attack was heard again. Yelps on occasion- then the vacuum! Starting to feel the pull again Kye grabbed onto a tree and held on as some objects were pulled towards the Reef Drake! Barely moving the dragon as it was hit by the tailspin.

As soon as she could move freely again, Kyella searched the grounds for that bottle. Pawing the ground, spotting a few shiny rocks before the glistening of that glass! Taking a hold of it tightly in her chest as she took a breath, gathering up the courage and ready to join in on the scrap. Stalking just outside and waiting for an opening to enter, spotting the golden wyrm jumping back and moving in front of him! Her back towards him and facing the drake as the dragon held back his attack in near question.

A deep inhale from Kye as she twisted the cork out of the bottleneck and flicked just a little jolt of it out onto the ground in front of the drake. Immediately getting a horrendously vile stench to almost cloud the air and causing all of them to step back. Nearly coughing at the burning scent, forcing them to retreat away from it like an intense flame. The absolute worst of smells; beating that of sewage, sunbaked putrid meats, or burning tar and sulfur.

As much as the two beasts wanted to continue their fight, they just couldn't

with such a thing dividing them and spreading. Forcing the two back further and further until the reef drake retreated back into the forest. Even the charr- who was expecting it, was coughing at how vile it was. But still went in to retrieve her pack, rushing back to where the dragon was with near tears in her eyes from how much it stunk. Stumbling but actually picked up by the golden arm and carried further away where they could actually breathe.

Several snorts and grunts from the wyrm as it sheltered the brown one, keeping her safe as Kye calmed down and put the bottle back in. Only to feel her squeeze that strong arm, surprising the dragon a little as he didn't understand what she was holding onto him for. Detecting the feline climb up to his bicep, then neck as she... Hugged him? "Thank you..." A new set of vocals he didn't know, but...

The sun started to set, making it hard for the charr to see where the beast was flying off too. Still getting used to the motions as those large wings flapped while also being on his back. Thankful for the large ram occupying his paws, both for slowing down his flight while also giving her another excuse for staying on the wyrms back while he was in the air.

Yet, he didn't seem to be circling around the spire cave like before, instead heading towards the ocean waters where dozens of little islands were scattered about. Unable to clearly see if they were even occupied as the sun reflected off the water. For now, all Kyella could do was just trust in the dragon and try to enjoy the flight... And prepare for the landing. The worst part in all of this.

It's a shame because looking back at the oasis and the landscape... Flight was beautiful. Creating its own unique vista with every moment as the brown one

scanned what she could while keeping a firm hold onto his broad neck. Recognizing just how gorgeous this place really could be, despite its dangers. Kye had her doubts about the desert, only really going here because that's where Linet found her raptor Ari. But... It was growing on her.

The wyrm started to descend, getting her attention to see what area he was aiming for. Spotting what appeared to be a beached boat of sorts, abandoned on a semi small island with little growing on it. Not enough for something to hide, that's for sure. Landing on the green area, dropping the already dead animal early in case he needed to catch the feline again, but the charr managed to stay on top of him this time. Carefully getting off and looking over the place for a moment while walking up to the wyrm's shoulder. Meeting that snout with a pet as he heard a grumble from that plated throat. "What is it?" She asked.

Only to get a nudge on her chest, not quite understanding him. Another nudge, this time sliding up and down her front and pulling up her shirt. Giving a lick at her belly underneath, making Kyella chuckle as it was put together. "You don't like me wearing clothes, do you?" A grunt in... Near confirmation as she shook her head and took the shirt off. "Happy-?" An immediate nudge turned into a nuzzle against her fluff interrupted her, unable to keep that smirk down. "That means yes, I think."

A few taps on that muzzle and she took a look at the bounty, nodding before getting to work. "Can't say I've ever cooked something this big before, but let me cut out enough for me first." The brown one put down her bag and stuffed the shirt into it. Pulling out a knife and getting to work while the hunt was still fresh. Surprised that the golden one was just watching the charr cut into it, circling around her a bit curiously as she set some chunks of meat off to the side.

Then heading towards the very small forest where a couple of old broken parts of trees were found. Watching the feline break them down with some effort and bringing them back towards the more sandy area. Setting them up for a campfire while those blue eyes just stared at her in confusion, finally noticing the gaze and chuckling as Kye pulled out a strange tool close to that like a screwdriver. Sticking one end close to some kindling and sliding the flint against certain parts

of the metal shaft. Creating sparks that perked the dragon's ears up and looking closer. This... Brown female could make fire?

It took a couple of tries before some smoke was detected and she gently blew into it. Causing some signs of a flame to erupt and spread among the old wood. Smirking at the nearly stunned golden beast who just looked between Kyella and the flames she just made while she searched through her bag again. Pulling out a campfire rack for cooking, and placing the large slabs of meat on it for herself. "Mine will take time to cook, but don't let me stop you from eating."

The wyrm stared at her, observing how she was eating before moving to the rest of the carcass. Taking a deep inhale and spitting out flames, causing the charr to step back as the ram was set ablaze for a steady moment. Able to feel the intense heat from a dozen feet away, and the dragon left it to... 'Cook'. Returning to her side and resting, very puzzled by the feline's strange small fire.

He didn't give off any hostile signs, so perhaps this was just how the dragon ate? Or perhaps he was just trying it Kye's way, it was hard to tell. Regardless, they had time to wait as she took the bottle of water out of her pack and got herself a small drink. Finding the large one staring at her again... But something was off, the charr could see it in his eyes. And... Were his ears turning purple? Likely just a trick of the light.

Kyella looked around the area, making sure the tide wouldn't suddenly rise over the small island and it looked like they were safe. But something tugged on her mind. "Why here?" She asked, gesturing the area and getting the wyrm to look at her, taking a long moment before moving towards the coast. Cupping that wing as if to bring her along and get the feline to follow to the boat spotted from above. Unuseable at this point, and quite old. Lightly buried in the sand, and nearby; some... Old cargo? One that looked like it was once buried and resurfaced by... Inhuman hands. Watching him paw at the sands around told her that the wyrm was the one who dug it up. Some of the crates opened and worn; again opened by more barbaric means. Some likely having food, while others... Fabrics?

The blankets in his nest. This is where they came from, they were likely

smuggled to sell at the Bazaar. Maybe coming in from the dark and couldn't quite see the smaller islands with the high tides, and ended up getting beached. Possibly caught, but the cargo wasn't secured? Hard to tell. However... "But why here?" She asked again, watching the golden male tap the secure box in the sands again and making it omit... Rattles? Of glass?

It got the charr curious as she moved to tear the lid off of it, taking a bit of effort to break the old wood. To the point where the dragon left for a moment as she opened it to reveal... Booze? Old bottles of rum? Looking in question at the returning dragon for a moment who looked slightly uncomfortable, shy even, as he came back with her sack in his maw. Resting it on the ground and then nudging the charr's bag with that large snout, not quite clicking in her head. Another nudge gave off a rattle of the glass inside. "Bottles?" Those cyan eyes looked at her a bit in question. "You like the bottles." She chuckled, shaking her head. "They're not going to have the pleasant smells that got you interested, I'll tell you that."

But a step forwards and a gentle press against her brown chest. "...You want me to open the bottles?" She walked around to open her pack, lifting the one with the foul scent to it and making him growl loudly at it. However, it just made her chuckle. "I know how bad it smells. You can see why I didn't want you to break it back in your cave."

She put it away and brought out the one with the stew. Kinda looking like that rum in a way, opening it and taking a smell. Letting the large one do the same as she smiled at him, pouring a little bit for him to lap before taking a swig herself. "It's not the same stuff, but this is... Still nice." Putting the stew away and getting a bottle of rum, releasing the cork with some effort. The heavy scent of alcohol coming out of it caused the wyrm's head to pull back and watch as she took a smell. "Not as diluted as I expected. I've had grog before, wasn't pleasing." She took a drink and scrunched up her muzzle at the intensity. "Been a while." She offered some to the dragon who... Gave it a sniff but snorted at it. Pushing the bottle back to her gently with that snout. Then shifting his eyes between both her and the crate.

"...It's for me." Those frilled ears half perked as that spark in her chest flared up. "You're giving it to me because... I like bottles?" A slight head tilt as Kye lightly blushed, taking another drink and closing the bottle. Stepping to the beast easily three times her size and petting that muzzle. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you're courting me." A lick in response, following the directions when she pushed that muzzle down to properly hug the dragon's head and stroke underneath that jaw.

The moment lasted until her middle grumbled in hunger, getting him to respond with his own vocal grumble too. Making her chuckle as she tapped that brown head and pet between the eyes. "Okay, okay. Let's get back to the fire. I can't stand things raw but that doesn't mean I like them charred." With rum still in hand, she took her pack- only for those fangs of his to catch her pants. Pulling them gently and grumbling. "After, you. And maybe if you're good we'll do something special." A little rub from her arm got him to stop, but the feline also nuzzled his snout with her own head due to her arms being full. Giving him a little lick in return, as the dragon gave her neck one.

The tender moment lasted until the fire popped loudly, the charr bunting her muzzle against his before pulling back and leading the way. Making sure the wyrm was following her until he caught the scent of his own meal and trotting after it, giving her quite the view of that bouncing sack under the golden tail. Smiling through her light blush, Kye put her pack down and found a couple more large leaves to use as support from the sandy-grassy grounds just lining the beach where her campfire was built. Resting on them as the sounds of tearing flesh and cracking bone overpowered her own supper's sizzle.

Taking a few drinks of the rum as the charr patiently waited, kinda wishing she had more to work with than just heat and meat. But that's what it was like out here. Kyella knew that going in, was told a hundred times by others. Food's going to taste bland, beds are going to be cold. The luxuries of a shelter aren't always available when it rains, and sometimes you won't find fresh water for miles. If you find any of these, consider yourself lucky and share such luck.

Her gaze moved to the golden beast moving to the waters nearby,

beginning to drink it and concerning the feline. Could... His body handle the salt content? This can't have been the first time he's done this, but regardless at least he was washing out his maw and tongue. Considering what Kye was planning to do for him...

...The thought made her blush and look away shyly, being courted by such an exotic creature that seems to be showing more interest in her than she did him. Some part of the feline still wondered if maybe the dragon was just confused, that the aphrodisiac messed with his brain to think that she was a mate for him. That Kye... Was messing up his life, like she messed up her own.

The thought locked her in place, staring at the fire until the light of the sunset was blocked. Hearing his titanic body begin to lay down as the charr quickly tucked her tail to safety, then feeling him shift closer around Kye's back. Petting that nearby arm, leaning against his armored body and taking another drink. Offering the wyrm a taste but he just sniffed at it again and snorted. Rubbing his golden arm a little bit more, she was quiet for a while before speaking up.

"...Thank you." That large head looked towards the charr. "For everything. The protection, the warnings, the rides and saves from falls... It seems like no matter what I did in my life I was always falling, hoping people would catch me. Some of which was my own intentional faults, some my own ignorance. But it's happened enough that I..." Kyella trailed off, taking a breath before another drink and just shaking her head. "I don't even know what I'm doing-"

A nudge from that large muzzle against her side, interrupting that self doubt as they locked eyes. Doing her best to hold back some tears. Taking a deep breath and another drink, staring into the fire while stroking that bearded chin. "One of the earliest things I can remember is my farhar teacher telling me to follow your interests, and they'll lead you to who you are. What you want to be. I... Struggled growing up, trying to find that defining answer: should I be a soldier? Should I be an inventor? Weapon's expert or designer? ...The Charr are obsessed with war, it's what they hunger. And we're encouraged at a young age to always aid the War Machine."

A breath and a drink, hissing as the fog was lightly kicking in. "I remember when I first felt it; watching a group of other cubs shove a white one in the mud for looking too clean or something... It was there, a light in my chest like a heat or a candle. And I took it, dove right in to attack the group; a single squirt alone against at least five others..." She pulled up the fur on her side, revealing an old scratch. "That's where this one came from, one of their claws ended up snagging into me and being torn out of their paw. It bothered me for years, but they never bothered me or that white cub again."

Another drink. "...I mistook that interest for a passion for conflict. Spending a few years as a soldier only for that spark to fade. I abandoned that, wandering aimlessly from job to job to job... Searching for that light until they got sick of me. Throwing me into the scrapyard as a smelter because there was always work to be done there." A heavy exhale. "...Work was work, I was getting paid but using all my earnings on the sauce." A gesture to the bottle in her hand. "Constantly drinking, hooking up with whoever wanted to just forget the night with me. A few of them ended up being from that Farhar, bringing back bad memories and... I may have lashed out. Gotten a reputation for lashing out that led to a number of fights and disturbances. Often sent to the jailhouse time and time again, becoming one of the regulars for very minor misdemeanors."

Kye offered the bottle again, this time getting some consideration from the beast before snorting at it. Making her chuckle as she took another drink for herself instead. "One of those judges started to show some kindness to me, finally recognizing who I was long before I recognized him... That white cub that was pushed in the mud, I can't say he grew up strong but he was important. Saying he remembered me rescuing him... That wasn't the case, specifically, but I never told him that. Never my intention to rescue him whereas my dumb self thought I liked the conflict. Being underpowered or fighting against impossible odds..."

"But after realizing who it was, I felt that spark again." Kyella continued, getting a nudge for attention from the large one to stroke his chin again. Then another when she took a drink, taking the offer of trying it- and immediately regretting the choice the moment the rum made contact with the dragon's

tongue. Pulling back his head and hissing, shaking it off with a loud grumble as the charr chuckled. "You at least gave it a try, good on you." The feline beckoned his head to her paw, taking a few moments as he attempted to deal with the harsh taste on that appendage before returning with a grumble. At least getting some scratches as a reward, and a smooch on the snout.

"...I think that was the first time I ever felt like I was in love. That his kindness and concern were of interest in... Me. This drunken directionless scrapper that couldn't be any less important to the Citadel. He made me feel like I was something to the system, to the charr... To him. And I was something to him, Culpris never misled me there. But he was... Mated. Taken, at least in my eyes and to everyone else's." Another drink, a long one. "After I found out... I was a little shaken. I tried to give it a shot, he was interested in trying a more open relationship with his first female, and she was... Kind as well. Not as kind as Culpris, but understandably so. Mixed on the idea of a threeway, but we tried it."

A long silence as the dragon looked at her, those yellow eyes staring down at the bottle as a few tears made their way down that brown muzzle. "...Doubt got the better of me. I tried, but the doubt just... Smothered that spark and I... I threw away the best life I had offered to me. He was a judge, climbed his way from a scrawny nobody of a cub to a high rank only told by urban legends. He could've made a life for me, her, and several others from his pay alone. Kind, considerate, open minded... And me: the third wheel. A broken scrapper that spent her days drunk and her nights somehow more... And I threw it all away. Because I-"

The wyrm put a large paw on her legs, finally getting the feline's attention and their eyes met. The cyan ones... Strong, yet understanding? Maybe it was just all in her head, but regardless she nodded. Swallowing and taking a few drinks. "Culpris understood though. A little Heartbroken, but never looked at me with disdain. 'It Was Always Your Choice, Kye' he would say. 'And It Will Always Be Open If You Ever Want To Give It Another Try.' But I couldn't be a burden to him, and the spark was gone. Once again, it faded before becoming anything else. But... He did encourage me to get off of drinking. Hardest years of my life..."

"But it started to look up. After getting clean, I was lightly promoted to a

guard because they needed a few more. Something I'm pretty sure Culpris had a pull in, much easier to recommend when I wasn't drunk all the time. During one of my duties, returning from my lunch break, I spotted the one I was guarding in her shed with a raptor... And w-well... Seeing her get stuffed by it." Kye lightly whimpered, actually getting those frilled ears to perk up as the wyrm looked at her in question.

"Y-yeah, this charr was mating with her... Companion. And I had no idea what to think about it. My first thoughts were absolutely buried in a dozen of other ones, but most importantly... I-I honestly found it so hot. That little spark finally erupted into a small flame as I found myself masturbating while watching them." A light and nervous chuckle from Kye as she took a drink. "To this day, it still gets me flustered with how much it just...! I wanted it for myself, I fantasized about it all shift, dreamed about it all night and morning. That spark in me so bright that it was constantly making me blush, I couldn't stop it. However... They were going to leave soon, and I probably wouldn't see them again if that were the case..."

A deep breath from the feline, looking at the beast who seemed quite enthralled by her story. "So I gathered up every sliver of courage I had, swallowed my stutter and replaced it with assertion. I told this charr, this white female that I spotted her with her raptor... Under her raptor, and I... Wanted that." A drink. "She thought I was blackmailing her, and I suppose I could have. But that moment I thought about all the things that happened in my life, and the kindness I was shown by Culpris... And I told her the truth: that I wasn't going to ruin what she had. Because I recognized the spark between them, something so rare that I've been chasing all my life. A faint torch in the darkness, stumbling towards it only to watch it fade out and leave me in the void again... I wasn't going to put hers out."

"...Linnet was my second chance at a better life. Maybe not as good as the first one I could've had, but she helped me immensely. She helped me get a session with her raptor, Ari. She believed that many creatures were much more intelligent than anyone gave them credit for, and invented several potions to... Enjoy herself with them. Teaching me them too." Kye reached over for her bag,

pulling out the near empty bottle of the aphrodisiac and getting the expected attention from the dragon. "Including this one. And though I could've stayed with them and been happy... I don't want to be a third wheel. I want to find my own way, my own Ari... My own mate." Though the golden one's interest with the bottle was definitely still shown, those cyan eyes tried to focus on the brown one more. Watching her smile, put the bottle down by the pack and give that metallic snout another kiss before flipping her steaks over.

A loud exhale as she leaned back into his large body, getting the rum again and taking a drink before stroking that arm of the wyrm's. Leading to another chin scratch and pat on the muzzle. "So, thank you... I still don't even know your name, or even if you have one. I'm not sure what to call you." Those cyan eyes looked at her a little in question, more when she pressed one of her own hands to her chest. "My name is Kyella. Kye for short- feels a bit late for introductions after having sex twice. Can't say that's the first time it happened to me, but I'm Kyella." A bit of a long pause as the dragon stared at her in slight confusion. "And I don't know why I thought this would work."

A breath as she took a drink of rum, digging through her pack afterwards and pulling out another bottle that was a little more than half full. Swirling it around and popping the cork, giving off a strange scent that reminded him of the color of grass and... Those feathered creatures dancing? "I'm going to need this tonight." The charr half grumbled, the haze of the alcohol kicking in as she took a large drink out of the bottle. Making a face after she was done before sealing it and putting it back. Finally deciding it was time to eat the cooked meat and pulling the two off the fire and onto a large leaf.

Kye ate in near silence as the wyrm watched her. Not begging for her food, but just... Watching. Noticing how similar they were. How she tore through the meat like he would, though with the help of those strange hands. How she created a fire, even though they were of different methods. How she liked the shimmering objects and bottles... Regardless of their contents. The thought made him snort and getting the charr's attention mid-bite. Making the golden one freeze in place with a bit of wide eyes and blushing ears, lasting for a few moments

until...

She offered him the last remaining bit of her first steak. Making the large one curled his neck for a moment but gently take it. Wrapping it with his tongue to bring it into those jaws and give it a tight clench. Feeling the heated juices of light flavor cover his taste buds and release a light purr at it. It was... Different than what he was used to, or just had. But similar nonetheless.

...The feline wasn't the same as him, the golden one knew that for certain. She lacked wings, any control in the air, weight, size and armor against the elements. Be it the sandstorms and its shrapnel rain, or to handle conflict with other wildlife. But the strange cat... Made him feel things. Good things he's yet to find in this strange landscape. His instincts wanted those things again, but something was stopping him. Not just the brown one and her strange requests, something within his armored chest as well. The dragon was growing fond of her and when she tried to go away from him...

The beast thought back to that moment, it wasn't anger but he was not certain what he was feeling. Rejection? Maybe some loneliness? Or was it a fear of such a thing? Perhaps a fear of losing her... Just thinking about it created a weight in his chest as the beast stared into her fire. Barely noticing the charr get up and move around it to the waters to wash herself off, keeping an eye on her as the light of day began to fade behind them.

Upon Kye's return she retrieved the bottle of fresh water and took a large drink before returning it to her pack. Then the rum as she moved towards the dragon's head, stepping over his large arm and resting into that navy furred chest of his. Not quite detecting the heat from his blushing ears until that large arm moved over her brown legs and his larger head closed in to form a hug. Making the beast purr as she stroked under that large jaw, not holding back on the large rumbles or even a slow wag towards the end of that golden tail.

For several moments, they rested as the sun set behind them. Replacing the light from one star and relying on the hundreds of others that painted the night sky. A noticeable change in temperature was felt too, but the warmth of the

nearby fire was doing well enough to keep them comfortable. Occasionally feeling the charr move to take a drink until the bottle was finished, then tossing it near the pack of hers. Using both hands to stroke that beard and around the frilled ear, further increasing the depths of his purr. Getting the frilled flag of sorts to flick a little until he grumbled and sorted, then getting a couple of... Taps on his arm?

A signal he wasn't used to. Feeling it happen again as she attempted to move her legs underneath it. Getting the dragon to shift his arm as she squeezed out of it and moved to the front of his head. Embracing it with strong pets and giving that snout a few kisses as her own muzzle started to move down his. Feeling the larger one nuzzle back until they could share a few licks- and she attempted to bite his tongue? Softly? Confusing, and even further when the golden one attempted to mimic it; nearly biting her entire head gently as Kye released an 'Ack!' and a chuckle. Escaping the odd embrace of jaws. "Okay, size difference prevents us from properly kissing. Good to know."

The dragon perked his ears, not understanding her intentions as she stepped back into his view... And started undoing the belt of her pants. Once again raising those frilled flags high in interest as he half knew what this meant. "I'm wanting to have some fun if you are." Those cyan eyes shifted from her own to her pants, half understanding what that meant. Giving the feline a strong nuzzle as soon as her hand reached out to pet him, licking at her belly and chest up to her neck as that golden snout got a few pets. "But first, I'd like you to do something for me."

The statement didn't mean much to him until the charr started to step back in a slightly more opened space for her to view; then lay down on her back. Immediately getting the wyrm to get up- then her as well. "Hold up. Hold on, you. I want you to lay down on your back." Another vocal ignored as he attempted to pull off her pants until getting some twin taps on the muzzle. "Hey, we'll get to that, but I want you to lay down on your back." His eyes shifted, not quite understanding so he pulled on the leggings again.

Slightly giving in, Kyella did get up and take the clothing off to please him. Hearing him purr very loudly as that tail wagged, never liking the flexible barriers

to begin with as she placed them near her pack. "There, let's compromise. Now, step back into the open a bit more." She led him out with some taps. "Okay, stop. Now, mimic me. I want you to lie down on your back." A confused look as he kinda tried, but only getting onto his side. "Almost, but flat on your back if you can. So Up."

A little bit of a grumble as he was getting slightly impatient, but following her motions again. Having to tuck a wing against his side so that he could roll over it without harming; but finally got that little cheer from her when the dragon was belly up. A very vulnerable position for him to be in, making him slightly uneasy when the feline got up and telling him to stop when he tried to as well.

What was this for? The slight discomfort of the unknown seemed to last a very long time as the small brown one approached his head and gave that nose a kiss. Easing some comfort as Kye sat on his chest, comforting that muzzle a bit more before standing up over it and leading his snout to her vent. A deep inhale was nearly vacant of that special smell, but replaced by a new one... One of hers. Not nearly as intense, but one he still liked very much as he gave the vent a strong lick.

Kyella shuttered both in body and vocally as she encouraged that snout to keep going through pets. Letting the wyrm lap at her gates over and over to soften them up, not taking too long before getting a sweet taste from them- especially with the aid of his purrs. Vibrating through that armored snout and strong muscle as she called out in pleasure; a song that fluttered his heart and drew out his instincts.

Those golden forearms moved up and took hold of her sides, making the charr lightly yelp as she was held in place while the tongue went to work. The constant licks and rumbles making her legs weak as she pushed more and more weight onto that muzzle. Causing the feline to lean forwards more and more, needing to grip his horns for balance as she turned into a blissfully whimpering mess.

Until that tip started to press against those gates, separating them with a

gentle strength that still sent massive waves up her body. Unable to keep herself still as Kye grinded and lightly bounced over that muzzle, slowly drenching it with her own release. Already feeling the tip begin to squeeze through as her sex was stretched open, not painful in the slightest.

However, a few strong laps was enough to make her squirt directly into that maw. Causing the male to move back in surprise before snorting and engaging again just as quickly. Lapping and pressing into that vent harder than before, really making the female sing... No. Making his Mate sing loudly into the night.

Such a thought fluttered his heart, filling it with determination as he attempted to fill that hole. Trying for a big squeeze inside until those gates gripped his tongue hard and routed it, making it go back into laps as the wyrm was rewarded with her taste. Then another attempt with some aid from her shifting, not quite making it but getting an encouraged pet from her paw. "Almost there...!" She whined, still not understanding her language but was aware of the tone of Need. "Almost there...! Keep going... Please...!"

Attempt after attempt gained little ground as her sex stretched easier, until one was aided with a heavy squirt! Lubricating that muscle as it slipped deep inside and the female clenched hard! Gripping that tongue as it wiggled the best it could until Kye climaxed, gifting the dragon a gush of her sweet juices and letting the appendage retreat as soon as her body let go. Only to slide right back in! Making Kyella cry out in pleasure as that entire snout lifted her up off the ground; his forearms keeping her balanced and in place while that muscle slid in and out.

The beast had trapped the charr in a stunlock; keeping her slightly suspended and over pleasuring her until she released again and again. Each one throwing her body into spasms as it wiggled in the dragon's grip! Until one climax shifted her enough to accidentally squirt into his nostril, instantly dropping her onto his chest and sneezing to get it out. Rolling to his standing position, getting a chain of snorts as Kye's body recovered, looking up at the heavy pouch and winking weapon of girth...

And accepting such a challenge. She'd hoped to try to take it in while he

was laying down, but right now the charr wanted to be 'under him'. Moving up to the tip and giving it a few kisses, surprising the beast only for a moment. Then giving off wonderful purrs when he recognized that tongue and what the feline was doing. Not lingering on it for too long as she stroked it down to the slit and looked over the heavy pouch.

The thing was about the size of a small keg, leaving her to wonder if that was natural or a result of the aphrodisiac. Regardless, she gently bunted it while turning around, letting the streak of his tip's wetness draw a line down her back while her fluffy tail stroked around the dragon's package. Feeling him buckle as soon as it slid off her hips and slide between her thighs. Making him purr loudly at the softness as Kye reached down and stroked the wyrm's tool against her body. Hearing him purr loudly as he thrust again and again.

Until getting a few taps on his side, not liking the instruction and ignoring it for the time being until the taps got harder. Making the male growl as he looked down and seen her crawl a bit forwards. Was she escaping? Part of him just wanted to keep doing this, but something else stopped him. Taps meant... Patience. That the strange brown one had an idea of sorts or needed him to stop for a moment. So against his instincts, he paused.

To feel that tip of his against her folds, a growl in pleasure as his nature demanded to press forwards! Needing to growl and root himself to ignore them. To trust the feline before himself. Just focusing on the feel of her furred body wherever it made contact; that fluff tail in his crotch, her thighs against his flare, and that tip soon making contact with something warm and wet.

Her vent! Was the feline finally gifting herself to the wyrm? Feeling her grind against it a little before a hard press backwards, causing the end of his weapon to slide up and press under her tail. Making Kye whimper in bliss as a jolt of warm preseed was felt soaking it, but that area wasn't ready for such a girth. Feeling her reach back and move the dark red flare again for a second attempt.

As much as the beast wanted to give into those instincts, he started to understand what was going on. The feline was so much smaller than him, and if

his tongue could barely squeeze into that vent... However, that didn't mean he couldn't help the female after failing a couple more times. Trying to think of how as she once again reached back to line up that shaft; a difficult task when she needed a hand for balance-

That could be it. Centering his own arm to hold his front weight, the dragon used his free forearm to reach down underneath Kye. Instantly making her yelp in surprise. "Wait-wait-wait-!" She winced, almost waiting for those paws to pin her down again to ravage her... But the golden one only supported the charr's front half. Taking her time to study what he was trying to do, but it allowed Kye to use both hands to line up the dragon's tool. To keep it pressing against her sex as she backed up over it.

Vocal purrs and grunts still left the two as the feline pressed backwards, the tip and flare opening her folds with ease while her paws kept it still. Allowing the weapon to slide properly forwards without slipping to a different direction, and giving her proper time to adjust to such a girth. Taking the fleshy head little by little, making more noticeable progress with every grind and press backwards. Until one big press backwards, lasting several seconds as the brown one's gasps and whimpers climbed-!

And feeling the flare slip inside! Causing the two to collapse their fronts as her vent squeezed that dark red tower tightly, releasing several different kinds of vocals while a heavy squirt was felt inside her sex. Making the feline shutter at the size of the thing, and the dragon purr at the tight fit. Feeling Kye get up onto all fours and the golden one did too, leaning down to look at her as she nodded. "O-okay, just... Go slow? And no flying." A grumble at that last request, but the behemoth seemed to agree.

The initial press forwards was a lot and made the charr gasp loudly, nearly whimpering at the power the creature had. Feeling more like the might of a machine than what she was expecting, but he did try to be more gentle after. Starting up a slow motion like that of a locomotive; moving in ovals and getting the smaller one used to such a thing. Swearing it was that much easier to squeeze into the female this morning, but he did just force it during that time.

Now? It wasn't just about the wyrm and his own needs. It was about the one singing underneath him, squeezing his member as it lightly moved just within her folds. Moving a little bit at a time through the rotations, but she was... Somehow taking him. Every jolt of his pre making it that much easier, every tight squeeze and cry of bliss sent warm shivers under his armor. Making those balls churn as the dragon purred, giving into those instincts to press a little harder.

With enough fluids the shaft started to slide easier with the motions, and they could feel that flare washing Kye's inner walls. The little nubs squeezing in and out of her vent, occasionally causing her to clench hard. Squirting her own release against the dark red girth, something she was actually able to feel as a bulge when she slid her hand down her belly. Further making the charr blush as she gave into her own impulses and pushed backwards, pushing that tip deeper and deeper into her sex.

Until a golden paw on her shoulder urged Kyella to stop, hearing the beast huff a few times and feel that weapon begin pumping hot pre deep inside her. Gathering in her belly area and rounding it with every twitch as he filled the feline with dragonseed. Making both of their tongues loll out, but she knew he wasn't done, carefully grinding that rear to playfully torment the wyrm after he placed that paw back onto the ground again.

That shaft then began to slide out until the flare was caught beyond her folds, then back in again slowly. Doing it several times slowly at first, but the two found a proper rhythm. Gearing it up faster and faster until one of them had to stop, release a few jolts of pre and return back to the same speed. The brown one's body easily adjusting to such a size, even with the accumulation of fluids steadily growing under her.

Yet, Kye wanted to push it further and further. Dumb idea, she knew, but her passion was in control for the time being! Even with feeling the weapon's tip pressed against her hallway's limit; right outside the gathering point, Kye still pressed to get it further. That potion really putting in some work as she felt her cervix stretch little by little with the motions. Those plump balls tapping away at her rear and thighs, her hindquarters nearly set into the dragon's pelvis...! The

feline nearly had all of that length in her, she could take just a bit more-!

Only for the beast's instincts to kick in and pin her shoulder into the grass! Making the charr whimper in slight fright but also submissive bliss as that spire rammed harder and harder! Nearly coming to a complete stop to put a large portion of his weight directly against that presented rear! Forcing that barrier deep within her to slowly open wide until it slid into the heated pool of preseed with an audible plop! Stunlocking the two as he released that forepaw from the brown shoulder, nearly exhaling a wave of heat as her vent kissed his plump sheath.

All Kyella could do was sing with her breaths, taking in the dragon's entire length and overwhelmed by the blissful feeling of it inside her. Detecting every twitch and pre pumping through, making her climax again and again as they were locked in place. All that was left was for the male to finish, and with a couple attempts to retreat the stuck flare the signals began to arrive.

The deep rumble in his throat. The stiffness of his form beginning to take root. The loud churning of that keg she was hooked up to. The flapping of his wings accidentally putting out her fire before stretching outwards. That tail thrashing around, slamming the grassy sands several times while his hips buckled-!

But he fought through it! Raking the grounds underneath him, the wyrm lifted the charr's front up with both sets of paws. Making him lose balance, but he landed on his side! Holding the feline against him as he curled forwards in a strange embrace for something so small! Trying to keep his claws against his own palms as those digits could feel that belly swelling up with his barrage of pre before the initial torrent! Roaring proudly with it, energizing her too as Kye felt her middle rapidly fill! Attempting to hold it back as it stretched outwards in pulses! Becoming so tight within the first few moments as it groaned with concern, making her cry out in bliss as well before-!

That flare slipped out of her cervix! Breaking the seal and causing the two to separate enough for it to leak out of her vent. Releasing a good amount of that

pressure building up while a steady brook of his release soaked the grass and their hips. But the heavy torrents of the dragon still filled up her inner chamber a little more with every eruption. Causing her middle to lightly fold around the charr's arms as she held it back.

Eventually slowing down enough to bypass the danger and Kye let out a sigh of relief. Steadily leaking out of her and enjoying the overstimulation the best she could. Her body twitching and clenching, overwhelmed by pleasure as the feline's body prepared for a near sex coma. Huffing loudly and lightly waking up when something large overhead moved: his... Wing. Creating a small shelter for the two while the wyrm curled around a little more, embracing the brown feline the best he could as Kye smiled. Reaching up a shaky hand under that bearded jaw and giving it a little scratch, further increasing those deep purrs as... His paws started rubbing her the same way?

It was adorable, but the heavy call for sleep was weighing on her. Adjusting her body a little to be comfortable, tucked in the warm embrace of a golden shelter, Kyella lightly thought about the day she had. The day they had together. Going from trespassing on his possible territory, grabbing the wrong bottle and getting shafted hard. Being abducted, getting caught in a sandstorm, nearly becoming a casualty for a Reef Drake, and getting courted by said wyrm... It's been quite an adventure, making her smile as slumber took over.

...And That Spark Remained.

