

Destruction Preventer - ...Damn, what do I call this one?

Banjo: "Oh! Me-Me-Me! I Have an Idea!"

Bartan: "...No. I'll come up with something-"

Banjo: "Nonsense!" *Shoves the bear out of the chair and takes a seat.*

Destruction Preventer - Regretting What I Said To You When You Called Me 11:00 On A Friday Morning To Tell Me That At 1:00 Friday Afternoon You're Gonna Leave Your Office, Go Downstairs, Hail A Cab To Go Out To The Airport To Catch A Plane To Go Skiing In The Alps For Two Weeks, Not That I Wanted to Go With You, I Wasn't Able To Leave Town, I'm Not A Very Good Skier, I Couldn't Expect You To Pay My Way, But After Going Out With You For Three Years I DON'T Like Surprises!!

The Doctor gestures the screen with a big smile on his face, and Bartan flicks an ear in irritation

Bartan: "...No."

Banjo: "Awwh, come on!"

Bartan: "It's hard to believe that's even a song title, but no. It has nothing to do with that's about to happen in this act."

Banjo: "It has everything to do with what's going to happen!"

Bartan: "...Then what is going to happen, Doctor?"

Banjo: "Pffft, I donno." *Bartan smacks his forehead with a paw* "Does this mean we're not going skiing?"

Bartan: "We are not going skiing. I don't even know if dragons can go skiing."

Banjo: "What does this story have to do with dragons?" *A frustrated whimper from the bear*

Bartan: "...Out. OUT!" *Bartan shoves the man downstairs and out his attic door. Sighs after sitting in his chair once again, and erases the ridiculous title*

...Destruction Preventer - Walk On Water

By Dextor

Chapter 0

The warm sunlight was slowly creeping up his black body. From the curled tail around his paws, to his shimmering haunches, now changing to a bright cyan as he purred a bit awake. Moving his stiff back and changing his position in his sleep. Though the sun was not in his eyes yet, it was still rather bright towards the window.

The wet pillow he rested his head on brought back memories, cooling the tone of his scales to a very deep blue. It's a wonder he could even sleep last night, let alone so well. And just thinking about them made his heart ache.

He knew it, so well and for so long that they would eventually stop. He could even see it inside them from day to day, slowly decaying in a strange way. As their bodies would wear out over time, eventually giving out in the process everyone called Aging. Something he's never seen his father do

though, nor the Kveldulves much.

With a heavy sigh, Dia got up. Overlooking his large room, one that's been remodeled several times just to fit the dragon. He got his father's size, that's for sure. It was hard to believe he used to be able to fit inside a small crib. To only come up to his mother's knees. And that memory circled back into a heavy sigh.

But he couldn't stay in bed forever. As comforting as it was to just remain into a deep sleep to escape from the pain of loss, he would just have to deal with it. Even if just one day at a time, one pawstep at a time. Eventually leading him out to the castle, for once not smelling the aroma of breakfast. Or any goods baking. He never knew he would miss that so much.

But the weather still tried to comfort him. Hiding the bright, harsh sunlight behind some clouds while his blue eyes adjusted to the green landscape. The wind blew gently, almost leading the dragon where he needed to go. With a heavy breath, he followed it towards the back of his home.

Memories recalled to the days when he first learned to fly. Finally overlooking his island and realizing how massive it was. Yet, so small compared to the rest of the world. But his father cleared alot of it. Allowing room for the little one to play in the large fields. Moving the gardens towards the back after a sudden tide rising nearly ruined the food they had. And of course, he would still be there. Never moving from the spot the younger one left him at.

His father always looked bigger than him. Even if they used to tell him that they were practically the same size. It brought a sad smile to Dia's face, knowing how insulted it made the larger one. But the thing about Atlas was, his black scales always looked more threatening than Dia's ever did. His wing design, and many scars on his body displayed so much experience and pain the older one went through. No wonder he always seemed bigger, older, and more powerful. A hard thing for a son to follow within his pawsteps.

Though he barely flicked an ear towards the younger one coming close. "You're still here?" Dia asked him, only getting a faint nod and not looking away from the pair of gravestones that he made. The younger one just laid down beside him, looking at them as well.

"...How did you sleep?"

"Alright. Was surprised that I was able to, really." The blue one muttered, getting a large black wing covering him.

"...I heard you." Atlas said, getting the younger one to lower his head.

"It's good that you did, Dia'vidd."

"...You didn't though."

"I did as well. I just tore out my voice box so you wouldn't hear." The black one sadly smirked at his son. The two laid there for a long while, letting the warm sun comfort them.

"...Where do you think they are now?"

"...I don't know. But I know what happened to them." The statement worried the blue one. "It's just something you cannot fight against. And doing so will only get you, or others into trouble, Dia."

"...What about uncles? Where are they?"

"They, along with your sisters, probably headed up north somewhere." The two smirked a bit. "You know how they detested the heat."

"Yes. They couldn't get enough of the cold. Remember that freezer you built them once?" The two chuckled a bit. "Every day, sometimes in the middle of the night, they would pester you to make it colder."

"It must've been negative forty Celsius by the end of it, before I told them to go live in the north pole." Another chuckle. "Who knew they would actually consider such a thing."

"...I wonder if they should know about...?" He motioned towards the stones.

"Likely, they will have expected it soon. And probably even informed them about it as well." A heavy sigh from the large one. "You should look for them, when you can."

"I was planning to." Atlas nodded, still staring at the graves. "Does this mean you're...?"

"...I can't stay here forever, Dia." It made the younger one faintly whimper. "I should... Keep moving. And you should too."

"...Maybe."

"No 'Maybe' about it." Those purple eyes half scolded him. "Do not stay here, Dia. It will only bring you loneliness. And that will only ruin you." The large one got up. "I was planning to level this place out. Perhaps sink it into the waters so no one would corrupt it, and..." It made the younger one whimper. "But I'll leave it the way it is now. If you need a home, or somewhere to stay, it is yours now Dia'vidd. Even if you find someone to

spend your life with, you may bring them here. But do not remain here alone, understood?"

"Yes, father." The blue one got up as well, giving the black dragon a hug and turning pink when it was returned. "I love you, Haytre." The large one double taked at him. "Tia leaked it out."

"Of course she did." He tossed his snout, glaring at the gravestone. "Even in death, you're still tormenting me." Atlas smirked at it.

"Nonsense. She just taught me well." Another tight squeeze. "Thank you, for everything, Father."

"You're very welcome, and I... love you too." After a semi-awkward moment, the black one cleared his throat. "The entire world is yours now, Son. Do what you will with it." He nodded, getting pried off the larger one. After exchanging a few licks, Haytre took off to the skies. Disappearing quickly into the distance with a loud roar.

With a heavy exhale, it was almost instant. The impact of loneliness that the large one warned him about. Looking at the graves one last time, her voice echoed in his head.

"Everything Eventually Comes To An

End..."

Chapter 1

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The fresh air was very comforting on his burning lungs. Still trying to expel the ash from before. Feeling the soft grass like it was all a dream got the dragon to almost jump in surprise out of his green scales. Looking around and studying for anything familiar, but it was like the entire world around him was completely new. A long grass meadow, clear blue skies and a warm sun. Forests that were a bright green like in spring, the sounds of a nearby brook in the distance, it was all new.

Grunting while placing a paw over his eyes, he tried to remember what

happened. Recalling being sad, almost lost. A happy memory of reuniting with his father after waking up with his mothers and the Feys. Then... The Glass shard?

He looked around to see if he could find it in the grass, but no luck. With a heavy sigh in thought, Dia sat down. Listening to the world around him. Trying to make out any life besides the trees blowing in the wind. For a long while, there was nothing, then a slight buzzing around his head. Barely glancing a black dot flying around the dragon's head, making him rapidly look back and forth trying to keep track of it.

Eventually, it landed between his nostrils. Making his blue eyes cross trying to see it. "Well, something survived." He muttered a bit sadly, watching the fly just look around and search the scales of his muzzle.

Suddenly, a man in a purple masked outfit quickly rose from the bushes. "I'm A Ninja!" He yelled, getting Dia to whimper slightly before the ninja threw a frying pan towards him. However, as soon as the iron cast object came out of his grip, it started moving in slow motion. Casually rotating clockwise towards the very confused yellow dragon. Shifting his eyes towards the pan and the purple ninja, who apparently was frozen in place.

When it was coming rather close, Dia stepped to his right to avoid it, only to have the thing instantly turn 90 degrees away from the dragon and rocket off into the distance. Becoming nothing more than a shiny blip in the sky. "...What-?" A loud dong and a solid metal object hit him in the back of the head. Getting the larger one to grunt and hiss at the slight pain while turning around. Seeing a pan lob into the air, but also a small sparkle in the distance.

With a loud whimper, Dia's ears fell. Barely making out the first iron cast object fly towards him. Within a blink of an eye, it struck the dragon directly between the nostrils with immense force. Knocking him off his paws and a good ten feet away, landing heavily on his back.

He could barely hear faint tweets and chirps over the loud ringing, and the faint throbbing in his muzzle. However, not nearly as much pain as expected. Just a slight sting. Trying to see through the bright sunlight, a shadow of a man stepped over him. "...What...?" Dia whimpered, only to feel him grab a hold of something on the tip of his muzzle, then rip it off painfully like a Band-Aid. Getting another whimper.

"I'm making our breakfast!" The man happily said. Raising a slightly opened hand and catching the second frying pan by the handle. Placing the now paper-thin fly into the pan and skipping off into the bush. "You're welcome to join me!"

"Join... You?" The dragon questioned, still a little unsure about the surrealism. Carefully getting up, and cautiously looking out for anymore flying projectiles, he approached the bush. Prodding it with a paw a bit, then sniffing at it. Finding a small black hole on the ground underneath the plant. Poking it with a claw was like touching a thick water, or perhaps dry sand. Feeling a strange sinking feeling within it. Leaning down to sniff it a bit, the hole gave a large suction towards his snout.

The black hole's grip was immense, getting the large dragon to desperately use his entire body to fight against it. But with every slide and reposition, the hole was swallowing a bit more and more of Dia's muzzle. Soon, his entire head, then neck. Eventually, the rest of his body and tail. Pulling the large one within the tiny hole, then belching loudly.

A large door flew opened, and Dia stumbled inside a wooden cabin restaurant. Standing straight up, and hitting his head on the ceiling made him growl. He detested small spaces like this, but also didn't know where he was.

Looking around, he barely attracted any attention from the people within. However, they all looked the same. Like they were the same person, just in different costumes. "You look a little lost." The bartender said, clearly the robed man from before with the red beard and sunglasses.

"I... Think I'm in the wrong place."

"Nonsense. Take a seat at the bar, we'll get you something for breakfast." He gestured in front of him, close to two others who were sitting at the far end, having a conversation. "I serve the full menu here. And we just got restocked."

"Restocked? You killed a single fly." A loud record scratch echoed through the entire building, getting everyone to freeze and one person to scream until they fainted. Falling off his chair and getting the attention of the entire bar.

"I'll have what he's having." Another person nearby pointed at the fainted one.

"Coming right up." The bartender said, then everyone went back to their own conversations. "You want some too?"

"Some of what exactly?" The large one questioned, still looking around the many random objects on the walls. Including a neon sign that said 'The Forehead Smack.'

"Slapjacks." Dia double took at him. "They're slap-tastic!"

The yellow dragon stared at him for a few moments. "...Don't you mean Flapjacks?"

"Are they Slap-tastic?"

"I'm... Not sure." The dragon muttered, his scales turning a bit purple. Then his stomach growled loudly.

"I think a part of you is sure."

"But I don't have any..."

"It'll only cost you one sneeze." Another double take.

"A Sneeze?"

"Yep." He opened up a door to the back. "Bubba! Two sets of Slapjacks, make one an extra large!" A loud grunt of something rather monstrous in the back replied and he closed the door. "They'll be ready in a few minutes."

"But... I can't just sneeze willingly." The large one muttered, still very puzzled.

"Of course you can! You just need to believe you can, son!" The man to the left of the dragon said.

"He's right. Just believe. Here, I'll help you!" The bartender stood onto the bar in front of Dia, getting really close to his face. Making the large one rather uncomfortable and almost whimper.

"What are you-?"

"Pepperflum."

The dragon raised an eyebrow, then had the sudden urge to sneeze. It took a few awkward breaths, but he eventually got it out. Making everyone in the restaurant cheer for three seconds, then immediately go back to what they were doing. "Ow..."

"Credit accepted!" He closed a cash register that was not there before. Letting it fall to the floor with a loud crash after leaving it. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

"It hurt a little. But why a Sneeze?"

"Why not a Sneeze?"

"It's just..."

"It's something commonly accepted as a form of trade here. Not to



mention, no one can steal your sneezes. You have to give them away in exchange of goods or services." The man shrugged. "Binky, by the way."

"I'm... Dia. Some people call me David though." The dragon looked at him a bit sadly. "Where are we?"

"You are lost, huh? What's the last thing you remember?"

The dragon gave it some thought, slowly clearing away the fog and fuzziness that the frying pans caused earlier. "I remember... The world covered in ashes. And a glass shard."

"Mhmm?"

"And... You were there. All of you were, but you were one person."

"You sayin we all look the same!?" One man far away grumbled, getting the large one to lower his ears.

"Shut up Engis! We do look the same!" Binky roar from across the room, hearing a ding, and instantly turning around. Flipping up the entire wall to reveal a kitchen, grabbing two plates, then setting the larger one in front of the dragon. "Enjoy." He walked off, serving the other plate.

Dia sniffed at it, getting a scent that was almost like home. Instantly making his heart sink, but he hardened it. Giving the thick syrup that glazed the several flapjacks a lick, and nearly getting his tongue stuck in it. Like it was super glue.

As the dragon tilted his head at the meal, he half shrugged. Giving the first layer a few more laps, and his tongue under it to lift it up. Biting it felt like biting into thick rubber, warping into the shape of his fangs, but not giving into it's pierce. To the point it nearly made the large one angry fighting it.

Bracing the stack of pancakes with his claws, he used his entire body to try ripping it in half. Pulling against the rubbery disk just stretched the thing out, and Dia felt his paws get stuck in the sugary gel. Slightly whimpering at it while continuing to struggle, he started using a hind paw. Bracing on the bar, and trying to use his tail to keep balance. Aggressively pulling the pancake omitted a loud stretching noise as the now orange dragon snarled at it.

Stopping for a breather, Dia pried his paws out of the sticky mess. But not without a battle. Not letting go of the fried cake still locked in his muzzle, he tried to move the entire plate to a better position. Only to find that it, too, was snared in place. Growling almost playfully, the dragon used his entire

body weight, claws, and the objects behind him to pull against the plate of food. Getting the one pancake to stretch impossibly across the room, then suddenly give out on the plate side. Whipping at the orange one at 190 mph, and slapping his face so hard it knocked him through the wall in slow motion. With the words "K.O!" appearing before blacking out.

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The morning was very warm for the griffin. First time since summer where he woke up in a dark but comfortable warmth. It honestly reminded him of his childhood a bit, back during the winters where he would stay inside, away from the cold. And that smell of burning wood, faint smoke brought back mixed feelings of ignorance.

Eventually, it drove him awake. Though a bit worried about where the smell was coming from, there was nothing illuminated that was of caution. Only the faint light from the window, one still masked from a cloudy sky. Rather dark, as if to warn of a heavy storm coming.

He remembered it now, a few days ago. It's warning was painted over the horizon. A thick, reddish pink that streaked across the darkness and the clouds. Granted, the warning meant nothing to him now; Anton was possibly in the most safest place to be in case of a large storm. The only thing that he might need to be cautious of is flooding.

That only began to worry him. Trying to picture and plan out his actions beforehand. If the small hole he used as a toilet backed up, there was nowhere else for the water to exit. Not to mention, if that backed up...

The grey one shuttered, puffing out his feathers as he returned to reality. Almost gagging at the thought of such a thing happening. How would he ever get himself clean? Shaking his head violently to rid the thought, he got up and stretched. Digging his claws into the blankets and clothing, unused to such a Nest. Normally, he could do that with the classic straw and branches without hearing that tearing noise. Granted, not that he really cared for such things. They were not his to begin with, but the Griffit's.

His green eyes trailed to the wall away from him. Trying to search for that black door within it, one that lead inside of the furnace. Wondering what exactly happened to him after Anton fell asleep. A few steps forward to attempt to see any embers or visual signs of the flames, but nothing. He would have to open it to see the result of the Flag's cremation. "What is that?"

The woman's voice nearly sent the bird jumping in the air, squawking louder than he ever meant to. Letting it echo and reflect some of the embarrassment of getting sneaked up on. "Wha-! You-! Er-!" In the end, Anton just hissed at her loudly, nearly knocking Cennet off balance with laughter. With a loud growl, he sat down hard and waited for her recovery. "I thought you left!" He hissed again, seeing the woman struggle to keep herself composed.

"I tended to the festival a bit last night, but I came back on the lift after." He slightly perked a leathery ear. "I slept down here, in my room."

"Your cage, you mean." He snorted. Getting her to giggle again. "Here I was expecting to be rid of you finally." She looked at him a bit hurt, but took a deep breath.

"What you said last night was... Hurtful. But I believe that you did so to enable your plan."

"And you're doing a *wonderful* job in helping me succeed with your presence." He grumbled. "Looks like I'll just have to try harder to break you."

"I'll take that as a compliment about my durability then, Anton." He double took at her, then just snorted. "What is that?"

"It's a furnace."

"Furnace? There's one down here?"

"Apparently so."

"That would explain the warmth. It usually so cold down here in the morning."

"That would be why I started it." The grey one muttered.

"Started it how?" She looked around, trying to find something that could've been used. A small brick of Flint maybe.

"I can breathe fire." The griffin sarcastically said. Feeling a strange glare on him and slowly looking at her, ears back.

"...You can-?"

"No, I Cannot Breathe Fire!" He hissed, getting her to laugh again at his irritated expression. "You know nothing of griffins, do you? Some caretaker you are."

"Then how did you...?" She couldn't finished.

"A furnace, a bit of wood, and something very **very** special." His ear flicked.

"Something special?" She started hearing movement within.

"Cennet? Is that you?" The wyrmling inside yawned, getting a very confused look from her, then a very harsh glare at the griffin.

"...Is That...?" The woman said thickly, almost seeing fire in her brown eyes.

"D-don't look at me! He wanted to be locked into that-"

"Birdo caught me while I was sleeping. Muttering something about a midnight snack-"

"Shut it, Lizard! I said no such thing!" Anton hissed loudly at the wall, stepping away from the woman after double taking at her gaze once again. "I-I mean it! He's the-"

"You're a monster, you know that Anton?" The woman almost roared into the darkness, stepping towards the furnace and prying opened the lock. "You deserve to be offered to the Flag-"

"But I-"

"It's okay, Cennet." The little one said as the door opened. "We were just pranking you. I thought of it after he told me of his wrong doing last night." Dia's blue eyes happily greeted her, cooling down her brown ones a bit. But he held a paw up when she tried to hold him. "It's very dirty and dry here, do you happen to still have your bath full?"

"From yesterday, yes. But it's very cold." The dragon nodded and flew past her, in between the large doors and into her chambers. Hearing a loud splash and a faint yelp at the temperature change. The two sighed, and the woman looked at the grey one through the darkness. "Was it really a joke?"

"One against both of us, I assure you." He snorted. "I honestly voted against it."

"But you told him?" Their eyes locked for a few moments.

"I'm assuming you want me to say: with regret and morning?" He broke the connection, sighing through his nostrils. "...It grows like a bile after so long. Seeing everyone constantly believe and blindly follow every word. After so long as a disbeliever, it starts to poison you from the inside."

"So last night?"

"If you're prying me for an apology, me admitting that is as close as you're going to get." The larger one snorted, getting a faint smile from her and hearing the water in the tub begin to drain. After a few moments, a brown wyrmling flew out. Landing on the griffin's back and getting him to growl. "You better be dry."

"I am." He said, nuzzling the feathered one a bit. "Just cold."

"I hope you didn't blacken my towel or bathtub too much." Cennet let out a smile at the two.

"Don't worry, I didn't."

"Then how did you dry yourself?" The grey one slyly pried, feeling a glare from behind.

"...I have ways." David snorted, almost grumbling at what the bird was trying to do.

"*Magical* ways, I'm sure. Almost... *Supernatural* levels of it." A little growl from the dragon that time, almost seeing his wing turn orange at the corner of his green eyes. "Reminds me of someone, but who was it again?"

"No one, I'm sure. I'm just unique. Much like you're getting old and senile-" A loud hiss interrupted him.

"Watch it, Griffit."

"Are you two okay?" The woman asked, getting a look from both of them. "Are you hiding something?"

"Yes." The Griffin Admitted.

"No." The Dragon Denied. Once again getting strange looks from Cennet before hearing a loud growl of desperation from the large one.

"And that's me being hungry. Perhaps someone could attend to that need before I do?" Anton attempted to look behind him.

"Alright. But play nice while I'm gone. If you hurt David, Anton, I will throw you at the Flag's feet." She said a bit sternly, getting the large one to curl his neck.

"You say that like I just... Set him on fire." Another sly look at the little one as he pouted. "We will be fine, Caretaker. Besides, I'm curious about the Griffit's... Travels. We have *much* to talk about." The woman gave him a strange look.

"...You feeling alright?" Anton just glared at her.

"Food!" He hissed.

"That's more like it." Cennet half smiled. Leaving the room and the two males. When the lift was started, the griffin shook the little one off him. Making the dragon land on the table.

"Those pesky claws are annoying." He started preening a bit. "Now, are you going to answer a few questions of mine?"

"I have a few of my own as well." David glared at him.

Chapter 2

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The thick grass was trying to keep him asleep, but the warm air was pleasantly trying to wake him. Getting the dragon to murmur something in his sleep. But the small prods were getting irritating, tickling his large scaly body and forcing it to move and twitch from the tickles it made. Moving him out of his comfortable position until he came to his senses.

As the pokes got harder, Dia'vidd let out a growl. Both at the prods and the bright sunlight. Getting him to focus a bit more on his surroundings with his other senses. Hearing an annoying *Doink!* everytime he was poked in the side. "What are you doing?" The large one muttered, still trying to make out something purple and red with sunglasses on.

"I'm poking you with..." He examined a white glove on his hand with a ridiculously long index finger. "I think it's called a Thing-Longer."

"Why?"

"Because it's really long and it touches things from far away. Possibly activating them. Kinda like it did with you, actually!" He said quite happily, poking the yellow dragon again.

"But why are you poking me?"

"Why not? Do you see anything else I could poke around you?"

"I'm having a hard time to see anything right now." Dia grumbled, still trying to adjust his eyes.

"Is it because your eyeballs are on your side?" It made the large one tilt his head at the honest question.

"N-no. It's just bright out-"

"Oh! Why didn't you say so?" He snapped the fingers on his other hand and the sun fell out of the sky. Crashing like it hit the stage behind the mountains in the background. Turning everything dark, and getting Dia to cautiously look what happened. "Better?"

"...How did you...?"

"You just need to believe!" He said, poking the large one again with the glove. "And Skittles. Alot of skittles."

"...Skittles?" The yellow one tilted his head in the other direction.

"Skittles means Skillz. Do you live on the moon?"

"N-no. I used to..." He looked around a bit sadly at the landscape. Not seeing anything familiar.

"I used to live on the moon. Had terrible weather, so I moved. And you would not believe the Lunar Moths!" Another few pokes got the dragon to sadly look at it, finally fading to a blue. "Interesting side effects. More tests are needed-but later!" He swiftly took off the glove and threw it off to the side. "So what brings you here?"

"I... I don't know where I am." He looked around again.

"Isn't that the fun of exploration? To discover new places?"

"But... This isn't a new place, it's..." He sighed. "I did this." The man made a noise in question. "I... Reset everything. And now it's all gone. Everyone I once knew, everyone I grew up with..." Another heavy sigh, he fought back a tear.

"...I see." The purple robed man said, rather seriously. "I've only seen one other person able to control themselves with that." It got the dragon's attention rather quickly, seeing the man take off his sunglasses and revealing the colored iris.

His heart stopped. His throat wanted to whimper as his green body took a step back. Stumbling on nearby rock. "...You...?"

"And you have it too. I could see it when you were knocked out by a slapjack."

"Slapjack?" Dia asked, puzzled. "You mean, that was...?" He started to recall the strange restaurant.

"The Forehead Smack?" The sign of the bar appeared in the dragon's head, and he nodded. "Yes. That was real. I never seen anyone struggle so hard against a pancake before."

The large one snorted. "That thing was impossible..." He said, rubbing his snout where the flapjack whipped. "What happened to that place?"

"Like all people who fail to dominate their breakfast in there, they are banned until they apologize with a fruit basket, or a basket of muffins. Either one will do, but enough about that." The man got up. Clapping twice, and the lights came back on in the sky, even with a lack of an actual sun. "The question now is, what are *yooouuuu* going to do about your... Condition."

"My...?" His neck curled, a bit shy about such a thing. "I'm not sure. Is there anything I can do about it?"

"Well, like all dysfunctions, they can be maintained!"

"But not treated... Or cured?"

"It cannot be cured." The man pondered. "Sit." He stood before the large creature, and though he looked at the red haired one strangely, he did so. "And Down." He laid down, and the man sat down with his legs crossed, just within arm's reach of the large one's snout. With a deep breath of the robed man, the two sat in awkward silence for a bit.

"What are-" A very large book suddenly fell on the dragon's head. Shoving it into the grassy ground and getting his body to jerk a bit from the impact.

"Huh, was wondering where I left that." Without lifting it off, he opened the book and began flipping through the pages. "The first thing you must realize about this is-can you hear me alright down there?" Dia whimpered at him. "-Good. The first thing you must realize and understand is that this is now part of your existence. You cannot be rid of it, much like you cannot lose the odd, ever-changing, and strange color of your scales. You can attempt to, yes, but not by normal means or losing something within yourself. Savvy?"

The large one tried to mumble something, but no one could make it out.

"Please save all questions until the end of the lecture-FOUND IT!" He



cleared his throat and read from the book. "You Are Changing Into A More Powerful, Resilient Version Of Yourself. But Whatever Your Final Form, It's An Expression Of Your True Nature." And he closed the book, letting Dia get up and rub the back of his neck.

"What does that mean?"

"You are a Cryomithorous." The large one tilted his head at the term, getting it to crack loudly and release another whimper. "It is a creature that normally snoozes within the center of the planet. But when some species take things too far to harm the planet itself, this thing is awakened. And..." He trailed off, looking out towards the landscape.

"Is that what she meant by Weapon?" The man looked at him a bit strangely. "I'm not sure who she was. Some... Bat person?"

"Wasn't Deaneil, was it?" Another head tilt. "Nevermind. It wasn't her."

"How do you know?"

"Well, you're not Guttled, castrated, or missing your spleen. So it wasn't her." A faint whimper from the dragon. "She is hardly a pleasant person, but we're getting side tracked!" He got up and dashed to the side of the dragon's muzzle. Holding under it with one arm. "Roll with me kid, and I'll teach you everything you need to know about this Cryo stuff. Like, for example, did you know you were immune to lightning!?"

"Lightning?" A loud thunder came overhead, making him whimper loudly at the sudden noise. "You're not going to...?"

"Pffft, Noooo. I would never do it while you were expecting it!" He started marching off into the distance. Letting Dia almost overlook his own paw once again, then him. Getting up and hastily walking after him.

"Hey... What do I call you?"

"I go by many many manymanymanymany different names. But you can call me..." He pondered, scratching his chin.

"Binky?"

"Sure! Not sure where such a thing came from, but Professor Binky works. ONWARDS!" The enthusiasm made Dia smile.

"Professor...? Professor of what exactly?" The dragon whispered to himself, following him into the woods.

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The two males stared at each other in silence. The grey one's green eyes trying to pierce through the wyrmling's blue ones. Only to stop its attack when David's iris pulsed faintly with 1/3rd of a rainbow hue. Making the griffin curl his neck a bit and the dragon tilt his head for a moment. "Oh... Went up again, did it?" The little one sadly muttered.

"It did something. I'm not even sure what." Anton snorted, continuing his preening. As Dia exhaled, he turned around and headed towards the picture of lemonade. "Don't drink that."

"Why?" The little one grumbled.

"Because it's Griffin juice." It made the dragon stop for a moment and study it.

"...No it isn't."

"I didn't mean *that*! I meant that it's mine!" He hissed, seeing the little one ignore him and take a few laps. "But go ahead, help yourself." Another snort. Grumbling after he caught the wyrmling making a sour face. "Not good enough for you?"

"Just warm. Burns going down a bit." David touched the side of the large glass, getting it to frost up in a few moments and leaving the Griffin a bit speechless. Seeing him lap at again quite steadily told the grey one exactly what he did, let alone was able to do. But before the little one could see Anton's gaze, he resumed preening like he was unimpressed. "So, who's going to ask first?"

"I feel like I don't really have a *choice* in the matter, do I?" The griffin growled, getting the dragon's ears to go flat against his head.

"Fine. If you're going to be like that, you can go first." Those green eyes locked onto him again. "Keep in mind we don't have much time, so make it quick." The little one looked towards the large doors where the lift was.

"...Alright then." Anton cleared his throat. "Who the Helga is Helga?" It made Dia double take hard, almost whimpering in surprise.

"...R-really? Out of all the things you want to ask me, you ask...?"

"Yes." The griffin smirked at his response. "You said yesterday not to use her name in vain. Define what you meant about that." Another whimper. "Who was she?"

"You don't really care about that..." His wings slumped a bit. "Do you?"

"Oh, but I *do*! Seeing you struggle with the question is just so tasteful though, I might not have enough room for breakfast." The dragon half growled, and then exhaled.

"Fine." He cleared his throat, trying to hide his purple ears. "She was... A Couatl."

"...A what?" Anton tilted his head a bit.

"Think, a very large winged Snake. This was..." The little one sighed. "Your... World, so to speak, is not the first." A strange look from the green eyes. "There were several others before yours, and she was in one of them. The world before the last one, currently."

"And you... Created these worlds?" The grey one tried to keep his composure, realizing that he might be in over his head.

"I did not, no. But... There was an event a long time ago, when I wasn't even a year old. The world was in danger of something, I still have a hard time understanding it. But with the aid of several others, I... Transferred it to here."

"The world?"

"I mean, the planet." A look in disbelief, almost disgust. "I know, it sounds odd. I'm still not sure myself, but I was told that's what happened in the end."

"By who exactly?"

"Well... My father had this odd relationship with some six legged white bear thing. It was apparently a creator of a universe, and he told me." The large one groaned. "But we're getting off topic. You want to..." Another sighing whimper. "Seriously, why do you want to know about her? Anything else but her."

"Answer the question, and before the woman returns, or else you're going to explain it in front of her too." A sad look from the wyrmling, and Anton gestured to carry on.

"Fine." An awkward grunt. "The Couatl were a peaceful species. Very good natured, willing to go out of their way to help others, and took joy in doing so. But..."

"Helga was different?"

"To put it very lightly, yes." The little one rubbed the back of his neck. "Helga... Hated her kind. And I don't use that word lightly. She caused alot of

trouble for them, constantly questioned their actions, and was quite bad natured compared to the rest. To the point where they came to me for assistance-"

"By that, I'm sure you mean they threw her at your paws, where you could take her away and execute her." Dia glared at the griffin, shifting to an orange color.

"Is that what you think I do?" He said a bit sternly, making the grey one's ears go back. "I only did that with a few people out of the many eons I've been here. And..." He sighed, his ears dropping and turning a deep blue. "They requested it."

"I'm sure anyone under your rule would, if they really knew how much of a puppet they-"

"Shut up, Anton." The orange one growled. "Anyway, I did accept their request and took Helga away. At the time..." He sighed. "I was partially frustrated with the world too. So when we started talking, we also met eye to eye." The little one exhaled, laying down. "We found this odd comfort in it, even if she was more negative than I was. And she liked to vent with... physical means."

"As in, she harmed you?"

"Well, yes, but only during sex." The large one cringed. "She was..." Another exhale of disbelief. "Helga was definitely something different. She was wild, constantly letting herself go of the suppression she held onto for so long. Mostly with love bites-"

"Okay-"

"Constricting, and-"

"Stop-"

"Telekinesis."

"No more!" The bird grunted loudly, covering his face with a paw.

"And damn, she could use that Telekinesis well. She used to do this thing-"

"ENOUGH!" The griffin whimpered, getting the dragon to chuckle. "I don't need the details!"

"But you *asked*, Anton." David smirked, mocking him a bit. "Anyway, we eventually mated-"

"Oh, get over yourself."

"I meant, we came together! Spent our life together, featherhead!" The wyrmling hissed, but couldn't help but laugh. "We grew together, embracing the negativity that brought us closer. And a lot of the world didn't like that."

"Especially the Couatl." The little one nodded. "To the point where they started using her as a curse word?"

"Kind of. I honestly don't remember how it started, but even Helga started saying it. Something that was used to display disgust towards her, and she just... Embraced it." Dia sighed again, turning blue. "It really hurt to lose her. And even though I tend to leak out the curse word once in a while myself, it's where this world learned it... It pains me to hear her name once in a while."

"Especially someone you're not fond of." The griffin muttered.

"...I don't detest you, Anton. But you are more bitter than the rest." He just snorted at the little one. "It honestly reminds me of-"

"Don't. Say. It." He grumbled, getting a little chuckle from the dragon. "I suppose it's your turn then." David studied him for a bit slowly brightening his hue back to the orange.

"...You know them, don't you?"

"What kind of question is that?" The grey one curled his neck.

"The ones who attacked me. But you've been hiding it. Quite desperately too." He received a growl and worried green eyes. "Who are they?"

"...If you must know, they call themselves Gravediggers."

"Gravediggers?"

"As in they're attempting to dig a grave, I'm assuming yours." The large one snorted with the sarcastic statement.

"And you know this how?" His leathery ears went back. "Not fun being on this side, is it?"

"Shut up." Anton grumbled. "...They came to me. Wanting me to join their cause."

"The Satyr?" It made the griffin double take.

"Satyr...? No, well yes-" A loud groan from the dragon interrupted him.

"They're not just one species, they're a group of all kinds." The little one stared at him for a moment, then sighed. Turning a deep blue. "You blamed it on the Satyr, didn't you?"

"Yes, I even threatened a nearby village. Most of the ones who attacked me were..." He sighed. "They attacked a wagon, an innocent merchant. Bound him and waited for my rescue."

"And then... Trapped you?" David nodded. "And somehow injured you with farm weapons."

"Well... Kinda. But they were also using weapons from the old world." The grey one tilted his head. "These were weapons for war."

"For... What?"

"It's... A conflict between two nations, cities, or... Lands." His confused gaze didn't lift. "As in, they murder each other for a cause."

"...They seriously do the things you spoke of last night? For what?"

"Personal reasons, vendettas, or to 'Own' a very small piece of the universe. Not caring of the blood they stain it with. Not giving a damn about the lives it wastes..." The little one fought back a tear. "You want to know why I'm so strict about these things? Why you don't have true freedom, Anton?"

"...I believe you told me." The bird said, a bit sternly. Giving him a few moments to collect himself.

"These Gravediggers..." Dia said thickly. "Are you one of them?" Anton closed his eyes for a moment before answering.

"...No." He answered, getting the dragon to study him for a minute. "I am not."

"...You're telling the truth." The wyrmling said, sitting back up.

"Of course I am, I'm in the presence of-"

"Just... Stop." The two snorted at each other. "Then why did they contact you? Why recruit you?"

"You say that like it would be a bad thing."

"Well, you're not the most pleasant of company." The large one growled at him. "But seriously."

"Seriously, now? That would probably be due to my lack of faith in what you do, Oh Great One." It made the orange one's ears go back. "These

people... They're the ones you Left Behind."

"What?"

"They're people who you've done very little to benefit their lives, I'm assuming. Whether by choice or just coincidence, they have suffered from your actions. Or should I say, lack there of." Another few moments of study. "Perhaps you're not responsible for their lives, but they've grown to think you've forsaken them."

"Because I attempt to help others, but they're left in the dark..." The little one sighed heavily. "And now, they want someone to blame. Someone to hurt, punish for the pain that they've lived through..." His wings slumped as he lowered in hue.

"You've unwillingly created another religion, Griffit. You have those who believe in the actions that you've taken, and those who do not." The little one cursed under his breath, trying to think this through.

"Then, why aren't you one of them? Why turn them down?"

"As much as I would enjoy kicking you in the stones, I'm a Griffin. I'm more intelligent than the other species."

"Sure you are." Dia tossed his snout.

"What I mean is, I took the time to understand what happened. They did not, and just wanted to blame something."

"What do you mean-?" A paw in the air stopped his question.

"They do not believe that you are the person you claim to be. They don't even believe that you actually performed miracles, but instead staged some tricks. Or should I say, Didn't believe. Because after attacking you..." He half gestured the little one's body.

"I... Didn't leave any of them alive."

"Of course you didn't." The grey one snorted. "You only proved that your strength is second to none." Another low growl from the dragon, but it morphed into a sigh. The arrogant bird was correct, though Dia did warn them, he did not show any of them mercy. Even so, he threatened an innocent village by jumping to conclusions. All because of his wrath... "So, what now? You going to hide down here with me to sulk?"

"...No." The dragon muttered. "Anton, what did I do to you-?" The sound of the lift coming down interrupted him.

Chapter 3

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The grass was very comfortable in the shade. Though a little cold, if there was one thing that he really enjoyed about the planet's remake, it was the grass. Even if the thought of starting over made him a little sad, the dragon was more alarmed at the odd smell around him. Almost like he bathed in Kerosene.

Getting up, he spotted Binky sitting cross legged a few feet away from him. Getting the larger dragon to whimper a bit in confusion. "What are you...?" The man then pulled out a long stick with a marshmallow at the end of it, sliding down his shades over his eyes. For a few moments, they stared at each other in silence. "...What are you-?"

Out of the clear blue sky, a bolt of lightning came down and struck the puzzled yellow one. Instantly setting the oil on fire and making him yelp loudly. Getting up to attempt to put it out. "Oh quit being a baby! We just talked about this before you went for your nappy nap!" The man said. "Now stand still, it's hard enough to cook one of these without fire! Worse when it's constantly jumping and spinning around!"

"B-but-!" Dia whimpered in a panic, then started slowing down. Still feeling the warmth on his body, but no pain from the flames. Nor the bolt, besides a slight tickle. "...How?"

"You're immune to energy based attacks. Have you not read your Character Sheet in a while?" Binky asked, pulling away his burning marshmallow and waving it quickly to put out the flames. Then flicking the stick down on a plate and watching the marshmallow land on it with a loud Splat! Putting another plate on top of it, then prying apart the black, brown, and white sticky mess. With a faint snap, two large smore sandwiches remained on the plates. Offering one to the clearly confused dragon.

"How are you doing these things?" Dia asked him, sniffing at the plate



a bit. "It's so...?"

"Realistic?"

"The complete opposite." The yellow one bluntly said. "Is this chocolate?"

"Nope." The large one looked at him with worry. "Don't be rude, eat it." A faint whimper, and the dragon took a bite. Though still almost hot, he did enjoy the taste of the melted marshmallow. "Oh wait, yes. It is chocolate." It made David freeze in place for a moment, and then spit out his mouthful on the plate. "Why did you do that?"

"I'm allergic to Chocolate!"

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am!" The large one tried to scrape off the substance on his tongue. Hoping that he didn't ingest enough.

"No, you're not. Cryos are not allergic to anything. They cannot catch illnesses by normal means, either." Blue eyes studied the man for a few moments. "Now eat, or I'm getting out the spatula!" Another faint whimper, and he looked down at his plate. Seeing the lump that he spat out somehow morph back in its original form, and fit back into the sandwich like a large puzzle piece.

With a loud swallow, Dia tried again. Eating it and enjoying the taste, but worried about the after effects. "...What else should I know about this... Cryo thing?"

"You're a Cryo too?" The purple man asked rather seriously. "No way, get out of the forest!"

"But you...?" Another whimper as he placed a paw over his eyes.

"Let's see... Immune to energy. Have a hard time getting the sniffles. Eukaryotic being. Cosmic powers, and the ability to lick your own elbow." The man pondered for a few moments. "Don't think I missed anything."

"...Elbow?"

"This thing." Binky pointed at his knee.

"But that's..." The dragon shook his head. "What about the eye thing?"

"What eye thing?"

"The... Rainbow iris thing?" The man stared at him, and Dia sighed. "I...

Think I just need a bit to process this." He got up, stretching his wings out a bit. "I'll be back sometime, Binky." And he took off.

Watching him until he disappeared into the landscape, a frog landed on the man's lap. "...Huh. Who knew dragons could fly?" The frog croaked in response. "I hear you. Something does seem to be bothering-Holy FISHSTICKS! A Toad!" And he scampered away.

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The lift was taking it's time to come down. It's loud noise echoing through the dark dungeon seemed almost increased in volume. Perhaps it was the faint stress of the situation, or the bullet the griffin just dodged. "Birdo." The dragon muttered over the loud noise. "Do not tell her."

The larger one responded with a rather hurt expression. "That wounds me, Griffit. As if I would ever do anything to make your life less convenient." The wyrmling just snorted at him, knowing it was just sarcasm. "Besides, the pleasure is in letting her figure it out herself."

"W-what!?" The lift stopped, forcing the little one to be silent. His orange color told the bird that he was having a hard time to hold back that hiss.

"It's not like such a thing would be easy. I mean... She is..."

"Is what?" Cennet asked, pushing a small cart through the large doors. "What am I, Griffin?"

"A caretaker. Of course." Anton said quite innocently, and the woman slightly glared at him. "Don't accuse me of anything, he's the little troublemaker." A double take from Dia. "I'm just trying to convince him otherwise."

"Convince him of what?" She looked at the small dragon.

"O-oh. Um..." He turned purple, almost wanting to harshly glare at the grey bird's smirk. "I was wondering if I could possibly get you to obtain a few festive treats-"

"By taking them without asking. Then leaving a note claiming it was for your prisoner." That time, the griffin got the glare from the blue eyes. "He was wondering if I wanted a few things myself."

"You are so full of it." The little one growled.

"I'm with David, Anton. What are you really trying to hide?" She placed her hands on her hips.

"Oh, I'm not trying to hide a thing, Madam. However, I'm sure someone here has a few secrets just *waiting* to be discovered." The feathered one took a few steps towards the cart. "This is the only secret I'm curious about at the moment."

"So, I take it your conversation went well then?" The woman studied the two, noticing there was still something odd between them.

"Everything is fine, Cennet. We had a bit of a misunderstanding, that's all."

"And everything is resolved?"

"I would hardly say it's resolved yet, but definitely addressed." The grey one overlooked the cart. "What did you bring me for my breakfast?"

A bit of a strange silence as the woman overlooked the two again. "Well, I know you two liked the fish quite well, so I have two batches of those." The griffin's ears went back, and she pointed at him with a threatening finger. "I don't want to hear it. He's here, he's young, and he needs food. Deal with it."

"Fine. But, shall we make it a bit more interesting?" He slyly looked at the younger one.

"What exactly did you have in mind?" Dia muttered, watching him set down a large tray of fish. Seeing them divided equally between the two males.

"An answer to a question will reward you with a fish. However, you can refuse to answer and give away a fish." He smirked as the dragon's ears went back.

"And who will be asking these questions?" His green eyes trailed to the woman.

"It's only fair that she has some fun in this." It made her somewhat smile at the little game. "Will you participate in being our referee, Ceris-?"

"Cennet." The two answered, getting him to toss his beak.

"Whatever!"

"Fine, Anton. But for that, you're going first." He gestured for her to go

on.

"I have *Nothing to hide*, Miss." The bird glared at the wyrmling once again, locking eyes with him.

"Alright, first question then: Why are you down here?"

"To serve time for creating a stampede of cows, and totaling the wall of a barn." The grey one grabbed a piece of fish and ate it.

"But that's not what I meant by Why."

"Then you must ask your questions with more thorough." She crossed her arms. "It means with more detail-"

"I know what thorough means!" She half hissed, but chuckled as well. "Fine, David: What ever happened to your parents?" The little one double taked at her, turning a bit blue and he sighed.

"My mothers died a long time ago. And my father... Left. I don't know where he went." He answered, taking a piece of fish for himself. Purring at the smoky taste.

"Is that why you're traveling alot?"

"As much as I'm dying to know more about his family, that would be another question, Karen-"

"Cennet." She corrected him, almost expecting it.

"I mean, really. Karen isn't even close-"

"Hush, lizard!" The griffin hissed, getting one back from the orange dragon.

"Enough you two." She pulled up a chair. "Alright then, Anton: Why do you want to be down here?" His green eyes looked at her brown ones for a moment.

"That would be a more thorough question." He took a breath. "I want to be away from those who worship the Flag. Since it seems that even the damn animals do such a thing, I wish to be away from everything. Even for just a few months."

"And that's your master plan?" He waved a grey claw at her. "Alright, alright. David:" The woman got the little one's attention, while the griffin ate a fish. "Are you searching for your father when you leave your home?"

"No. I don't need to find him."

"Then...? For Helga's sake." She cursed, not noticing the slight change in expression from the younger male. "Eat up." He nodded, doing so. "Anton, why do you resent the Flag?" It got him to curl his neck and stare at her for nearly a minute. Half grunting, but picking up a fish and tossing it on Dia's side. Looking away from both of them, but feeling the sad look from the dragon's gaze. "Alright then. David, how old are you?"

"I... Can't answer that. I don't know." Dia looked at her a bit worried.

"Then I guess if you can't answer..."

"Then he would have to answer a different question." Anton grumbled.

"Alright then, why do you change colors with your mood?" The little one groaned, his wings slumping a bit as he took a breath.

"Because my father could. He had the ability, in his words, to manipulate the energies of his surroundings. He called them Atonements, allowing him to control things like Fire, Wind, Rock-"

"Metal?" The large one interrupted, silencing David as he slowly ate a fish. "And with each Atonement, he would obtain a different color?" The wyrmling nodded at the grey bird, keeping his glare. "I suppose that makes sense. But... Wouldn't you inherit those powers as well?" It got the little one to growl.

"I'm the one asking the questions here. Okay, Anton. The morning you were lowered down here, there was an Owl Griffin that attended." It got him to jerk and tense up. "Who was she?"

"...Do I have to answer that?" He grumbled, tossing his beak.

"Only if you want your breakfast." Dia tormented him, receiving a low growl.

"Fine. If you must know, if a Griffin cannot find a mate on his own; his parents, siblings, or friends, and in that order, will attempt to find one for them. Granted, it's still a choice to the Griffin, and... Kareina was one that I rejected."

"Rejected?"

"One question at a time." The bird replied, getting the woman to groan at the rules. As he happily snatched a fish, Cennet looked at the wyrmling.

"David, do you know the Flag-?"

"What kind of question is that?" The griffin hissed. "Everyone knows

the Flag!"

"You didn't let me finish, featherhead." Another threatening finger. "And what is your relationship with him?" It completely changed Anton's mood towards the question.

"Well... Um." The little one cleared his throat awkwardly. "I've met him before, but we're hardly friends."

"So you're not in the same family? No way related? And before you say anything about the rules, it's still the same question." The large one looked as innocent as he could.

"We're..." Dia grunted. "...We have the same blood."

"Probably more identical than he wants people to think." Another grunt that grew into a growl, but he let it pass. Snatching his fish and devouring it.

"Do you know, Anton?"

"Is that my fish question?" The grey one asked, almost grinning. "A rather easy one, I think."

"Perhaps after. You're enjoying this a little too much." The griffin rolled his eyes, knowing what's coming. "Why did you reject her?"

"I see how it is." The bird grumbled. "You can't find a mate for yourself, so you must gossip about the failed relationship of others." He snorted as the other two shook their heads. "If you must know, she was like everyone else. Kind, considerate of others, and filled to the brim in faith of a certain someone. Guess which ended the deal for me." Anton grumbled sarcastically, eating another fish.

"Kind?"

"Considerate of others. Paws down, has to be." The wyrmling joked, getting the larger one to snort at him.

"Alright then. David, Anton and I discovered an old nest over there yesterday." He looked at her sadly with blue eyes. "Who did it belong to?" The two watched him as his scales faded to a deep blue. Slowly looking over in the corner and sighing. Picking up a fish and placing it on the Griffin's side. "I guess that's fair." Cennet reached out and pet him a bit. Knowing it must've been hard for him.

"Some secrets are just not ready for the light." The little one mumbled, getting the woman to nod a bit.

"Alright then, Anton. Your turn again." The bird stood up straight. "Who suggested... Errm."

"Kareina?" The males asked, getting the larger one to look at him.

"Yes, to you?"

"She did." He said, picking up a fish. "And I'll give you this one for free. She was not a sibling." He said a bit thickly, devouring the smoked fish. For a moment, the woman paused to understand what he meant by that. Then she recalled the 'Order'. Parents. Siblings. Friends.

"Okay." Cennet said a bit quietly, returning to Dia. "Did you... Inherit your father's... Powers?" The little one groaned at the question, lowering his head. Looking at the last fish on his plate, then Cennet and Anton.

"...This stays in this room, right?" The two nodded.

"Providing you don't blab about on your next visit outside." The griffin snorted at him.

"...Yes. I did, kinda. I more or less was taught by him how to use them." He sighed in defeat. "That's how I was able to do some of these things." He gestured the dark room around them.

"Like magically break and reseal chain links?" The larger one said a bit sternly, getting Dia to nod and eat his fish. "No wonder you don't want people to know."

"But that's amazing, David. Think of all the good you could do for people-"

"And the harm it can do if not done properly." He grumbled. "I could never get the hang of it, like my father could."

"Enough to free helpless Griffins at least." The woman giggled at Anton's glare.

"I was perfectly fine where I was, I didn't need help." He snorted.

"And I didn't need him, I just wanted some steel." The dragon snorted as well.

"Now you two are just being childish. But at least you're being civil about it." She got up, cleaning the table a bit. "Keep this up, you two will be the best of friends." The two looked at her strangely, then each other. Tossing their snout and beak away. "Here's the rest of your breakfast, Anton. Did you want anything else done today?"

"Your absents will be enough. Unless you want to rid me of this pest." He gestured to David.

"I could take him up to the festival with me."

"Sorry, I cannot. I have something..." The little one muttered. "That I need to tend to first." He looked at the two for a moment. "Thank you for the breakfast though, Cennet and Anton." She gave him a smile, while the bird remained focused on his meal.

"You're welcome." The woman said, looking at the grey one for a few minutes. Eventually getting him to double take at her and toss his beak.

"Fine. You're welcome for stealing my breakfast, Griffit." He grumbled, getting a head shake from the woman.

"That's the closest thing I'm going to get." Dia teased before heading out to the window.

Chapter 4

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The red one flew for hours, even noticing the temperature drop more and more the further into the distance he went. From the look of the plant life, fading from a green and slowly turning white, he was probably heading north or south. But he wasn't really looking for a destination. Just desperately longing for something familiar. To prove that he wasn't just lost in some other world.

But it looked like the Forces really did reset everything. Nothing looked the same on the lands, and they were even shaped different. The possibility of him somehow transferring to another planet was still residing in his hopes. But even if that were the case, then his previous planet would've been the nightmare covered in ashes.



Once again, his heart sank. Making him lower in altitude on the icy lands below him. He remembered when he first experienced the snow, apart from the times his father created it for a day or two. He was just becoming juvenile, and he recalled the people who witnessed him playing with the children being afraid of him. All because he was much larger than expected. Truth be told, Dia was still that wyrmling deep down. In more ways than one.

But he enjoyed being that. The people around him enjoyed David being that person. Always playful, wanting to have fun and avoid responsibility. Longing for adventurous times with some friends, old and new. He liked the fact he was unique, different from the others. And it was the children that appreciated, let alone interested in him the most. The adults... All they seen was danger first, fun second.

But they had a right too, now didn't they? Because David turned into a Weapon. The term that the Force called him. A monster, creature, a Reset Button. His days of having fun with others was officially over the day he destroyed the entire planet. Ending most of the life on it. Now, he had only one job. One responsibility; Wait until needed. Then... Reset.

The thought collapsed him in the snow, giving into his massive weight. Overwhelmed by grief, the dragon started to whimper loudly. Slowly turning into a cry through the windless air. The tears freezing against his muzzle, leaving behind a stiff trail to his blue eyes. "Dia...?"

The voice made him immediately stop, turning around to search the massive amount of white around him. "Is that you, Dia'vidd?" Again, the dragon looked around, seeing a faint blur in the snow slowly decloak. It stopped his heart, his breath, and his cries.

Seeing Feyon Feyris.

With a loud whimpering shout of desperation, Dia fought against the snow to get closer to him. But it fought back, trying to snare him into the white ocean. In the end, he turned himself into mist to travel through the air, picking up the kveldulf almost before reforming. Hugging them against his broad chest desperately and crying. "You're Alive! Someone's Alive!" He tried to say though his whimpers.

"Easy, you." The left head, Feyon, said.

"We're not as young as we used to be." The large one got a couple of licks on his neck. And though he was trying to hold back, he couldn't help but want to squeeze the living daylights out of his uncle. Once again letting his tears flow out in happiness.

"I-I just can't believe it... I'm not alone..." David kept repeating though

his cries. "Please tell me you're real! Please Tell me I didn't kill all my friends...!"

"What...?" The said, trying to share a look. And then the whimpers changed once again. "Dia'vidd, tell us what happened."

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He almost felt like it was too early to get back into the skies, especially after that harsh recovery, but Dia was determined. Time to recuperate was not really an option for him, especially with these Gravediggers around. If they actually did plan that ambush for him, it's even possible that they might try that on someone else. Someone rather close to the dragon.

A number of people did pop up into mind, making the Flag worry a bit. But right now he had something else to do. Return to the scene of the attack to gather a bit of evidence. Then... Apologize to the village.

This is hardly the first time for such a thing from him, but the first time in this world. Everything was going quite smoothly on the surface of things, but David's mind kept running back to what the Griffin said to him. "These people... They're the ones you Left Behind." Though he didn't quite understand what that meant. He never sensed a species living underground, let alone a society. Perhaps another city. But he did See something within the Bird.

It was still hard for the Red one to describe. It was not that he was hatched without it. But like something was missing. Once there, but no longer. Creating a small hole inside him, that he's never witnessed within others before.

But David could only see it with that Lizard's vision. The one that seemed to stream an endless amount of information. Leaving it on for too long only gave the dragon headaches, even passing out at one point due to an overload. He could only imagine how Stagg dealt with such a thing being permanently on.

The large one's heart sank. Thinking that he should've looked into this more, and much sooner. Whatever this hollowness is that's growing inside of people, he needed to find a way to treat it. At least he had one ally with it, as bitter about the subject as he was. Perhaps Anton could help him figure this mystery out.

The dragon suddenly groaned. Cennet was right, the two were beginning to become friends after a while. Perhaps even closer than just friends someday. And he could only guess Ressa would love to see it go-

Dia shook his head violently, snorting at the thought. He would only go so far with another male, and one close encounter was enough. Before he got recalled in such a memory, his destination was nearby.

The Red one landed in the fields by the tipped over wagon. Still seeing nearly everything the way he left it, besides a few Satyr kids scampering off into the woods. Sensing their fear made the dragon exhale through his nostrils. Of course after last night they would fear him. They had every right to. With another breath, he set it aside for now. He had some investigating to do.

Most of the damages to the fields remained. The stone spikes still ripped through the ground, just as he left them. The fire in the trees where one of them tried to escape, which only sank his heart a little. But the ice had already melted, leaving behind the dried red and pink mess. At closer look, the two bodies consisted of Human parts. One from the nearby city, and the other from a tribe down to the south. The same one who's chief attempted a conflict recently.

However, the rest were Satyr. But still, the Griffin's word was correct; Dia'vidd did jump to conclusions. With a heavy sigh, he moved the mess and reformed the violent changes he made to the lands. Even attempting to regrow the burned trees before tending to the wagon. When the owner of it came back, it would at least be upright and functional.

Now, for the hard part. Instead of flying in from above, the dragon started taking the road to the Satyr village. It was large enough for two wagons to move freely, with some extra space. However, most of it was covered in trees. Meaning the large one would still have to move a little slowly not to startle anyone.

Moving through, The Flag spotted a few of them working on setting up firewood, far before they sensed the dragon. He made himself more known by purposely hitting some branches and twigs with his wings, making the few young adults stop and search the forests. When he witnessed this, Dia lowered his wings to make him appear smaller, and more at peace. Though, he could still smell their fear. To the point where the three withdrew from their workplace and headed into the village. Probably to warn them.

The action heavied his heart, and made this visit that much harder. But

once he could show that the red one meant no harm to them, perhaps they would listen to him a little easier. Enough to put this mistake past them.

Just as he thought, much of the Satyr billys were being rushed into houses. Adults of all kinds were even taking semi shelter. More just standing on the edge of their doorways and large windows. And soon enough, the entire eyes of the village were on the village's entrance. Staring at the red creature slowly walking towards them. Nearly every fawn here was afraid, and a small pulse could be felt in David's eye.

A few braver Satyrs still remained out of their homes, older ones. Possibly grandfathers and grandmothers that the dragon knew over the years. Perhaps using them as one last form of persuasion. As one of them came to greet the Flag, Dia's mind recalled this one. His mother, trapped within a thick storm that got away from his grasp. Her only shelter was an old wagon, and her in labor.

He remembered being there to shelter her. Rid the female of pain while she gave birth to the kid. And then safely returning them both here. "My Lord..." The Satyr said, breaking the dragon out of thought. But instead, the Flag held up a paw to halt his words. Nodding softly before going in for a quick hug of old friendship.

The gesture did put most of them at ease, if not a little. And the large one walked a bit faster towards the center of the small town. Where he landed on his last visit, along with the bolt he was shot with. The large metal shaft remained, jaggedly warped like he left it. But the body of the treacherous Goat was removed. "You cremated it?" The large one asked in a bit of a mumble.

"Yes." The elder said after some silence. "He was one of ours that had been going off on his own quite recently-" Another paw, telling him 'It's Okay. I Know'.

As the Flag looked around the village, he sat down. Placing his hand on the old metal weapon, and slowly turning it into metal dust. "Fawns of Redleaf." He said in a bit of a public speaking voice. One used to cities of people, and startling them a bit. "I made a mistake." He took a breath, letting them process that for a moment. "As you might have heard, or even witnessed now, I found a merchant's wagon off the road nearby here. The human male was tied up, and used for bait. Used to catch me off-guard."

A few of them whispered to each other as Dia took another breath. "When flying over here, I spotted that wagon, and attempted to help that merchant. While doing so, I was attacked. Ambushed by several people from all sides. The only words they said were: For Our Freedom." Another pause.

"Out of the Six that attacked me, the three I managed to get a good look at were Satyrs. And I... Jumped to conclusions." A heavy exhale. "I threaten this village without looking further into this, and in turn, I flawed your faith in me."

"Sire, please." An elder Fawn started, but didn't finish. Seeing the Flag close his eyes for a few moments.

"I ask that you forgive me for my rash actions, and in return I will grant you three requests on my next visit. One for the elders, one for the adults, and one for the billys here." He slowly overlooked the village's people who only stared at him in silence. But something caught his eye, a specific Satyr that had something different in him. Something he seen in the Griffin. "For now, I apologize for my short stay, but I need to seek someone out first." Another overlook in silence, and the dragon slowly opened his wings and took off into the skies.

He flew only for a few moments, until out of earshot of the village before turning himself into mist and returning just outside of it. He made himself smaller, about wyrmling size, and forced himself into a brown pigment. Camouflaging in the autumn forest that surrounded Redleaf, and keeping an eye on the specific Satyr that held something different within. Only to follow him outside of the village, a bit paranoid of his surroundings. Constantly looking up and around the sky, and jumping at every little noise.

It was much easier to sneak up on him while smaller, considering he seemed to be looking for anything large and red. Climbing up on a broken tree, David looked down on the Satyr, watching his movements. "Sackon." The dragon called out at him, getting the male to stutter and almost lose balance. "I need to talk to you." He said thickly, letting go of the Brown pigment and forcing a Red one.

Chapter 5

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The dragon moaned awake, back in the grassy fields. Though, he was

still saddened by the warm grass and what it meant, it was now lighter. Just knowing his uncle and sister survived made it easier for him to bare. But only a little.

His mind recalled the hardest conversation he ever had. Somehow more difficult than his previous visit. "I... Did this." The dragon whimpered in the underground cave. Barely being lit with a small fire.

"What do you mean brother?" Haltina, the left head asked.

"What happened to everyone outside?" The right head, Hartara, questioned as well. Seeing Dia'vidd struggle to keep himself together.

"I..." He swallowed. "Made... Everything... Extinct." He couldn't look at their brown and yellow eyes as shame weighed down on him. "Except for you guys. You're the only ones left..."

"As well as the rest of our pack, yes." The dragon looked at the male kveldulf sadly. "But with little food around to hunt, we might not survive either." It made him whimper loudly, echoing the larger one's voice through the caves.

"That's why we were searching outside, Dia. When we found you." Feyris stated, coming closer to blue creature and nudging him a bit.

"But you need to tell us more of what happened. Perhaps there is something we can do to help." Feyon continued.

"I... Don't know what happened. I saw a ring in my eye, then everything covered in flames. The entire world turned into ashes, and I was..." He sniffed, barely seeing all four heads share glances. "I don't know. I just don't know."

"All we heard was the lands shaking." The female broke the sad silence.

"And we kept ourselves hidden. Deep as we could go, and hoped for the best." Haltina added.

"It was a wonder these caves held together. Though they did shrink a little, as you probably noticed." Feyon sadly smiled at Dia, getting him to do the same.

"A little..." The larger one sighed. "But, I shouldn't stay. Not until I learn more about all this." He studied his right paw. "No one can trust me until I understand this. Or else..." He sighed. "Can you guys live off of fruits and plants for a while?"

"We can definitely manage." The left male head said.

"As tasteless as they might be. We would be very grateful, David."

"Then I'll do that. Ensure that Kveldulves survive. You might need to migrate south again for a bit though." The older ones' slight snout toss put a large smile on the dragon's face.

"That does sound like an adventure." Hartara teased their father.

"We're not migrating too far south."

"We don't think our noses could take much more heat." The three bodies shared a laugh. "Do not worry yourself anymore, Dia'vidd."

"You cannot accept the blame for something you do not understand. Please do not dwell in this sorrow."

"They are correct, brother." The females came closer, leaning into the large one as well.

"Please don't be sad anymore. You always looked better happy." It filled him with warmth.

"Also, next time you visit us with terrible news; bring cake." They shared another laugh. One that even made the present dragon laying in the grass to chuckle at the memory. As sad as it was, at least they did not hate him. They did not blame Dia for anything he's done, for the lives he has taken.

With a weighted sigh, he half got up. Yawning at the warm sun and studying anything in the meadow that's changed. At the very corner of his vision, he seen something rather metallic... Almost brass and red. Barely making out a much larger dragon watching him sleep.

It made David yelp loudly and spring up in surprise. "N-no! Don't-! I didn't mean..." The brass one slightly whimpered. Getting the smaller dragon to take a few steps back and cautiously study him.

"Were you... Watching me sleep?"

"Y-yes. But not in a creepy way-!" The large one grunted, his ears turning purple as he cleared his throat. "I was just... Waiting for the right moment to..."

"Scare me?"

"More like Greet." He awkwardly said, taking a step closer. This one was much larger, even compared to Dia's father. Bulging muscles came from

his limbs and a very stout chest. Heavily armored, almost combat ready at every moment. The design really worried Dia. "My name is Beo."

"...Dia." The brass one nodded, like he knew. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh... Jumping right to it..." He awkwardly murmured, once again clearing his throat and trying to hide his tinted ears. "Well... Do you remember a six legged bear you seen when you were younger?" It got David to curl his neck and turn yellow. "Oh wow, you really do change colors." Another low whisper to himself.

"Y-yes. Rather well actually. His name was..." The smaller one trailed off.

"That was Bartan." Dia nodded in response. "I'm his Husband."

"H-his... What?" He slightly whimpered.

"Husband. His mate." He watched as the smaller dragon slowly turned entirely purple, getting Beo to hold back his chuckle. "Forgive me, that is just very amusing."

"For you any everyone else, maybe." He snorted as they shared a chuckle. "But what are you doing here?"

"Oh, well..." The brass one rubbed the back of his neck, getting his large red spines to move like thin branches. Ones that matched the spines along his jaw, giving the impression of a human beard. "N-normally Bartan is the one who does this stuff, but he can't be everywhere at once. I'm just filling in for him, this time."

"Meaning what?" The smaller one asked a bit thickly, turning orange.

"Dia'vidd..." Beo took a step forward. "You need help."

The two stared at each other for a few moments, and David's ears slowly sank. "...I know. But the guy who I thought could help me is..." He exhaled heavily, and the larger one walked up to him.

"That's why I'm here, because he couldn't be. I hope you don't mind second best." He smiled sadly at the younger one. "Come here." He gestured to come closer for a hug, and Dia took it. Getting wrapped in Beo's strong arms and held for a few minutes, gathering his strength.

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The young griffin fell in the mud, breathless. Getting the feathers of his underbelly as dirty as his paws, as he coughed and struggled to get back up against the wagon. "Come on, Anton! Keep pushing! We need to get her to the city!" His older brother beside him used what little strength he had left to pull the little one up. Nearly throwing the smaller one against the crude wagon.

"We're almost there, Griffiths." He heard his father shout ahead, pulling the old cart with an equally old harness. "I can see the city ahead. Just keep moving, boys. Your sister will be back soon with the Flag-" A loud roar was heard in the sky, getting all four of them to look up and search for it. Within a few moments, a large shadow of red flew over them, startling the family.

"Was that-?"

"The Flag! No! Come back!" The youngest one cried, abandoning his position and taking off into the sky after the large dragon.

"Anton!" He heard his father shout after him, but the grey one didn't listen. Barely making it over the tree tops to see the red creature in the distance.

"Come back! Please! Please...!"

The rain outside the barred window was rather loud, but not alot of it seemed to be flooding in. Which eased the Griffin's worry, for now. At least he moved the bed away from the window, and remained in the surprisingly warm room. If only he could start that furnace every night for a pleasant sleep.

But he was almost tired of sleeping, especially after that recurring nightmare. As much as he enjoyed the solitare, he never imagined it would be so boring. Just not bored enough to apologize or socialize with others. However, he would have to find something to occupy his time for the next few months.

With a deep breath, Anton closed his eyes. Seeing nothing within the empty room, and loving the silence but the rain. But something made his ears flicker, and get his attention. "What're you thinking about?" At the very corner of his eye, he could see the caretaker sitting in a chair, nearly making

the Grey one jump out of his feathers. It must've shown in some way, because she started to laugh a bit.

"How do you even-!?" He took a sharp breath to compose himself. "I don't know if I can do this for seven months-why do you keep laughing!?" The bird grumbled, waiting for her to stop. "What do you want, pest?"

"Just..." She motioned 'one minute'. After a few moments, she kept smiling at him. "What are you thinking about?"

"Now? How to get rid of you once and for all. Do I have the power to dismiss you?"

"No." She said rather quickly, irking the Griffin.

"Of course I don't." He grumbled, laying his head down on his paws once again. "I was thinking of what I could do with myself for the next several months. Alone." Another grumble.

"I'm sure there's plenty of things you could do." She looked around, trying her best to see in the dark room, but not really knowing how the lights operated. "If you want, I could put in a good word for you, maybe get you a day to enjoy the festival?"

"-Pass. I want nothing to do with dragons." Anton snorted. Feeling her sad gaze on him, and knowing what was coming. To the point where he tossed his head before she even spoke.

"Why don't you like David?"

"Must you ask? He's a pest. Think of it this way: Imagine another you that's only meaning of existence is to annoy you." He grumbled. But of course, Cennet took it with a smile.

"I'm not sure what I would do with another me around. But I don't feel that way towards him."

"Number one: You're not a Griffin. Number two: you're female, sometimes males just don't get along. And number three: You *want* to socialize. I, on the other hand, do not. And that's just the beginning of our differences." Another grumble as he flopped his head down on the blankets.

"Well, I guess that makes sense. But is there another reason why?"

"There are dozens of reasons why. I just don't feel like making a list. Perhaps later, I'll carve them into a long board of wood, just for you."

"Do you know how to write? Most Griffins don't."

"Believe me, Caretaker. I'm *far* different from 'Most Griffins'." He snorted. "Here I thought that was obvious. Truism even!" She giggled at his sarcasm. "You are just the absolute hardest to break, I swear."

"I'm glad you think so." She smiled at him. "But stop avoiding the question. Why are you holding something against David?"

"Because he deserves to be treated well and loved by everyone he meets?" An annoyed stare from his green eyes. "Funny, I always thought he should be. Y'know, *Elsewhere*." A growl. "But no, he must reside here. He must constantly return here, just to pester me. Or get others to pester me."

"I think you're holding a grudge against him, maybe for what the Flag did to you-"

"Did you ever give what he said some thought? About him being related to The Flag?" Anton interrupted the woman. "What do *you* think their relationship is?"

"...Honestly?" She looked a bit uncomfortable. "I think Father and Son, but he doesn't want people to know. And I think that nest..." She looked into the darkness, towards the window. "I think it was his, and something happened to his mother."

"Of course you would think that. But how old do you think David is, hmm?"

"I can't say-"

"No one can. Because no one else is a Dragon. Dragons don't exist here." A strange look from the hawk again, this time with a very faint smirk. "So, how does a dragon get hatched in a place where there is no dragons? We know of one Adult one, and one Griffit. A Griffit who apparently has outlived several elders of this city, been the same age since they were even children, and..." Another sly look.

"What are you saying, bird?"

"And have never been in the same place at the same time. Even you can figure this one out. Blunt wit and all." She looked at him a little funny, but then started to ponder a bit. "I see some gears turning in that head of yours."

"You don't think that David is...?"

"An Annoying, Bratty, Hatchling? Of course! Now we're just getting wave linked." Another sarcastic gestured put a smile on her face. "Now you have something to think about, and perhaps bribe him with more of my breakfast. Can I sleep now?"

"Fine. But if you need anything, I'll be around."

"I'll be *here*." Anton snorted.

The Red one flew into the cool afternoon air, faster than he usually did. Worry somewhat filled his mind, and drove his instincts wild with the want to rush. To bust through the air and clouds at sonic speeds, ripping part the skies just to get to his destination quicker. But it was for the best that he didn't. Not only for the environment, but for the people as well. Disrupting the peace that he worked so hard to create would only cause people to worry, perhaps panic. Thinking that if someone was brave enough to attack the Flag, who was stopping them for attacking someone else?

And that's one of the thoughts that worried him. Even during the night he spent in that furnace, he could hear the people that lived in the human city think and dream a bit. Making out and sorting ideas of perhaps they should be the ones to defend their Guardian. Especially if he was unable to. The thought of an entire city, an entire species rallying up against one that was actually innocent.

His thoughts lead from one thing to another, stopping when he felt a strange pulse in his eye. It only saddened him, knowing it went up a little more. (Perhaps it's my own stress increasing it.) He thought, making the dragon shake his head violently to expel shaky thoughts and focus on the matter at hand. But regardless it drifted away once again.

"P-please, Sire! I didn't mean to do anything-!" The smaller dragon held up a paw at the Satyr, silencing it for a moment. "I wasn't..."

"I know, Sackon. I'm not placing any blame on you, nor your..." Dia exhaled. "Disbelief." The brown fawn studied him for a moment. "That's why you're afraid, isn't it? Because I see it now. Your emptiness." It made the goat's face frown and expression sadden greatly. "Who was it?" The dragon softly asked, stepping down from the broken tree.

"...It was my beloved, My Lord-" Another paw.

"You may call me David, Sackon." Again, he studied the Red one for a few moments as he gestured to continue.

"She fell ill, right after the festival. And after you... Passed though. Almost directly after." Sackon mumbled, closing his green eyes in hopes that it shielded them. "There was no possible way we could've caught up to you, not in time. We thought of going to the City of Lions for help, but our mender said that it would matter not. That there was no cure for her, besides..."

"Me..." The Flag finished him, lowering his head and exhaling.

"I prayed for your return, by some miracle that you would come and save her..."

"But I never returned. I honestly never came around Redleaf until recently." He mumbled. "And because of her loss..." It almost broke the Satyr.

"I-I couldn't do it, My Lord. And after a few more losses of others, many in the village were..."

"Losing your faith in me. Until They came to you." The green eyes turned a bit frightful. "I half know of them, Sackon-"

"I-I didn't want anything to do with what they were planning."

"I know, and I'm not here to place blame on anyone. Not even the Gravediggers." The lack of confusion in the Satyr's eyes confirmed the Griffin's information. "But I need to talk to them. Communicate before they do anything worse."

"Like what?"

"That's what I'm hoping you might help me figure out." A loud swallow from the brown fawn. "You're the only one left that has this emptiness inside you, within Redleaf. I need to know who these Gravediggers are-" Sackon gave a faint Shh, looking around a bit before leaning into the dragon's space.

"The leaves in these woods have eyes, Sire." He whispered. "And the rocks have ears. You should hold onto your Valuables tightly." It made the dragon stop and think. Studying the brown one for a few moments before nodding. Looking into the sky for direction, he whispered his thanks to Sackon, and took off into the sky quickly.

("Protect your Valuables.") David came back to the present. (I can only imagine that meant something very specific.) He thought, entering a sudden wave of humidity. Something he always disliked about this area, and

something he could never fully fix. Even after giving them an entire river, it still felt humid.

He just left this area barely a day ago, but odds are this is what Sackon meant. Perhaps not knowing of her specifically, but whoever was in charge of these Gravediggers might know about Ressa. Let alone their relationship. Dia's best chance is to assume that this Leader knew everything about the Flag, and take cautions accordingly. Even if it meant abducting the Gynosphinx, if it came to that.

Before he came within eyesight of Vabbi, the dragon changed color and size. Letting his concerns color him grey, along with the cloudy skies and start to descend. Making his way towards the back of the city, and land on some small houses.

It took quite a while of searching and sneaking around the city to find sphinx he was looking for. Even getting noticed a few times in the process, but they knew the wyrmling quite well. Let alone his oddities, and left him be. Odds are he wasn't up to anything bad, at least they hoped.

Eventually, Dia discovered Ressa doing some cleaning and setting up with a few others in the room the two spent the day. Setting it back up for what appeared to be a dance hall. Though, he hazily remembered the decorations the many children in the city made, the dragon didn't really get to notice them until now. Perhaps it was the medicine, pain, or even the incents that masked them before.

As a few of them began to move out, the wyrmling took his chance. Climbing in through a small window and trying to stand on a few boxes, only to have one of them cave in on him and yelp rather loudly. Getting the attention of the Gyno and make her purr in curiosity. "Hello?"

"Who stacks empty boxes, seriously!" David grumbled, pawing his way out of the flaps.

"Dia?" She asked, helping the little one down. "What are you doing back here?"

"I came to get you." He looked towards the exits, searching through the walls. "I think these Gravediggers know about us."

"Us?" She slyly looked at him, trying to get the Flag to say it out loud while letting out a chuckle at his tossed snout.

"About you being my..." His scales turned purple as he cleared his throat. "Next mate." It made her smile, giving him a lick. "But we need to leave here. I'm not sure how safe it is."

"From who again? Those... Blue cloaks?"

"They call themselves Gravediggers, and yes. This is hardly the time or place to talk about this. I want to get you somewhere safe." He said, still cautiously observing from afar. Trying to see if there was any emptiness in the people nearby, but it was difficult to tell.

"It's perfectly safe in Vabbi, David. There's nothing here-"

"I don't know that for certain. And I'd rather not take the chance to put you in danger, or even lose you." She slightly frowned at him, seeing him exhale.

"On one condition." The grey one half grumbled at that. "You tell me that story."

"Here I am trying to get you someplace safe and you're bartering with me." Another snout toss and the sphinx let out another chuckle. "And what story?"

"The one that made you... Unique and Tasteful." He looked at her a bit strangely, and then his ears fell. Reverting back to his purple state.

"...R-really? You want to know... That?" The dragon whimpered and groaned at the same time. Covering his eyes with a paw. "Fine. But we leave now."

"Shouldn't I tell someone-"

"One person. But don't tell them I'm here. Make up some excuse to leave the city for a while."

"Where exactly are we going?"

"That I can't tell you. If it gets out..." He sighed, getting a strange look from Ressa. "Trust me on this. It's for your own safety."

"Alright, I trust you." She gave him a few sandy licks. "Where do you want to meet?"

"Go out the west gate. I'll be on top of the houses there, keeping a close eye on you." Another strange look. "Something is up, and I want to make sure the thing I value the most is alright." She smiled at that, but it also made her a little uncomfortable.

"Alright. I'll see you out there." They nodded and he went back out the window. Walking outside of the window, her brown fur shone with a nice bronze against the breaking sunlight. Letting him easily spot her in the crowd.

As she walked up to another Gyno, this one double taked at her. "Hey, Ciika."

"What's wrong, Ressa? You look uneasy."

"I think I'm just worried about the Flag and his injuries. I wonder if they made him ill." Ressa answered, sitting down near her.

"You've really grown a liking to him, haven't you?" The brown one nodded at the golden furred one. "Has he mentioned anything?"

"A few hints here and there, but the usual cautions that go with his mates." Ressa sadly smiled. "I think I'll take a week off. Maybe track him down and see if he's alright."

"I'm not so sure about that, Res. I know you're not the fastest flyer or anything, but to catch up to the Flag? People say he disappears after his yearly visits for a month or two. Then returns." The golden sphinx kept attending to a few tangled decorations. "I'm sure he'll be fine."

"I know, but I'd like to see if I can at least make sure. If I leave now-"

"That would not be a good idea." A male said, rather sternly. Almost alerting the two females to turn and look at the Falcon headed sphinx. Though they were quite close to Griffins, they still held alot of resemblances towards a Sphinx. "There is a storm passing through tonight, Ressarkio. You should stay here for the night."

"What storm?" Ciika asked, getting a glare from the Hieracosphinx.

"There's one coming. Did you not see the sky this morning? It's already hit the human city with quite a lot of water. You should definitely wait until it passes before you travel." Another sharp glare at the brown Gyno, and she studied him for a few moments.

"Fair enough. I will wait then." She answered, keeping her sight on him until he left. Already feeling a deep uneasiness about the people in Vabbi, and beginning to believe that perhaps Dia was correct. "I suppose I'll just take a quick flight to clear my head then." The other female nodded and Ressa left for the west gate.

"He was one." The wyrmling said, fluttering onto her back as she walked by the houses.

"I didn't think you were serious about them being here. What exactly do they want with Vabbi?"

"They probably want you." David muttered quietly, still cautiously looking out until the two were in the sky and away from the large city.

"Is there even a storm?"

"Yes. It is over to the west. We'll either go around it, or I'll divide it. Depending on how far it traveled."

"And my end of the bargain?" She gave him another sly look and a grin. Hearing him grumble a bit.

"We'll stop in the forests when you need a break. Then, if you still feel like it-"

"I will." She chuckled at his glare, but unable to hold onto any color but purple.

"Then I'll... Explain... *Things*." Another grumble sent little laughs into the air.

Chapter 6

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"I'm not sure who he is. Just some old human that called himself 'Professor Binky.' That, and he knew what a... Cryo-something was." The larger dragon curled his neck at the odd name, and Dia just shrugged his wings. Walking through the fields of green grass felt a little surreal to him. "But I warn you, he's a bit strange. Doing things that do not even seem possible."

"That's common with magical folk. If they're not set with dominating the world, they go coco for coo coo puffs." A strange look from the smaller one, and this time Beo shrugged his wings. "Long story. Don't think too much into it."

"Perhaps I shouldn't with him either. I just..." He trailed off, not sure how to respectfully say that Dia distrusted Binky's advice. But his eye caught some birds far off in the distance. "...Wow. Birds already?"

"Yes. When a planet resets, they don't actually go through the entire cycle from the start. Think of it as Save Points through the ages. However..." Beo looked around a bit. "The more dominate species might not appear for quite a while."

"As long as there are animals to talk to, I'll be fine. I have found some survivors, two were actually part of my family." The brass one's gaze shown sadly at him. "I actually didn't... End any of them."

"Oh?"

"My father left after my mothers were gone. And my mothers were human. And humans..." A hefty sigh, then a large red wing covered him.

"I know. They have very little lifespans." David nodded sadly.

"...Why do I feel so safe around you?"

"Like you did with Bartan when you first met him?" An odd look from the younger one. "He talks of his travels quite a bit." Beo smiled. "You were definitely a highlight, even though you had to go through something rather dangerous."

"I had help. Alot of it." Another exhale. "But why?"

"Maybe it's because I didn't give you a reason to distrust me." He smiled at the smaller one. "I know my size can be intimidating at times though. So I don't blame you for getting spooked there."

"It wasn't just that. Staring at me while I was resting was a bit..." Some awkward silence, and then a large quake was felt in the ground. Almost knocking the two dragons off balance. "What was that?"

"I'm not sure." Their spines constantly raised with caution, until they faintly picked up someone coughing in the distance. "Over there?" The smaller one nodded and the two galloped in that direction. As the coughs grew a bit louder on the other side of a thick forest, the two slowed down.

"I'm okay!" The strange man shouted, probably hearing the two loudly moving through the thick trees.

"What happened? What was that?" David asked, spitting out a few leaves and trying to make out anything through the smoke.

"Nothing to be worried about! I just tried to tie my shoe, and then it knotted. And then my finger got knotted as well, as well as my sock."

"But that doesn't explain..." The younger one grunted a bit, shaking his

head. "Your sock?"

"Don't ask me, I'm the victim here. And apparently they don't even match! Who knew?" The man shrugged as the smoke quickly cleared. Leaving nothing out of the ordinary, let alone any evidence of where the smoke came from. "But I fixed it! -Who's the new guy?"

The two looked over at the Brass dragon, slightly holding his breath and giving a sad smile. "I guess you don't remember me, do you?"

After a bit of awkward silence, Binky half covered his mouth and leaned slightly towards Dia. Stretching his lips to the dragon's opposite ear and whispering. "I think he's cray cray."

"His name is Beo." He said to the lips, trying to follow them as they retreated back onto the man's face. "Not Cray Cray."

"He meant Crazy, I'm sure." The larger one chuckled. "But we've met before." Beo laid down in front of the man, still towering over him regardless of the peaceful gesture.

"You have?"

"We have?" The two looked at each other's response. "Where?"

"A long time ago. But it's... Expected that you do not remember me, Rex." The man gasped. "And no, I do not work for the Staplers."

"Staplers?" The younger one questioned.

"Or post-its?"

"Or the post-its. They're on an alliance, remember?" The man studied the brass dragon while stroking his own beard. "Along with the paperclips and other office supplies."

"And the mailbox flags."

"Of course. Although you did try to win them over with a truce, by allying against a common enemy."

"I did do that!" Binky said, surprised.

"Common enemy?" David whimpered, trying to follow through.

"Snow plows." They both said to him at the same time.

"...What?"

"And the one time where aliens stole his mailbox. Rex never did find it,

but he ended up tracking them down inside the only tree on the moon." The brass one calmly said, getting the younger dragon to slump down his wings and hold his head for a moment.

"...*What!?*"

"Hmm, so you do know quite a bit about my resume, but that doesn't prove your friendship! You must go through the linguistic expressions for requested information!" The man sat down in a foldable chair that suddenly appeared, along with a bright lamp.

"...The what?"

"He wants me to answer some questions."

"Then why didn't he just say-"

"Silence!" The younger one whimpered in frustration. "First request! What does  $2+2=$ ?"

"18."

"18? But that's-"

"CORRECT!" Another loud whimper from Dia. "But that was the easy one!  $4+4=$ ?"

"36?" The younger one asked, trying to follow a pattern.

"Jello." Beo answered calmly, getting a snout toss from David and chuckling.

"CORRECT! Now, what is the circumference of a Moose?"

"Depends on the M-"

"Asia." The two older ones looked at the smaller dragon, seeing him turn orange and hiss at them, knowing he was wrong.

"Correct. But final question!" Dramatic music played while the entire world turned dark, besides a few spotlights above them. "What. Is The. Password?" It made Beo's ears drop and start to tint purple. "A-hah! You don't know it!"

"I do, but..." He looked at the smaller one, slightly whimpering himself. "Please don't make me say it."

"You must! In order to win the grand prix!"

The brass one looked back and forth at them with green eyes, and he sighed. Taking a deep breath "Yo! What's going on, yo? What's up dawg? You angle, yo? Word on the street is you are." A long, awkward silence fell over the entire planet.

"...I'm not even going to start." The orange one snorted.

"...Oh my god." The man whispered. "You're like the BEST FRIEND I NEVER HAD-BUT APPARENTLY DID HAVE IN ANOTHER LIFE OR SOMETHING!" The lights suddenly flickered back on and confetti rained down from the sky, as Binky dove into the arms of the larger one for a tight hug.

"I'm glad you think so." Beo chuckled.

"This calls for some Slapjacks!" Dia whimpered at that, while the man released the large dragon and pulled out a large frying pan from his pants. "Just let me hunt down another bug!" And he ran off into the forest.

Another loud whimper in frustration, and the brass one licked David a bit. "There, there. I know he's odd."

"None of those answers made any logical sense." The smaller one growled.

"I know they didn't, but that's the point." A noise in question. "The answer was anything but the correct answer. Besides the password, that one's just a long story." He awkwardly cleared his throat.

"Anything but the correct answer? That sounds like a paradox." He whimpered, getting another lick and a nudge. "So you really did know him at one point? How did you ever put up with him?"

Beo laughed a bit. "The thing you need to realize with Dehoken is that... You cannot reason his actions with logic."

"Dehoken?"

"His real name. He likes to mess around with people, because it's fun to." A snout toss from Dia. "But if you keep trying to make sense of his weirdness, you're only going to be as frustrated with him as your father was."

"My father?"

"Yes. You know him as Atlas, yes?"

"I eventually... 'Earned' his real name." His ears went back, and the brass one just shrugged his wings.

"Dragons are dragons. Just like Dehoken is Dehoken. The more you

play along with his oddness, the more fun you'll end up having with him. And the more you'll learn."

"What could I possibly learn from that? And how do I know it's even true?"

"You don't. But the same thing could be asked about your logical ways, yes?" The orange one stared at him for a few moments. "There's no telling how many times you drop a ball that it will fall to the ground. Someday, it will eventually phase into the fourth dimension, especially when you least expect it to."

"But what does...?" Beo touched the grass inbetween the two, and a thin ice shard came from the ground. Reflecting a side of David's face, and slightly seeing the rainbow iris once again start to form. Making him a little sad.

"You can't control it with reason or logic. You can't learn to understand it in ways that rely on a type of language. There are no mechanics to this, Dia'vidd. There is no fully controlling it." The statements turned him into a dark blue. "But there are ways to reduce it. To slow it down a bit, or prevent it from getting full."

"And you can teach me these things?" He nodded at the smaller one.

"Both of us can, but you need to learn the ways of understanding us first. You don't need to adopt the same silly attitude and foolishness that he does, but... Have fun with it. While he's here." The large one muttered that last bit with a sad tone, making the younger dragon question it silently. "He... Saved my life, by giving me his."

"Is that why he doesn't remember you?"

"Not... Exactly. It's more like... A clone of him." Dia tilted his head. "A duplicate."

"You mean... There's more than one running around out there?" The slight whimper made the brass one chuckle.

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The dragon and sphinx landed in an opened area on top of a hill. Though still surrounded by trees and tall rocky walls, the grass that grew was surprisingly comfortable. Halfly panting, Ressa laid down in the green, getting the larger one to chuckle. "Not used to traveling much?"

"Not this much." She half smiled. "I guess you are though."

"Very much so." He cleared his throat awkwardly, as she stared at the red one with a smile. Watching him slowly fade to a purple. "Are you... *Sure* you want to hear this?"

"The more you struggle with it makes my curiosity tingle." The dragon grunted at that. "It's like a riddle to me."

"Believe me, I'd rather tell you a hundred riddles than this story."

"This story is worth three hundred." Ressa teased. "What's so wrong with it?"

"It's just... Awkward, and very very... Weird."

"Like your lower horn?"

"Exactly like my lower horn." He grumbled, getting the feline to giggle a bit. But Dia took a deep breath. Then another, before telling his tale.

It was back when I was still learning everything I needed to know about... What I am. The deal with the Iris that I told you about a while ago. And trying to adapt with the entire idea of it, let alone the quiet of the new world.

Ressa: "New World?"

Yes. This was directly after the first time I... Reset everything. When I thought everyone and everything was dead, a few things survived. One was a very strange human, but we're not talking about him.

Ressa: "Is that why it's so awkward? Because you did it with a human?"

What!? N-no! I didn't-! No! Not with him! Stop laughing! And we're not talking about him! A few days after the Reset, I got a visit from another... I don't know, Space Dragon?

Ressa: "Space Dragon?"

I'm not really sure what he was, but he was a dragon. A very big one. I was honestly afraid of him at first, but he was... Strangely kind. As well as socially awkward. He just came from another universe or something. I had a hard time following what he said, but I remember meeting his husband when I was a hatchling. And now you're giggling at me because I said husband, and

you know where this is going.

Ressa: "There's nothing wrong with having some fun with a male. You taught us that."

I taught you not to discriminate of others, but only if they are willing to go that far. I can't say I'm fond of it.

Ressa: "How far did he go inside you?"

I'm not answering that. And stop jumping to it. You wanted the story, you're getting the full story. Anyway, I was taking a break from learning how to control myself and these... Changes. Laying in a grassy field and just trying to relieve some stress. "You okay?" Beo, the 'Space Dragon' asked. I guess it must've been obvious that things were on my mind. All I could really do what look at him for a few moments and exhale. "That says alot, actually." He walked up and laid down beside me-Stop getting so excited!

"I think it's just alot to take in." Stop laughing. That is not what we were talking about. "And I thought leaving home was hard. This is just a whole new level of it."

"I know it can be rough." Stop. "But there's no real changing it." He covered me with a wing and gave me another hug.

Ressa: "Another?"

Yes, he was quite affectionate for a big guy.

Ressa: "Just how big?"

You are so into this right now, aren't you? *Grumbles* He was maybe... 70% more of my size? It was almost scary how big he looked, let alone well-toned.

Ressa: "Toned or tanned?"

Dragons don't tan. *Snorts* And before you ask, he was mostly Brass. But his mane and wings were this dark red. He even had spines along his jawline that went behind his ears. And his chest-

Ressa: "Back to that toned thing, just how *Toned* was he?"

Tosses snout And now I'm starting to picture your dream-mate. If you must know, his biceps were about twice that of mine, but that's not taking into account his size as well. Beo's entire body looked built for strength or combat. Which honestly worried me when I first saw him.

Ressa: "So, do you get dominated by him?"

I'm not- ...Stop! Where was I? Right. Another hug. Which basically completely covered me and he gave me a few licks. If you giggle or burst out laughing, this story is coming to a stop. But I felt so safe around him, or at least I thought. "I guess this is my life from now on, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so. There's no ending it." He said a bit sadly, holding me for a few of my exhales. "But it doesn't have to be all bad. You must've learned from your father and your mothers that you would outlive a lot of people."

"...Yes. But I didn't think an entire world." I mumbled. Laying there for a few minutes, I could faintly hear his heartbeat through his armored scales. Eventually beating a little faster.

"Would you like to have a session?"

"I'm not really in the mood for more training."

"That's... Not what I had in mind." I made a noise in question, hearing his heartbeat get a bit faster again. Looking up at him, I noticed his ears turning purple-

Ressa: "Purple? Like you do?"

Well, yes. But I tend to change the entire color. Most dragons, it's only in the ears and the muzzle when they blush like that. All I could really do is look into his green eyes in question, faintly noticing these black specks throughout his eye. "Then...?"

He cleared his throat awkwardly. "When we first met, you know how I was... Staring at you, right?"

Ressa: "He was staring at you?"

Yes, when I was half asleep in another meadow, he found me, and well... I spotted him looking at me. "Very creepily, yes."

"Well... It's because I seen your..." He looked off to the side, slightly whimpering. I must've changed color, probably yellow, because he gave a faint smile. "I seen your package."

"Package?"

"Under... Your tail." This time, I turned purple. Whimpering. "And I haven't been able to get it out of my head." Please stop laughing. Several moments of awkward silence passed by, and I don't think I've ever been so uncomfortable, yet comfortable in my entire life. "It's okay if you don't want to. Bartan just wanted me to..."

"To what... Exactly?" I whimpered at him.

"Well, give you the option to... Edit." My ears perked, not really understanding. "Well, we can change people, providing it's only to make something more enjoyable."

"And by something you mean..." And my ears fell. I could help but try to cover my tailhole with my tail, hoping he wouldn't just pin me down and well...

Ressa: "Ravage you?"

Clears throat Yes. I mean, he was built for such a thing, I honestly wouldn't have a chance. But he only rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "It's entirely up to you, Dia'vidd. I can't force you to do anything. But if..."

"If...?"

"If you are indecisive, I'll press forward."

Ressa: "Probably deeply forward."

-Stop. Stop enjoying this so much. "But if you say No, in any way, I'll stop." I still slightly whimpered at that, not really knowing how to answer him. "Have you ever had a session before?"

A series of awkward grunts later. "I... Played around with a few human females who were... More than curious. But I never... Entered any of them."

Ressa: "A story for another day!"

-No. Just... No. "Oh, so you're still...?" Beo half asked me. It was somewhat comforting for him to feel just as embarrassed as I was... Or maybe half as embarrassed as I was. I thought my scales would've remained purple for the rest of my days after this incident. "A-again, I cannot force you. But... Hear his ideas out."

"Whose ideas?"

"Bartan's. He likes to get... Creative." Another whimper from both of us, as the Brass dragon uncovered me with his wing and sat up a bit. Creating a bit of a hologram of well...

Ressa: "Your horn?"

-My horn. Yes. "He was thinking of a few things. One: perhaps placing some extra spines around the side. These would probably slip inside the shaft with their own little... Vents, I guess? And only really come out during an exit."

"Exit?"

"Or when brushed upward towards the tip, like this." It was weird to see him so comfortable with talking about such things. And well... Me, almost melting in the grass from pure embarrassment. "These wouldn't hurt like needles or thorns, but would give this soft brush during the exit. Giving both participants a good feeling."

Ressa: "It really did."

I'm... Glad you thought so. "However, we were thinking-"

"We were thinking?" I whimpered at him.

"Y-yes. Bartan, Arson, and I were discussing this together."

"W-who's...!?"

"Arson? Our wife." Another long whimper forced me to cover my head with my paws and wings. Getting the large brass one to awkwardly chuckle. "You okay?"

"Give me a minute." And he waited patiently until I was ready to continue. "Okay... You are... Have both... Okay. Continue." Another chuckle.

"We were thinking that it might end up scratching if not lubricated enough. So, from the Vents would come some support against that. Making the tool slip in and out easier, while still keeping the idea of extra pleasure in the process."

"And... You want to do this with... Me?"

"Would like to try it out on another, yes. Me and Bartan have tested it, and adjusted properly. So you wouldn't be getting the extreme prototype." An awkward noise in question and Beo's wings shrugged. "The very first version, I mean. This is probably Beta, but it's along the lines of a feline's weapon, if you will."

"Feline's weapon?"

"As in Cats. Their penis' are covered in spines kinda like this. However, they feel better going in than coming out."

"You sound like one with experience." Another awkward grunt from me, and a louder one when he nodded.

"That's why we were thinking something like this. Granted, the larger spines from a dragon's weapon already feel great going in, and you're alright in that department."

Ressa: "You really are."

T-thank you, but no interrupting. This is hard enough without it. Please save all comments until the end of the story. "We were also thinking of doing one other thing, which we thought was quite fitting."

"Oh no." I whimpered.

"Nothing drastic. Just giving your juices a better flavor." I perked a single ear along with an eyebrow. "We were thinking perhaps making it constantly shift through different tastes. Maybe even shift colors." My expression didn't change, and he ended up perking his own ears. "Have you never had it before?"

"Had it...?" I then put it together, letting out another whimper.

"It's perfectly fine to eat, but not horribly pleasant at times." He shrugged his wings, and I covered myself again. After about a minute, I felt him spread my legs and I yelped a bit.

"W-what-?"

"I'm going to let you experience it for yourself first. That way you can make the decision easier."

"Experience...?" Another whimper. I was so embarrassed, almost frozen. But I didn't stop him from touching me.

Ressa: "Touching you where?"

You're just trying to make me say it, and stop with that sly look. *sighs* He actually didn't start with the... Sheath area. But the lower belly and around the inner haunches. I know Beo seen my tip already peek out, but he left it alone for the most part. Using his large paws to just massage my lower body, just before the borderline of it hurting. But it got my breathing to increase and go deeper.

I really didn't know what to do with my own paws, so I tried to keep them to myself for a most part. But I couldn't keep them still. After a few minutes, he took a few careful steps forward. Motioning me to get up and lay on my back. Gently pushing my wings down on the ground, and tending to my upper sides and chest. It was here that I caved in, letting my own paws push against his shoulders and chest. Even clawing at them a little bit out of instinct. However, it barely did any damage, and he never seemed to mind.

Another few minutes and he stepped up again, almost resting on top of me and licking at my neck. "You okay?" I really didn't know how to answer him, so I faintly nodded. "Bartan really likes having weight on him. If I'm too

heavy, let me know. Alright?" A swallow, and another nod. The brass dragon then continued, dressing me with his paws and purple tongue. I can't explain it, but it felt so... Wonderful, to be honest. I was really starting to enjoy myself.

Ressa: "Was?"

Until I started feeling a prod in my... Lower region. Stop squealing. I whimpered loudly at him, trying to push myself away. "It's alright, I'm not going to penetrate you. I'm just stimulating your body. Don't worry." My breaths held a whine in them, but I never said for him to stop. So he continued with his paws and tongue. Everyone once in a while, feeling his... Weapon press against me.

Ressa: "How did it feel?"

Of course you'd ask that. *Snorts* If you must know... He was right. It was stimulating. Making me erect much faster than I thought. But his... Horn was...

Ressa: "Big? Thick? Hard?"

All of the above. It really worried me. You know our... Last session? How I barely fit and almost felt like I was going to... Yeah. I was really worried it was going to come to that. Don't 'Awww' me! I wouldn't be able to walk if he ever penetrated me with that thing! *Tosses snout*

Anyway, the prods began to come a bit faster and press a little harder. I felt a bit of warm wetness around the area, and even a squirt inside. I remember yelping at it, and making him withdraw for a moment. "Too much?" All I could do was nod slowly, and he stopped. Slowly climbing back down while tending to my body. Paying a lot of attention towards the mid sections and sides. Giving my lower horn a few licks when he got to it.

From there, he studied it with a single paw, tending to my haunch and rim of the tail with the other. Mostly focusing on the upper half, but once in a while brushing the ridges. Making me squirm a little and gasp. All I could feel in the next few minutes were just waves of pleasure, even when he started playing around with my tailhole a bit with the off paw.

Soon after, I whimpered loudly. Releasing a large squirt of pre on my belly. But he didn't stop, still playing around with the same areas, just paying the ridges a little more attention. Another loud whimper, and an even larger squirt reaching up to my chest, broke Beo's concentration a little. Getting him to sit up and stop, letting me catch my breath for a moment. Then his main paw on my shaft started going again. Sliding up and down, really focusing on the ridges. Making me squirm and struggle against him until I reached my

climax.

A loud series of rapid whimpers and grasps at the air eventually made my back arc a bit. Letting the few white torrents fire from my red weapon, painting my red scales with white streaks until he removed his brass paw. After that, Beo gave me a few moments to catch my breath while he licked me clean.

This strange after-pleasure flowed through my body as I rested, not feeling the fatigue that I noticed before. I remember it nearly knocking me out when the women were-

Ressa: "Seriously! You need to tell me that story too!"

Not right now! And it wasn't nearly as interesting. Embarrassing, yes, because I barely knew how I functioned back then. They were as curious as you are sometimes. Anyway, Beo cleaned me up, then started laying on top of me again. A few nuzzles and I thought nothing of it. Until he started meeting me muzzle to muzzle-Stop squealing. Yes, this is where I learned it. Once he placed a paw on the side of my head, I knew what he was going to do. He kissed me, lapping against my tongue, and I could taste that salty cream.

Realizing what it actually was, I started to struggle against him, but he only braced a bit harder. Pinning down my paws and forcing my own seed in my mouth. When most of it was in, he let go. Getting off me and letting me turn to my side and spit out the white substance and cough a little bit. "Doesn't taste too pleasant, does it?"

"To put it lightly." I coughed a bit more. "Why did you...?"

"Well, it's hard to taste it when it landed on your belly. I guess you could've used your paw, but." He shrugged his wings. "But that's your current state. Would you like to try the suggestions we came up with?" I whimpered at him, and he held up a paw. "Only temporary, of course. If you don't like these changes, I can revert you back to this state."

"You sound like you're trying to sell me something." I grumbled, but it only made the large guy chuckle. "Why do this? What's in it for you guys?"

"Well, we might come around to visit you someday. And that might lead to-" I grunted, interrupting him while trying to cover my eyes with a paw. "But overall, we just want you to be happy. It's just a gift, for going through... All of this." It made my ears drop a bit. "We thought maybe you would like some improvement, something pleasurable for once."

"So you guys knew that this was going to happen to me?" He nodded.

"We knew, when you fought the Cryo that the planet might pick a new weapon. This might sound... Strange. But we're glad it picked you, and not something or someone else." I stayed silent for a bit, not knowing how to answer or respond to him. That was until I felt his paw over my stones, and a slight pain from the inside. Making me hiss and grunt a bit. "I didn't hear a No." He shrugged again, making me glare at him.

"I also didn't say yes." I snorted, but it didn't seem to get his attention. Instead, he started licking my lower belly. "R-really? Again?" I whimpered.

"Did you need to rest a bit more?" He asked, almost innocently. All I could do was stare at him, probably fading purple again. And when Beo didn't get an answer, he carried on. Constantly licking my body with a rather wide tongue. Mine is kinda long, but his... Have you ever been licked by a whale?

Ressa: "I can't say that I have. But where exactly did that come-"

I'm not stating anything. Regardless, you know dragons don't have very wet mouths, and he wasn't an acceptance. Though, with my release before...

Ressa: "You got some wet kisses. Gotcha. Get on with the muzzlejob."

I can tell you're loving this.

Ressa: "Did you not? You haven't turned orange even a little during this story."

Mostly because I've been too busy being purple.

Ressa: "You're Pink, Dia."

What? *Looks at his paws with a bit of surprise.*

Ressa: "And Pink means affectionat-"

Hush. I won't argue that I enjoyed myself, but... It was just weird. And we haven't gotten to the weird part yet. Stop looking at me like that. Anyway, Beo caressed my *clears throat* lower area with his tongue. Lapping at it to get my breathing deeper once again, and feel my horn begin to pulse against his spiny chin. There was also something weird about it, like it was somehow leaking around the sides.

It didn't really begin to concern me until the brass one gave it a slow, strong lick. Knocking the breath out of my chest from the sheer pleasure it released. It was just like he explained: several thin, flexible thorns caught on his tongue and sent me into squirms with every lick. Letting the entire length release its own lubricant over my shaft and sheath.

He nuzzled the red horn a bit while I caught my breath. "Perhaps I made it too sensitive." Beo pondered, observing my reactions a bit. "I suppose you're still not used to this either."

"That's an understatement." I grumbled, barely seeing his wings shrug a little bit.

"Shame, really. But hopefully with this you'll enjoy it a bit more." I tried to snort at him, but gasped at another lick. A few more, and he covered my entire tool with his tongue. Wrapping it around the purple appendage and massaging it rather impressively. But it was too much for me at the time, whimpering loudly and giving his muzzle a squirt. It even got my paws to reach down and almost claw at his mane.

He then put my tower in his jaws, making me worry a bit at the time- Stop laughing! I was new at this! Even feeling his fangs gently scrape against and inbetween my spines constantly concerned me. I was almost waiting until I felt a sharp pain, but I admit... He was very careful. Like he had a lot of practice. Yes, yes. I know it excites you, Ressa.

Every little motion nearly set me off. Every small movement of his tongue roughly slithered over either a ridge, thorn, or spine. Making me squirt and leak out in multiple directions, I don't even know where it was all coming from. With a loud whimper, I sent out a large torrent in Beo's muzzle, and he stopped for a few moments. Hearing him purr loudly, and those vibrations were even making my hind legs squirm against his shoulders and neck. Once again digging claws into him because I couldn't control myself.

When he started up again, I let out a loud whine. Followed by sharp breaths and a few more claws on the top of his head. I found myself shifting colors, from purple, red, pink, and orange.

Ressa: "I've gotten you to do that before. It's quite amusing really."

It's just me not being able to focus on just one. My brain was all over the place, completely submerged by him, his tongue, paws, and teeth. Feeling something rising in my lower area as Beo started to go faster. My faint squirts at the tip started releasing faster and faster, to the point where it was a near constant stream. Feeling the warmth in his mouth begin to leak out over my sheath and stones.

At the peak of this build up, my body strained. Once again arcing my back and wings. Digging my claws into his head and shoulders, while trying to struggle my tail free from under him. And, of course, my sack deflating nearly every drop it held. Making my lower horn thicken as the seed passed through it and sprayed inside his muzzle. But Beo kept at it. Taking as much

as he could, along with a few swallows, and letting the rest leak out for nearly a minute. All the while I struggled to keep my breaths and regain control of myself. Yet, he never seemed to mind the minor wounds. I'm not even sure he felt it.

When I finally stopped, along with his muzzleplay, I felt exhausted. Really really relaxed, but exhausted and spent. Like all that pent up energy was released and left me with a comforting afterglow that nearly sent me into a slumber... Until...

Ressa: "Until...?"

I felt him step on my wings. Climbing over me again, and I knew what was coming. "No-No! Don't you Dare-!" ...You done yet? No? That's okay, take your time. *Snorts* Yes, yes. It's funny. Get over it. Once again, he pinned me down. Regardless of how much I struggled and clawed at his strength, he met me muzzle to muzzle. His tongue forcing my lips and jaws opened, and flooded my mouth with an amazing taste.

When I was first mesmerized with the flavor, I completely submitted to everything. It was intoxicating, making my entire body relax and start purring loudly as I gave into the bliss. Barely feeling Beo continue to lick my neck a bit, chuckling at my large smile. "Much better?"

"Very..." I mumbled, feeling him change positions and lay down beside me. Snuggling up to my body and letting me rest-

Ressa: "Wait, that's it? That wasn't so weird."

Oh, we're not done yet. He was just giving me a break. After about twenty minutes of rest, I started to stretch out and get up. "So, I suppose you approve of these new changes?" He asked me, with a smile.

"I suppose I do. Providing there's no horrible side effect to this." I grumbled.

"None at all. Other than being easily manipulated by stroking the correct areas."

"So, no changes at all then." I snorted, but he chuckled at the statement.

"Was there anything else you would like to change?" The question startled me, making me double take at the Brass one.

"Erm..." I really didn't know how to answer him, let alone what he meant by it.

"Anything at all. I'll see what I can do." I laid there in thought for a few minutes while he just embraced me. And the deeper I thought, the louder my heart began to beat. "Think of something?"

"...Maybe." I awkwardly said. "But this is... Embarrassing for me." And it still kinda is, so you're getting a bonus story for this one. "When I was just becoming Juvenile, I remember sneaking into my parent's sleeping chambers for a small nap. Covering myself within a mountain of blankets and pillows." Beo nodded at me to go on. "While I was sleeping... My father and uncle..."

"The Kveldulves, yes?" I nodded at him, feeling my entire body fade to a purple.

"They... Decided to... Sessionize." He tilted his head and perked his ears for a moment, then took a slow nod in understanding.

"And that was embarrassing for you?"

"Considering it was the very first time I seen them, or anyone do it, yes. But my dad, being on bottom... I knew he wasn't in trouble, he wasn't even trying to 'Fight back'. But he was... Making noises." Enjoying yourself?

Ressa: "Very... Much... So..."

Just remember to breath every six laughs. "And well... This is the first time I ever found myself... Stiff." Okay, seriously. Control yourself, Ressa. "After my uncles were... 'Done', the got off my father, but he kept going. Soon enough, I seen his belly begin to swell up and stretch outward, almost like..."

"A balloon?" I whimpered at that, but nodded.

"And well... He... Made it rain during this..." I ended up getting to embarrassed and covering my eyes with my paws. But all Beo did was lightly chuckle.

"Sounds to me like you might have an Inflation Fetish." I whimpered in question. "And you want the ability to do this?" He asked, rather honestly. Not judging.

"I... Don't know. It's the only thing that comes to mind." I mumbled through my paws. "Maybe we should just forget-"

"Because that would be easy enough to do." Another noise in question, and I almost looked at him. "But I'm thinking it's more that you want to do the... Releasing." That time I gazed at the Brass one, questioningly. "When Kveldulves release, it's almost like a liquid or gel that eventually expands into a foam. And well... They expand quite aggressively, without the male being engaged." Again, I whimpered... I know, I whimper alot when I'm

embarrassed! "But it sounds to me like you want to be able to release more and enjoy the idea of... Well, filling them up."

Ressa: "I'm pretty sure he was right."

Y-yeah... "Maybe..."

"I can do that. Granted, I'll need to inform you of a few things first:" He sat up, clearing his throat. "First, is that you won't carry the Extra release with you. Trust me, living with a ridiculously sized set of stones isn't pleasant." I honestly wanted to ask him about that a bit more, but was still petrified at the fact that he said yes to begin with. "Instead of just having a large load to carry with you, what we'll do is make you regenerate seed at a very fast rate. Getting faster the more you're stimulated. So the more you're into it, the larger the climax will be."

Ressa: "Good to know."

No ideas, you. I shouldn't even be telling you this. "Second, you must know that others cannot take that much pressure. Even your father had limits, it was just barely enough to keep against your uncle's release. I think it probably did internal damage to him as well, but Haytre is... Y'know."

"Careless? Reckless? Immortal?"

"All of the above." Beo smiled at me. "So, this is what I propose instead. Your seed will help the Receiver-"

"Female." I grumbled.

"Receiver." The brass one teased, again with a smirk. "It will help them withstand the pressure by reinforcing their insides a bit." I raised an eyebrow along with a single ear. "Think of it, it will make them stretchy. Able to 'Balloon Out' easier. But regardless, everyone does still have a limit." It made me a little sad, and uneasy. I guess it must've shown, because he gave me a small nudge. "Don't worry. If they do exceed that limit, they'll be fine. It will hurt, but they will not die or be injured from it."

"You can do that?" He nodded. "How exactly?"

"I can go through the details after. Granted, you'll still have to deal with the mess for a bit. After maybe an hour or so, it will evaporate. But you'll have to deal with it until then." I just ended up staring at him for a few moments. "Something wrong?" He perked his ears.

"...You sound like you've done this before." Again, he chuckled.

"Yes. Me and Bartan." I tossed my snout. "But it's quite enjoyable."

Would you like a test run?"

"No thanks, not with another male." I snorted.

Ressa: "Why don't you like other males anyway?"

I... Uh... Just... Errm... No comment.

Ressa: "Boo."

I don't really have a reason. But you're not the first person to want me to... Extend my boundaries.

Ressa: "Person?"

No comment. "I see." It was odd how he didn't take any offense from that, I was almost certain he would. "What if I made myself a Female?"

Ressa: "...Ohhhhhh..."

Y-yeahhh...

Ressa: "That's why it's awkward? You said yes?"

Stop your giggling. "What do you mean, 'made yourself a female'? You can...?" Another whimper-Stop! Stop it. Stop. *Sighs*

Ressa: "S...Sorry...!"

Of course you are. And now you know why I never wanted to tell this story. "Yes. Would that make you more comfortable?" All I could do was look at him while my ears fell. "It's better that you test these things while I'm here, Dia. In a few days, I need to leave elsewhere."

"And... You...?" Another loud whimper. "With me... Again!?" I let my head fall backward, into the grass.

"If you would like to. I don't mind in the slightest, but I want to make sure this is what you want." He shrugged his red wings, and I sighed.

"...Do it." I muttered, getting a rather curious look from him. "I went this far already, I might as well keep going. Besides, I don't think I could bring myself to do this again."

Beo just smiled at me. "Trust me, the first time is always the most awkward. After it, you tend to enjoy it alot." He gave me a lick, laying down with me again. "This will sting a bit." With a large paw over my... Equipment, he wasn't kidding. It actually hurt alot, but didn't last long. "You sure about this?" He asked me, knowing that I had doubts. "I cannot force you, Dia'vidd."

"I Know. But... This is a once in a lifetime opportunity, isn't it?" I grumbled. He just lightly shrugged at me, but gave me this strange, almost sad look. "Are you sure about this?"

"I'm alright with it, but speaking of Firsts... Are you alright with me being...?" A whimpering sigh, and I nodded. "Some people like to save it for someone special."

Ressa: "Right, you did say earlier..."

And that's one reason why it was weird. But at least I got to do it with my own species. He motioned for me to get up, and I did. Giving me a few licks, and almost a kiss, he still seemed pretty male to me. Which again... Weird. It wasn't until he laid on his back, and revealed his 'Equipment' was replaced with that of a female. I'm assuming dragon, but I didn't have much to go from. Not even the women I was with got fully unclothed.

But... This is where it gets very weird, and where I'm going to have to start referring Beo as a female. *Swallows* So, she gestured me to climb on top of her-please stop looking at me like that.

Ressa: "Can we start our own little session while you continue?"

Y-you want me to... While telling the most embarrassing story-I don't have a choice here, do I?

Ressa: "Not really." *Pounces*

Fine, but I'm not releasing inside you. We don't have a lot of time-easy with the fangs! It's not a chewtoy! *Sighs and grunts* Anyway, she motioned for me to climb on top of her, and so I slowly did. Trying to get into a good position, but he-Errm-she was still much bigger than me. My head only went up to her chest, where Beo would just paw at my neck. Trying to get me to relax while I felt for the right... Hole. I just ended up using his-her thick tail as a guide until I prodded one of them. "The upper one." She said, getting me to pause and readjust.

Eventually, I found it. Getting my weapon to slightly spread the slit apart, and instantly getting a reaction out of him-Damnit!-her. Making the brass one take a deep breath and stroke my neck a little rougher. Speaking of rough, ease up a little.

Ressa: "Quit being a kitten."

Grumbles I started with a few easy presses, not going fully inside, but just enough to get a larger breath out of Beo. Just with those prods, she started to feel wet. Even releasing a small leak myself, getting the area nice

and slippery. After several minutes, I started pressing in harder, really trying to separate them. It was harder than I imagined, and really took some effort. But I managed to pry it opened with my horn, feeling her almost completely swallow it once it gave in.

At first, it felt rather... Opened. Mostly due to our size differences. But it soon began to close up and really warp around my weapon. Almost massaging it softly and coaxing me to keep going. The pleasure it brought, and the warm feeling it gave was sensational. Getting me to start purring, and her as well, as we rested there for a few moments. Just enjoying the feeling of my first penetration.

Ressa: "You mean, you penetrating another. What about-?"

I'm not answering that. And stop teasing me ther- *Whimpering breath* I knew telling this was a bad idea.

Ressa: "For you, maybe. I never knew teasing this area would be almost as effective as your ridges."

And that's a secret you will take to your afterlife. Last thing I need is for that to become some sort of adult greeting against me. May I continue? Good. After that minute of enjoyment, his-*grunts*-her paws were telling me to keep going. So I did, starting slowly at first. Gradually becoming faster as I got used to her... Entrails greeting my weapon with her inner walls. I can't quite explain it, but it was like h-she could move them at will. Almost like how your throat swallows down food.

They came in from all directions, almost sucking down the faint squirts out of my shaft that I kept leaking out. Every little movement sent me whimpering, as Beo tried to guide me through it. Other than his-*whimper*-HER tunnel, and her paws on the back on my neck and shoulders, she wasn't moving too much. I think I could feel her tail moving a bit as well between my hind legs.

I was trying my hardest to fight my instincts, to attempt to overpower and just...

Ressa: "Ravage him?"

Her. And yes. I didn't want the brass one to feel... But the pleasure really started to break my concentration. At last, she spoke through her purrs. "Go ahead, Dia. It's alright, I'm not made out of paper." I looked into her green eyes a bit sadly, and he gave me a nod.

Ressa: "I bet *he* did."

Give me a break. And slow down a bit down there. But I closed my eyes and nodded slowly. Giving her chest a few licks, before nearly completely exiting her. Then I pressed into her a bit harshly, slowly letting go of my hold on those instincts. Slipping out and going in again harder a few more times as I caught my breath. Getting Beo to almost do the same as he pressed paws against my shoulders.

With another sad look from my blue eyes to her green, I silently questioned if he was sure. Damnit... Missed that one. But she nodded at me again, like it never phased her a bit. The brass body was far from frail, I just... Never liked the idea of putting alot of force onto one person.

Ressa: "I thought as much."

But here is where I completely let go. I felt myself shift to an orange, and began to enter her harder and harder. Really putting my whole body and tail into each thrust. Almost like I was trying to push her forward, using nothing but that force. Those instincts completely took over, clawing at her biceps, and my hind claws digging deeply into the grass for grip. While the rest of my body was focused on that one single movement. Over and over for several minutes, but Beo never seemed to budge from the ground. I knew from his size that he was heavy, but I never imagined just how heavy.

Ressa: "And these instincts...?" *David whimpers*

I couldn't control myself after letting go. I couldn't restrain my body from such a primal state. It honestly reminded me of the feeling I got when that circle gets full. I become a beast, one that was locked up and finally free to do anything it possibly wanted. And right now...

Ressa: "It wanted to run wildly with Beo's body."

That... Is an odd way to put it, but quite accurate. As much as I didn't like it, I could no longer grab hold of it. And I think Beo understood that. I'm just glad I did it with a walking tank like him than someone else.

Ressa: "A walking Tank? Of what, water? Oh, you mean your seed-?"

Not that kind of Tank! Nevermind. I remember feeling a slight pain from my stones, almost like they were slapping against her tailhole. But it faded as I felt like they started to stretch out a bit. I was so taken over by that inner beast that I could barely feel myself apart from the massive pleasure pulsing through every movement.

Soon enough, I could feel my lower weapon begin to squirt every thrust. Filling her insides with a liquid warmth, slightly leaking out with every exit. But soon replenished, only adding to the intensity of it all. Feeling

something within that region begin to rise and tense up.

One of my hind paws slipped during the session, forcing my body to stop and rest for a moment. But that moment was all it took for that lower pressure to demand the floor. I managed to climb back into position for one last thrust, and I roared the air out of my lungs. From my shaft came a constant flood of rainbow colors, forcing the torrent deep inside the brass dragon.

For a while, she almost swallowed every drop I expelled, but towards the end, I started to feel this pressure. Getting me to finally gain control and pull out a bit. Feeling the pressure release and begin to drain out as I took a breath. Sadly looking up and meeting his green eyes with a bit of shame. But all he did was smile with perked ears. "Something wrong?"

"I..." I took a breath. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"Losing control?" I whimpered, and he just lightly shrugged.

"It's alright, Dia." Beo said, trying to get me to look at his eyes again. "There's such a thing as Sexual Repression, you know. If you don't do it enough..." He gestured my body, and I just frowned. "Want to keep going?" Once again, I whimpered at that. But when he mentioned it, I really didn't feel tired or exhausted like that first time. Before I could overthink it, his paws started stroking my neck again.

Ressa: "Gave up on making him a female, huh?"

I might as well. Regardless of how... Weird it is. So I gave in, nodding faintly and shyly at him. Still feeling my tool still erect, I started to slowly move inside him again. But something still felt a little different, like he was still kinda full and still draining with every movement. Within moments my breaths got deeper, and slowly started changing into faint whimpers. Every stroke of pleasure soon started making me leak more and more seed and lubricant from that weapon, and that feeling began to build up once again.

His purrs began to get very loud, almost thunderous. And that was all I could really hear for a while, overpowering my own breaths and whimpers. The vibrations seemed to echo through his chest, making my own body a little bit numb at the scales. From there, that pleasure began to quickly build up, once again almost stretching out my stones over his tail.

A few more thrusts and it overcame me, making me whimper, almost cry out before I released once again inside him. I braced myself against his large brass body as I felt my shaft get much thicker, sealing inside his...

Lower lips. Feeling them squeeze my red intruder a bit as it filled him with torrents. Until all at once it stopped.

It felt like we were almost fighting against each other's pressure for a few moments, and I could faintly feel that I was winning. With a heavy grunt, I got over the stalemate. Feeling a bulge form underneath me and hearing Beo whimper and gasp a bit as it started to press against his scales. With every gasp of mine, my weapon released another large spray. Only further pressing against his insides and pushing the bulge outward a bit more.

I took a moment for a few breaths, almost wondering if it was hurting him. But all I could read on his closed eyes and muzzle was a smile, somewhat uncomfortable, but he didn't seem to be in the pain I expected. After those few breaths, that feeling below started to build up again. Though, it didn't help that he was still trying to stroke my ridges from the inside. Like he wanted me to keep going.

Very quickly, that pleasure rose to a peak, and my stones pressed down between my legs and his tail. I almost thought they were going to swell outward as well, perhaps be stuck like this until I dismounted him. But with his hold on my weapon, I couldn't get it free, which only meant...

The climax stunned me once again, pressing my body against his and trying not to use my claws. From the outside, I could feel my own pressure building within, even to the point where it started to lift me up from touching the ground with my forepaws. I carefully got up to look at it with my own eyes, and I could visually see it getting bigger with every grunt. Feel it with my own paw, like a balloon filling up with warm water, covered in brass scales. Even getting a faint shine on it from the sunlight.

As my climax reached an end, it was a wonderful feeling. Filling someone up after so much effort. For a while, I just enjoyed it, laying on his belly and purring at the small boulder sized roundness. Feeling his paw stroke the top of my muzzle with ease, and hearing the larger dragon chuckle, probably at my smile. "You can keep going, if you like." He said to me, getting my eyes to widen in surprise and look at him with low ears.

"Y-you mean... This can get bigger?" He nodded, stroking under my chin a bit.

"Feel free to find your limit, it's honestly better if you do." I whimpered at that, but he just laid back in the grass. Patiently waiting for my decision.

Ressa: "Please tell me you gave him everything you had."

I'm not done with the story yet, if that's what you mean. Are you almost done down there? Of course not. *Grunts* With a faint shy breath, and

an embarrassed whimper, I started up again. Feeling him start to work with me in teasing my lower ridges. Along with that, and the warmth, I felt my stones begin to refill once again. They seemed to refill to the brim, and then some extra every new session. To the point where I wondered what their limits were-

Ressa: "Did you ever find it?"

I'm not telling you that. Don't toss your head at me, if I told you, you'd want to break that record.

Ressa: "Who wouldn't? I'm starting to see why you like this inflation thing."

Which only means you want to try it again. I guess I shouldn't complain, but again: not right now. Save it for later. Where was I?

Ressa: "Your stones were enlarging again, and actually are right now."

That's normal, just... Be careful with the claws.

Ressa: "What would happen if I-?"

If you must know, it would hurt. A lot. But it wouldn't be long before it healed up.

Ressa: "Now, how would you know that?"

Let's just say, a previous mate of mine was really into... Biting.

Ressa: "Biting? Ohh..."

Put that look away, or I'm putting this away. Anyway, so my sack was stretching out again, making me whimper through the pleasure as that feeling rose up swiftly. A few more minutes of movements, and that climax was reached once again. Making me whimper loudly and start to release once again into Beo's sex. We faintly battled once again, I could faintly hear him grunt as he lifted his head to look.

In a moment, his belly started to expand outwards once again, in faint bursts. Not only pushing me upwards a little more, but rounding outwards at his sides. Stretching out his brass scales and making them a little paler with every torrent. The feeling was still amazing, but it worried me how big he was starting to get. I could barely see his mane over the bulge, and my climax wasn't even done yet.

With one final push inside, his belly grew wider and came to a stop. Panting while trying to be careful with my claws, I could still feel some

reserve in my sack. Like all of it was unable to release, due to the pressure. And with every pant, I could feel the bloated dragon almost juggle with the moment. The sight and feeling made me smile, until I felt him tease my lower horn again. "Beo...!" I whimpered loudly, but didn't a response. All I could do was gasp and take it. I looked for a place for me to press against, seeing maybe if I could forcefully withdraw. But there wasn't enough space without pressing against his belly, which might end up popping if I pressed too hard.

Once again, I whimpered loudly, trying to wiggle free. But with that movement only brought more pleasure. Making me gasp and almost lose my breath, feeling that pleasure in my lower area begin to rise up and my stones once again quickly fill. Within moments, they were pressing against his tail and mine. Pushing my haunches upward, and against my hamstrings before stretching outward past a comfort zone. I wasn't sure if he could take the last load, now he was asking for a bigger one. I tried to call out to him again, but the pleasure reached a peak, interrupting me and losing my breath.

The pressure began to build between us again, and I felt that struggle within his belly. One that he was clearly losing, whereas his brass scales began to stretch outward more, barely being able to see the multi colored seed flowing within it. As well as a bright shine from the sunlight. He wasn't able to take much more, and I knew it. But I couldn't hold it back.

All at once, something gave in. For a second, I wondered if he sprung a leak, but I could feel his belly faintly deflating and reflatting due to my connection to it. I just couldn't see over it much. I ended up looking on the ground for his shadow, and seeing something else of his begin to fill up. What almost looked like his chest.

Ressa: "You mean, his breasts?"

Dragons don't have breasts like yours, but it looked like his broad chest was beginning to take the resistance.

Ressa: "This is starting to sound familiar." *Bounces eyebrows*

Still not done yet though. But the resistance was beginning to fade. Once again reaching that struggle point and feeling Beo's belly begin to hit that limit like before. Another large whimper from me and I once again tried to hold back, but couldn't. Feeling the brass balloon slowly take in more and more of my release, a half a torrent at a time. Until... *Whimpers*

Ressa: "Oh wow, did you really?"

No, you just really squeezed a ridge there. Ease up a bit, please. Something once again gave in, much like before. This time, I could feel something pulsing between my hind legs. It took me a few moments to

realize what it was, but it turned out to be his tail.

Ressa: "His tail?" *Dia shrugs his wings* "Is your tail even connected...?"

I don't think a dragon's chest is either, but I'm just saying what I seen. Perhaps he just made something work around so he could take the pressure? I never really asked. But I could feel his long tail begin to swell and thicken. Once again pressing against my sack, but it was draining in the process. The extra room gave his body alot of extra resistance, even if it elevated me to the point where I could no longer touch the ground. But I felt much safer to press against his belly and withdraw myself from his sex like this.

Slipping off the large, bloated tail, I made my way around his side to get a good look at him. Whimpering at the sheer excitement it gave me to see the large brass balloon laying on his back. He must've seen my expression, because I heard Beo chuckle at me. "All done?"

"Y-yeah, I think I better stop." I shyly said, walking closer to his head while examining his chest, nearly identical volume as his lower belly.

"It feels like I could've taken another load, but that's up to you." My ears fell as I turned purple once again. Staring at him a bit in disbelief. "But it gives you an idea of what you're capable of." I overlooked him once again, wondering if anyone else was able to take this much punishment. "Do you want to keep it?"

I found myself almost speechless. Most of me wanted to say 'Yes! Without a doubt!' Fluttering my own chest with such a satisfying feeling to know I somehow did this. But the other part was people fearing this. Being afraid, or getting turned off from such a thing I looked at with almost beauty.

Ressa: "You mean... Bloating people up like this?"

Y-yeah... It's hard to explain, or even admit. But I always found this strange attraction to it.

Ressa: "I don't remember seeing anyone being as big as I was the night before."

That's because people are always working. But anyway, I half struggled with that question for a bit until Beo snapped me out of it. "Dia?" I shook my head a bit, coming out of thought. "You can make any changes if you like."

"N-no, it's alright. I'm... Good, like this." I smiled at him, unable to keep my eyes off of his body. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." He smiled back at me. I swear, if I was in reach, he

would lick me. "Want to help me drain out before you fall asleep?" That time, it got me to look at him, perking my ears.

"I feel fine-" Then it hit me like a ton of bricks. A massive exhaustion that nearly knocked me off my paws, and nearly gasping for air.

"It'll do that after a while, especially when it's done." Beo chuckled. "Here, let me help you." He managed to get his paw on the grass, and I suddenly fell through the ground below me. Landing on something like a waterbed. Brass colored, and rather large. Looking up, I could see this strange ring with the sky in it, but it looked very odd, until it disappeared.

"A... Portal?"

"Yes. But go to sleep, I'll be here when you wake up." I heard him say below the brass belly. I followed his directions though, trying to be mindful of my claws. Laying down on that massive balloon was one of the best sleeps that I can recall, and the end of the story.

The Gyno looked at him in a bit of disbelief, barely paying any attention to the red weapon between her breasts. "So, wait. That night we had...?"

"What about it?" The dragon asked, laying on his back and perking his ears.

"That was only... Stage 1 of your...?" His ears fell as his scales turned purple.

"Y-yeah... It was." Dia scratched the back of his mane, getting a giggle from the Sphinx.

"So, what was your max?"

"I... Don't know. I never really reached one." He swallowed awkwardly. "I think I can just... Keep going."

"We'll have to do some tests then. I'll gather a few people on the next Flag day for you to fill up." She chuckled, and he did as well, awkwardly.

"You wouldn't be the first."

"So who was this #6 champion?"

"W-what?" He whimpered at her, clearing his throat. "You don't want to

hear that one."

"And now, I must." She stroked his member a bit, getting him to submit.

"Fine... It was me." A noise in question.

"You mean, you played with yourself?"

"N-not... Really..." Another awkward scratch of his mane, and she teased the answer out of him. "Alright, alright. She ended up... Readyng me in my sleep, and attached some kind of... I guess, hose from my weapon to..." He faintly pointed down, getting Ressa to tilt her head, then look below.

"You serious?" He nodded, whimpering. "And then she...?"

"Stroked me off until..." It sent the Sphinx into giggles and laughs, further embarrassing the dragon until he covered himself. "This is why I don't like telling people these things!" He whimpered loudly as her laughter echoed through the forest.

Chapter 7

The lights were dim, like it was for the entire day. The rain had finally stopped, and the clouds were finally beginning to move away from the human city. Not that it made much of a difference. It seemed like quite a few still hovered around the sky, masking the sunlight that the Griffin wanted. Only so he could finally see better, but it was just something he was going to have to

get used to.

For now, his task was to stack things. Hardly fit for entertainment, let alone the idea of 'Fun' for Anton, but there really wasn't much to be done around here. At times, he began to wonder what on earth he was doing during his eighty seven years of life. Let alone, when he was out in the wilds.

The answers came like a foggy cloud of dust. Vague, blunt, and almost dry; hunt for food. Preen. Build a nest to sleep in, or add to your already existing one. Preen more. Find some water, and just search the grounds via flight... Then Preen. Even that sounded like a boring life, besides the flying part.

The Grey one never thought he would miss Flight this much. But it was to be expected. Now, his duty was to either sleep, wait for food, or sort through the piles of junk scattered around the dark dungeon. And right now, his body was so tired of sleep. It wanted to move around, stretch out and get off his sides. He even started trying to break apart some more wooden benches, but without the correct tool...

His thoughts turned to the furnace, barely being made out through the darkness. The Griffin wondered what was needed to be done to tend to it, and questioned if maybe he could get permission to use it through the winter. Granted, that was more of a job for Cennet, but it's either: learn to look after a furnace, or stack more piles of junk.

Grumbling, he overlooked the several towers he had already made, mostly from old cans and small gear cogs. Completely unimpressed by their sheer ability to look crude. Like he somehow crafted them, and expected it to be a work of art. Hissing, he raised a paw to swat at them, but the large crank of the lift echoed through the empty room. "You're lucky you were saved by my supper." He grumbled at the tower, almost picturing it looking at him with sad eyes. "Don't look at me like that, you look terrible and you know it." The towers stared at him. "It's not my fault, I just don't have the right materials to work with. Do not dare judge my talents with your imperfections!" He hissed at it loudly.

"Who are you talking to?" The bird grunted, rolling his eyes before turning about to face the woman. "Is David down here?"

"*Sadly*, no." Anton snorted. "I was just having a conversation with my crafts."

"Crafts of... Is that a tower of cans?"

"Quiet you. Where's my food?" He asked, though clearly seeing the cart she brought down. Walking towards it before even waiting for Cennet's

answer.

"It's mostly duck and bread. I did manage to get you a variety of spreads though." The griffin took a bite out of a loaf, and made a slight face. "It's a day old, sorry."

"Wonderful." He grumbled sarcastically. When really, it wasn't that bad. "I suppose this makes sense, me being a prisoner and all."

"I'll try to get you something better tomorrow. People were just really hungry tonight." The woman said a bit sadly, playing around with the towers that the bird made, along with some old wire. Anton made a noise in question, then instantly regretted it. "People are just stressed in the city, so they're probably just eating more because of it."

"What on earth could they possibly be stressed about?" He grumbled, taking a bite out of the duck's leg. "The celebration is still going."

"Yes, but no one has seen the Flag recently. No word of him arriving anywhere after Vabbi the night before." She started to attach the cans together with the wire. "People are worried that he was attacked again."

"Doubtful. You know how *His Majesty* gets after these celebrations. He probably just took his vacation early." The grey one snorted, getting a smile from Cennet and curling his neck with his mouth full.

"It's just weird to hear words of comfort from you."

"Wurrs Ov Kuhfurt!?" Anton tried to repeat with his mouth full. Swallowing and staring at the half laughing woman. "Your standards of comfort must be very low then if you were to accept that." He snorted, taking another bite. "What are you doing over there anyway?"

"Well, if you going to be talking to a bunch of cans down here..." She turned around, setting down several cans being held together by the wire, all in the shape of a small dragon. "You might as well have it in the shape of your best friend." Anton stared at the crude looking toy speechless, as the woman burst into giggles.

"Just-! What is-!? Damn humans and their crafts!" He cursed, snorting at the makeshift doll. "And we are Not Friends!" The bird hissed at the laughing woman. Grumbling and trying to enjoy his dinner. "I swear, I don't know where you come up with these ideas!"

She didn't recover until the bird was done with his meal, still occasionally giggling at his green eyed stare. "We-don't start laughing at me!" He hissed, breaking the woman and having to wait for her to recover

again. "We. Are not. Friends." He grumbled, still getting the woman to chuckle. "Repeat that out loud."

"You and your little toy are not friends." Anton growled at her, about to snap back but the sound of the lift rising interrupted him.

"That better be dessert." He grumbled, looking at the large opened doors to see what he could make out in the darkness. "Reminds me though, what do you think it would take to get that furnace cleaned and usable for the entire winter?"

"That one? I'm not sure. But I could ask. The wood might be difficult to get down here though." She spoke above the noise of the lift.

"We would have enough wood, providing those old benches burn well. I'd just need something to split them with." She nodded at the Griffin, then turned to look at the doorway. Seeing a faint silhouette of a griffin coming down on the lift got the grey one to almost whimper. "Don't tell me that's Kareina..." He tossed his head. "What do you want now?" Anton grumbled loudly, getting the silhouette to stop for a moment and almost look behind her. Then carry on into the light.

"Kareina? Isn't that...?"

"The Owl Griffin from before, yes. What reason have you come to torment me now?" As the shadow stepped into the light, the bird double taked at the brown Gynosphinx. Giving him a strange look. "And you are?" He asked, almost offended.

"This is Ressa, a friend of mine." The small dragon jumped off her back and onto the cart. Sniffing around looking for any leftovers.

"What the Helga is this, Griffit!?" Anton growled loudly, almost getting Ressa to stand between them.

"I have reason to believe that these Gravediggers were planning to abduct her, so I'm keeping her in a safe place-"

"And by safe place, you mean my current home!" A loud hiss from the griffin, then from the wyrmling. "You are not welcomed here, none of you are!"

"Watch your tongue, Griffin." The Gyno growled. "Do you not know who this is?"

"I know damn well who this is, and I don't want him here. Same goes for you, sphinx! Get out."

"Anton." David said, a bit thickly. Only getting a growl from the grey one. "Ladies, you might want to give us some time to discuss this. If you please." Ressa looked at the orange dragon for a moment, then nodded. Motioning Cennet to lead the way in the back and followed her.

"Are they going to be okay?" The woman whispered at the sphinx, closing the large doors in the process.

"He's dealt with difficult people before, Dia will be fine." The larger one said, helping her with the door. But had a faintly worried look on her feline face.

Inside the two males stared at each other, until the wyrmling looked around the cart again. "There's nothing left." The bird grumbled.

"I expected that much."

"Well, I'm *sorry*. I wasn't expecting guests." The sentence held a passive aggressive hiss. Getting the dragon to glare at him.

"We're only here for the night-"

"Wonderful. Want to take over my bed while you're at it?"

"You mean **My** bed, Anton. You decided to take it without permission-"

"Oh, I needed to ask permission to use such things? Being locked away down here against my will, I expected that there were no claims on these objects." The two snorted at each other. "Why the Helga are you even here-?"

"What did I say about using that name-!?"

"That it was a force of habit, and you let it slip!" Another hiss, and David just growled at him. "Remember, we got it from you, like we did *everything* else!"

"Including this dungeon!"

"And I'm supposed to just set it aside whenever you feel like it!? Eight thousand other places in this entire world you could've taken her to 'Hide Out', and you have to pick the worst possible one for me!"

"I only chose it because-!"

"Why!? Because it's occupied!? Because you enjoy watching me suffer!? Tormenting me with your constant visits-!?"

"Because it's along the way to the ocean, featherhead!" The little one hissed, getting a roaring squawk from the Griffin. "What has gotten into you!?"

"Must I really explain this to you, Oh *All-Knowing* One!?"

"Cut the attitude-"

"Or what!? You're going to Exile me? Execute me where I stand? All because I'm getting on your nerves!?" The orange one took a breath, his ears still flat against his head. "If you're holding out on some magical island where you take people who detest your wellbeing, then say so already. Save both of us a damn headache."

"There's no such thing."

"Then what? What exactly do you plan to do with the Sphinx? Hide her away somewhere you think she'll be okay. All the while you try to figure out their master plan?"

"Do you know it?" Dia almost demanded, getting the Grey one to take a long pause.

"...No. And even if I did, what good would that do me? I would be nothing more than a target for you. Something to threaten, bare fangs at until you carved the answer out of me, right?" The blue eyes stared at him coldly. "You play with everyone like they're your toys, and when some of them begin to bite back, you throw down your wrath on everyone you think might be against you. Not thinking who it might hurt."

"Hurt someone like you?"

"Yes, of course. Someone like me." He grumbled sarcastically. "Someone who tried to get away from everyone else's faith, every single person in the entire world so I wouldn't have to listen to them praise you, while keep down my own lunch. I'm such a terrible person for not wanting to be around other people, but I'm not the one who disappears for nearly two months every damn year. I'm not the one who loses their temper and blames the first species they see over something minor like a small papercut!" A hiss from the wyrmling. "And I'm not the one who left those who prayed for you behind! You're no better than any one of us, Flag! Stop Living Like You Walk On Water! Looking Down On Others Left To Drown!"

For a long while, the room was silent. Almost being able to hear the breaths from the two females beyond the large doors. With a quiet sigh, the dragon looked away. "...Who was it?" He asked softly, but Anton remained silent, curling his neck. "Who did you lose?" Another long silence.

"You think it's just that easy?" The grey one growled. "That you can just apologize for *one* person and be forgiven?"

"So, your parents?" It nearly made the griffin furious. Seeing him struggle to hold himself back from attacking David, knowing how such a thing would end. "Tell me, Anton."

"Fine. You want to hear this so badly? You think the death of my parents did this? Try the death of my sister as well. My two brothers, all illnesses! Try the *only* three friends I ever had in my damn life! You took those away from me too! What about my first love interest? The one who nearly enslaved herself to save my faith!?"

"People die, Anton. That's just truism-"

"**NO!**" The Griffin roared. "Not when you decide to save the lives of everyone else! All around me you performed 'Miracles' of saving people, curing diseases and sickness! Healing fatal wounds! What the Helga did they do that I didn't!? What made you **Decide** to help them, but **Forsake** me time and time again!? Tell me, **Flag**! What did *I* do to *You* to earn your neglect!? Take away those who were of value to **ME!**?" A few moments of silence, and the bird couldn't hold back his tears. "Tell me, so-called God... Why did you let them die? When I put my faith into you... How could you let me watch every one of them die?"

It almost broke the wyrmling, letting his head and wings drop down nearly to the table's surface. For a while, there was nothing but silence in the room. Then Anton spoke up again. "Just get out of here already... And leave me alone." He turned around, heading towards the bed of clothing. But in the very corner of his eye, he barely seen something move in the darkness. Making his feathers puff out a bit.

Before the griffin even realized it, a very large being formed in front of him. Within an instant, it swallowed him in shadow, wrapping the grey one tightly with large arms and covered him with wings. Embracing the griffin closely against his scaly body. "...I'm sorry..." Dia whispered in a sobbing breath.

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The dragon was sitting on the edge of a tall, grassy cliff. Alternating from Cyan and dark blue colors with his scales. Overlooking the new world and all its beauty the late spring gave. How lushfully green everything seemed to be, how quickly they bared fruit and how fast animals started to return. Frolicking through the large fields in the distance.

His thoughts went back and forth. The sights made him happy, yes, but he also almost wanted to show this all to his friends. His now late Friends... That's what made him sad. Leaving them behind without saying goodbye... Or even apologizing for what Dia had done. In some ways, he almost wish it would rain. But by the look of the very dark clouds in the horizon, it was going to tomorrow.

His ear caught a few large branches breaking in the path behind him. With the heavy footsteps, he knew who it was, which only made his scales begin to turn a deep purple. A chuckle came in that direction, as the brass dragon walked beside Dia and sat down with him. Now rid of the extra weight. "It's a nice view." His thick voice tried to say softly.

"Y-yeah... Beautiful, really." The large one chuckled again and the smaller dragon whimpered a bit.

"Still embarrassed?" David swallowed loudly, unable to really look at the larger one, even after a few nudges. "You shouldn't be. You did well."

"M-maybe, but it's still a bit awkward..."

"Only if you think it is." The brass one shrugged his wings. "Again, I used to be the same as you." It got the attention of the blue eyes. "Just not as purple." Dia snorted at him.

"But how did you...?"

"Bartan was very good about such things. Even when I thought it was the most awkward feeling in the entire world... He always seemed to think it was normal. The act of it was nothing to be ashamed about, it was a form of affection." A deep exhale from the smaller one, and his scales began to return to a Cyan.

"Even if I find..." Beo perked his ears. "What did you call it...? Fet...?"

"Your Fetish?" He nodded, and the brass one shrugged his wings again.

"You like what you like, Dia. It's just a part of who you are as a person. Perhaps you might not want to shove your affection into the faces of others, no, but that does not mean you should be shy about it." Another faint nod from the younger dragon. "Granted, you might want to let your future partners-

"Females." Dia grumbled, getting a smile from Beo.

"Partners know before you let on about your talents." He gave the cyan dragon a lick. "But don't ever feel shame about what you are, even if it's the planet's weapon. Shame does not bring Strength, but Weakness." Another nod, and the larger one covered David with a red wing. Looking out at the view for several minutes until Binky came out and sat beside the brass one. Another few moments, and Beo whimpered. "...What did you do?" He asked the robed man, who only double taked at him.

"What did he do?" The smaller dragon asked the brass one, repeating his question as a question. "What do you mean?"

"If he stays silent like this, something went really wrong, or he's hiding a secret."

"I'm hiding nothing. Nothing at all. Nodda. Zilch. Zippo. Zero chance of me hiding something. Honest." The two dragons looked at him for a few moments and both whimpered really loudly. "I mean it! Can't a guy just walk up to two dragons having a special moment while the credits roll and take a seat?"

"...Credits?" Dia questioned, curling his neck.

"Not without pulling a lawn chair out of your shirt pocket, or your nostril, or something foolish. What did you do?"

"Okay, FINE. I wanted to just test something. An experiment, if you will."

"Annnnnnnnd?" Beo grumbled.

[illegible]

"W-what!? The planet's only been reset for three days! What could've you possibly have done!?" The now green one almost hissed from afar. Catching the dark clouds in the distance begin to move rapidly towards them. "...What is...?"

"Is that...?" Beo whimpered as well, getting both dragons to droop their

wings and ears at the sight of a colossal pancake spinning in the sky. Parting through the clouds.

"Dia'vidd's breakfast from the first morning. Yes." Binky said, adjusting his shades. "And now, it's come back for revenge...-Or Round Two! I'm not sure which." The smaller dragon whimpered very loudly. "However, we're out of time!"

"Time for what-?" Beo tried to ask.

"Running time for this episode, so we'll have to deal with it on the next one."

"I'm not even going to ask." The green dragon whimpered.

"Tune in after Christmas for...!"

## **Destruction Preventer - The Slapjack Slaps Back!**

Banjo rolls the chair back away from the computer desk and gestures the monitor. The polar bear behind him stares at the man, arms crossed. After a few moments, the bear takes a deep breath and exhales. "...Not bad." He mutters, faintly nodding. "But how the hell are they going to defeat an oversized rubber flapjack-?"

"Slapjack-"

"Whatever."

"Pffft, that's something for future Bartan to figure out, silly!" The man gets out of the chair and falls directly through the hole in the floor that makes the stairs. Leaving Bartan dumb-founded.