

Destruction Preventer - Decayer

By Dextdor

Chapter 1

"With The Four Of Us-"

"Just A Shot In The Dark Here-"

"Come On, Anton!"

"He's Got Knowledge."

"Your Sister Will Be Back Soon With The FI-FI-FI-FI-"

"Any Chance He Could Be The Thing-"

"Precision."

"-Threatening The Planet?"

"He Might Be Right, You Know."

"It's Poss-Possible... But-But-But-But-"

"Keep Pushing!"

"Agility."

"He's Just A Kid."

"-Until The Last Minute."

"If We're Going To Kill It-"

"Strength."

"-Without A Struggle."

"A Kid That Holds The Powers-"

"This Is A Very Bad Thing To Carrying Around."

"No! Come Back!"

"-Of The Four Most Powerful Beings Currently On This-"

"Like Any Of Us Really Have Heart."

A sharp gasp pierced through the thick darkness, echoing through the large dungeon. Followed by faint pants as his eyes tried to see through it all. Almost not knowing where he woke up. Instinctively altering his vision to take in mass amounts of information soon gave him relief. Finally recognizing many of the objects that looked familiar to him. Yet, identifying them only sank his heart a bit.

Trying to stretch his scaly body out a bit, as well as get rid of the cramp in his stiff wings, he felt something large in his paws. Recognizing the pattern of a feathered coat recalled what happened the night before, let alone explained the nightmare. It's what he got for holding onto someone so hurt and broken, eventually the dragon would soak up those feelings for himself.

The griffin in his arms hid it well, at least before last night. Usually Dia'vidd would pick up on such things on first contact, if those feelings were at the surface. But even when he first met Anton, chained to that elevated disk, he couldn't even scratch the surface of the suffering the bird went through. All because of the Flag's own neglect.

He never felt so guilty. Not since that first Reset. It was possible that the people who were ended during that time didn't even recognize that their friend was responsible for such a thing. Here... Dia got to see first-hand the pain he caused someone. How much his actions, and lack thereof, tore someone to shreds. So much so, that he spend the night with another male in his arms. Something the dragon rarely did.

Though the thought of it did surface the question of what happened to Ressa and Cennet. But a quick scan behind him could see their DNA through the walls. They just spent the night in the human's room instead. Probably hearing the grey bird gut himself emotionally in front of the Flag and decided it was best that they remained outside for the night.

It was indeed the better choice. At least the two females knew enough to stay out of it. It's one thing to lash out against someone who deserved it, another to blame those close or around him because of the dragon's actions.

And Dia felt like he needed to be castigated for such a horrible thing. Intentional or not, a punishment of some or any sort was required. At least to ease his conscience.

A few faint grumbles from the one in his embrace got the larger dragon to hold his breath. Still unsure of how to go about any conversation after last night's events. A slight chirp told Dia that he was instinctively grasping too tightly, getting him to almost completely let go of the griffin who was just waking up. "...I'm... Sorry." The green scaled one mumbled quietly after a long silence. Feeling the bird almost turn his head completely around to see who was holding him. Letting out a grumbling sigh that almost deflated him.

"...I was hoping you would've just left during the night." Anton yawned, making the dragon sadly whimper a bit. "And you're sorry for what? Nearly squeezing the insides out of me?"

"...For many things." The grey one just growled at Dia, but didn't move nor struggle out of the faint embrace. After a long silence, the dark blue one swallowed loudly. "I know you probably don't forgive me-"

"I don't." It made his ears and heart sink, feeling the anger build up in the feathered one. "*But?*" The griffin slapped the larger one with his tail, trying to get him to finish his sentence.

"But... I want to make this right." Another long silence. "...Can I make this right?"

"Probably not." Anton said a bit coldly, seeing the sun begin to pierce through the window. "...But maybe." It got the dragon's ear to flick up.

"Maybe?"

"A very small *maybe*." The sarcastic tone of the grey one made Dia sadly smile. "Probably particle sized at best."

"It's a chance I'll take." The dragon held him a little tighter, nuzzling against his soft neck. Surprised that the griffin didn't struggle or cringe in the least.

"First thing's first." A noise in question from the blue one. "The females. Do they know...?"

"They... Probably heard you last night."

"What about this?" A shadowy paw slightly rose up and gestured the embrace.

"No. They shouldn't know anything about after-"

"Then let's keep it that way. You can start with keeping that maw of yours shut." The larger one couldn't help but chuckle at that, giving him another nuzzle and finally getting a little bit of a grumble.

"...Not to ruin the moment, but... Why are you...?"

"Please. One with your state of power would just bind me to the floor and use me as a comforter, I'm sure. I've already been bound in chains enough this week to appreciate such freedom." Another sad smile as the dragon's scales turned pink.

"I'm content with that excuse." Anton snorted at him. "But... Seriously. I want to do something for you... Anything but bringing the dead back to life." A soft lick to the feathered neck. "I know I can't fully make up for everything... But if you come up with something-"

"Even if it's mounting you?" It got Dia to completely freeze and tense up. Releasing a whimper as his scales turned into a deep purple, and getting the bird to grin largely. "I don't know what I find more amusing: your sudden reaction, or the fact that you don't know if I'm serious." Another whimper.

"Y-you don't really want that, do you?"

"*You said anything.*" Anton quietly sang in the darkness, trying his best not to release his chuckle. "I'm sure you wouldn't mind lifting up your tail for a little forgiveness." Another whimper, and his wing covered the two up. Trying to shield the dragon from the eyes of others. "Perhaps maybe we should try it before the females get up-" Another loud whimper and the dragon scampered to get up.

"No-no-no-no-no-no!" Dia groaned in the darkness, trying to be quiet and finally hearing the grey one chuckle a bit. "Just... No!" The dragon curled up in a ball, and made a stone sheath over him, with few small holes to breathe.

"Seriously, out of all the things the *Mighty Red Flag* could possibly have a bane against, it's male affection?" Anton snorted, getting up and leaning his upper body on the stone dome. "Here you were expecting these Gravediggers to kidnap a sphinx, when all they really had to do was send you love letters-"

"Stop." The dragon whimpered. "Please."

"Poems that would involve your tailhole."

"Anton..." Another loud whimper through the stone.

"Perhaps just a graphic painting of where they would love to stick their-" Several loud yelps came from the dragon inside, getting the noises to

echo through the dungeon, and possibly through the town. Hearing a few things move outside the large wooden doors, and eventually them opening to scan the darkness.

"What are you two doing?" The sphinx asked, still trying to get a clear picture of what was going on. Though the light of the sun was helping alot, getting both of them to make out the griffin leaning on the stone hump in the middle of the room.

"What is that? And where's David?" A taps of Anton's paw on the dome answered Cennet's question, at least for Ressa. Getting the larger female to chuckle a bit.

"Got him to turtle up, did you?" She asked, seeing the griffin shrug his wings and leave his post while the sphinx tried to calm the dragon.

"He's in there?" The woman asked him.

"Indeed. And before you start glaring at me, that's his doing. Not mine." He snorted, getting her to glare at him anyway. "All I did was just suggest a few things he could do to make up for past events, that's all. Apparently, a magnificent griffin can overpower the Flag with a few simple words. Maybe I should call dibs on the next Flag Day." He grinned, still getting the glare from Cennet. "Give me that stink eye all you want, I did nothing wrong. Even ask him, once he's no longer incapacitated." The grey one walked over to take a drink.

"Come on, Dia. What he said couldn't have been that bad." Ressa giggled, finding one of the holes he made for air. "Granted, I could guess what it could've been-"

"Yes-yes. And you would *love* to see it. I know!" He hissed, getting her to laugh. "But I still have standards!"

"Flexible ones, I'm sure." Another whimper. "If you want some alone time with him, just say so Griffin." A louder whimper that was equal parts growl.

"You're not helping."

"I think I am." She smirked. "But if it's what he wants-"

"No."

"Then-"

"No."

"Let him-"

"No!"

"While...!" She laughed too hard at his hiss to continue. Even getting the other two to smirk and chuckle as well.

"You're all deviants!"

"Come on. You can't stay in there forever, David." Cennet tapped on the large rock, rather amazed at such an ability. Still trying to hold in her laughter at the few deep breaths the dragon was taking inside. After a forth one, the dome split and retreated quickly into the ground, almost startling the woman at the dragon's size.

"We'll talk about this when we don't have an audience." Dia said to the grey one across the room. "I detest asking this, but could you two see about breakfast? I still want to discuss some things with Anton."

"So, be about an hour?" The Gynosphinx asked, getting a puzzled look from the larger one, getting him to curl his neck. "Nah, better make it two if he plans to stroke you off like a certain someone did." Another loud whimper, and he fought the urge to hide again. "Just remember to watch the ridges, and it's normal for him to have a massive spray." She said, leading out the brown haired woman while giggling at Dia's expression.

"That's...! We're...!"

"Noted." The griffin chirped, getting a strange mix of embarrassment and a glare from the dragon. "You heard your mate, turn around and tail up." A loud groan in a snout toss as he hid himself in purple wings.

LAST

TIME

ON

THE SLAPJACK SLAPS BACK!

Beo got into a fight with a lawnmower! "A what?"

Professor Binky got his sock knotted with his shoelaces! Which totally actually happened and I did not make that up! "That's... Actually true."

And Dia'vidd couldn't finish his breakfast, causing it to mutate into a giant Slapjack and threaten the entire planet- "Okay, stop." The orange dragon covered the old man's face with a paw. Still resting his haunches at the top of a grassy hill overlooking the valley. "That isn't what happened, is it? You can't blame me for not eating a gigantic rubber disk."

"So, you're saying that your breakfast should never struggle against you?" The larger brass dragon asked, getting Dia to look at him with his ears back. "Have you never hunted before?"

The orange one looked side to side a few times, between Beo and Binky. "Weren't you between us?"

"Stop evading the question." The smaller one snorted at him, finally unsilencing the professor. "Regardless, we now have an extra-large pancake-"

"Slapjack." The sound of Binky muffled under Dia's paw got the three to double take, now realizing that the man's entire bright red beard was stuck to the underside of the orange palm. Getting the younger dragon to yelp loudly and attempt to pull it off.

"Ssssssslapjack, and probably with an incoming side order of whoop-ass. The real question is: what are you going to do about it?" Beo asked, watching as Dia struggled frantically against the red beard.

"Don't you mean *we*?" Binky and the brass one looked at each other for a moment, then sped off in opposite directions. Leaving the young dragon to rapidly look both ways and whimper.

"Sorry kid." The beard said, finally ripping itself off of the orange one with a yelp. Landing on the ground and sprouting two legs with socks, combat boots, but lacking pants. "You're on your own." It started walking away, but eventually tripped over itself and tumbled down the hill.

Dia blinked at the beard slowly from a distance, then shook his head quickly. Snorting, he took a few steps forward. "Fine. It can't be that hard to stop a flying waffle." Recalling what his father taught him, he raised a paw

and molded a few flames into a ball. Throwing it using his entire body, the sphere of fire burned through the air quickly, curving slightly towards the edible disk. Slamming into it with a faint 'Parf' and swallowed before it could do any damage to the massive cake.

Flicking an ear in irritation, he grumbled loudly. Slamming on the ground with a paw, several crude rock-picks launched from the ground and bolted towards the flapjack. Soring through the air, only to lightly prick the side of it and be carried away during its spin. Another loud growl from Dia as he snorted. "Maybe if I put something in front of it-?" Before he could act, a loud *ting* behind him caught his ear.

Half turning to look at the faint shine in the distance, something metal ripped across the sky. Getting Dia to yelp and duck as the frying pan flew over him and towards the Slapjack. "Are you serious? That thing is still airborne!?" The frustrated orange one hissed. Seeing the pan impact the massive cake with a driving force, but not pierce through it. Instead, getting the monstrous breakfast item to stretch and fight against it, angling the ironcast object towards Dia and making him whimper. Grumbling in defeat, he braced for the inevitable.

From afar, Binky and Beo were watching on a distant mountain top. The professor enjoying some popcorn, and the brass dragon sipping at a drink. "How are you liking Mountain Wizz?" The man asked with his mouth full.

"It's alright-"

"It comes from goats." Beo immediately spit out the drink then tried to wash his tongue with his paws in some water. As a large neon sign glew the word Shades, the two doubled taked at it, then put down their sunglasses over their eyes. Seeing a large, black and white explosion in the distance where Dia was fighting against his breakfast. The two awed in amazement at the poorly animated mushroom cloud that looked like it was just glued onto the background. "Think we should help him?"

"Eventually. But someone is going to have to play medic." The two stared at each other, then played rock, paper, scissors. Beo ended with rock, and Binky with paper, doing his best to cover the rock with his hand while sitting down. At last, the dragon just ripped his arm off like it was a toy, tapped his brass fist, then tossed it at the man's lap. Snorting while making his way down the mountain.

Chapter 2

A few deep breaths came from the dark dungeon, giving the two males some time to get the light to break through. Once he composed himself, Dia came out of his winged shelter and attempt to make out where the griffin went. Spotting him around the bench 'Jungle-Gym' and snooping as he normally did when he had nothing to do.

Another faint sigh through his nostrils, the dragon was parched. Turning around, he spotted some object on the makeshift table, double taking at a dozen cans connected together by wires. Forming the shape of a dragon. Getting the larger one to make a sound of affection that made the bird search for him. "You made a little me?"

"W-what!?" Anton curled his neck, trying to scan through the darkness. Seeing the lights slowly begin to dim brightly and fill the room with sunlight. Then, of course, spotting the toy Cennet made him last night. "T-that is not my doing, Griffit!" He snorted as if offended. Getting the dragon to chuckle.

"So it was a gift? A rather suiting one, really." Another loud snort from afar. "Honestly, it wouldn't be a bad idea, if it was fixed up a bit. You could even get under its tail instead of mine." Dia mumbled, flicking an ear while he went to drink.

"You misunderstand, oh Great One. I don't want to give my magnificence to just any dragon. I want to give it to the Red Dragon."

"Yeah, well... I won't be red for too long into it." The larger one whimpered. "Okay, can we please talk about something else? Anything else?"

"You're right. I want our session to be as perfect as can be, not rushed." The grey one teased, loving the grumble across the room. "What happens if it gets full?"

"If you really have that much to give, I'd just start bloating out, I

guess." Dia grumbled, rubbing his lower belly area.

"Wasn't what I was talking about." Anton calmly said, though struggling to keep in his chuckle.

"What?" The yellow one double-taked.

"Your eye." A slight tilt in his head, and then his ears fell. A faint whimper and grumble could barely be caught by the bird's leather ear.

"...So, are we talking 'Bed of Rose Pedals' deal or 'Down by the Beach' fantasy?"

"You wanted me to change the subject." The grey one grinned.

"Yeah, well, you really suck at choosing them." He sighed heavily, drooping his wings to the point where they touched the ground. "...At 50% and on... I start to change."

"Into what?"

"...A monster, I guess. Something that was called a Cryomithorous."

"A what?"

"It's... Complicated."

"But immortal." The dragon could feel the stare from the green eyes, almost exiling the breath from his lungs. "That's how you're in every new world."

"...Yes. And because when it gets full... I..." Another heavy sigh. "I lose control."

"Of what exactly?"

"Myself. And..."

"That monster rampages?" Hearing the words made the dark blue dragon collapse onto the ground. "How does the eye go up?"

"...Negativity throughout the planet. If they start fighting against one another, or threatening the planet itself..."

"Which is why you always wanted to control..." Anton didn't finish. Letting a blanket of silence cover the room for a few minutes. "You know, it's funny." He started, not getting a sound from the larger one. "I could never think of a word to measure how much I detested you. One never existed-"

"Hate." The grey one made a noise in question. "It's Hate. You hate me. Loathe would also work."

"...Something you choose to leave out when teaching people the language." More silence. "I would often stay up at night, rehearse what I would say to you whenever I got the chance... If I ever got the chance. Even if it meant you executing me right then and there." A faint whimper and a sniff from across the room. "Last night was... Maybe ten percent of it."

"Had an entire speech prepared, did you?" Dia tried to make it sound like a joke.

"More like a Grand Performance. My last one, as to be expected. One I was almost picturing onstage in front of an audience on Flag Day. Of course, you would be there, and half the people would be readying a grand feast consisting of my hide because of it-"

"Please. Griffins are fine to look at onstage, but they're horrible entertainment otherwise."

"Oh, I know it. And the only reason people would be getting out of their chairs is to assault me. But regardless... These little fantasies helped me cope. Get through the weeks a little easier when I seen those around me receive miracles from current company." A heavy sigh from Anton as he began searching through the gym. "...But after lashing at you last night... I just can't... Hate you." A loud noise in question from the dragon. "I want to. More than anything, more than food right now."

"That's impossible-"

"I know!" He hissed, snorting loudly. "But I just can't... And I don't know why."

"Then...?"

"What do I want from you? Will I forgive you...?" A heavy breath from him. "...I just don't know how-" The griffin made a loud noise in question, then a loud squawk as he took a few steps back. Getting the dragon curious.

"What? Did you step on something?" Dia got up and started heading towards him.

"T-there's a Skull here!" The grey one couldn't take his eyes off of the white object within the pile of benches. Looking at the dragon and noticing his blue color once again. "You knew." His blue eyes trailed over to the nest at the far side. "...It was yours?"

David shook his head. "...She was from the last world."

"...Who?"

The brown dragon grumbled loudly while lying in the meadows. Recognizing the brass one's heavy footsteps from afar and flicking an ear. Getting both of them to stick to the side of his head in irritation, let alone the larger one's chuckles. "I don't see how you find this funny." Dia snorted.

"Perhaps you needed to see it in my perspective then. How's your head?"

"It feels like it collided with a large frying pan going at a bazillion miles per hour, what do you think!?" He hissed, breaking Beo's balance when he witnessed the absurdly large Band-Aid over Dia's head. Several minutes pass as the Brass dragon was incapacitated with laughter while the Orange one stared at him. Snorting a few times only to completely reset Beo's paralysis. "Are you done?"

"Al... Most..." He said through his chuckles, to the point where his body ached. Taking a few breaths, he still couldn't look at the younger one without smiling. "Let's take off that bandage first."

"Good luck. I couldn't get it to-" A loud whimper from Dia as the sticky strap was quickly ripped off. Getting him to hold the top of his head and make out a swollen bump. Another whimper in defeat when he overlooked the Slapjack still airborne, and faintly see the shadow of the stocky dragon shake his head a bit. "I don't know what I'm doing wrong. It just seems everytime I encounter this... Madness, I can't get it to do anything." He sighed. Feeling the brass one lay down beside him and give his aching head a few licks. Ones that actually eased the pain quite quickly.

"It's alright. A learning progress really."

"Well, what am I supposed to do about it? I tried setting it on fire, I couldn't pierce it with my fangs or sharp rocks." A whimper of frustration as the large one stroked his neck. "I was never taught how to harm things... My mothers wouldn't let me. That, and..."

"Your father didn't want you to?" A sad look of those blue eyes. "I can understand why."

"I can't." Dia grumbled, his ears flicking at the brass one's deep chuckles. "I got enough training to defend myself, and control these powers if

they got out of hand. That was it. Why keep that away from me?"

"Because your father didn't want you to end up like him."

"You mean strong? Powerful?"

"Threatening?" Another sad look. "Frightening?" A quiet sigh. "A lot of people were afraid of Haytre and what he was able to do. Even those who did not know him."

"My mothers were never afraid of him."

"They were at one point." Beo nudged him. "But they were brave enough to stand up to him. And you have that too, Dia."

"Bravery and Stupidity are on the same line." He grumbled.

"Sometimes they can be."

"Like when you can't protect the world from a giant pancake-"

"Slapjack." A loud growl that morphed into a whimper.

"Let alone, when you have power, but no idea how to weaponize it..." The green eyes looked at him sadly, giving the younger one a few licks.

"...You're lucky, in a way." A bit of a glare from Dia. "Most people who learn of such abilities; the first thing they're taught is to use it as offense. To overpower and threaten people with their talent. From there, they might be labeled many things, like Monster, or Death Incarnate." A puzzling look from him. "It's what happened to your father and mothers. It's what happened to Sinality, it's what happened to Stagg. All of them."

"And... Binky?" The large one nodded. "...As well as you..."

"...My story is... Complicated. I learned it from instinct, and those instincts are like yours." He gestured to the new world around him, making the dragon change into a deep blue. "But your parents... They wanted something different for you."

"To be meek yet illiterate to-"

"To learn in Defense and Utility, before Destructive Nature." A heavy sigh from the smaller one. "It's what they wanted."

"Yeah, well... That helps me a lot, doesn't it? I'm the planet's Weapon, and I don't know how to weaponize a freaking rock." He snorted. Feeling the brass one's sad stare and sighing. "...I know. I don't blame my parents for this. Odds are they didn't even know, huh?"

"Not many did."

"But Bartan did." A long silence. "He could've at least told them-"

"And say **what**?" The larger one half growled, getting Dia a bit uncomfortable. "That your son is going to be the demise to all life for as long as the planet exists? That regardless of how you train him, he will grow up to be a savage malefactor that will bring an apocalypse over and over?" The younger one turned a dark green, lowering his head a bit as Beo took a breath. "You want to know how to weaponize your abilities? Fine. But you first need to know how to control yourself." He said a bit thickly, getting up.

"...Where are you...?"

"Meet us in the tundra an hour's north of here after you've rested. Then we'll begin your training so you can finally overcome your breakfast." David wasn't sure if the brass one was joking or not, but the serious glare in his green eyes said otherwise. Making his head lower once again and whimper like he was in trouble. He then turned around without another word and took off to the skies at a fast pace. Leaving the younger one wondering if he struck a nerve within the larger dragon.

Chapter 3

The lift came to a loud halt, as the woman and the sphinx got off of it. The larger one still quite fascinated by such a contraption, to the point where Cennet giggled a bit at her. "Never seen a lift before?"

"I've heard of them, but we don't have such things in Vabbi." Ressa answered, still quite enthralled by many of the metal chains and gears seen above. "At least not ones made of metal. The humidity can do some damage to them over the years and make them unsafe."

"I heard the southern cities were quite hot, but not many around here get to travel very much. Not unless you have wings." The brown furred one

fluttered her feathered appendages a bit.

"I take it you don't travel alot then?"

"Not really... Erm?"

"Ressa." The larger one smiled, slightly amused at the faint blush the less tanned humans made. "Short for Ressarkio."

"Sorry. I've never known what sphinx names were like." The woman lead her into the kitchen.

"That's fine. Some of them were not the easiest to pronounce. I remember when the Flag named me, he said to my father that he picked one that wouldn't tie his tongue into a knot." The two giggled.

"You were named by the Flag?"

"Yes, nearly the moment he arrived in the hospital there. My parents were so honored to meet him that they asked him for a name." She looked at the various cuisine and treats around in the large kitchen while Cennet tended to a few things. "I never knew where it came from, and he never said."

"You mean David?" The Gyno nodded, barely catching the woman look around before whispering. "I still can't believe it."

"That you didn't know they were the same person?" She nodded. "Granted, I've never seen him that small until yesterday when he was sneaking around."

"Sneaking around?"

"Yes, he-" Ressa cleared her throat for a moment. "He didn't want a large crowd to notice him. Let alone get flooded by questions."

"For when he was attacked." The larger one nodded. "...Do you know what happened?"

"Halfly. Something about Blue Cloaks. People were... Trying to be rid of him." The thought of such things disturbed Cennet, getting her to pause her work. "I'm not sure why though."

"Perhaps of his powers? They feel threatened by him?" She suggested, noticing the sphinx' yellow eyes catch something around the woman. But before she could trail her sights, a man walked in. Almost startled and surprised by the large female. Getting Cennet to chuckle. "Never seen a Gynosphinx before, Johan?"

"...No. Not up close." There was something odd about his tone that Ressa picked up, to the point where she couldn't help but study him. "I'm guessing you're here for Anton's breakfast?"

"Yes, any chance I could take a bit more for her as well? She's just a visitor."

"The prisoner isn't supposed to have any visitors until the holidays are over." Another strange statement that got the sphinx to walk around the area towards the man, and look at him up close. "Can I... Help-?" Ressa then slightly tugged at the opened door, seeing a dark blue cloak hung up and covered by another jacket.

"It has your scent on it." She stated, staring him down with yellow eyes and almost releasing a growl at the man. He looked more worried than frightened.

"What? The blue...?" The woman trailed off, looking at the young man at his flank.

"So? It was raining yesterday-"

"Did you attack him?" Ressa bluntly asked, getting Johan to grunt at his confirmed suspicions.

"...You are the Sphinx he ran off with then." He muttered, getting a louder growl from her and feeling her fur begin to raise up. "Does that mean he's here-?"

"Even if he was, what exactly would you plan to do?" A cold stare from the man. "What do the Gravediggers want from him?"

Johan exhaled, feeling the same question asked by Cennet's eyes as well. "We believe he's a threat to the world. Not the caring God that you think he is-" A loud hiss from the Gyno. "I would keep quiet if I were you." He threatened back. "I shouldn't even be telling you this, but..." Another exhale as he looked at the woman. "Me and Cennet go way back."

"And you didn't tell me this sooner-?"

"Because they are very strict about who they let in. Let alone, if word got out that there's a separate..." He sighed. "You guys don't know the Flag like we do-"

"Last I checked, neither did you. You attacked him, attempted to...!" Ressa grunted.

"You think he's this kind and caring person, but we found evidence that

he was the cause of the end of the previous worlds." The two females looked at him strangely. "Cennet, you know that half of these buildings, including that dungeon, are from different periods of the past. But he's never told us when. We think that he actually destroys the world's population for his own benefits. There's been ancient documents written in our language, things stated that are happening right now! How he tends to herd people like cattle and strictly stop violence between us-

"Because if we do, the planet itself will decide to be rid of us." Ressa hissed again, this time more quietly and getting a glare from him.

"Is that what *He* told *You*?" The two locked eyes. "You're talking about that Iris, aren't you? You've seen it?" She curled her neck. "Those were in the documents too. What it actually does is turn him into a gigantic monster, and then he gets rid of us. He levels cities and frenzies through the land. That's when people die, by *his* hand." A long silence, and Johan sighed again. "We're just trying to stop the vicious cycle, perhaps protect ourselves from this oncoming threat. Some... Went off on their own and we're thinking that's who attacked him. They demanded action too quickly to the point where they..."

"...So what do you plan to do?" The sphinx asked a bit coldly. "Use me as leverage-?"

"We were just trying to protect you. We don't know what the Flag does with his mates, and we discovered you two were very close. When you disappeared yesterday, we thought he made a move."

"I can't believe this..." Cennet whispered, getting the man to hold her shoulder and give her a sad look.

"And what about you?" Ressa asked.

"I..." Johan sighed. "I should report that you were here, and nothing else happened to you-"

"But we won't be here for very long." She didn't release her yellow gaze.

"That doesn't matter. It just means you're threatened by him-"

"The Flag won't hurt me." She almost snarled, still getting a worried look from the man.

"...When was the last time he actually had a mate?" His words made the larger one stop for a moment.

"...He said a very, very long time."

"In those documents, he's never had one. But there were suspicions of him..." He didn't continue, lowering his sight for a moment. "Just keep on your guard, Ma'am. We're only trying to protect you."

"I don't need protection from you-"

"Only because you don't know of his dangers. Perhaps you should question the creature you 'Love' a bit more." Another harsh glare got the man to sigh once again. "I need to go, help yourself to whatever is in here. But be careful, both of you." And Johan left, cautiously moving around the Gynosphinx and out the door. Leaving the two females in silence for a bit.

"...Who?" The griffin asked, still uncomfortable looking at the ivory object in the shadows. As the deep blue dragon walked slowly around the makeshift gym made of old wooden benches, he found the large hole and began to pull out the large feline skull. Stroking it's smooth surface, completely rid of anything that would quickly decay. "David..." Anton asked again, almost seeing the sparkle of a tear in the larger one's eye as he let out a heavy breath. Trying to hide the slight sob that came out.

Taking a step forward, the grey one placed a paw on the dragon's arm. Seeing him take another breath. "Xar'leene." He faintly said. "Her name was Xar'leene."

"And she was... Another Sphinx?" The griffin half grumbled at the thought of it. But Dia shook his head slightly.

"...Another species entirely. One that was part lion and almost dragon." Anton slightly curled his neck, trying to imagine such a mix. "So much so, that people called them Dragonnes. Xar was..." Another deep exhale, and the grey one could almost feel the loss of the dragon. One that reminded Anton of his own.

"Another mate?" Another slight shake of his head.

"...She lost her mate rather early. But... They mate for life. No one ever

found him, nor his body. They thought he was washed away by the river, or something... Took him."

"What happened to her?" A sad look from his light blue eyes, as the rainbow iris pulsed a bit, close to Seven O' Clock. Though it did worry the griffin a bit, he did his best not to let it show.

"...The people pitied her, to the point where she couldn't take it any longer. Every person she seen, their eyes illuminated with their sorrow. Every stone in the town and miles out. Every rise of the sun, and faint glow of each moon, it all reminded her of her loss. It forced her to flew away. Eventually into the ruins, and locked herself down here."

"Ruins...?" The bird asked quietly, almost looking around the dungeon.

"I could feel her pain from half a world away. Because I, too, was hiding. Her sorrow alone was..." He gestured his eye in a clockwise circle, and the grey one nodded. "She already had a mate, so instead I came to her as..."

"A Griffit?"

"Hatchling." Dia corrected him with a sad smile. Seeing the griffin look over at the nest.

"It was yours." A nod and a sniff from the dragon.

"Xar never had a child of her own. And you can't replace her mate." Another heavy breath. "I healed her, while healing myself. Even to the point where she left this place a little."

"But always kept it as a new home." Another nod. "But they never last forever." The statement nearly broke Dia, releasing a few sobs and holding onto her skull. "I'm guessing you were healing from... Helga?" Another nod, and the griffin just wrapped a smaller wing around him. Getting another rather tight hug from the larger blue one.

"...I'm sorry, Anton."

"I know you are." He playfully snorted. "But I have all week to preen, so." The dragon chuckled. "I never thought of the Flag to be such a Kresskre."

"A word my father used to say."

"Quite frequently, I'm sure." Another chuckle. "Are you done?" Anton felt his head shake.

"...A little longer, please."

"Fine, but move your claws a bit lower." The larger one did. "Much

better."

The trip north was faintly getting colder by the minute. Even though it was summertime in the northern region, the cold always seemed to linger. Much of the animal life was returning and heading in the other direction. Almost like they knew something was going to happen in the area, and they were evacuating. In which they only worried the red dragon.

The brass one stood out like a lone green tree in a desert. Though there wasn't a lot of snow until the higher areas, the tundra was surprisingly colorless. Like it was recently thawed out by something unnatural.

Dia'vidd landed, feeling a tense gaze from the larger brass dragon. The only sound for a bit was the wind faintly blowing west. "...So." The younger one started, clearing his throat while being slightly on edge. "Where do we start?"

It was a strange feeling he got from Beo, almost like it was a fight to the death. Though he never seen the brass one as an enemy, he tried not to let the strange discomfort of the north get to him. But something was still off. "David?" A familiar voice came from nearby, instantly getting the orange one's attention and seeking out the two Kveldulves.

"What are you doing here, brother?" The female one asked, instantly pausing Dia's heart. The quiet, the disordered atmosphere, the lack of mobile life, it all came together now. Fading his scales to a deep green, and throwing his ears down in fear. All that was left was-

Without even hearing his pawsteps, the younger one felt Beo grab nearly his entire face. Yelping loudly as it almost shocked him with a strange energy for a few moments. Releasing the grip and letting the green one fall down for a moment. But it didn't stop, he felt it again. The pulsing in his eyes, the constant rise of pain and energy. Making Dia whimper loudly out of both the ache and fear.

The large spikes started making his way out of his elbows and forearms. A dozen more in pairs drilled their way through the scales on his back, letting his mane grow out as well. His claws and fangs strengthened, getting larger while his black hide became thicker. His senses heightened quickly, badgering him with new information and making it hard to concentrate.

He felt the grass under his paws begin to shrink as the world around him started to get smaller. Trying his best to hold onto what humanity he could before the primal instincts took over. But anger overwhelmed his reason, rage assaulted his kindness, and power made him numb. Roaring loudly against the transformation to endure it, the dragon lost himself to the Weapon.

The malefactor exhaled it's warning again and again. Letting all life within the planet hear it from afar and almost deafening those nearby. When the pain finally stopped, the creature took a few breaths, scanning it's surrounding with new sigh and senses. Seeing the white wolves take a few steps back and whimper in fear, but the large black one caught the scent of something else nearby. The metallic brass scales locked into his memory, filling the much larger creature with anger and fury.

It roared at him, but the dragon remained stoic. Sitting patiently, yet looking the raged induced monster in the eyes, which only made it more furious. To the point where it tried to slam down on Beo with a heavy paw. Throwing the entire mass of the Cryo into the attack, along with another roar.

The paw stopped nearly a story above ground, feeling the brass one actually catch the black paw by the palm and hold it up while standing his own ground. Once again, making the creature enrage further and carpet the entire fields in flames with a loud outcry. yet, still not harming the brass one. "Dia'vidd!" Beo called back while still holding up the massive creature. "Is this what you want!? To be forever lost in rage and guilt!?" The malefactor took a few heavy breaths, but didn't let up on the pressure of the attack. "Do you want to be forever remembered as the weapon you currently are by those who inhabit the lands!? To be their enemy, while forever being ally to two: the planet itself, and anger!?" The dragon shifted the paw slightly to look into its rainbow iris. "Dia'vidd! **Sever The Ties, Or It's All For Nothing!!**"

The dragon then completely threw the paw to the side, letting it finally hit the ground and make the Cryo slightly lose balance. A heavy patch of ice quickly covered the weaponized paw, snaring it for a moment before a massive, concussional force staggered the creature backwards a few steps. Only to feel the ground under it shift to a downhill slope, making it trip backwards and land it's back against a rising wall. One that was more of a solid city block of earth.

Before the Cryo could recover, more ice grasped it's chest and torso. Getting the creature to growl at it loudly before seeing a large arch of solid frost form a long ways before it. The dragon came up on the adjacent side of the arch, throwing an arm almost against it and making the ice shatter from the ground in a solid block. Whipping towards the snared weapon and

slamming against its muzzle, stunning it harshly.

It's vision slightly blurred, but he seen something brass and red leap into the air and dive towards it. Roaring, the Cryo tried to shoot it out of the sky with an electrical bolt from its mouth. However, it underestimated the dragon's speed, getting him to quickly make a large spike of ice and shove the shard into the creature's maw.

The sudden fear of loss got the creature to halt its rampaging ways, and Dia to finally gain control once again. Barely feeling the spike's tip slightly pierce the roof of his mouth and almost whimper. Seeing the brass one land on his snout, taking a patient breath. "...There's nowhere to run, Dia. Nowhere to hide from this. Regardless of where you are, what you do to bind yourself, this will happen." Another breath as Beo put a paw between Dia's eyes. "When it's both the will of the planet, and your Iris filling up, it will **always** happen. But when it's just your Iris, you can control it. If you don't learn how..." Another sorrowful breath. "Well, I hope you're good at starting over."

The large beast whimpered. "But it's a lesson I can't teach. You just... Learn." A harsh stare from his green eyes. "So learn." He said thickly, seeing the Cryo's eyes still slightly look at him with fear. As it began to normalize it's breaths and blink slowly, reason began to return to Dia's eyes. "Are you ready to be set free?" Beo asked him, getting a slight nod, and instantly feeling the icy spike in his mouth melt into water. Getting a few coughs from the sudden hydration, and a few snaps of its jaws. Feeling the slight wound in his mouth pester him.

As the brass one glided off, the ice that snared the now dark blue one quickly melted as well. Setting him free and allowing the Cryo to get up and get used to its new size, let alone shape. The senses were difficult to gain control of as well, but they quickly started to normalize. Overlooking his new paws and the metamorphosis that was cast on them, Dia's eyes met Beo's somewhat cautious glare. Making the younger one whimper a bit and turn green as his ears fell. Lowering his head and now noticing the burnt grass on the ground. Not even a minute after his transformation, and already he ended life. "...I'm... **Sorry**." He said, in a very deep voice that was hardly his own.

"You can't be." The dragon said, almost coldly, getting a sad look from the much larger one. "It wasn't your doing." Dia just swallowed and nodded faintly. Grunting a bit before clearing his throat. Suddenly remembering his uncle and sister being nearby and searching for them a bit. Yet, he was almost afraid to. One look in their frightful eyes to what Dia had become would've been more painful than the asskicking that Beo just gave him. Regardless, the Cryo still looked for them.

Seeing the two Kveldulves at a distance, and still safe gave Dia some relief. And barely seeing the brass one look over in their direction. "**...Did you really have to... Endanger them?**" The larger one asked sadly, getting another disciplined look from the older dragon.

"You needed a reason to regain control. Besides, they were not in any danger."

"**Not In Any Danger!? What are you talking about!?**" The larger one hissed, feeling a breeze and suddenly see the two wolves fall backwards as if they were cardboard cutouts. The Cryo made a very loud noise in question, getting a closer look and sniffing them a little bit. Only to suddenly get a large foam finger stuck in his nostril.

"Guess the smell and win a prize!" Binky's voice came from the other cutout, as well as his strange grin that covered the entire thing. Dia whimpered in surprise as the finger got stuck in his muzzle, trying his best to snort it out.

"He won't let go until you guess." Beo chuckled, ducking under the Cryo's tail swing that wasn't directed towards him.

Another faint whimper, and the younger one tried his best to take a few sniffs. "**...Bananas?**"

"Correcto!" The finger plopped out and face planted on the ground. Slowly dragging itself towards the other cutout and flopping on top of it. It then threw a red blanket over the two, and many sounds of compressive drills and jackhammers filled the area. Followed by a loud Zipper, and Binky came back out. Fighting against the red blanket that was caught on his sleeve. "Now, for your Prize!" Dia cringed, expecting the worst. "You have a choice of your weight in fish-!"

"Ooooo..." The brass one pondered.

"**W-wait. You mean my current weight in fish?**" The now yellow one questioned, overlooking his body.

"That does raise a good question, let alone what kind of fish? Regardless, it's pretty farfetched."

"Beo!" The man scoffed. "No more poking holes into my gameshow, or I'm getting out the spatula!" It made the brass one whimper and lower his head, almost cover his snout. "Okay, Fish **OR!** The *Myystery* Box!" He uncovered a small box with a ? on it.

"Oooo, what's in the box?"

"Yeah, what's in the box?" Dia repeated the other dragon's question.

"If I told you that, it wouldn't be much of a mystery!" Binky grumbled.
"You have: until this Random Number Generator reaches 0!" He pulled a small chain that lowered a digital sign from the sky. Reading 60 Seconds. Then pressed a button, making it read 8 Seconds.

"Um..." The larger one whimpered, completely enthralled by the Mystery box.

"32 Seconds!"

"I still say go with the Fish." The brass one shrugged his wings.

"17 Seconds!"

"But I don't know what kind of Fish it is!"

"Let alone how much." The two pondered.

"Baker's Dozen!"

"But the Mystery box is a Mystery."

"0.00036.95633.6434!"

"I know!" Dia whimpered loudly.

"It could be anything."

"7654!"

"Like my own weight in fish?" The larger one grumbled sarcastically.

"Exactly."

"I Like 3.14159265359?"

"If I take the fish, can I at least see what the mystery prize is after?"

"It wouldn't hurt-Is That Three Noses!?"

"-Then I take the Fish!"

"I heard Mystery Prize!" Dia made a very loud noise in question. Watching intently as the box began to be lit up with many dramatic spotlights, to the point where it started to singe. As it slowly opened up, the larger creature looked inside and seen...

"...Nothing?" He questioned, getting everyone else, including the spotlights, to tilt their heads and take a closer look.

"Wow." Binky said, scratching his head. "There's nothing in the box." It made the larger dragon's ears drop and whimper sadly as the box caught on fire. Watching as the last ash quickly burned up to a tiny speck, then suddenly pop into a large red button. "Huh."

"Is that a button?" The brass one tilted his head in the other direction.

"Indeed, another mystery!" Everyone looked at David for a moment, getting blinded by the spotlights.

"Guys..." He grumbled, getting them to turn off and watch from afar. Cautiously he pressed it with a single claw, then nothing happened.

"...Press it again?" And the larger one did so, hearing the loud Click everytime. Puzzling the man. "I really should get these things checked out before I use them."

"Does this mean I get the fish?"

"He did pick the fish." Beo vouched. Seeing the man's face drop in almost sadness, then actually to the ground.

"What's wrong?" Dia asked, feeling a dark shadow cover them and instantly regretting asking.

"Yeeeeep, he gets the fish alright." The two dragons whimpered, looking at each other before a large wave of water crashed onto them.

Chapter 4

The sound of the lift interrupted their moment. Getting the two males to stop embracing and awkwardly look away. Clearing his throat loudly, the griffin stretched out a bit. "About time you let go." He snorted. "Those claws of yours are like poor acupuncture on my back." It got the dragon to sniff and

chuckle a bit.

"Sorry..." He gave a sad smile, looking at his paw. "They're one of the first things to change..." The statement worried the two, getting the griffin to move back to the bedding while the lift landed. And Dia placed the ivory item back between the benches.

"You're better off finding a new place to hide that." He grumbled from afar.

"I... Do actually. But..." A loud clank echoed in the room, silencing them for a bit. "I was just looking at it the day you were lowered, so I hid it in this space quickly."

"And your normal hiding spot is...?" The dark blue one lowered his ears, then his gaze. "Fine, keep your secrets." Anton lightly shrugged. "As long as I get my breakfast."

"Yeah, I believe we're all a little famished." Another chuckle as he seen the bird toss his beak.

"Sure, sure. *Help yourself* to my food." He snorted.

"You two haven't been talking about food this entire time, have you?" Cennet asked, opening the door and expecting alot of tension in the room. To her surprise, there wasn't much, but Dia could feel something in her voice. Something different, altered.

"Only date plans and food." An awkward grunt from the dragon as he covered his face with a paw. "We haven't worked out all the details, but he has suggested either a bed of rose pedals or down by the beach."

"IWasJokingJokingJokingJokingJoking!" Dia grumbled and hissed while whimpering.

"Sounds romantic to me." Ressa teased, helping with another cart, but it was a bit odd.

"Will there be a candle lit dinner as well?"

"That does sound rather delightful." The grey one smirked, loving the loud grumble from across the room.

"David can cook rather well, or so I'm told." The woman set the tables, getting the griffin to finally stand up and walk towards it. Yet, curling his neck when she stopped him with a threatening finger. "First, we want a few answers."

An overdramatic toss of his beak. "Must you torment me so? What is it?"

"Not from you. But from him." Cennet half glared at the dragon, getting him both curious and a little afraid at the same time.

"What is it, Cennet?" He whimpered, expecting something sexual.

"What happens when your eye gets full?" Ressa asked, almost demanding. Making Dia's ears drop and turn a deep blue.

A loud grunt from the griffin. "He turns into a creature and rampages." The two females gave him a very odd look. "Think what those cows did to that barn, but multiply it by a bazillion-Can I eat now?"

"Anton-!" The dragon hissed.

"I'm Hungry!" The grey one hissed back. Seeing the other two share a look, then search for a confirmation from the larger one. A heavy exhale, and David nodded.

"So, it's true...?" The woman asked, seeing the griffin go around her and help himself, but she didn't stop him.

"It's... True." He swallowed. "It's something I can't help, can control very little. It's why I'm so... Strict about conflicts." The Gyno took a few steps closer to him, but he avoided her yellow gaze.

"Is that why you never told me what happened?"

"I was afraid you would start to look at me like a monster... So..."

"You only told me that when it fills, the planet resets." The sphinx frowned.

"It's not far from the truth." He mumbled. "For years, they've been trying to find a way to stop it... I've been trying to find ways to stop it. But there is none. It's just truism. The sun will rise in the east, set in the west. Water will fall from the sky, the rivers will carry it to a sea that is never full... And I will end all life on the planet, sooner or later." He exhaled heavily, sheading a few tears as the room silenced. Apart from the slight munching sounds of the bird feasting.

"Who am I kidding? I'm no Destruction Preventer. I'm a Walking Apocalypse. The cause of all destruction. I'm the final destination, the last chapter to every species that will ever exist. And, of course: The Last Survivor. The one who will carry on the burdens of the previous worlds, and shoulder the weight of heavy memories." Ressa stroked his neck a bit, giving

him a few licks around the ear and noticing it not flicking like it normally would. "I'm not perfect. I'm not some God that comes to save people. I'm just trying to make their lives last just a little bit longer. To create a world where everyone can be happy." A sniff. "But even that, I..." He gestured the griffin across the room, who had his back turned and his face hidden. "I'm sorry..."

"It's alright..." Ressa whispered. "But how do you stop it?" His muzzle shook from side to side.

"You can't." He said bluntly. "If I die, it happens. If I'm bound, I get free. If I eliminate those causing it... It'll give you a little more time. But..." A heavy sigh. "I've never been able to reduce it after it went past 50%. Not until after the full transformation."

"What were you planning to do with me then...?"

"...I have a place that hasn't been hit or affected much by the... Reset. I was going to take you there to protect you, then see if I could stop those Gravediggers."

"Stop them how?" The woman spoke up, sharing a very sad look with the dragon. Seeing the rainbow iris once again pulse and get just a little closer to full. As a heavy sigh left her, Cennet sat down. "You can't just..."

"It's either them or everyone else, including them." Anton said a bit coldly. "Seconds of our lives are literally ticking away from all of us-"

"This shelter." Ressa interrupted him, getting the Dia's attention. "How big is it."

A deep breath left him. "About 1/80th of the land we're on." The sphinx' gaze fell, and the dragon shook his head again. "I know what you're thinking, but it won't work. This creature hunts down large populations. If it detects them there, then it will go after them..." She whimpered a bit. "I was just thinking, maybe if you were there, it might not detect you. If it came to that, that is."

"And even so, it would just be us, wouldn't it?" The brown furred one never felt so alone when he nodded, just imagining it.

"It only takes a few days after for other species to show up, but-"

"Enough." The griffin grumbled. "Enough about the What Ifs. Worry about that if it happens. For now, you should eat before it gets cold. Then we'll decide what to do." His green eyes locked onto the Gynosphinx from afar. "At the moment, you're not very safe, regardless where you are. It's the same for all of us."

"Are you saying Dia'vidd shouldn't be protecting me-?"

"You don't seem to understand this, do you?" She growled at the grey one. "The closer you are to him, the more you're putting your life in danger. Once that fills up, who do you think his first victim is going to be?" Silence fell over the room. "You can be as close to him as you want, or as far away. It doesn't matter, his paws will be stained with our blood." He looked at the woman. "That's what they are afraid of, isn't it?"

"...Yes."

"Then they have every right to be afraid." Anton took a breath. "How many times have you tried this, Dia?"

"Tried what exactly?"

"Tried... Being *The Flag*?" The larger one didn't respond for a few moments. Eventually nudging the sphinx and escorting her to the table.

"...Too many to count." He began to serve the meal, and the females helped him. "I lost track after a while."

"But how many times have you tried..." The bird gestured the dragon as a whole.

"Basically be the Law Enforcement?"

"I suppose." Anton took a bite out of a bread roll.

"Maybe 15 times or so?" The other two looked at him in disbelief, while the griffin remained stoic. "I tried everything I could think of: being a tyrant only made it worse-"

"A what?" The Gyno asked, getting Dia to grunt and chuckle a bit.

"Ruling with an Iron Fist. Being more strict with rules than I already am."

"That's hard to imagine." Cennet teased, trying to lighten the mood with the dragon. Hearing him playfully snort.

"But I'm talking severely punishing others for doing wrong, not just scold them. Even tried it with... Death being that punishment."

"Making everyone afraid of you." The griffin added, seeing the larger one nod faintly. "I can only *imagine* that went well."

"Still holds the record for the quickest reset of the planet." Dia sighed at his dark joke. "But I tried to be less strict, and that only lead to people

doing whatever they wanted. No discipline what so ever, and them... Harming one another. Sometimes to the point where they would try genocide." Another three puzzled looks, and the dragon tossed his snout. "Culling off an entire species."

"Are you serious?" The woman asked, seeing him nod and sigh again.

"You don't realize it, but... This world of yours." Dia took a breath. "It's one of the best ones that ever lived. Let alone, for the longest. Granted, it was exhausting for me, but... People were happy. They didn't need to know what I was, especially if I could keep it going smoothly." Another deep breath as he took a bite. "Somewhere I messed up. And because of that..." Another lioness paw on his shoulder made him smile. "I'm sorry, guys."

As the group enjoyed the rest of their meal in near silence. Occasionally having a simple conversation, the tension began to fade. Overlooking them again without them noticing, the dragon's heart sank. "What's wrong?" Ressa asked him, getting those blue eyes to look into hers sadly.

"...Did... You want to go back to Vabbi?"

"We just came from there. Besides-"

"I mean, you... Alone." She gave him a sad look, and he sighed. "You shouldn't have to spend your life hiding. Be it from them or me. And..." He looked at his claws, still getting a little longer with every pulse of the Iris. "There's no turning back from this."

"Meaning you won't come back for me?"

"I probably will." He mumbled. "Just in a form you won't recognize." Another sad silence covered the dungeon, until the bird groaned loudly.

"You've got to be the worst guest I've ever had." Anton snorted, getting up and heading towards the door.

"Anton." Cennet stopped him with a faint call.

"Yes, yes. *Clearly* I have to explain every little action of mine towards you, don't I?" Everyone gave him an odd look, and he flicked a leathery ear. "Flag, dearie, is going to Pardon me for my crime. I have a plan."

Chapter 5

The younger dragon laid in the sun, exhausted and spent. Waking up a bit groggy in the sun and the grass, with the strange mix of raw fish, and cooked filling the air. Though his body demanded to remain put, Dia forced himself up and study his surroundings. Seeing the brass one over a very large Barbecue. "M'are you doing?" He tried to ask, getting the much larger brass one to double take. Though it was a bit hard to understand.

"Oh, good. You're awake." He walked on two legs while carrying a large plate. The sun was making it difficult to see, but David swore he seen a purple thorn under the large one's apron. "Here." He picked up a large fish with his claws and handed it to the younger dragon. "Tell me what you think."

A bite into its crispy shell flooded his mouth with incredible flavors. Along with the juice of the meat. It was just what his stomach demanded, loving the now pink dragon and showing its affection with its own pleasant purr. "That was amazing..." He mumbled through his purrs.

"Glad you like them." Beo smiled, offering him another and half watching the pink one chow down on it. "I figured I'd start cooking a few of them before they... 'Expire'." He faintly gestured the mountain of fish nearby.

"Expire?" Dia questioned, now making out the pile. Making him feel a bit sad about killing so many of them, let alone them going to waste.

"Don't look at it like that." The brass one playfully scolded. "They never had lives. They're only his magic, and therefore will just poof into something harmless after a while. Like dust or something." It did make Dia feel a bit better about it. Enough to start stretching and making his body hate those draconic instincts for the moment.

"So that was made out of magic? No wonder it tasted wonderful."

"Well, the cook helps too, y'know." It made the younger one whimper, putting his foot in his mouth. "But I also had a little help from an assistant. More like, an unsuspecting assistant." That one puzzled the yellow one, giving the brass a very odd look while starting to sit up and feeling something half wet ooze off his lower belly. Instantly recognizing the tastes now and putting everything together, while making a slight face. "Oh, come on. You loved it a

minute ago."

"But-!" A loud interrupting whimper as he faded to a deep purple.
"...On FOOD!?"

A shrug of his red furred wings. "It tastes good, doesn't it? Why not?"
Another loud whimper as Dia covering his face with wings. Also connecting what the thorn was as well. Hearing a plate carefully drop beside him, and the younger one stuck out a paw to search for a fish. Grabbing one, and taking it into his personal tent. Making the brass dragon chuckle rather loudly.

"Please tell me you didn't..."

"I only stroked you off a few times in your sleep. You were really out like a light. And to be fair, you were already stiff dreaming about something else." Another shrug at his whimper. "That technically gave me the idea, and I rolled with it."

"W-what about... Binky?"

"He's *Be-yond* shy about such things. So don't worry. You were only toyed with by me."

"Which is enough, really." Dia grumbled, getting another fish off the plate. An odd concept, perhaps, but damn delicious.

"I'll take that as a compliment." Beo grabbed a bit more raw fish and threw them on the rack. Taking a cooked one for himself. "Ready for more training today?" A very loud whimper and groan cross answered him. "That out of shape, are you?"

"I'd hardly say 'Out of Shape.' Just not... Built like you." Feeling for another fish on the plate, but realized it was empty. Releasing a begging whimper for more.

"Nope, if you want more, you're going to have to come out of your shell. Maybe provide me with a bit more sauce." The embarrassed yelp got caught in Dia's throat, as he half peeped out of his wings. Seeing those green eyes glare at him while cooking. "Stop. Being. Embarrassed about this. Understood?" He said thickly, getting the younger one to turn green himself, and nod faintly. Taking a few breaths and getting up with his plate in his paws. "Put these over there." Beo pointed at a table, and Dia carried the plate of fish to it. Clearing the space near the barbecue.

"Why are you making so much?"

"Because you're going to need your energy later on. And I don't want to constantly keep taking day long breaks everytime you take a tired spell."

The brass one said, though his words were a bit harsh, his tone was not. "There, these will take a bit before turning over. Park it." He tapped the bare side-table area, getting an embarrassed noise in question from Dia. Feeling his green glare once again, the younger one awkwardly cleared his throat and stood on the table. "Lay down, head here, and watch the tail. I know most dragons tend to let that whip around when-"

"Are you really doing this?" David whimpered. "Don't I get a say in this anymore-?"

"That was for your first time, and before you requested my aid for self-control." The brass one towered over the purple. "Do you still want that?" A faint whimper left the young one's muzzle. "Or should I consider your feelings for every pawstep you take when you trample over your future friends?" He fell silent, and the larger one took a breath. "Now relax, or this isn't going to work."

"...What exactly?" He felt a large paw on his ribcage. Putting a bit of pressure on it.

"Breath." And the young one did. "Deeper... Good. Slower now. A little deeper. Try to get your chest to stick out as far as you can go-would you rather lay on your back?"

"N-no, I'm fine on my side." The purple one said. "Keep breathing?" Beo nodded, taking his paws off of him to flip a few fish.

"Keep doing it. Close your eyes if it helps." And he did so. Soon enough, Dia's scales started to turn a Cyan blue. "I guess that means you're relaxed. Now I want you to keep breathing, feeling the expansion of your chest." A faint whimper, but the younger one did so. Feeling his sheath begin to swell up a bit and the red tool to peep out. Yelping slightly at Beo's paws around his chest. "Breath in. Exhale slowly." When he did, the brass paws slid down the dragon's body, putting a bit of pressure on the areas until just before the hind legs. Then back up to his collar. "Okay, again." A questionable flick of Dia's ear, but he did it anyways. Still feeling the pressure of his massive paws slide down his body.

"What are...?"

"I'm giving you a trench to follow. Again." They did so. "Now, I want you to focus your energy on those paths I just made. With every breath you collect, do not just expel the energy you obtain just anywhere. Try to focus it on those paths and down to your mating tool." He whimpered slightly at that, then felt the green gaze again. An awkward throat clear, and the cyan dragon breathed deeply. Feeling those paths once again without the brass paws. The

energy almost entering his pelvis area, and making Dia quiver in pleasure. "Good. Keep doing that."

"For how... long?" He asked, almost interrupted by the breath he took.

"Until you release." A loud noise in question. "Don't lose your focus!" The brass one growled. "If you can't quite finish, then I'll help you get over the edge. But try to do it yourself, and without touching that region."

A loud whimper, but Dia kept at it. Taking constant deep breaths and sending what almost felt like warm beams down to his red tower. Each one nearly making him squirm after a while, making his breaths a little faster. "Slow down. Nice and deep." It felt like a struggle to the younger one. To keep that self-control and no longer just attempt to race for the finish line. But he kept at it, feeling a faint few pulses of pre exit out of him and drip into what sounded like a large bucket.

His weapon pulsed with every new breath of fresh air. The warm fish making his mouth water a bit, but not breaking his focus. Soon enough, Dia was fully erect. Which only meant that the beams of energy would go through his ridges, making him whimper loudly in the pleasure it gave off and squirt a little bit more. Hearing the brass one pick up the bucket and catch it just before. "Keep going, but warn me when you hit the Point."

The Cyan one faintly nodded, starting to shift his colors with every breath. His claws and tail started to flex with every breath and purr. His wings started to move, slightly flapping while his haunches shifted, thrusting in place slowly. Soon enough, Dia couldn't keep his blissful gasps to himself. Whimpering loudly with every large jolt of pre, to the point where Beo just held the bucket up while cooking. "You can breathe a little faster now, but try to keep it deep."

That permission felt like shifting gears. A more rapid amount of beams kept shooting through his body. Making the scales change from cyan, to pink. Red to orange with every other breath. Then soon enough, three colors in one gasp and moan. With a sharp whimper that was almost a roar, the brass one attention spiked. Setting the bucket down quickly, then knocking out one of the table legs. Sending the younger dragon to almost fall onto his thick arm, and over the bucket. "Keep going, Dia. You got this on your own."

His breaths became more rapid, his whimpers drastically longer as Beo set him down carefully on the ground. Still half holding him over the bucket as the younger one roared. Bracing his haunches and tail as the first few torrents of colorful seed shot out of the red weapon. Splashing into the bucket that was nearly 1/5th full of pre by the end of it. Hearing the thing fill up quite drastically, but Dia's focus fell.

However, he felt a soft grasp over his ridges before he was finished. Aiding him through the rest of his orgasm, and filling the pail to about 4/5ths. Pulling it out before the now pink one could collapse. "Plenty to work with." Beo said, chuckling at the loud purrs in response. "Very well done, Dia'vidd. Great progress." He brushed a bit of the dragon juice over the fish and set it on a separate plate. Lowering it for the dragon in the grass. "Enjoy."

In no time, the fish were devoured. Before the brass one could fix up another plate even. Still half in his moment of bliss, Dia could make out the purple thorn again, almost hidden in the red apron. Though he was still shy about such a thing, the young one didn't feel like he was done. Taking a few careful steps while Beo was looking away, and sticking his muzzle over his haunches for a soft lick. Getting a loud, unexpected gasp from the larger one, as well as a few loud purrs.

The instant Dia's tongue touched the purple weapon, a very juicy taste painted it. One that nearly reminded him of blueberries and grapes. A strange blend of several fruits to dance on his red appendage and nearly put it into shock. Yet, make it thirst for more. Getting the now red dragon to take another step forward and slowly take a mouthful, all the while, the brass one untied the bottom strap of his clothing. Taking a step to the side for easier access while he watched over the food.

David couldn't believe how thick this thing was. He never got a very good look of it, due to his shyness, but what glances he did take looked normal sized to him. Nearly the size of his own, especially after getting prodded by it a day ago. Now, he could barely get it into his muzzle without the weapon scraping against his fangs. Mentally cursing how the older one made this seem so easy. Trying to go a little bit deeper so his tongue could reach the brass one's ridges, but his tool was just too big. "Easy now..." Beo gasped, probably feeling the scrape of his teeth.

Regardless, this job called for a paw. Getting Dia to take another step and grip the lower half with one, getting a large reaction out of the older dragon. Almost a growl, until Dia eased up on his grip. However, in doing that, he was gifted a very large squirt from the tower. Nearly choking the smaller one and having to cough the jolt out before continuing.

The thunderous purrs of the brass one filled the field, severely overpowering Dia's own. Having a direct connection to the area of pleasure, the younger one started to feel it very well himself. To the point where he was leaking out his own pre shots once in a while, and reserving himself for another session. By the sounds of the brass one's deep breaths, he was almost finished. Most likely due from observing Dia's self-session, or stroking him off during his slumber.

It seemed like every other stroke gave his muzzle a nice sample of flavor. Something almost addictive to him, constantly working the lever for a small taste. And every few wraps of his red tongue let him experience another large dose. Ones he was getting more comfortable swallowing, and giving that same warm feeling in his mid-region like the fish did.

Thoughts of embarrassment did surface from time to time, but quickly melted away. Letting Dia concentrate on his tongue-work. Feeling the massive spines on the other side of the older one's weapon, and half examining the flare of the upper half with the roof of his mouth. The sudden question did rise of what it actually looked like, making the red one stop for a moment and focus on it. Just before getting a squirt of blue juice from its thorned tip and making him yelp before cleaning his face.

Still stroking him a bit, Dia gazed upon the dragon's weapon. Massive and long. Thick and threatening with the many large spines that covered it. Even in the mid-section, there were dozens of them. The size of it made it nearly impossible to take for anything smaller than the dragon it was attached to. Even then, it would be a near impossible step. Regardless, stepping stones. The younger one would only be able to do so much.

His cravings returned, almost gnawing at the meatstick as he continued his muzzlejob. Receiving a reward quickly after the comeback and making him purr. More was demanded, and so the younger one started using both paws on the brass one's ridges. Causing the larger dragon to brace himself. Heavy deep growls came from him, as he tried to flip a few more fish, but accidentally dropped one that was half raw.

With nearly every stroke came a large jolt of pre from the purple tower. Making it nearly impossible for Dia to swallow all of it. Forcing to let most of the blue liquid flow out of his muzzle so he could breathe. With a heavy slam of the brass tail, and the large snap of a bit of the table breaking in his grasp, Beo let out a loud roar. Almost collapsing forward, but trying not to crush the younger one. Another few slams of the tail made heavy dents into the ground, and the constant feel of something rising was felt through the weapon.

The shaft thickened greatly, as many of the spines on it flared. Sending a huge torrent into Dia's muzzle. He swallowed what he could of the delicious substance, but in the middle of the second torrent, his stomach felt really full. Forcing him to disengage, but not before feeling it rush through his nostrils. Even then, the pressure of the dragon's seed almost stun, spraying Dia constantly, as he fought for something to cover it. Picking up an object and placing it over the purple weapon so the dragon could breath and recover.

Still hearing the larger one go through his orgasm, Dia also made out

what he used to cork the purple tower: the dropped fish. Which was now getting force fed and expanding like a large balloon. Stretching out its aquatic scales dramatically and beginning to turn the cyan blue of the dragon's juice, the younger one whimpered. Ducking and covering his head as it expanded greatly, putting pressure in all directions and nearly filling the space between the brass one's belly, and Dia. Feeling the thing stretch can creek unrealistically before the fish exploded into a liquid mess.

But the brass one still wasn't done. Torrent after torrent still sprayed Dia, painting him a bright blue. Until he felt the larger one squat down a bit, pinning down the half green and now blue dragon as Beo's weapon searched for something. The few faint prods wrote the older dragon's motives, getting Dia to yelp loudly for him to stop. But it wasn't getting through, feeling a prod on his haunch, along with a large spray, the younger one whimpered loudly.

The heavy prod under his tail gave off a large pleasure through the green dragon, and soon his lower end was filling up with warmth. It quickly reached a stop where he fought against the pressure of the purple shaft. Letting him whimper loudly as it pushed his lower belly out a little bit, but the pressure dropped soon after. Hearing the brass one pant a bit, then move aside to lay down on his back. Making Dia breathe a sigh of relief while he felt his lower belly.

It wasn't nearly as bad as it felt. You could barely tell there was anything. But the question did lie: who could possibly take such punishment? That wasn't even the larger one's penetration, and already Dia felt like he just took on an equine. "That was unexpected." Beo chuckled, getting the younger one to instantly turn purple before getting pulled over by a large brass arm.

"Y-yeah... I'm-"

"Do Not. Say. You're Sorry." He said a bit thickly, licking the side of his neck and trying to clean the mess. Feeling the smaller dragon nod and catch his breath. Yet, Dia still felt ready. Getting him to slightly paw away from the brass one's embrace, and head towards his haunches. Spreading them apart, he gave a look in question to Beo. "Go ahead if you like, I don't mind. But did you want me to change again?"

He faintly overlooked the large shaft, still quite erect and still throbbing while leaking out the blue juice. Though he did not crave the substance right now, he was not repulsed by the male, nor what the younger one just did. "No, I'm... Okay with it. As long as it doesn't hurt you-" A gesture to go ahead interrupted him, giving the Go for Dia to start searching the area for his tailhole. Lining up his own tower, the smaller one began to slip it inside. Finding it usually easy to do, and the hole to adjust to his smaller size.

It felt different than that of the female's yesterday, yet... It was still pleasurable. However, feeling the brass balls just above the working area worried him a bit. Though, it never got any reaction out of the dragon than pleasure, giving the younger one a sign to keep going. Slipping his tool in and out quite easily and steadily. Giving him a massive pleasure just like yesterday and feeling his lower region begin to rise quickly once again.

It wasn't long until the two started breathing deeply once again, and his colors to shift with every thrust. With every few, a spray was released inside the older dragon, slowly filling up his tailhole and lower belly, though it was hard to tell from the outside. It wasn't until a large wave of pleasure and a thick spray that Dia felt a bulge. Very faint, but it just made the young one smile brightly before revenging the battle-ready dragon.

Once again, still half concerned about the larger stones, Dia started to feel his own begin to expand a bit. Forcing him to slow down due to the slight pain they were getting during his thrusts. Though he couldn't hear any signs through Beo's loud purrs, the smaller one took cautions regardless. It seemed like all at once everything started to rise. Getting both of them to squirm a bit before the purple tool released another spray over the faint bulge.

A few more thrusts, and Dia'vidd felt ready. Slamming into the brass tailhole harshly, and taking a few steps forward, his red weapon thickened. Releasing its contents inside the larger dragon, and feeling that faint struggle once again. Adoring the stimulation it gave off when the deadlock was won, and the belly began to round out. Hearing Beo's faint grunts and whimpers as it stretched outwards, lifting up the now red one's upper body along with it. Even after feeling the purple shaft counterattack with another few torrents under Dia's chin, he yielded. Enjoying every moment of it until he was spent.

Giving the tight belly a few licks and nudges, even a few taps, Dia panted his thanks. Rubbing it a little more before releasing the plug and riding out his goodbyes to his bloated toy. Getting the larger one to chuckle, and pull the young one closer for a tight embrace when he could. "I'm glad you did that." Beo chuckled again, getting a noise in both pleasure and confirmation from the pink dragon. "Maybe now you won't be so worried when Bartan comes to visit you." A loud noise in question made the larger one laugh. "Come, let's get something to eat before you pass out again."

"If I have any room." Dia snorted.

"You will. My release tends to disappear when it's only used for pleasure. You don't feel bloated anymore, do you?" It took a moment of study, but the smaller one shook his head. As Beo served him another plate, he gave the younger one a large lick. "Feel free to do that anytime."

"Like, even now?" Dia teased, not expecting the calm shrug from the red wings.

"When Bartan's home, he usually strokes me off about four times a day. Sometimes more, so I'm used to it." A look in disbelief, and Beo laughed again.

Chapter 6

"I know you always tell me never to question your decisions..." The older man said shyly while walking down the street with the dragon. Though he couldn't help but stare at the larger one's more threatening appearance since the last he saw of the Red Flag. "But are you sure about this? I honestly don't mind taking care it, and you tend to be exceptionally busy this time of year." At least the Flag answered him with a smile, easing the faint tension over him.

"I'm sure. I've actually been talking to the bird quite a bit, and..." He took a breath. "I might actually need his assistance this time, Roland."

"Are you sure you can't stay any longer? Most of our festivities are expended, yes, but I'm sure we can..." A raised paw from the dragon stopped the warden's speech.

"It's quite alright. I really need to attend to this as quick as possible."

"So, that means you need him released..."

"I've already taken the liberty to pardon him and escorted him out. For the moment, he's just saying his goodbyes to the Caretaker. As well as, I'm assuming, his thanks." The two chuckled at that. "It's a wonder you haven't

retired yet."

"You say that every year. It's an easy job, and one that's going to make it hard to replace. Besides, we've both been doing it for years." The dragon sadly looked at him with a smile. "Is something wrong, Sire?"

"N-no. It's alright." Dia cleared his throat. "I just don't want you to have any regrets about taking this job."

"Not a single one." The older man smiled, as they waved at a large group of people who overlooked the Flag from afar. "Everyone's been worried sick about you."

"I know they have."

"Are you alright?" The Red one wasn't sure how to answer that. After a long silence, he shrugged his wings lightly and shook his head. "Just, be careful out there Sire. There's no telling what the Satyrs are planning next-"

"It wasn't the Satyrs." The dragon said thickly, almost growling. "And I want you to help spread that word. I was mistaken for blaming it on them, but it was..."

"Who then?"

"It's not a single species. It's a group of many people..." The large one sighed at the mess. "Don't distrust anyone. They're after me, not any of you, and I can fight my own battles. Understood?" Roland nodded, giving the Red one a few pets on the arm. "I'll see you again, Warden."

"Not too soon, I hope. It usually ends with trouble for me." He joked, getting the dragon to smile again before nodding.

"So you have nothing to say to me?" The woman teased the grey one.

"Nope."

"Nothing at all?"

"Not that I can think of. I would warn you not to get yourself involved into messes like this by tackling innocent griffins-"

"Innocent?" Another tease from Cennet as she giggled at his snort.

"Innocent until proven guilty, yes. But it would save you a lot of responsibilities."

"Sure it would."

"And you?" She made a noise in question, pretending to half ignore him and loving how his crown feathers rose up. "Do you have anything to say to me?"

"Of course not." Another snort. "I mean, I could start with 'I Told You So', but-"

"With what?" He hissed, nearly breaking her.

"Let's see, about you needing me around to do many things for you. Enjoying my company. Oh, and becoming best friends with David-"

"We. Are Not-Stop laughing! Are Not-You are making this very difficult, my dear." Anton grumbled, hearing the dragon chuckle from afar. "We're not friends, are we?"

"Kind of." Dia shrugged his wings, getting a loud grumble from the grey hawk.

"Of course you would say that. You would consider a rock to be a friend." He snorted, getting a playful nudge from his large snout. Seeing his blue gaze overlook the Gynosphinx a little ways away. "Go." Anton almost demanded. "You're not helping my situation with your gestures anyway." Another chuckle, and the larger one walked off.

"That does remind me." The woman started, still catching her breath.

"You're recovering faster from your giggle-sessions. I suppose that's something-"

"What about your little David?"

"Well, he's not so little anymore, is he?"

"I meant your toy." A double take from the griffin.

"What toy?"

"The one I made for you-"

"That rusty mess? You keep it. Apparently I'm going to be traveling with the real thing and that will be torment enough." Another smile from the woman.

"I'll hold onto it for you then."

"Deal." He grumbled, getting an expected hug from her.

"Thanks for the laughs."

"Thanks for the jump scares." Another series of giggles. "I'm serious, you probably reduced my lifespan by 1/8th with those. I think I'm beginning to moult out of stress."

"You'll live-"

"Not as long as I expect to-it's like you don't even listen to me." Once again, the woman was flabbergasted.

"Hey." The dragon smiled, approaching the brown furred lioness looking off into the distance.

"Hay is for horses." She teased getting a playful snout toss. "Everything went well?"

"Oh yes. We've been friends for a very long time, Roland and I." He smiled, covering her with a wing. "We used to play together as wyrmlings."

"I'm sure you did. The only difference between you two is that he grew up." A snort from him.

"Now that's just hurtful. There's nothing wrong with a little child's play."

"Or Adult's play."

"Never a dull moment with you, is there?" The feline giggled a bit. "...Are you going to be okay?"

"Are you?" The question sank his heart. "You're the one going to remember us, after all."

"I... Know." He swallowed. "I just..." He drifted off, looking into her yellow eyes.

"Just come back to me, alright? As yourself." He faintly nodded, giving her a kiss. "So I can ride your flagpole again." A snout toss made her laugh.

"I swear, all females are this obsessive, aren't they?"

"Not all. Just the ones that are attracted to you." A small kiss. "But seriously, any chance I could get a session to go?" She playfully shoved him.

"I can give you something better." Ressa tilted her head in curiosity. "I go around in circles, but always straight ahead." The sphinx purred loudly, getting Dia to chuckle. "However, I will never complain where I am lead." A

pleasure moan from her gave the dragon the brightest smile.

"...Wheel?" He faintly cursed under his breath, getting her to chuckle. "You taught me well."

"Too well. But alright, this one I've been working on for a while..."

"Ready to go?" Dia asked the griffin.

"Once I find a solution to my new contamination." The hawk grumbled. "I've apparently caught a case of Humans-Don't-Let-Go. Hint-hint, wink-wink, nudge-nudge." He growled, finally getting Cennet to let go of him, then go hug the dragon instead. "Apparently it's contagious, who knew?"

"Nonsense, people just like dragons better than griffins." The red one teased, getting a hiss from him. "I can't say I blame her. We're bigger, stronger, tougher."

"Well, we're more comfortable." Anton snorted.

"That is true. Sooo true in fact, that I just might know what to do with you after we're done here-"

"You are not using me as a body pillow."

"It's like he's in my head." Dia tried to say to the woman. "I guess that means we are friends."

"Friends with benefits, don't forget that." The awkward grunt from the larger one made the bird smirk.

"Take care of yourself." Cennet finally said, letting go of his neck and holding onto his muzzle a bit. Feeling him sneak in a nudge of her body pillows a bit. "And you too." She said to the griffin, who just sighed and nodded at her.

"Shall we?" Anton asked.

"You sure you're up for flying this much? You've been in captivity for a while-"

"Please. Dragons may get weak for doing nothing for several days, but Griffins stay fit forever." He snorted before taking off to the skies.

"Ohhhh, this is going to be a fun trip." Dia grumbled, getting one last

giggle from the woman before taking off himself.

Without a shell, or vessel of my own
I am said to be heavy, when carried alone.
Without any evidence, or reason at the time
I can ruin someone's future for attending a crime.

I am indiscriminate, ruthless and harsh
I can strike anytime, be in a city or a marsh.
Be it someone dead, or yet to be alive
I can stain them with a label, without the use of a knife.

Whether they are wealthy with riches, or just skin and bones
I can haunt them forever, and claim their death as my own.
They can try to escape, to run away and hide
But I'll keep my hooks in them, attached to their side.

Regardless of who you are, or what you do
My weight will eventually crush you, alot like the truth.
Regardless of your power, your position, your kin
I will show the world your true self:

The Monster You've Always Been.

"...Guilt?"

...Close.

The smaller dragon half woke up warm, locked in a thick embrace.
Usually a little concerned about being bound while sleeping, the deep faint
purrs told him immediately who it was. Let alone the vibrations and the

occasional nuzzle against Dia's head. Still, he was somehow comfortable, and no longer trying to be shy from the larger one's affection.

Speaking of which, a few tough licks from the brass one told Dia'vidd he was awake. Getting him to stretch a bit himself against his massive arms. A few mumbles and purrs were exchanged, then a very loud *Smack!* followed by Beo's surprised whimper. "No more squishing the new kid! He needs his insides to remain inside, Mr. Muscles!"

"Binky?" The smaller dragon mumbled.

"As for you!" Another loud *Smack!* and Dia felt a heavy sting at the end of his muzzle. Something rather flat and metal. Making him whimper loudly a few times and grunt against the lingering pain, nearly bringing a tear to his eye.

"What did I do!?"

"You ate my pet Mountain-Of-Fish! And I mean, like, All of it!"

"I didn't eat that much of it." He tried to snort, but it hurt too much.

"Says you, I have photographic evidence that you did! Que Lights!" The man clapped, and the sun fell down. Crashing through the floor in the background, then a few floors below it. Breaking several objects, and omitting small quakes for every floor it broke through. Eventually someone screamed in surprise, breaking through two more floors before finally stopping. "Wow, who knew the sun was so heavy-ANYWAY!" He pulled down a larger screen that was clearly made out of random clothing, but spray-painted white. Seeing a slide projector pop up behind the two laying down, and display its contents with a click of a remote. "FOCUS!-That's better."

The first picture was clearly a map of Paris, taken via satellite in 1989. "Nope, not that one. Next." Binky clicked the remote, displaying the world's largest violin, with Binky very poorly photoshopped into the picture, giving a thumbs up and a goofy smile. "Huh, I was wondering where that picture went."

"When did you go to Paris?" Beo asked.

"A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away-HERE IT IS!" Another picture of the two dragons eating some fish at a table, next to the heavy pile that fell on Dia earlier. With every frame after, the pile was amaturely painted out with green paint a little bit at a time. Until they came to a slide where Binky was holding up a can of beans, in a mustache and a shirt-bra. "We don't need to see that-LIGHTS!" And some dim lights came on. Getting both dragons, still laying down, to look at the pile of fish that was clearly still in existence.

"What are you looking at?"

"Your pile of pet fish-?"

"Pet Mountain-Of-Fish."

"Which we clearly didn't eat." Beo tilted his head, getting the man to adjust his shades a bit.

"...So it seems. Clever Girl-"

"Dragon. He's a male dragon."

"Now he is. Tomorrow, he might be a Vampire T-Rex!" That time, Dia tilted his head.

"Why did you slap us with a spatula?" The brass one grumbled.

"Reasons? How does your alarm clock work?" Another clap of his hands, and the sky returned to day. Regardless of the lack of a sun. "Anyway, it's time to put Mr. Colorful here through more intense training! So get up, or I'm going to get Rover here to slap you... A lot." The man marched off, humming a tune.

"I suppose it is time to get up." Beo stretched, his muscles really thickening up for a few moments and getting Dia to whimper. "What's wrong?"

"...I just... Never realized how big you really are." He cleared his throat, stretching himself and standing up.

"Does it intimidate you?" The larger one asked sincerely, giving the purple dragon another hug and a few licks. Reaching lower and rubbing his belly a bit.

"Yes. But... There's just something about you that I trust." He nuzzled the Brass neck, licking at the faint spines on his beard. "It's like, I'm understanding what Bartan sees in you." It made him smile brightly.

"Thank you." He purred. "I don't suppose you want a session before we start?"

"I really don't think we should yet. But I wouldn't mind one later." Beo nodded at him, taking a step back and squeezing his head under Dia's arm and wing. Slowly lifting the smaller dragon and sliding him onto his large back with ease. "You make me feel like a hatchling again, I swear." Another chuckle, and the brass one took off. Flying them both to a new area.

Chapter 7

The griffin landed in the large clearing, almost panting a bit while resting his sore wings. The dragon surfaced soon after with a loud thud, getting his feathers to puff out a bit. "Graceful, aren't you?"

"As expected. Magnificence is heavy, you know." The Red one teased.

"That's not what's weighing you down." Anton grinned, getting the larger creature to snort.

"And what about you? All that talk about griffins never being out of shape."

"I'm not out of shape, I'm just not built like a work horse."

"Trust me, you have *not* seen a 'Built' dragon." Dia chuckled, walking towards a few trees and getting them to grow fruits. Thanking them in a whisper that the leathery ear caught, but only gazed at him strangely. "Say your thanks to them."

"Thank you, Mr... Tree?"

"That one is Fasarothrone."

"Fasarothrone? The tree has a name?" They were barely questions.

"Every living creature has a name, and quite a bit of intelligence." The dragon said, laying down and enjoying the juicy fruits. "They do wondrous things for those around them, and honestly deserve more respect." He continued, still staring into the forestry.

"We just can't hear them."

"...You can hear them. You just need to listen." The Flag mumbled, turning a bit blue. "Granted, hearing and understanding are two different things. It just comes so easy to me."

"Of course it does. And talking to animals? That's a story that's been passed from city to city."

"I can talk to them. I do it quite often." The dragon smirked.

"What about fish?" The large snout toss got the grey one to chuckle, and his sudden orange tone didn't help.

"Ugh, Fish... I mean, they aren't the dumbest things in existence, but probably the highest 'One-Track Mind' of any creature I've encountered." Another bite. "Not to mention, it's very hard to communicate with them, because they have a hard time hearing out of water, especially when they're in it. So you end up taking a deep breath, speaking to them, then holding your breath for them to stop talking about food!" A loud snort from the dragon.

"I can only imagine."

"Granted, not all aquatic creatures are like that. Dolphins and Whales are incredibly smart, and an absolute joy to talk to, let alone play with. Sharks and be pretty smart as well. But most of the little fish... They're better for your stomach than your ears." A loud chuckle from the hawk.

"So, how much further are we?"

"Probably about another hour before their entrance." Dia sighed. "That's what the birds say, anyway."

"The ones you were talking to when you flew off?" He nodded.

"So... How long do you want to rest?"

"I was actually thinking of having my request fulfilled." The dragon startled while eating the core of a fruit. Making him bite his own finger and whimper loudly. Shaking it while turning purple and meeting the green eyes with discomfort.

"S-so... You're actually serious about that?" He grunted awkwardly.

"Why would I not be?" Anton ate his last fruit calmly.

"I was just hoping you were tormenting me with it." Dia grumbled, looking away.

"Well, yes. I mean, at first it was just a joke, but the more I started to

think about it, the more appealing it became. I mean, it's not humiliating in the least for a dragon to get nailed by a Griffin, is it? Even if that dragon is the Flag?"

"It's... Not, no-"

"Excellent. Then you wouldn't mind laying on your back then? I am just unsure of what to do with that tail of yours. Griffin's, they just bend out of the way. But yours just seems like a pain to deal with." A few breaths, and the dragon let out a whimper. Grunting awkwardly, almost to the point of annoyance, then got up. Carefully rolling on his back after making the grass more comfortable, and closing his eyes with his ears back.

"Satisfied?"

"Quite." The grey one got up, and leaned on Dia's purple chest. Tapping it a few times and waiting for the blue eyes to open and stare at him in irritation. "What exactly are you planning?"

"What does it look like-?"

"I meant, with... Whats her face."

"Cennet?"

"Who? Oh, no. Not that one. The sphinx."

"Ressa." Dia snorted at him.

"Sure. Why send her away?"

"Because..." The blue dragon grumbled. "Look, if you're going to have your way with me, do it already. We don't have all day-" A slight grab of his muzzle, and the green eyes calmly studied the dragon's. Waiting for the faint pulse of the iris to show up below Eight O' clock.

"We have plenty of time, and we'll come back to that. Now answer the question." It made him sigh and look away.

"...Because she shouldn't have to be forced to live like I have to. Seeing the world restart and all those you once called friends and family vanish in an instant." A deep breath. "Let alone... I'm afraid to see her eyes when she realizes that I'm the one responsible."

"Is that all?" Dia didn't answer. "So, you've given up. Is that it?" A faint growl from the larger one.

"What do you think we're doing out here? I'm trying to-"

"No, you're trying to find those responsible and make them pay. You just don't want her to see this transformation, this creature you're becoming." Once again, the dragon didn't respond. "Have you ever stop to think, that maybe the reason why it's going up so quickly is because of *Yourself*?"

"What do you mean?" He grumbled.

"This meter... The Iris, it increases how again? When people do things that are against your will-"

"When they do things that either threaten the planet-"

"Or create negativity in the world, is that right? How often have you *stressed* over keeping this world safe and sheltered away from Negativity? How often do you dwell in your own pity for those who are already lost? You keep a *Skull* in one of your homes. You use one of your previous mate's name as a *Curseword*. And you constantly refer yourself as the Blame of the sorrow that exists in this world. You took my pain, and made it your own, do you realize that?"

The dragon just closed his eyes. "Sure, you say you can take it. That these things happen, people die. Get hurt or ill, or Helga knows what. But everytime you put up this wall, you carve into yourself behind it, don't you?" A faint tear squeezed out. "Tell me, Flag. What do you really look like under that wall?"

"Is that a request-?"

"**Yes.**" Anton said thickly. Getting Dia to sigh heavily, and drop his color. The faded dark blue was covered in lines and scars. Holes and broken scale patterns from muzzle to tail. Several tears and holes in the tarps of his wings, as well as many marks on the branches. All the damage over the eons of being a weapon shown in a portrait of pain and warfare. "...You might as well be undead." He muttered, brushing a grey paw across his body and feeling it nearly catch on some of the old wounds.

"...Maybe you're right."

"So, is this what you see yourself as?" A noise in question. "Some Avatar of Violence or Destruction? Or are you afraid that this is what the world will think of you if they saw what their protector really looks like?" More silence. "Funny, really. They call themselves Gravediggers, yet you're digging your own."

"What do you expect-?"

"I expected you to follow your own rules. To stop holding grudges and

vendettas-

"I don't-

"Even If It's Against Yourself!" The griffin roared, silencing the forest. "The way you view yourself is literally turning you into what you fear the most. It is literally going to be the death of everyone around you, unless you find a way to stop... *You*." A few breaths of silence, and the bird grunted. *"Sever The Ties."*

"...Or It's All For Nothing." The dragon sniffed, placing a paw over his eyes. A long silence rested over them, as Anton laid on his back and leaned against Dia's side.

"So why don't you like males?" A loud grunt came from his instantly orange muzzle.

"You're abusing this, aren't you?"

"You said anything." He chirped again, getting him to grumbled. "Will I be your first?"

"...This stays between us."

"Of course it does. My beak is sealed-

"Your beak is never sealed." The grey one chuckled. "...No. You won't be my first."

"So your first male was terrible?"

"...My first male was amazing."

"What the Helga then?"

"It was the ones after it that were..." The hawk looked over at his head, trying to see it over the paw. "My first was so good, so amazing that it drove my expectations for the other males so high that..."

"We talking performance wise?"

"Why do I keep getting stuck with these conversations?" Dia whimpered. "Both Performance and... Courtesy, I suppose." A noise in question. "He was considerate. Would never take pleasure just for himself, and would always give it in return. What he did was so... It was thoughtful of the partner. Guiding, but never forcing. Always did his best to make the experience memorable and pleasurable."

"And the others?"

"...Wouldn't. It was like all they cared for was themselves. Drive into your... Tailhole." An awkward grunt. "And just ravage you until they were done and spent. Leaving you used and discarded. And every male afterward said that they were different, but they weren't. Maybe a little different, but nothing like Beo."

"I see."

"For a while, I just told them I tried it and didn't like it. But... If you did it once, people will force you to do it again. Over and over, to the point where I just despised it. So I started to tell them that I wasn't into it, and I didn't want it. Backing that up with my teaching..."

"If others don't want to, then you never force them." The larger one nodded.

"So, I ended it there. Or at least tried to. It seems like nearly every female wants to see me get penetrated." He snorted loudly, getting the Griffin to chuckle.

"Then, how did this Beo do it?"

"No offense, but you are way out of his league."

"Try me." A growl from the dragon. "We'll even do you first then."

"That's not...!" A grunt. "We don't have time to...!"

"How do you function?" Anton pondered to himself while ignoring the orange one, getting up and viewing the dragon's selection.

"Okay, fine: one request."

"I'm sure there'll be more than one, but that's fair." The hawk motioned him to go on.

"Why do this?"

"Honestly, I'm bored with females, and I wanted to try-"

"Not...! That...!" A loud whimper from Dia. "Why listen to me? Why pry me for information?" A heartily chuckle from the bird.

"Because deep down inside, you're just as cynical and bitter as I am. Like a long lost brother that finally fell down off his pedestal." Several moments of eye locking, and the dragon grumbled. Laying his head down.

"Damnit, we are alike, aren't we?"

"More than I would care to admit."

"Like Best Friends-"

"Let's not get carried away. To assume we no longer completely detest each other is one thing. To admit that the human woman was correct is way too farfetched." It actually made the orange one laugh.

"Easy now." The brass dragon instructed, trying to get Dia to relax once again in the rather barren tundra. Seeing the younger one shake his arm a bit in frustration. "It's easier to channel once you relax a bit."

"I've been trying to, but I can't seem to-" The now brown dragon grumbled, getting Beo to exhale and walk up to him again from behind. Nearly sitting on Dia's tail and making him half yelp.

"The power doesn't come from your heart. It comes from your breath. Just like yesterday, all you need to do is breathe." His large arms came from around the smaller one's wings. Feeling a paw press on the center of his chest. "Feel it come through and guide it through your arm." He pressed a bit heavily, almost creasing a small trench to the dragon's right palm. "Just like before. Now breathe." Dia took a deep breath, turning slightly purple at the half embrace. "Again, until you're light blue again."

"Easier said than done." The younger one grumbled.

"It's a good indicator that you're ready. Now, deep breaths."

"Mind getting off my tail?"

"Yes." The large one teased, giving him a lick. "Only because I know it's arousing you." A whimper from Dia'vidd as he tried to just ignore the swelling of his sheath. Taking a few deep breaths, and trying to grab hold of the energy it made. Feeling it travel through his arm and to his paw.

"What now?"

"Try to move it out of your body, through your claws if you can. Sometimes it takes alot." A faint grumble, and the cyan one held up his paw. Trying to spread out the energy between each finger, and pushing them upward. When it had nowhere else to go, it started jumping from one claw to

the next as lightning, almost startling him. "That's it, keep going. It can't hurt you." Though, as uncomfortable as he was with it, he kept pushing, feeling the bolts constantly jump until forming a bridge between all the claws. Pulsing the energy into a small ball at the very center.

"W-what do I do now?" He whimpered, almost afraid of it.

"Try to move it around... Good, now without moving your paw too." Beo teased again, getting him to grumble a bit. But with a little concentration, the bright sphere started to rise up quickly. Then down, trying to keep it still. "Excellent, now around. Learn to move it like it's part of your own body."

"This is amazing..." Dia chuckled nervously, still feeling the faint strokes of the large paws over his body. "But what happens if I drop it?"

"Not much. Odds are it will just absorb into the planet until the next storm. Perhaps jolt back and forth for a while." He shrugged his red wings. "Alright, now, try to shape it."

"Shape it?"

"Into something. Morph it into anything else besides a ball."

"Like what?"

"Whatever's on your mind right now." A whimper as the younger one focused again. Getting the sphere to morph into two spheres. "...Well, I guess two balls are a different thing."

"Not exactly what they're supposed to be." He faded into a deep purple as the brass one tilted his head. Seeing the balls faintly move up and down while jiggling a bit.

"Are those breasts?" It got the smaller dragon to cave. Dropping the energy and cover himself up with his wings while whimpering. "There, there."

"You said whatever was on my mind!" Another loud whimper.

"True. But you did it. Now, you'll forever be known as the dragon who made boobs as his first weapon test." A very loud whimper in defeat, getting Beo to laugh and lick him a few times.

"You're not helping!"

"I'm helping myself." He purred, nudging and stroking the smaller one on his sides. Giving him deep, rough licks.

"Okay-okay-okay! I'm coming out." Dia took a breath, then uncovered his wings.

"You'll learn eventually not to do that so much. And-"

"Stop being embarrassed, I know!" A loud grunt. "But I can't help it."

"It's okay if you like such things, Dia'vidd. There's nothing wrong with it."

"But when your own species isn't supposed to have them-"

"Then it's a Fetish. And Fetishes are okay to have. When you lock yourself down like that, you're only teaching yourself that it's wrong. It's bad for your psyche." The younger one whimpered. "Okay. Again, from the top. Breasts and all. And if you turtle up again; I'm stroking you off." A strange look from the smaller one, puzzled by the odd punishment. "By the *Ridges*. Then two times after, until you're comfortable with such things. Understood?" Dia's ears fell, and the brass one gestured to go on. "Make them as big and as jiggly as you want." His wings nearly covered him, but the purple one fought against it. Taking alot of his strength to do so.

Chapter 8

Another deep breath from the Orange dragon, still laying on his back in the grass. Feeling a warm stare at his lower region from a certain pair of green eyes attached to a hawk. Though he really wasn't up for such an event, the warm gaze was swelling his sheath. "Stare at it for too long and it just might bite." Dia grumbled at him.

"Then I'll just have to bite back. So far, I don't see too many differences between us. Besides the obvious scales." A slight paw along the dragon's inner thigh made him half yelp. "And not all too pleasing, really. Granted better than some areas."

"You're just too used to feathers, I'm sure."

"And clothing now. Shame, I've been sleeping in your bed for nearly a

week, and I'm just now getting to court you. Quite the gentlemen, aren't you?"

"More like playing hard to get."

"Speaking of hard." An embarrassed grunt from Dia. "I'm counting a good twenty-seven markings along here. What stories could they possibly tell?"

"You really don't want to hear those."

"Maybe you're right. We do have a time limit, after all, and I'm concerned they just might ruin the moment-"

"We don't have a moment." The larger one growled. "This is basically dominance."

"Oh? Is that what you're into?"

"No-"

"Because someone else is saying otherwise." Anton grinned, seeing the red tip begin to peek through. "Same color, so that's a surprise. Does it actually change color with you as well?"

"N-no." Dia grunted. "It stays Red."

"Too bad. It would've made for a fun game." A whimper from the dragon this time. "Now, what do dragons do to speed up this process-And yes, that's a request."

"You are really abusing that." The orange one sighed.

"Well, it's not like there are other dragons around to ask. I could always request to go back to the Sphinx and ask her, but I'm afraid of her overstepping her involvement in such an activity."

"You talk too much." A deep breath. "Dragons... Tend to lick the area. Sometimes using their entire muzzle."

"So, do they play with these?" He cupped the large pair of stones in one paw. "Good grief, they're like a water balloon."

"Please don't squeeze those." Dia whimpered. "And I'm not really into ball play."

"Fair enough. I swear, that is about 10% of your total weight, alone."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"Compliment?" The grey bird curled his neck. "Me? Complimenting?"

"And now that's ruined. Thanks."

"You're welcome." The green eyes stared at the sheath again, taking a deep breath and giving it a strong lick. Feeling his spiked tongue lightly scratch the sensitive protection and making the orange one fade to a purple. Grunting at every press of his tongue.

"Forgot how your tongues worked." Dia grumbled, though not resisting.

"Not very comfortable for you, *Sire*?"

"Just not used to it."

"Well, you were correct at it being effective." A whimper from the dragon as his tool began to pulse through, bit by bit. And a louder one, almost in pain when Anton tried it on the red weapon. "Anyone ever tell you you're a Kresskre?"

"Many people, yes. And please don't do that anymore."

"Alright, what else do dragons do?" A very loud whimper as the dragon's wings covered up his upper half. "That took longer than expected."

"Shut up." A loud groan. Then a few deep breaths. "Okay... T-they... Prod..."

"Prod what exactly?" Another loud whimper. "Back to the tongue it is then-"

"Okay-okay!" A loud growl. "Tailhole."

"Oh?" His grey paw lightly poked the area around his tail. Almost instantly getting the larger one to whimper and breathe deeper. "Huh. It's like a start button for your-" Another yelp as Dia tried to squirm away from it. "Come on, Flag. I'm trying to make this enjoyable for you."

"Then stop." Another whimper. "Please."

"Fair enough. It appears to be erect enough now anyway. But I'll remember that area." A few more teases in that area got the purple dragon to growl. "Now, what did whatsherface say about this-" The closer look at Dia'vidd's shaft stole the griffin's words. Overlooking the strange flare and massive amount of spines that seemed to cover the entire tower. Then the several stripes of extra flesh towards the base. "...This... Is a Dragon's...?" It nearly made Anton speechless. Making the larger one to peek through his shelter a bit, getting that same look of disbelief once again. Making him sigh

heavily.

"...Yes. Another reason why I don't like doing this with other people..." He gestured the grey griffin, as if to highlight his expression. "That, and in some other worlds, they were... Insulted by it."

"Did you flash them while sleeping or something?" It made Dia chuckle lightly.

"No. I think they were jealous of it. Maybe envious." An eyebrow raised on the Hawk, and the dragon motioned him to let it go. Tossing his beak, Anton shook his head.

"Here I thought Griffins were unique."

"Exactly how many males have you seen?"

"A few. I've been dragged into a couple of group sessions with other species, but never seen anything like this." He poked the red tower a bit, then lightly brushed the base of it without intension. Making the dragon gasp loudly and take a few breaths, only raising his other eyebrow.

"Ridges..."

"These little things?" Anton brushed the base of it again, getting the larger one to squirm and yelp. "Is that what she meant about Watching The Ridges?"

"They're extremely sensitive."

"I'll say." The bird snorted. "Here I was thinking that I needed to beware of them."

"W-well... Kind of."

"They're not literally going to bite, are they?" He sarcastically asked.

"N-no. But if they... If it gets stuck inside..." A loud whimper.

"You talk like a hatchling when you're embarrassed, you know that?"

"I can't help it!"

"Sure you can't." A long, awkward silence. "That's okay, take your time-"

"IfItGetsLockedInsideSomeoneItRushesMeToAClimaxWhereISprayTwentyGallonsOfSeedIntoThemAndMakeThemStretchOutLikeABalloon!" A loud whimper, as a stone dome covered his upper half. Leaving Anton to attempt

to make out what he said.

"...You what?" Another loud whimper. "So, monstrous looking... Weapon. Check. Very unusual sex habit of... Making water balloons? Did I hear that right?" Another very loud whimper that almost turned into embarrassing sobs. "Beyond strange, yet interesting..." A noise in question. "I mean, I *suppose* you can't be like us mortals, but it would be so bland if you were. But just for safety purposes, you need to release into people when you climax to... Let's say Round them." Another loud whimper. "...You realize I can't see you if you just nodded."

"Yes."

"So, that's a yes on...?"

"I need to release inside them. It just keeps coming out and...!"

"They get the volume of this, I'm assuming." A few taps on the dragon's sack. "Instead of the twenty gallons-"

"That's not an exaggeration." A stare in question that Dia could feel through the rock. "We've... Tested it before..."

"...Okay." A snort from the bird. "Regardless, you're not making this easy by sealing yourself."

"I'm making it manageable for me!" The purple one hissed.

"Come out, or I'm going to... Prod and ridge you until you do."

"Please don't-" A few strokes in the ridges as the grey paws got into place. Even starting to feel one touch his tailhole. Making him whimper loudly. "Anton..."

"Come on out." When all the griffin got was an embarrassed growl, he started to stroke and prod. Getting the dragon to start squirming rapidly and yelp. Loud grunts and hisses began to fill the dome as he struggled to get out of it.

"Easy-Easy-EASY!" Dia shouted, but not feeling the paws let up. "I- Can't-!"

"What? I can't hear you in there." The bird grinned, amused at the hind paws and how they were raking the air. As well as the tail thrashing back and forth. Trying to push the bird off him, but it was no use. Long, stretched out whimpers filled the rock as his red shaft began to quickly leak. However, not getting the grey one's attention just yet.

One extremely loud whimper, growl, and hiss combination, along with a sharp, bracing arc of his back half concerned Anton. Then feeling the tower thicken in his paw got him to witness the heavy torrents that shot out of it. Spraying into the rock wall, and splattering all around, even getting the feathered one a little bit before the dragon relaxed. Breathing heavily with his entire body, and finally getting released from his ridges. "Fourteen sprays... You were not kidding."

"And that was a quick one." Dia grunted from inside. Finally being able to tear down the stone wall, and get splashed by the seed that rested on it. Taking several heavy breaths before licking his muzzle of the tasty substance. "I couldn't remove the wall with you grabbing me like that." He hissed at the grey one, who was completely enthralled by the color changing of his release.

"Even your..." The bird didn't finish, getting a sad look from the dragon as Dia rested his head down again. "How...?"

"...My first Male... My first... Period." A heavy sigh. "He wanted to... Make things interesting, and asked if he could change me a little."

"So this isn't natural?"

"No. Some of my... Horn is natural. Just not the smaller spines in the center." He felt a warm gaze on the red weapon. "But Beo asked if I wanted to make these changes... Permanent."

"And you said yes." A nod from the dragon and a long silence. "Now I feel better." A loud noise in question and a strange look from the larger one. "I feel better." Anton repeated, taking a breath and half looking away. "One of the things I detested about you is the idea that you came out of nowhere and just told people how to do things. Like you were some mystical being that came down to force us puppets to dance for their amusement." A heavy exhale that was nearly a growl. "You were better than us in every damn way. I don't think I was ever more furious than when I discovered that."

"...What exactly?"

"That we were helpless against you. That we didn't have a choice. The idea that we were just cattle or livestock to you. A garden of living beings for some higher creature to take care of because you were bored." He snorted. "But the more I see this, the more time I take to understand you..." Another breath while he looked the dragon in his blue eyes. "The more of a prisoner you seem to be. A prisoner like us, the same as us." A faint gesture to the scaly body. "Just older, obviously."

"And adjusted." Dia sadly smiled.

"More experienced." The bird snorted. "...And more alive. But still the same." A heavy sigh from the grey one as he glanced away again. "Looks like I was just wrong."

"Not entirely." The pink one mumbled, leaning up to give the grey one a hug, but his paw stopped him.

"You are **Covered** in..." It made the dragon laugh, pushing his paw away and hugging the griffin regardless. Hearing him hiss and growl while accidentally getting some of it in his beak. Tasting a unique flavor, which only lead for him to scrape some off with a paw and try it again. Giving the dragon another very weird look, and sending Dia's ears down. "Really?"

"It was... His idea..." An embarrassing whimper, as he shyly looked away.

"Alright. I did you, and gave you a compliment-"

"Which is like finding a shiny Ponyta."

"-A what?" Another whimper.

"Something... Ridiculously rare." Another confused look, and the dragon just motioned for him to go on. Though expecting where it was going.

"Time for some griffin love." A loud groan, but the larger one didn't resist. Laying down and spreading his haunches again. "No struggle? You're not fun."

"If that's what you're into." A thin shelter of rock covered the dragon's lower area, guarding his tailhole and getting the griffin to toss his head.

"Enough of that, or you're getting the ridges again."

"No prods?"

"Oh, you'll get the prods as well. Perhaps even impaled." Though the larger one groaned, he couldn't help but chuckle. Removing the barrier and just trying to relax, though still letting out a whimper when the bird sat on his tail. Almost an entire minute of a warm glare on the dragon's package, and his ears went back.

"Are you waiting for an invitation?" Dia snorted.

"-You know what I like?" Another groan. "A tight fit. Just something about it really stimulates me."

"For the love of-"

"What? You can change size, can you not?"

"You just really want this to be as hard as possible for me, don't you?"
He grumbled. "So, what? About your size?"

"Perhaps a little smaller-"

"Bigger. Got it." Anton smirked, watching as the larger one reduced his shape, intriguing him. "How's that?"

"Enough, I suppose. Wouldn't want it to feel like a hotdog in a hallway, after all."

"You maybe-" A loud whimper interrupted the dragon, as he felt the tip of the griffin's weapon prod him. Getting Dia to hiss a bit at it's small-thorned head. "What is that, a Morningstar!?"

"As much as I enjoy your flattering, I'm not sure if you mean it's dim or bright."

"Not what I...!" Another grunt at the prod, feeling the green eyed hawk's questionable look. "N-nevermind!"

"One of your old world tools for destruction-?"

"Basically a spiked ball on an iron stick, yes." A smirk from Anton got the dragon to grumble.

"So, you're saying it's thick, long and hard? I'm touched-"

"More like painful and a pain in my ass-!" A yelp as the prod went further. Feeling the tip of the griffin's weapon begin to separate the dragon's tailhole. Making him whimper and lose breath. "Easy, you!"

"You instruct like I haven't done this before. I know what I'm doing, dragon. Quit being a Kresskre." Another thick prod got the larger one to squirm, turning his scales orange and hissing at the faint scrape it gave. However, it wasn't painful. Just stimulating in a rougher way.

As the bird took a step forward, Dia tried to squirm back. Instinctively grabbing the bird on top of him by the shoulders and cringing forward when the grey one pressed in harshly. Getting the dragon to yelp when the griffin's red and black weapon finally slipped inside, exiling the breath out of the orange one and making him start to change colors. Breathing heavily and rather fast while trying to squirm with the shaft inside him. "You just love using claws, don't you?" Anton grumbled.

"Like you like... Tight..." A loud whimper as the larger one started to

press back into the ground. Making the grey one wonder what he was doing. But after a long gasp, several torrents of the dragon's release started squirting between the two males. Mostly getting the one pinned down, but still soaking the bird's belly and making him grumble.

"I suppose I expected to get messy doing this." The griffin snorted. Still exploring the larger one's tailhole a bit with his tower, but concerned about his constant breaths. "Are you alright?"

"Just... Sensitive." Dia whimpered. Still squirting with every movement of the bird's tool. Though after the faint thorny flare, the shaft felt rather smooth and sleek. Still getting that edge a bit once in a while from the tip, but it felt more enjoyable than expected. And his breaths began to project that.

"See? Not so bad, is it?"

"Says you... You're not getting shafted." The dragon grumbled. Still constantly changing colors while leaking out his juices.

"Seriously, does it ever stop?" Anton growled, disliking the feeling of being wet. Let alone, by such a substance.

"Not really... No." Another few gasps and a whimper, sending another torrent between them.

"Massive Load indeed." He snorted, quoting the Sphinx. Constantly moving with the larger one's squirms. Listen to the living rainbow sing a song with whimpers and breaths, as well as spray near constantly. All the while the griffin was moving a little faster every few thrusts. Starting to press harder and Dia started to make out a small bump starting to press against his tailhole.

Another slow and deep press made him realize he wasn't imagining things. The bird's knot was pressing against him, trying to enter the already tight orifice. Getting him to yelp a bit with every press. "W-wait!" The dragon grunted, trying to brace the grey one and push him back. "Don't try to-!"

"You can handle it." Anton growled at him, pressing in further and getting the larger one to yelp. Stretching the already full hole a bit wider with the smooth bulge in the red and black shaft. Eventually letting up and giving it a few thrusts before trying again. The dragon's hind claws raked the air as he squirmed. Whimpering loudly as if begging the griffin to stop, and spraying himself with yet another torrent.

But the weapon didn't give, eventually overflowing the tailhole and slipping itself inside the dragon. Causing his breaths to become rapid as his

lower region overstimulated. His body tensed up, getting Anton to growl against the black claws attached to his shoulders and the tight squeeze on his tower's new location. Getting him to release a bit of his own while the Dia flooded the two with a constant stream of coloring seed. An orgasm that lasted nearly an entire minute before slowing down, exhausting the dragon to the point where he couldn't lift his head up.

"For Helga's Sake..." Dia wheezed between gasps, trying to regain his energy. "Are you done yet?"

"Are you?" The bird scoffed at the mess under his belly and chest. Still feeling a few squirts between them drench the dragon on bottom. "How are you not empty yet? How can you even...?" He grumbled, looking at the sprays that landed in the grass, and the small pond the larger one was laying in.

"Please... No more." Dia whimpered, still trying to get his breath.

"But I'm not done yet." The grey one pressed into the hole again, slipping a bit more of his weapon inside of the dragon and making him cry out a bit in pain. "And you said anything."

With a heavy sigh, the larger one swallowed down his sob. "Fine, but do me one request."

"Here we go." The hawk rolled his green eyes.

"Soak your tool in some of my..." A very odd look from the griffin. "Please." Though he was still unsure of the motives, Anton withdrew. Gathering a sphere of his own release nearby, he motioned the bird to take a step back. Placing the filled bubble on his tailhole, and whimpered at the faint cold it seemed to have. "Okay, go back in."

"What exactly will this do?" The hawk stared at him, puzzled.

"Make me... More stretchy in that area." An eyebrow over the green eyes raised. "I know, it's odd, but just do it." A faint grumble, but the griffin didn't argue. Taking another step forward, and piercing the sphere with his weapon. Almost shuttering at the cold it gave, but not for long.

Pressing up against Dia's lower entrance once again got him to whimper, but mostly at the cool liquid that was now flooding that region. Feeling his own release lubricate the red and black weapon as it began to thrust inside once again. Getting Anton to really feel a difference so far, especially after it warmed up a bit.

Remarkable how such a strange thing worked. With that little bit, the griffin's first knot was easily slipped in without a struggle. Give both males to

release a pleasurable moan as the grey one continued. The sprays between them still came frequently, but the dragon's whimpers died down. Getting gasps and purrs instead, with a bit of squirming. That is until the second bump started to be felt again.

With a heavy sigh, Dia swallowed. Trying to relax as he motioned the griffin to come forward. A single step, and the knot was at the gate. Playfully pressing against the larger one and finally getting him to start whimpering again, but not brace nor claw so hard. A few trying thrusts really started to get the tailhole to resist less, while still giving the bird the feeling of a tight fit. Slipping over the second bump like a small glove, and pressing it further into the dragon.

Giving him the full length threw Dia'vidd into rapid breaths, telling the grey one to get ready for another wet show. Another brace, and the dragon's hose released its contents between them in a steady spray. One so powerful, it was felt in the griffin as well. Getting Anton to finally climax within the colorful one's haunches and attempt to fill the dragon with griffin juice. Granted, no where's near as much as the larger one could.

Finally spent, the hawk withdrew. Getting away from the messy scaly one and attempt to wipe himself off. Making the mistake of turning away from the dragon and not noticing him get up before Dia started to mount the bird. Getting him to squawk in surprise and attempt to struggle against it. However, some rock around his ankles snared him in place.

Still feeling the dragon's weapon spray torrents against his feathered haunches, the grey one knew what was coming. "No-no-no! No you don't-!" A thick prod in the griffin's lower hole knocked the breath out of him. Feeling his region flood warmly with thick rainbow release that rushed right through him. Until a certain point, that is. And when the prod only braced harder, the torrents had nowhere else to go. "Dia...!"

The resistance didn't last long, and the griffin's belly began to bulge downward. Stretching at the sheer force of the larger one's release. It stopped for a moment as the sprays leaked over his feathered haunches, but the prod soon returned. With a faint growl from the dragon's muzzle, Dia forced half of his red shaft into the orifice. Pushing the bird's gut down until it hit the grass. Then the pressure forced it to move outward in several directions for a few moments before the dragon ran out of breath. Dismounting while still releasing a bit, he freed the hawk from its earthly shackles, and laid down. "Oookay." Anton grunted, looking at his newly obtained weight with a bit of worry. "I deserved that." It made Dia chuckle.

"It'll go down in a bit." He gasped, completely exhausted and spent. "Nap time."

"I agree." The griffin tried to lay on his back, feeling the belly wobble and thrash like it was full of water. Though, it didn't hurt, it was very strange. Granted, he released a bit of a nervous yelp when the dragon dragged himself over to embrace the grey balloon. "Easy you." The bird hissed in worry.

"You can handle it." Dia teased, soon falling into a slumber as the hawk snorted at him.

Chapter 9

The two males landed in the thick forest, still half getting used to the dusk. After checking their surroundings, the two shared a look, then awkwardly looked away. Clearing his throat, the dragon spoke up. "The... Entrance must be up ahead, right?"

"That's what I was told, yes." The griffin said, looking around to find a mountain through the trees.

"Good. Be best if we can resolve this as soon as possible." They started walking.

"Yes."

"Good... Gooooood."

"Very good."

"Yes... Very good."

"Stop saying good-"

"This isn't awkward, is it?" Dia asked him.

"Okay, rule one is that we don't talk about it for two days-"

"I mean, we're friends who've now just been inside each other."

"But apparently, to Helga with the rules. We're going to talk about it. Look." Anton stopped, covering his eyes with a paw for a moment. "You're just making it more awkward by-"

"I mean, it was fun, right?"

"I suppose that's one way to put it-"

"A lot of fun. And it's okay to have fun, regardless how old you are."

"Did you just call me old?"

"And many people find many different things fun. Like Crochet."

"Crochet?"

"But I've never found Crochet to be fun."

"Are we seriously talking about Crochet?"

"I always found it to be a pain in the ass. Granted, the same could be said about-"

"You are really not okay with this, are you?"

"I am so not okay with this." Dia whimpered. "I just broke my one rule that I had for eons! The last time this happened, Helga stuck a hose in there."

"And, too much information."

"We cannot tell anyone."

"Anyone?"

"No one. Swear to me, Anton, that you will never tell anyone we did this."

"Not even my side?"

"Not even your side!" He hissed at the bird with the sly grin.

"Because that would bring bad things towards you-"

"More like alot of pointy things, to be honest."

"Here I thought you liked pointy things." A loud whimper, and the dragon covered his eyes with his paws.

"Can we just... Never again?"

"Quit being such a Kresskre. You'll live as long as you stop talking about it."

"That doesn't mean your beak will remain shut."

"Of course not. And all the females will *swoon* over my stories-" The end of the dragon's tail cut off the griffin's path. Now being able to see a few of the spikes begin to pierce through the thick scales. As Anton took a breath, he looked over at the dragon's serious face for a moment. "Honestly, David. We've known each other for, what? A week? And you *Still* can't tell when I'm being sarcastic?"

"Your sarcasm is like a dry well. Long, dark, and you're just not sure if it's empty or not." The bird chuckled a bit.

"Look, *Partner*-"

"I don't like the sound of that." Dia snorted.

"I won't brag about it unless you give me a reason to. Besides, why burn down a bridge if I want to go back to the other side?" He moved the tail aside gently and kept walking, leaving the dragon staring at him for a moment.

"W-wait, what? What does that mean? ...Anton?"

"Shh. The cave's over there. Not like they haven't heard us already." A faint grumble came from the dragon's muzzle. "Let alone an hour ago." A higher pitched, embarrassed one that time. As he took a few breaths, his eyes met the griffin's grin again. Hissing at it. "You're making this way too easy and fun, you know that."

"Just... Shut up."

The grey one walked through the dark caves, barely being able to see from the faint torchlight up ahead. Though his eyes didn't catch it, his ears sensed someone nearby. Clearing his throat, Anton patiently sat down. "You can come out of hiding." He said, getting the creature to grunt a bit.

A griffin in a blue cloak could barely be seen. One with tanned feathers

like the tribes to the south. "You are... Anton?"

"Excellent, you remember me. That means this will be much faster. I want to see whatshisface."

"Dardrathe?"

"Sure." The grey bird motioned a paw forward.

"Does that mean, you've come to join us then?"

"Something like that. More that I know the location of the Flag, and where it will be for a while." The other griffin nodded, leading the way down the series of tunnels.

"And where would that be?"

"Rather nearby, actually. In that human city where the apples are grown."

"Oh? We've spotted a younger one living there for a while."

"Yes, that would be it, actually. In disguise, if one can even consider it that." Anton snorted.

"But it's... Smaller."

"And the Flag possesses the power to change size, let alone assume a more youthful form. However, after its holiday visits, it retires there for about a month so it can recover."

"Recover?"

"It does not cure the ill. It merely drains them of sickness and carries it within itself."

"And this dungeon, is it the one you were locked in?"

"Now you see where I'm getting my information from. It's quite the chatterbox when delusional."

"So, how did you get out?" The tanned bird stopped him, getting the green eyed one to stare at him and sigh heavily.

"As much as I detest to admit this to *anyone*, I..." He grunted.
"Apologized." The grey one shuttered, his feathers puffing out.

"Oh?"

"Because this information is important." Anton took a step closer,

getting into the face of the brown eyed bird. "I want the Flag **gone**. And so far, you are the ones closest to accomplishing that." The tanned one nodded and carried on through many large rooms. One with a series of old weapons in them. "Where did all of these come from?"

"We found them hidden underground. Objects of the past world, possibly used to fend the creature off."

"And they work?"

"You've heard what Haraloth's group did to the Flag a few days ago, have you not?"

"I heard they did not succeed, if that's what you mean." A growl from the other griffin. "Which is obvious, but I suppose an A for Effort."

"It can bleed. That's something we can use-"

"You misunderstand what you're up against." Another growl from the bird, as well as a few others in the room. "Look around you. They knew how to operate these things. They understood how to make them, possibly had twenty times the amount you currently have. And **It's Still Here**." The room went quiet, as his green eyes scanned the people inside. "I know you're all probably eager to *try again*, but the least you can do is learn from their mistakes." He took a step closer, but the other griffin didn't move, getting the two to share glares.

"How do you know so much?"

"Alas, a miracle happened: I Opened My Eyes." Anton snorted, getting the other to do the same.

"Why on earth did we ever want to recruit you?"

"I question that myself."

At last, a longer tunnel lead into a much larger room. One that almost looked like it was an underground bunker of sorts. Several broken fans in the walls were still spinning. Trying to keep the air from getting too thin, and feeding the torches that kept the place lit. At the far end were a few seats, but one big chair with a lizard man sitting in it. One rather scrawny. "This is?" He asked, spotting the griffins and motioning them forward.

"Anton." The tanned one said. "One that was requested to be recruited by the Jury quite a while ago. However, he came to us with information about the Flag's location."

"Oh?" Dardrathe asked, scanning the grey bird with his orange eyes.

"Yes. He's said that It will remain in the human city-"

"About that. Its current location might be slightly off." Anton interrupted, getting the several people inside the room to give him a look in question. Then the tunnel they came through suddenly sealed. "The Flag might actually be behind me." He smirked, getting shocked looks from them as the dragon became visible.

"Helga's Mother, you are a complete Ass!" Dia hissed at the grey bird, getting it to double take at him, as well as the tanned one and lizard for a few moments as the dragon covered his eyes with a paw. "I mean, seriously! It took everything I had to keep my mouth shut for this long! I know I told you to be yourself, but not **That** much of yourself!" The griffin curled his neck. "Tone it down next time, geez!"

"Are you *planning* to actually do this again?" Anton snorted.

"No, but it's the principal of the thing!"

"What is the meaning of this?" Dardrathe growled, getting very uneasy. Getting the dragon to cover his eyes with a paw again.

"Sorry, but it's just... He is the absolute worst to work with."

"I'm right here, *Partner*."

"I think I would rather work with fish-"

"Okay, that's just hurtful."

"Silence!" The lizard took a breath. "What do you want, Flag?"

The large one took a deep breath. "I just want to talk." The tension didn't ease. "You know I figured out who was behind all this-"

"If you're talking about those who attacked you-"

"I know, Dardrathe. It wasn't you or your... People." Dia took a breath. "I... Hurt all of you, in some way or another. I know that. Much like I hurt Anton here."

"Alot." The griffin muttered.

"...Alot."

"An awful lot." He teased.

"Don't push it." The Red one grumbled. "But I want to find a way to make this right, before..." A deep exhale.

"...You know that we figured you out." The lizard said, getting a faint nod from the dragon. "Then you know we can't-"

"How much do you know about him?" Anton interrupted, getting everyone to stop and look at him for a few moments. "Something about some documents that say he's a monster they were trying to stop. Sounds an awful lot like this place, really."

"Which you can see why we're so on edge-" The tanned one tried to explain.

"I wasn't talking to you-was I talking to him? I mean, seriously. Did I come off as talking to him at all?" The griffin growled at the grey one. "But what else do you know?"

"We heard... Things."

"Heard?"

"Things?" The dragon questioned, getting the two partners to share a questionable glance.

"Things about a brass dragon while you were with the Sphinx. And..." An awkward silence fell over the room as Dia's ears dropped. Remembering what the Satyr said about the leaves having Eyes, and the rocks Ears. Whimpering loudly as he turned purple, surprising everyone for a moment. Then even further when a large dome of rock covered the dragon, getting everyone to jump out of their seats except for Anton.

"...Great. You've now incapacitated him. Well done." The grey one snorted. "But my point being: you probably think that this" He knocked on the wall. "Is the big, bad, evil creature in those stories. When really, it's a bit deeper than that."

"How so?" The lizard asked.

"It's..." Another glance at the dome. "Difficult to see now due to the situation." A whimper from the dragon inside. "But his iris carries a meter that measures something. When it gets full, he turns into that creature reported in those documents. *Unwillingly*, I might add."

"And?"

"Do you know how that meter increases? Negativity. And if the planet is threatened. Due to your... Let's call them Actions and Recruitments, you've

been increasing that meter of his."

"Which only gives us more of a reason to fight against it-"

"What exactly do you plan to do, Dardh?"

"Dardrathe."

"-Whatever."

"We want to be rid of the Flag-"

"So, kill him?" Silence. "Because killing him will only bring out that creature and end your lives sooner. Locking him away?"

"I've..." Dia said in the dome. "Tried that... No matter how bound I was, it got out."

"Okay, so exile?"

"It found a way back." The dragon muttered sadly.

"Any other bright ideas?" Anton asked the Yuan-Ti male. "Because I don't think *asking it to politely go away* is going to work either." He snorted.

"You are an Ass." The other griffin grumbled.

"I deny nothing." He calmly replied. "So, nothing else? Then perhaps you should get over your loss and finally put this new religion to rest."

"We don't believe in his actions, we can't just blindly-"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't think of '**Just Not Believing In It**' will render you completely unharmed by the creature. Let's go try that with **Gravity** and see how well that works." A grunt from half the people in the room. "Whether you *Believe* in this creature or not will not save you from its..."

"Wrath."

"Wrath-wrath?" The grey one double taked at the dome, but tossed a paw at it. "Tell me something, what *do* you believe in? That the Flag does not exist? Because I have something that will blow your mind-"

"We don't believe in his actions." Anton slowly looked at the rock dome, then the solid rock wall behind them. "Not-"

"Too easy."

"We don't believe that his actions are the best for our people-"

"I'm sorry, how old are you again?" The lizard grunted at his attitude. "How many lives have you been through? How many times have you done this? Because I know someone who has-

"Destroyed every world he's been a part of-

"Do Not Say That Like He Chose To!" Anton roared. "You look at your own damn sorrow and think the world revolves around that. You listen to all of ours and think that *We* deserve better? Listen to **his**! Then damn well tell *Me* that **YOU Still Deserve Better!**" Silence fell over the room for a several moments. "...Dia'vidd. Come out of your shell." The griffin asked. Unusually polite, and the dragon did. Now a deep blue. "Look at him, please." Dia looked at the lizard for several moments, getting him to see the rainbow iris pulse at about Nine and slightly lean back. "You have *Very. Little. Time.* To stop this. Or else you will be the cause of all our deaths. And one very sad story for him to remember for the rest of his life."

"...And if we don't-

"You don't get to make the decision for the entire world. You get to make the decision for yourself." Dia's blue eyes locked onto the tanned griffin. "Like you do. Like everyone else in this room. Everyone else in this base. And every member of this Gravedigger clan."

"So, you're threatening us-

"It's a damn warning!" The dragon hissed. "Do you know how easy it would've been just to murder each and every one of you instead of going through all of this? I don't *want* you to die! I don't want anyone...!" He took a breath. "But you're not giving me a choice... So I'm giving you one. I'm giving you all one."

Another long silence, and Dardrathe spoke up. "...I won't stop." Receiving a sad look from Dia. "You took too much away from me to stop."

"...So be it then." Anton said coldly, heading towards the tunnel and waiting for the rock wall to be released. "Dia-

"You're attached to strings..." The dragon mumbled, getting everyone to questioningly look at him as he stared into space. "Let's get out of here." The wall disappeared and the two began to exit out of the tunnels. Coming across the dozen or so people still in the other rooms. All half looking at the ventilation systems like an intercom, and not standing in the two's way.

By the time they found the exit, the sun set. Getting the bird to look at Dia for a few moments. "What did you mean by that?"

"...It's hard to explain. But I know who's behind all of this now." A noise in question. "Thank you, Anton. For everything." An unexpected hug got the grey one to yelp a bit.

"What the Helga-?"

"I need to go somewhere."

"Exclusive club, I'm assuming?"

"More like a place you really don't want to be around." The dragon sadly chuckled. "You're free now. Do what you like."

"And now I won't be able to sleep for a week. Should I be worried or something?" Another sad chuckle and a quick hug, then the dragon took off to the skies. "You're welcome, I guess." The griffin snorted.

The two dragons stared each other down in the opened field, as the wind slightly picked up. The orange one's heart still almost caught in his throat, staring into Beo's deep green eyes. "Are you ready?" The larger dragon asked, getting Dia to give a solid nod and ready himself. Looking over to the side and spotting Professor Binky sitting in a very tall chair with a megaphone. "Release the catapults-"

"RELEASE THE CATAPULTS!" The man screamed into the megaphone, then pressed a button connected to his pants. Hearing the many loud snaps at a distance and several projectiles coming from all directions. All hurling at the younger dragon.

With a faint snort, Dia drew out several electrical daggers, and threw them at the projectile pots and pans. Halting their offensive course and getting them to fall to the ground. Hearing several more snap off, and the large dragon clap his paws. Making the world go dark, and forcing the smaller one to use his other senses. Though they got a little bit closer, the projectiles were still stopped in midair.

Another solid nod at Beo, and the brass one called. "Release the breadsticks-"

"RELEASE THE BREADSTICKS!" Another loud screech got the two dragons to cringe as the man pulled a lever and got his chair to recline. Though the darkness was lifted, the sun was soon blocked out by an entire

wall of arrow-like breadsticks. Coming to covered the entire area.

The orange one then created several dozen daggers and threw them up. Cutting the breadsticks horizontally with a large wall of daggers. Letting the sun soon shine through once again. With a deep breath, Dia relaxed a bit. Seeing the brass one's nod. "Test number 3-"

"Three?" The younger one yelped in surprise.

"TEST NUMBER THREE! -What is test number three?" Beo then stomped on the ground, getting a large barrier to pop up near the smaller one and start to see the stone carve an image. One of Dia'vidd taking both Beo and Bartan in the tailhole, instantly turning the dragon purple when he made it out. Seeing his wings start to cave around to shelter and hide him, but the younger one resisted. Slowly forcing the branches back, and looking at the larger dragon with deep breaths. Trying to be stoic.

"You are ready." An exhale of relief as the brass one came in for a hug and looking at the picture himself. "We are going to do this sometime, I hope you understand-" That broke the smaller one into yelps and made him chuckle. "Okay. Let's go get it."

The winds started to pick up as the orange dragon walked towards the colossal Slapjack in the air. Feeling the dark clouds in the distance circle around the two in a heated conflict. Sipping loudly at a drink, Binky looked at the brass dragon beside him. "Think he'll make it this time?"

"He has to." Beo dramatically said, munching on a large orange and purring.

As Dia approached the massive pancake, he stared at it with thick eyes. Feeling the thing tower over him, like it was going to pounce in any given moment. With a deep breath, the orange one exhaled.

".....Pepperflum."

The entire world stopped spinning with a loud record scratch, making everything freeze for a moment, including the Slapjack. Getting it to study the orange dragon, puzzled, until it had the sudden urge to sneeze. Doing its best to resist, it couldn't for long. Sneezing out raisins all over the orange dragon as it started deflate. Burying Dia in a pile of dried grapes and struggle to dig himself out.

"Raisins?" The brass one growled at the man. "You cooked pancake-"

"-Slapjacks."

"...With *Raisins*!?" Binky shrugged at him. "No wonder it wanted to start an apocalypse." Beo snorted at him.

Once freed from the instant brown mountain, he spotted the small slapjack whimpering at the dragon, now being able to tower over it. Growling at the breakfast item, it squealed loudly as Dia snapped his jaws and went in for a bite-!

A lovely display with a stream of water and small fish visually accompanied the grotesque sounds of a wild animal munching and tearing. As a small system message saying "Censored. Please Stand By..." Scrolled across the bottom. Along with Beo and Binky's commentary of disgusted grunts and growls. Viewing such a horrible sight, until a very loud swallow was heard.

The screen faded, and Dia sat down. Rubbing his belly and burping faintly in relief. Letting off a relaxing sigh before heading back to the other two. Approaching the dragon and man and noticing how disturbed they looked. "Everything okay?"

"Just... Don't ever do that again." Beo whimpered, getting the younger one to chuckle nervously and see that Binky didn't even move.

"Binky?"

"You made him go Possum." The brass one explained, but still Dia had to poke him a few times. Even knock him off his chair, but the man remained stiff. "See?"

"Oops?"

"Nonsense. You did good." The large one nudged him. "Just... Don't ever eat my served meals like that." The pink dragon chuckled. "I'm serious. Don't. Ever. At all." Beo smiled, leading him off into the woods.

Chapter 10

The purple dragon paced in the rather large opened area. Constantly surrounded by thick trees and shadows from the night. Feeling very nervous, to the point where he was almost watching the skies. Glancing at the moon and many stars around, lighting the navy blue blanket brightly.

Then, a shadow flew past. Nearly stopping Dia's heart and trying to swallow the lump in his throat. Taking several deep breaths as the shadow circled around and slowly landed in the clearing he was hiding in. Almost afraid to look at the brass dragon. "Everything alright, Dia'vidd?" A silent nod came from the younger one, feeling Beo's pawsteps as he came closer. Giving him a nudge. "You wanted to meet me here? What's wrong?"

He overlooked the purple one, almost instantly knowing what it was from the tone of his scales. Giving him a few licks to relax, as well as a stroke. "I..." Dia whispered.

"Is it something about training?" A shake of the younger one's head. "Something about fish?" At this point, the brass one was just teasing.

"I..." A loud swallow.

"Out with it, Dia." A lick.

"I would... Like..."

"If it's a session-"

"I want you inside me!" An awkward silence fell over the quiet forest, getting the smaller one to whimper loudly, then collapse on the ground. Covering his upper half with wings. "That came out horribly!"

"I'll say." Beo slightly teased. Giving him a few strokes. "What exactly do you mean?" A loud whimper. "Penetration?" A louder whimper, but a nod. "As a male?" He tried to cover himself with a rock dome, but the brass one caught it with a single paw. Forcing it back down, and placing the heavy hand on Dia's back. "Stop." He almost demanded. "Look at me, Dia'vidd."

Another few breaths, and the wings started to fold back, getting the larger dragon to walk around his front and lift his muzzle up to eye level. "Ask

me again." He said softly, looking at the smaller one with green eyes.

"...Can you... Can we try...?" A solid nod from the brass head as he gave Dia a lick over his muzzle and between his eyes. "But..." A noise in question. "You're too... Big." He swallowed down his whimper.

"Yes, but I can make it your size. Don't worry." A faint, nervous nod. "Is there anything else you would like?" He cleared his throat.

"You're kinda like... Me, right?" A puzzled look. "When it comes to releasing?"

"Yes. Do you want it reduced?" He shook his head. Taking a deep breath and leaning into Beo's thick chest.

"I'm sorry, I'm so damn nervous about this." A chuckle from the larger one as he just embraced Dia.

"It's alright. Shh..." A few strokes along his back, and slowly rocking him. "Just take your time." A faint nod, and a few more breaths.

"I... Want to try... Receiving."

"Okay." The brass one said calmly.

"All of it." A very faint noise of pondering. "But I'm so afraid it might hurt-"

"Shh." A few more breaths. "It doesn't hurt, Dia. Not if I go slow. However..." Another few strokes. "It's doubtful you'll be able to take everything. And if you can't, that will sting a bit." A faint whimper. "But it only hurts for a moment. I can stop before it if you like."

"Will I be alright if you don't?"

"Of course you will. It'll be like you are now. Your good, old, scrawny self." The large one smiled. "No consequence for this, just pleasure and experience." A deep breath, and Dia nodded. "Would you like to lead?"

"I lead last time, I think."

"For the most part." A nudge and a lick, and the smaller one licked him back. Getting the two to start licking at each other's tongues a bit and sharing a few kisses. "You never have to be shy around me or Bartan, Dia. No matter what it's about."

"Okay." The pink one took a few breaths between kisses and started stroking the thick brass scales on the sides. Painting up and down this metal body with his paws while still getting used to the rather large purple tongue.

One that couldn't quite fit into his muzzle, like another purple object that he couldn't get out of his mind.

But leaning over was a bit uncomfortable for Beo. Adjusting his sitting arrangement a bit, he lifted the smaller dragon with ease and let his hind paws rest on his brass knees. Nearly getting Dia to yelp a bit, until realizing what he was doing. From here, they were almost muzzle to muzzle in height, give or take a foot. Helping the pink one keep his balance with large paws stroking his back, and his thick tail as a counterweight for the other side.

Also from this position, Dia could feel the large weapon slightly rub and grow next to his own. Slightly brushing sheaths and feeling their tips toast one another with every pulse, only making them grow at a faster pace. Every small touch was like a thin thread of excitement that was being strung, sending a pleasurable vibration through their bodies and get Dia to moan out of bliss.

Once in a while, Beo would as well. But his purrs always seem to come first. Filling the forest with a small storm of thick noise. The sound was infectious, getting the pink dragon to feel the power of the brass' throat, as well as his own. Nearly going all the way down to his tailhole.

Soon after, the two were thickened and ready. A few more kisses later, and Beo's tongue started going around the smaller one's head. Touching muzzle to muzzle again, while looking into those blue eyes. "Are you sure about this?" He asked softly. Though there was still a faint worry in his eyes, the younger male nodded. Giving him another kiss before feeling some instructions.

Leaning into one of his arms, Dia carefully turned around. Trying to watch his claws on the strange position, but any marks never seemed to damage the thick scales. Making the full turn around with the help of his balance, he leaned into Beo's chest, taking several breaths. "It's all you." The brass one purred, getting the younger to almost question the statement. But felt his own tail move aside, as well as the wetness of the purple weapon just below him.

A loud swallow, and a few more breaths, Dia'vidd started to carefully squat down. Feeling the weapon, much smaller than before, lightly prod the green dragon. Almost resting on it for a few moments, getting a new wave rush through him with every breath he took. The smaller one doing his best to contain his yelps and whimpers, until feeling a lick against his back. "Let them out, it'll make it easier on you."

A deep breath got Dia to release a loud moan, as he pressed down a little more. Feeling the shaft's tip begin to widen his hole a bit more.

Receiving a faint jolt of wetness when the brass one grunted. A few more breaths, and the dragon went a little lower. Whimpering loudly at the prod against him before rising up a bit. Feeling it was too much to begin with.

Several breaths later, he tried it again. Feeling the weapon slowly rub against the underside of his tail and reach between his haunches. Poking at the hole inbetween while moaning loudly. Trying to slightly bounce on the area made his hind foot slip off the brass one's knee, making him yelp and expecting to get skewered. But with unreal reflexes, Beo caught him. Setting him down in the grass for rebalancing. "Perhaps it's too difficult of a position right now." He chuckled, licking the smaller dragon a bit before laying on his back. Motioning him to climb on his belly.

While doing so, Dia couldn't help but stare at his purple tower. Trying to get an idea of its size. Maybe about half of what it was before, making the younger one feel a little more confident. Sitting on his brass belly, he got a few licks before lining the dragon up again. "Feel free to go as slow as you want." A faint nod.

"Why didn't we do this sooner?"

"Because the other position would only force you to take the upper half. So don't go too far, too fast. Okay?" Another lick, and the green one nodded. Laying his entire body on top of the metallic wall, then sliding down it a bit. Feeling his own tool against the thick plates of the older one's belly, until that prod again. One large breath, and Dia took a small step back.

The tip of the weapon wet the way forward, letting it slip against his tailhole better. Another deep breath, and he went back a little further, opening the hole with the flare of shaft. Making his region tickle a bit with both thrill and worry, but he wanted this. At least to try it once. Another step back, and the larger dragon grunted. Stroking the younger one through the penetration, as he climbed down. Forcing the weapon to part him slowly.

With every little motion, a wave of pleasure went through Dia. With every little pulse, he himself released a small jolt. Every breath caused his own claws to dig into those thick scales. But every slight spine that entered him was an accomplishment. But Beo was correct; the motions didn't hurt. The jolts of wet were comforting and helpful. And the threatening spines did not scratch. For a moment, the younger one was angry at his own fear, his own embarrassment. And finally, he took that last step back.

Pressing against the purple tool speared the smaller dragon, getting the entire head inside him for the first time. His breaths went rapid as he roared in both pleasure and victory over himself. Licking the one below him, as he released several jolts of pre onto his brass belly. Loving the smile on his

bearded muzzle. "Does it hurt?"

"No." Dia breathed, licking the large one between the nostrils. "Not at all."

"It only gets better the further down." The pink dragon nodded, playing with the flare a bit first and getting used to how it opened his tailhole. The more he did it, the easier it felt. Let alone, the bigger of a reaction he got from Beo. Hearing the large one finally get some pleasure of his own, a reward for his patience.

But the smaller one was still cautious. Only taking a little more at a time, and getting a good feel for the tower in a different orifice. No longer trying to be quiet or silent about such a thing, but moaning with pleasure and roaring with pride. Much like flying for the first time in his life.

However, he wasn't done. Descending a bit more came with its warnings. Several smaller spines still covered the shaft, and it felt much wider closer to its base. It only coaxed the younger one to press on, keep going. See if you can take the entire thing, a little bit at a time.

The lower he got, the bigger reaction Beo seemed to receive. Feeling the squirts from inside become more frequent with its warmth. Making Dia question just how much of that liquid he could take. Still being able to make out the shape of the shaft inside him, every little bit of it delivered more bliss. As if it was the perfect size for the dragon to take.

A final step back, and the pink one touched the first ridge. Once again making out its unique carving, as well as hearing a large grunt from the brass one. Feeling a heavy squirt inside that got Dia to stop and feel his belly. Trying to find out how much he really has taken in so far, but he didn't stop for long. Playing with the ridge a bit to get the older one to squirm, he descended a bit further. Getting a much larger one.

Several pants, and the younger one went down to the third ridge, then the fourth quickly. Getting Beo to almost grasp the dragon on him and arc forwards. Almost growling at the sudden change of pace and giving the smaller one several squirts. Making Dia whimper a bit from the pressure.

The two stopped for a moment to catch their breath. The brass one stroking the other along the sides and neck. "Congratulations." The two chuckled.

"Thanks. But this is still only a fraction of your normal size."

"About half, yes. But a good fit for a first time." The two kissed. "Want to keep going?"

"Yeah, but you're supposed to be leading." Dia joked. Getting a look in question from the green eyes, asking 'Are You Sure?' And the pink one nodded. Getting the same in return.

A few bounces on the purple weapon made the smaller one yelp a bit before getting pulled off. Following instructions to dismount and let the brass one up, Beo went behind Dia. Giving him a few kisses before lifting his tail up a bit. The warmth that he accumulated was dripping out, still throwing his bliss all over the place. Seeing the brass arms land beside his own, and anchor into the ground, nearly worried him. But a few soft licks on the back of his neck almost motioned he would go slow.

The larger dragon's weapon moved around Dia's tail. Finding its original drill point and beginning with a few prods once again. Nearly knocking the breath out of the pink one as he fought to stand still. Getting shaft to slowly make headway once again quite easily, he took the flare with a loud moan. Feeling the entire thing begin to slip in and out with no issues. Just pure bliss for several minutes.

"Dia'vidd." A noise in question. "I'm going to start getting a little bigger and see how well you adapt." A slight whimper in fear. "Is that okay?"

"Yes." He answered, after a few breaths. Taking in the full weapon once again and almost roaring through his purrs. Feeling the thing thicken within him, getting the younger one to dig his claws into the ground and almost hiss at the amount of pleasure it released. Slipping in and out until a comfortable pace.

Another full length, and it started to grow again. Making the younger dragon whimper loudly and rapidly a bit, worrying Beo. Until several sprays hit the ground below them. Helping the pink one get through his first release before continuing. It was a little harder this time to take the entire tower. With every growth, it also seemed to get longer as well. Making Dia question where the limit was. "You okay?"

"Yeah... Just getting harder." He panted, starting to shift colors with every breath.

"Alright, we'll only try one more." A nod gave Beo the green light to try it. Feeling the shaft start to grow again very slowly made the dragon whimper, but motion to keep going. A little more made his insides expand out drastically, releasing a loud grunt, as well as a few sprays under again. A little bit more and Dia yelped, getting the brass one to stop. "Any pain?"

"No, but... Limit!" The younger one gasped, hearing the larger chuckle a bit.

"I hope so. It's my normal size." A sharp look of disbelief from the one below him, and Beo nodded. Seeing Dia's face light up with a smile, then try to squirm around a bit. Getting a heavy growl from the older dragon and a few gasps. "Careful."

"Yeah..." Several pants later, and the purple weapon started to pull out. Giving some relief to his tailhole before it went back in. The feeling was amazing, throwing the younger one into a mess of purrs, moans, whimpers of pleasure, and hisses. His colors warping all over the place, stimulated rapidly by the brass one's tower, while releasing near constantly out of his own.

A few more slow thrusts, and Beo licked Dia's ears. "I'm almost ready for the first one. Are you?"

"...Yeah." Another pant, feeling his lower belly almost warmed from the inside with pre.

"How do you want it?" He wasn't sure how to answer that question.

"Can I... See it?" A nod as Beo almost picked up the smaller dragon. Pulling him back to his sitting position like before, but with Dia taking the entire length. Feeling the ground under the multi-colored one raise up to his feet. Reducing the feeling of being completely speared or skewered.

With a few breaths of the two, the younger one nodded that he was ready. Feeling his belly constantly as the shaft began to enter and exit. Trying his best to stay in one spot, but it was really hard. As the brass one's breaths began to get deeper, and his motions slower, Dia braced himself. One final thrust knocked the breath out of him, and the shaft began to thicken a bit.

The rush inside was immense, especially feeling it with his paws. And very quickly he was full. A slight weight on his shoulders to pin the younger one in place, the seed had nowhere else to go. Fighting against the belly and making him whimper loudly in pleasure. It almost hurt, but the pressure began to give, expanding his lower belly in slow, large pulses. While he also climaxed, spraying the air in front of him with a steady stream of color changing seed. The arc slowly getting lower as his belly grew out further and further.

The feeling was amazing, so warm and thrilling as it soon came to a stop. Hearing him gasp constantly, and loving the tight round fit. Still puzzled how it could all stay in there. "Did it hurt?"

"Not much, no." A few breaths. "Can we go bigger?" The brass one chuckled at that.

"If you want to, yes. But it's going to be quite drastic from here on out."

A nod from the pink one. "If you really want to, but I'll have to lean you forward again."

"That's okay." He panted, feeling the raised ground slowly begin to lower and brass paws guide the bloated dragon forward. "Ready" He said after a few breaths, getting the shaft to slowly exit and a faint plug to release. Constantly moving, and draining out his lower end little by little. The massive warmth made it harder for Dia to feel the weapon inside him, but he could make out where it was, length wise, through his tailhole.

By the sounds of the brass one's grunts, it wouldn't take nearly as long to reach another climax. Feeling him climb in speed every few minutes or so. Almost trying to thrust deeper into the colored dragon. Feeling another climax for himself begin to surface, and panting in the process.

A loud growl almost concerned the young one, as Beo slowed down a bit. "Okay, Dia. I'm going to thicken up again before this one." A whimper from the bloated one. "But I'm sure you can take it now, with the side effects of my release. Okay?"

"O-okay." A few more breaths, and the brass one climbed in speed again. Several minutes passed and his weapon could be felt. Stretching out Dia's tailhole and making him whimper. Almost worrying that it was going to tear right here and now. But it eventually stopped, snaring the tower inside him.

"I hope you're ready." Beo grunted before beginning a loud, powerful roar that the younger one felt and released one himself. The pressure returned, filling up what drained out quickly. Then fought against Dia's scales as he whimpered. Almost flooding over a barrier, dropping his gut to the ground and filling out the space between his legs. Sending his wet barrage of torrents behind the two as he struggled against another wall.

A loud whimper, and another barrier seemed to be pushed over. Now flooding his chest scales down and forward in a balloon like fashion. Sending his belly outward, but also up against the brass dragon on him. To the point where Dia could no longer reach the ground. Helplessly bloating his body outward in all directions and hearing it creek from the pressure. Expecting the sting any moment.

But all that came was pleasure. As the torrents stopped filling him the pink dragon took a few breaths. Still half wondering how his body seemed to normally function like this. Such pressure would probably press harshly against his lungs, but he didn't question it past that. Once again, just loving the feeling of being completely full, and tighter than he ever imagined. Being able to see his scales transparency, and the light blue liquid slosh around

within.

Getting a few pets from the brass paws too, as well as a bit of pressing that made Dia yelp, the larger one chuckled. "Enjoying yourself?"

"Yesssss..." The younger one purred. Getting another chuckle. "But I don't think I can take anymore."

"Actually, you probably can. But another release will pop you." A faint whimper from Dia. "It's up to you." A deep breath, then a second one before he nodded. "Alright then. But I won't be able to pull out of you after a certain point."

"Why? Because you'll be off the ground?" He tried to look at the grass.

"Well, yes. But I also have a knot." A double take from the bloated dragon. "It just takes a long time to get to."

"I'm guessing Bartan..." Dia played with his belly a bit, still enthralled by the full feeling.

"Loves it, and loves this too." A nudge and a lick from the larger one. Pressing into the scaly balloon as well, and worrying Dia. "Trust me, I've seen enough expansions to know how much you can probably take. As long as there isn't any sharp twigs or rocks, you've got a ways to go."

"Really?" A nod from Beo. "Then watch the claws... Please." He whimpered, getting a laugh.

"Alright, limit testing then." The younger one swallowed, feeling the plug release and the motions start up again. Every easy thrust started to rock Dia like he was a waterbed, hearing and feeling the warm liquid slosh and move around within. Almost making him giggle like a little hatchling, then gasp at the pleasure. Feeling the scales stretch out was amazing, rushing him from climax to climax. A constant stream of seed coming from behind the two, to the point there would be a small pond if they kept it up.

But after several minutes, Dia felt his belly stretch out again. Fill up quickly in pulses, but still constant thrusts from the brass one. Until a faint bump could be felt around his tailhole, getting Beo to completely stop with the full length within the smaller dragon. Slowly pressing his massive weight down on the draconic waterbed and making him whimper slightly in panic as his belly stretched out more. Feeling his tailhole widen again, mostly from the inside, and the older dragon to grunt.

"Point of no return." Beo growled, feeling the younger one nod and prepare himself. Getting the slight pulses before the brass one's roar. The

shaft thicken from inside, and Dia himself release once again. Starting to feel the massive torrents enter him and stretch out his belly in all directions. Pressing against the back end first, then middle against the sides, then finally the chest. Arcing the colored one back a bit.

The pressure began to elevate the two, to the point where Beo could no longer touch the grass with his paws. Trying his best to keep balance of the growing dragon balloon, it was hard without using his paws. And like this; it was difficult to control the sharp weapons within. With a heavy whip with his tail, he rocked the two a bit forward, putting a dent into the grass. Though the lower dragon would now have to support the weight of the brass tail, his belly soon filled out the area to keep him on top.

Constantly stretching out further and further, barriers were being flooded by the second. Dia's whimpers of pleasure and bliss filled the clearing, as his belly began to expand the area. Being almost completely a large blue balloon. He struggled to keep together, to keep going, but the constant creeks and groans of his scales alarmed him. Feeling the seed now start to enter his arms and stretch them out for a little bit of extra room, then his haunches. Making his paws wiggle frantically in excitement. Finally, his neck and tail bulged out, nearly pushing the brass one off him, but he was locked inside Dia.

The limits fought drastically against the flood, only dropping every few seconds or so. Until one final barrier was able to stretch Dia's belly to nearly the entire clearing. A loud whimper of both pleasure and fear gave the dragon one last second wind. Stretching to the trees before feeling the sting and deflating almost instantly. Being dropping in a large pool of blue that was quickly drained out.

Several pants, as the smaller dragon fought against his breath, he seen the brass one nearby. Slowly stagger towards him, and give Dia several licks. Still faintly feeling the pressure of torrents under his tail, Beo pressed the tip of his weapon against the smaller dragon's tailhole, flooding him once again with the rest of his release. Granted, only leaving the younger one with just a round belly.

The two collapsed breathless. Constantly purring and licking each other of the wet mess. Smiling, chuckling, and nudging one another, until they felt finally spent. "Bigger than I expected." Beo commented.

"I couldn't quite make it out."

"About this entire clearing, just maybe 60% in height." The younger one looked at him in shock. Getting a nod from the brass one.

"You can't be serious!" He whispered, hearing the older one snap his fingers, and project a large hologram of the frame before breaking point. Getting Dia to whimper in pleasure, and hug the brass one tightly. Still trying to overlook the massive size. Still being able to feel that warmth once again. With a faint few more whimpers, he stroked the larger dragon down the sides, almost sliding into position to mount him while asking for permission.

"If you feel up to it, go for it." Beo replied, completely laying on his back to make it easier for the younger one. Feeling the prod almost immediately go into a full thrust and sending the two into purrs again. The brass one's tailhole adjusted accordingly, making the waves of pleasure almost instant as the larger dragon leaned up to embrace the smaller while he could. Sharing a few licks as the torrents began to flood him.

It took almost no time at all for Dia to fill the older one's region, loving the noises and grunts of pleasure as he fought against the sprays. With one long whimper, Beo's lower belly began to bulge and round out. Getting them both to place paws on it and enjoy the warm feeling as the scales began to stretch out. Resisting the pressure got his brass ears to turn purple and keep a paw on the younger one's mane before the belly forced him on his back.

What felt like every thrust released almost five or six torrents into the brass one. Filling the dragon's body very quickly, and forcing the seed to start flooding his chest. The thick plates started to stretch out and morph with the barrage, sending the bulge over Beo's head as he released once again onto the younger dragon. Feeling Dia's paws start stroking his ridges, which were still thick with the knot.

Another thick resistance, and the brass tail under the dragon started to take the slack. Thickening out like a long balloon until it reached the tip, then started again from the base. Feeling it widen and stretch under his legs only gave more pleasure to Dia as it started pushing him up. However, in doing so, it also started pushing him out of the brass one's tailhole. Unable to keep himself close enough between the two bulges, and spraying inbetween, the younger one eventually slipped off.

But he didn't feel done. Loving the large brass ball that was taking up a lot of space in the clearing, about half of what Dia was able to take, he wanted it bigger. Larger. Perhaps even be able to exceed the brass one's limit, whatever it might be. A faint image of a tailhole at the very tip of Beo's tail was suddenly seen in the smaller one's mind. Getting him to look in the direction of it and stagger towards it.

There was just a normal tip. Bloated excessively, yes, but nothing out of the ordinary. Then it started to change. Morph and shift into a small hole, like the one above the brass stones. Starting to leak out the colorful release,

the dragon didn't waste any time. He quickly climbed the bloated tail a bit, and mounted the hole with his weapon. Plugging it, and feeling it adjust as it normally would.

A few thrusts got his rhythm back, even sending in ripples of the large ballooned dragon. Watching it jiggle and slosh a bit with every movement of the younger one. Almost feeling it once again for himself before releasing into the older dragon. Getting the bloated one to refill what was lost, and tighten up quickly before fighting against walls again. With every barrier overcame, the pressure pushed Dia back a little more while the balloon stretched out. Constantly expanding a bit more with every thrust and spray of his red weapon, causing it to become transparent.

In no time, Beo's new size pushed the smaller one out of the clearing as his belly began to fill it out. Hearing the constant creeks and groans of his scales as the balloon grew and grew. Pressing against the trees and stretching upward with every pulse, breaking Dia's own limit very quickly.

The trees began to groan and bend from the sheer force on them, pushing out the clearing just a bit more as they started to split. Making Dia wonder when the breaking point of the brass one was actually going to be. The creeks and snaps grew louder and became more frequent. The barriers were getting harder to fight against. His massive tail, almost looking like one with the belly, was outside the clearing, warping around a few trees, and eventually pinning Dia into one. Feeling the pressure of the filled balloon only excited him. The warmth of his own release was felt within, and soon enough, he could see it no longer with his own eyes.

Closing them, he got another image. One from higher up, and witnessing the older dragon's belly still growing. The lines that separated his chest plates could barely be seen, and his scales held no single trace of brass within them. With every little pulse of his throbbing weapon, the balloon bobbed up. Keeping a little bit of its height as the rest of it only pushed the trees aside. The heavy groan and creek could be felt from Dia's position, as the bark began to snap. Then again. Another one. Then another.

A fifth tree breaking flooded the entire clearing with a rainbow current. Surprising the younger one as he desperately held onto the log behind him without getting washed away. But soon, all his release disappeared without a trace. Even on his body, it was suddenly cleaned off. Staggering into the middle of the field, he spotted Beo with the brightest smile on his face. Just lying on his back, as the pink dragon flopped on top of him. Sharing a few licks and kisses. "That was some party." The larger one chuckled.

"Yes. Explosive, even." They shook their heads at the bad pun, and chuckled. "I still can't believe it..." A noise in question. "Your limit."

"I had practice, and you had help." A puzzled look from the smaller one, and Beo snapped his fingers. Creating another projected image of his bursting point, and seventeen red Xs were placed on the outside, most around the middle of the trees. Dia tilted his head a little. "All the sharp points from the broken trees." The little one's ears sank.

"You mean... You can...?" Another chuckle, and he was held in the large brass arms.

"You did amazing." A few licks. "Thank you."

"Thank you too, Beo-" A sudden exhaustion overcame Dia'vidd, as he struggled to breathe for a moment. A few more licks from the brass one stabilized him, but his eyelids still dropped. Hearing the final words before falling into slumber.

"Good night, Dia."

Chapter 11

The blue dragon calmly explored the opened ruins of a lost kingdom. One that was already invaded and claimed by nature and many animals, regardless of nearly being out in the open. Countless birds made nests higher in the crumbling towers and pillars, while piles of rubble gave homes to raccoons, bagders, and the like. Such a site would normally make the larger one happy, not to say that he wasn't, but the idea of such a powerful society was nothing more than a relic now lowered his hue. Especially since he could recall dozens of the people living here by name and face.

A faint rustling in the vines didn't get the dragon's attention. At least not at first. It took a few minutes for him to find the remains of a large doorway that seemed to think long plantlife was in style. Getting Dia to tilt his head at it, now making out Binky's figure and not really surprising the larger

one. Watching as the man fought against the vines attached to his clothing as he stood upside down on the underside of the doorway. "Yep. I'm lost."

"You look lost." The dragon teased, smiling at him and turning pink.

"Oh well. Who wants to be found anyway? And why are you walking on the sky?"

"I believe you're the one walking on the sky, Sir."

"Really?" He looked directly 'Up' and pondered a little bit. "Huh. I don't see it."

"Whatever you do, don't look down."

"Why? Did I step in something?" He immediately looked down, regardless of the warning. Seeing the sky and instantly hitting the actual ground in a fraction of a second. Turning into a puddle of mush. "Wow! Did not expect that!" Dia laughed at him. "A little help?"

"Sure thing." The pink one walked up and shoved a paw into the oozy mess of a man. Feeling for his hand, and pulling it out. Making him pop back into existence normally.

"Thank you, kind Sir. You have more manners than a horse."

"Horse?"

"Jinkies! A rock!" He walked off, completely enthralled by the common object across the ruins. Still getting the dragon to chuckle and shake his head. Hearing the heavier one land quite closely, and almost getting him to turn purple.

"Quite the place, isn't it?" The brass one asked in a deep voice, seeing the smaller dragon nod, and turn completely purple when he came closer. "If you turtle up, I will stroke you off eight times." A slight whimper, yet a chuckle from Dia, as he looked at the larger one in the eyes. Still smiling and getting a smile back in return, as well as a soft lick.

"I guess I just can't control myself when I see you." The two nuzzled, as they started to walk together slowly. "Really, I feel... Excited around you. When I see you, hear you..."

"You just keep thinking about our sessions, and that overpowers your pigments."

"That would explain it." The two took a breath as they sat down. Overlooking the area in the late afternoon sun. "It's so strange to see this."

Especially when I can recall right were everything was." A large red wing covered Dia, and pushed him closer to the brass one. "Over there was a cobbler shop. We used to have a joke about him trying to make shoes for me, and then me learning how to tap dance in them."

"Sounds difficult." Beo snorted, then nudged the smaller one. "But amusing."

"And over there was a baker who had the weirdest idea of selling day old bread." A noise in question. "He literally cooked everything a day early and let them dry out. Then sold them."

"Odd."

"Yes, but unusually tasty. I remember we even snuck into his bakery one morning, and stole a loaf." A less-than-pleased look from the older dragon. "We left money for it, but it was... Not like other breads. It tasted unfinished, though it was finished."

"Perhaps it was his recipe then."

"...Probably." The younger dragon sighed, still looking over the area as he turned a dark blue.

"Irony, isn't it?" A noise in question. "The Greatest Show On Earth... And It ends up being a Tragedy." He gestured the landscape. "How creatures and society evolve and perform a lifelong role. Only to eventually return to the world itself. To be sent offstage once their fifteen minutes of fame are overdue."

"...Yeah, I guess."

"Man.

They Took Their Time In The Sun

Had A Dream To Understand

A Single Grain Of Sand.

They Gave Birth To Poetry

But One Day'll Cease To Be

Greet The Last Light Of The Library."

"What?" The younger one looked at him, still a bit sad.

"There is always more they could've done, Dia'vidd. Regardless of their lifespans, they will never be satisfied when it comes to the end of their life. They'll always want more, and that's not a bad thing." Beo licked him a bit. "They will do their best to leave a mark on the world, be it a good one or a bad, because every living creature fears of being forgotten."

"...That's where I'll come in?" A nod from the brass one.

"The important thing is that someone remembers their actions. What they did, who they were." He scratched heavily at a grass covered tile, partly seeing the emblem of the kingdom. "After all... They Were Here." A heavy sigh from Dia, and the larger dragon embraced him. "However, it's not your responsibility to record this. Next to no Weapon tends to remember the lives that they took. You are just uniquely positioned to do so..."

"Then what do you want me to...?" He hugged the brass one tightly.

"Don't run." A noise in question. "Don't hide away and shut yourself away from them. After all, they deserve to be remembered by something." It was a heavy thing to hear, but the smaller one nodded. Licking his thick scales a bit and getting a few in return. Eventually getting muzzle to muzzle and sharing a kiss. "Goodbye, Dia'vidd. It'll be a long time before I see you again."

"Goodbye, Beo. Thank you for everything." Another tight hug, and the brass one let go. Giving the younger dragon a few pats before walking away, while slightly lifting his tail. Making Dia get one last look at his metallic stones before joining up with Binky.

"Hey, Kid." The man said in very raspy voice. Chewing on short twig like it was a cigar and speaking through his teeth. "If you ever see that father of yours again. Tell Him I Said... HUGGBEES." Dia tilted his head so hard his neck cracked, getting him to whimper and tend to it for a moment. Still playing the tough-guy part, Binky inhaled the twig by accident, and started coughing heavily. Constantly wheezing "Wrong Pipe-Wrong Pipe!" Until Beo gave him a swat in the back. Getting him to cough out a remote with a single button.

The remote constantly bounced around the ruins, getting everyone to brace and witness helplessly before it landed on the actual button. Activating what madness it was connected to. Several stressful moments and two disturbed animal homes later, it landed on a corner and started spinning in front of Dia. Making him whimper. "What-do-I-do!?"

"Grab-It!" The older dragon hissed.

"Don't-Touch-It!"

A very loud whimper as it slowed to a stop. Standing completely straight up, then began to lean backwards. Getting everyone to take a sigh in relief. That is, until the back of it made it bounce face forward, landing on the button and cringing at the loud click.

A dead silence fell over the world, as no one moved. "...Huh. It was a

dud-" The tile under the two outsiders exploded brightly. Making a very loud noise that left the younger one a bit dizzy. Seeing the area around the two completely painted in char, but no real damage done. However, the two were gone. Aside from the man's shoes, and a few spines from Beo's beard, smoking in the middle of the black area.

As stressful as the event was, it made the dragon laugh. Though he already missed the two, Dia knew that they couldn't stay forever. He still had a lot to learn, and a lot to be part of. With them here, the dragon would probably force himself away from it all, instead of being part of it like the brass one wanted him to. So Dia'vidd could remember them... All of them.

But the question lied, would anyone remember him as well? "Of course they would, you idiot." The dragon turned about, getting a change of scenery, but a different set of ruins. Feeling the winged snake once again curl and constrict his large body while tickling him with her forked tongue. "I mean, who the Helga wouldn't want to remember you?"

"Probably those who I've..." A sharp nudge across the muzzle, and he looked into the Couatl's yellow eyes.

"Who gives a damn about them. If you ever told them what you really were, you would probably be casted out like I was." She grumbled, looking off into the distance with a foul glare. "Nobody likes weapons. Nobody likes to be overpowered and threatened. Yet they want to fight. Be it physically or just with wit." Helga looked back into his blue eyes. "They're not like us. So, why not fight?"

"Because it does more harm-"

"To them, yes. But not to you." The dragon went quiet, feeling her feathered wings brush up against his body. "Look, I'm not saying you should enforce yourself over them. But don't just stand there while they step on you. Even if you can support their weight, you shouldn't have to."

"...Maybe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. I'm right about everything." She grinned, making him as well. "Now let's get out of here. Leave everyone else behind. You've already shared what you know with them, they're a grown species. Sometimes you gotta let them make a few mistakes."

"Like exiling you?"

"That was totally a mistake on their part." A kiss from her. "But one I'm glad they made."

"Yeah... Me too." He sighed. "But it doesn't make this any less frightful."

"You never have to be afraid, little Phurlanoure." Another turn-about, and the little hatchling was tangled in vines. "I'll always be with you." A brass scaled lioness started cutting the green ropes with her claws. Slowly picking him up and holding him tightly. Getting him to purr and lick her neck a bit. "Regardless of what happens, I will always protect you." The little one chirped, getting her to smile as he struggled to get down. Scampering in the high grass while leading her towards a small cliff. Looking down at the breathtaking landscape, and walking towards the edge. Flapping his wings a bit.

"You want to try it again?" He nodded at her. "Okay, I'll be ready to catch you." Xar gave the little one a couple of sandy licks, as he wiggled his haunches. Leaping into the air, and hearing her do the same. Waiting cautiously to see if his wings will pick up. At first, it didn't seem like they were getting enough air, but a few struggling flaps later, the hatchling started to glide. Hearing the lioness roar with pride as she flew beside him.

"You're doing it, Phurl! Keep going!" He chirped into the sky. Flapping until his wings appeared too tired to keep going, and feeling the Dragonne pick him up. Landing on a large rock and hold the little one tightly. "I'm so proud of you, my little one. You're my entire world." The pink dragon just licked her back, slowly watching the sky as it faded into night.

"One day, I'm going up there." A small boy said nearby. Getting the wyrmling to follow his eyes to the sky. "I want to see what life is like on those lights."

"The stars?" David asked, chuckling. "Nothing lives on a Star, Roland."

"Nothing?"

"Nah, it's like a planet that's constantly on fire. Nothing can live on it."

"But there's gotta be something out there, right? The Flag says so."

"Yeah... The Flag says a lot of things." The dragon muttered.

"Don't you believe in him?"

"It's not that, exactly." The boy playfully shoved the little one. "...We're friends, right?"

"Of course."

"Like, Best Friends?" The boy nodded. "...What if I told you... I was the

Flag?"

"I expected as such." The left head of the female kveldulf said, getting the dragon to double take at his sister, and they tilted their heads in a shrug.

"Everytime we see you flying, you're red."

"It just made sense."

"Here I was trying to keep my identity a secret." Dia snorted, getting the two to chuckle and look behind them. Seeing his uncle come through the underground caves.

"I see you didn't bring any cake."

"So that must mean this is just a friendly visit." The five shared a laugh.

"Yeah." The dragon walked over and hugged the furry beast. "I can't believe you're still alive."

"You say that every time you visit." Feyris grumbled, nudging him a bit.

"And we can't believe you're still alive. How's the world upstairs?"

"It's... Going well this time." They gave him a look, as if to say 'What's Wrong?' Making the larger one sigh. "I just get this feeling that... Something really bad is going to happen."

"You say that about every world." Haltina, his sister's left head teased.

"I know, I know... But it's like something else is going to step in the way. Something I can't control or help." He sighed heavily. "I just... Don't want to lose you guys, and..."

"Your shelter here has kept our kind alive for eons. All thanks to you." Hartara smiled.

"Though, once in a while, we do miss the old castle your father built-" Feyon started.

"But not the heat." They shared another chuckle. "It's too bad it got destroyed."

"You mean, that I destroyed it." The dragon sighed.

"Dia'vidd." Feyris said thickly, getting the larger one to whimper.

"Hug. Now." The other head demanded.

"Okay, okay." It forced Dia to smile, giving the others another embrace. Feeling the other kveldulf join in.

"You'll always have us, brother."

"No matter what, you'll never lose us."

You'll never lose us

You'll never lose us

You'll never lose us...

The weather suddenly changed to overcast in the barren fields as the red dragon landed. No longer hiding the marks over his scales. Observing around, the wind started to pick up, and the scent of rain came with it. A faint thunder in the distance made his ears flick and remove from their spot against his head, calling for something he hasn't feared in an incredibly long time.

But something was still off. A presence nearby that was felt, but not quite seen. "I know you've been doing this!" Dia roared into the field, not disturbing a single creature in the forests from afar. Possibly already abandoning it, like sensing a looming danger that was soon coming. "Come here!" Another call that went unanswered. "Let's talk this out!"

A few chuckles behind him made his spines raise as he followed it. Barely seeing a slender woman with black markings along her body. Though the large bat-like ears were a dead giveaway that she was not human, but something else entirely. "Talk this out?" She snickered, getting the larger one to release a low growl. "You say that as if you have something to bargain with."

"Maybe I do." He snorted.

"Please, if it's the lives of people here, that's a horribly empty threat. First of all, I don't care if their time is up, and second; you're way too caring to do such a thing." She crossed her arms, getting him to see a strange shimmer at the tips of her small claws.

"So, you've been watching me."

"I've had a few servants check in from time to time. The progress of your planet is severely lacking, Weapon." She started to circle around him as

if the woman was bored.

"Is that why you're controlling them?" The question got her attention for a moment, making her smirk.

"My, you are a clever one, aren't you?" Dia didn't respond. "How did you figure that out?"

"I have my ways." He snorted, constantly facing her. "But why toy with them? Torment them with loss? To get to me?"

"Please, you may be a Weapon that doesn't slumber, but you're hardly that interesting."

"Then why go the extra effort?" The larger one growled.

"Do you have any idea what it takes to keep the lights on in this place?" She half pointed to the sky, getting the dragon to assume she meant the stars. "Well, here's a quick lesson: We get our power to keep everything running from a creature that demands to be fed. And it consumes negativity."

"And so you force the people living here to suffer so you can feed it?"

"Exactly. Sometimes it takes more than just one disaster, so we have creatures like you to just reset everything. Make all the livestock fall victim to a painful death-" Dia snarled at her. "I'm not sure why you're blaming me for such a thing. It's always been like this, even before I was appointed *Mother Nature*. Besides, you're the one killing everyone-"

"Only because you're forcing me to! You manipulate the planet to thinking it's in danger-"

"Who says it isn't? After all, you're constantly awake and active. Have you actually heard him before? He's quite terrified of you."

"I've been trying to protect him! I've been trying not to let people on the land suffer-"

"How's that going, by the way?" Another snarl at her sarcastic tone. "You may think you're doing the world a huge favor by giving them a few extra years of life, but you have no idea how much you're hurting everyone outside the world, do you?" The dragon tried to hide his sad look as the rain started to fall. "Because of your delays, productivity has been down. And we have to get the extra entropy somewhere."

"...Who says you have to?" The Force of Reality laughed. "There's bound to be another way-"

"Big hopes coming from a single grain of sand."

"Maybe you just overlooked something."

"Why bother? The system works when all the gears are turning."

"But people are *suffering*."

"Do you know how childish you sound right now? People will always suffer. That's *Nature*."

"Some Mother you are." He snorted.

"Not all of them have to be caring. I have a very big job to do, and I *apologize* if I haven't given you the attention you deserve." She stretched out her claws a bit. "Maybe it's about time I did, and we'll start with discipline. After all, no one likes a weapon that's dysfunctional."

"It's come to this, has it? No reason allowed?"

"Reason is Fate's territory. It's time to come back to *Reality*, little one."

Chapter 12

A strange shimmer of threads seemed to extend off the tips of the Force's nails as she threw her hand backwards. Cutting through the black smoke that the dragon left behind when he teleported behind her. Alarming the bat when Dia dug his paw into the earth, and quickly conjured a molten axe. Attacking with a line of sharp, fiery rocks as he withdrew it from the grass.

A quick sidestep was all that was needed to avoid such an attempt, but she didn't expect the slam on the ground. Causing a larger pillar to jolt up, nearly scratching her chin as the woman avoided it, stepping backwards. Hearing the dragon roar on the other side, the axe head tore through the

second pillar and once again nearly scratched her body. Sidestepping and releasing a hiss as she quickly flicked her wrist. Causing the thick blade to be cut by the threads in several lines before exploding behind her.

Slightly frustrated with the close calls, she swiftly lifted her off hand, expecting another attack while searching for the Weapon. For something so large, it was nowhere to be found. Getting the bat to completely stand still and search her surroundings with her ears. Picking up faint pawsteps that were trying to be silent under the rain. "Invisibility? How cute." No response. "A new trick that no other Weapon uses. However-" A faint shimmer behind her got the bat to turn around hold up her off hand. Barely being able to see a glowing small blade before the sound of glass shattering stun Dia. As if he hit an invisible wall that pushed him back, getting the large one to stagger. "Something I can still Deny!"

A whip of her claws, and the shining threads wrapped around the dragon's arm. Cutting deep into the scales and into the muscles a bit. Getting him to growl as they pulled him down with great strength. Right into a dull spike of rock right into this throat, getting the orange one to gag a bit before being pulled down again. Though this time, he avoided the small pillar. "You put up more of a fight this time. As impressed as I am, perhaps Goliathe is right: you are too much of a threat to keep around." A growl from the dragon. "I hate having to put down one of my pets-" She suddenly stopped for a moment, feeling some static raising her hair up. Getting the Force to release her hold and jump back quickly before a bolt of lightning from the storm hit her.

Feeling this incoming, Dia'vidd grabbed a hold of the energy. Absorbing it into his body and using most of it to heal the wounds on his arm. He quickly created several small, electrical needles out of the rest. Grabbing all the water from the rain he could, he gathered it into a large sphere and almost instantly added a massive amount of heat to it. Creating a very thick fog before Reality could stop him. Getting the female to almost growl at another stealth tactic. "You are really frustrating, aren't you?"

"Only because you've never been in a real fight that wasn't in your favor-" A whip of threads in the direction of his voice caught a hold of nothing. Then a heavy sting as a long needle pierced through her achilles heel. Getting to gasp in the sharp pain it seemed to give off, as she pulled it out. Quickly repairing the wound.

"Damn fool! I've been in many fights-" Another needle from a completely random direction, this time hitting her hip joint. As she hissed in pain and grunted to take it out, it felt like part of it remained inside the flesh. Possibly arrow-tipped.

"You've witnessed fights from afar. Any that you've been a part of were always visible-" The bat lashed out in the direction of the voice, but still caught nothing. "And in order to Deny anything, you need to be able to see it. You never learned how to otherwise-" Another whip in the other direction of Dia's voice. Still missing, though she seen a shimmer of one of the Electric daggers in the fog. Attacking the direction, she caught a hold of something large.

"Got you!" She pulled it down, only to get a tree to fall and make the bat curse loudly. Just before feeling another needle in the knee, then another in her primary elbow. Getting her to scream in both frustration and pain. "No honor for animals, huh!?" She created winds that started to blow the fog away, but still didn't see the dragon.

"You and I both know that Honor only ever assisted the opponent in a fight to the death." His voice echoed around her, not being able to pinpoint where the large one was hiding. "It's an empty insult used to taunt others to go easy on them. And not fighting your hardest is disrespectful."

"You're the one to talk about disrespect!"

"Just because someone doesn't have the strength for a larger sword means that they should attempt to use one otherwise?" He appeared walking behind her, getting the bat to instantly lash out and see the threads shatter him like glass. However, doing so caused a sharp spike of pain in her head, getting the female to growl at it. "Fights have always been about strategy." Another one said, as Reality turned around. Seeing three more of the orange dragon just circling around her. "Whoever has the better plan usually wins. Even if it's using your most powerful weapon, be it your brute force, to overpower your opponent. You've never had that challenge, and because of that, you're getting frustrated when the odds are against you."

"And you have!?"

"I may not have been in control during my rampages, but I could still see everything after my first one! I seen their strategies fail, only because they could not harm the creature I was! Even you have been trying effective tactics that you know will work on Weapons."

"The hell do you mean!?" The Force hissed.

"The Battle of Sakigahara. Your third real fight while an apprentice." She looked at him with shock. "You constantly kept using energy based attacks; Lightning, Fire, Plasma. When your instructor would tell you that you would eventually encounter an opponent that such things would not work. Which was your first Cryo."

"H-how do you know about that!?"

"Regardless, you attempted to anyway. And when you carelessly attacked it, your instructor protected you with his life. Crippling him to save *you*."

"No one else was there to witness that-**How The Hell!**?" She lashed out at one, shattering the illusion into pieces and once again feeling that spike in her head. Getting her nose to leak out a little bit of red.

"Did you ever stop to wonder why the Planet chose me? A second Cryo is never chosen for a planet. If it loses its Weapon, it becomes defenseless."

"So how then? Amuse me." The Force hissed.

"You made a mistake when you first met me. Pinning me down after my first transformation. I was once described as a Sponge by someone a lot smarter than you." Another loud growl. As much as she wanted to smash the dragon in front of her, it was nothing more than a trap.

"What the hell do you mean by Sponge?"

"I absorb pieces of creatures that I make contact with. Often their powers and strengths, copying them and storing them within my body."

"So the Cryo?"

"I assisted against it's rampage. And from there, the Planet recognized me as the Weapon. It's why I don't slumber, and don't act like an animal!"

"So you think." She slyly smirked, even getting the dragon to hiss at her. "So what? You absorbed my memories?"

"Just like my mothers were able to do with enough practice. Just like Sinality was able to do when she grasped someone's Fear. What you're facing, Reality, is the Weapon of All Weapons!" Her breaths started to get a bit faster, as her heart started to race. "I'm a creature that can adapt and mimic abilities just by touching someone. I'm a creature that can never die-"

"Unless you planet dies!" A growl from Dia. Still almost shaking from fear, the bat half smirked. Arcing her back in pain from a grip that wasn't physical. Her muscles were forced backwards on all her limbs as she fought against it, but eventually dislocated and made her scream loudly.

"You can't win." The orange illusion growled. "So leave my planet alone-"

"You don't understand, Weapon." She gasped, trying to ignore the pain.

"You belong to me." Though her arm was limp, she slammed it painfully into the ground, getting something to shift underneath. It instantly got the dragon to roar in agony as the illusion shattered, revealing the real Dia'vidd quite a ways away. Holding onto his head and eyes. Feeling the iris suddenly jump to full and go through the massive pain of full a transformation.

During this time, Reality denied her wounds. Trying her best to recover from the massive pain he caused her, as the bat watched the dragon grow. Dozens of spikes and horns pierced through his scales, extending out from his elbows and shoulders. Sprouting out of his tail towards the end as his hide began to thicken drastically. His senses attacked him in all directions, making him furious and fight to keep control. Roaring loudly into the storm when such a thing was complete, only to feel the threads wrap around his neck and pull him down onto the ground.

Regardless of the new armor, the shimmering wires still cut through. Causing several lines along his neck to start bleeding quickly while she held the dragon in place. "So I underestimated you. Something I won't do again. If I have to send people over here to do your job, it would still be an improvement!" Another tight tug got Dia to growl loudly and cough. "This is what you get for talking too much, Beast! You lose your own life, and rest in the agony knowing that everyone special to you that ever existed will both die and be forgotten."

"**So...**" He choked, trying to free a little bit of room around his neck, only to get Denied once again. Slammed into the ground harshly and making him whimper a bit. "**So... You Think...**"

"What could you possibly have left to-" A large rifle ripped out of his shoulder, aiming point blank at her face and firing before she could even recognize what it was. Throwing her back across the field. Though the withdrawal of the threads still stung, Dia could still get up. Retreating barrel back into his body, yet leaving another scar in the process.

"You'll always have us, brother."

"No matter what, you'll never lose us." The female Kveldulf said, hugging the large dragon and almost seeing him sadly smile at the embrace.

"I know I won't." Dia took a breath. "You guys are always with me-"

"Who are you talking to?" The grey griffin started into the cave, his eyes still getting used to the darkness and seeing the dark blue one alone.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just... Talking to the bats." He replied, sadly looking at the empty space before him and sighing. "Come on, we're only an hour away from their headquarters."

A few breaths were all it took for him to get back on his paws and witness her recover as well. Still cursing at him, the Force went to Deny him standing again. Only to see the dragon do the same motion, hearing the same glass-breaking shriek that made her stagger backwards. "Damnit-How!?" The bat snarled, seeing the Weapon charge her and getting the female to attack it with threads. Only to see it shatter, giving her pain again and get sprung upward by a pillar of earth. Then rammed heavily from the side instead.

The impact from the dragon's shoulder was unreal, knocking Reality back for miles before sliding on her feet. Catching Dia's roars of pain from afar as several mechanical limbs ripped out of his body. Driving into the ground to anchor him in place on all fours. As his back opened up, a large cannon quickly unfolded out and charged up. Making several faintly transparent bubbles to guide the cannon's path, it fired as soon as Reality lifted her off hand. Echoing a massive roar that ripped through the air as the bullet passed through the spheres. Each one accelerated it drastically, getting the warhead to collide with the bat almost instantly and nearly rip her to pieces.

The sound of the impact shook the land, deafening the dragon as he endured through the bomb blast. Seeing chunks of earth and plantlife get ripped out from the sheer force the ammunition generated. But he knew it wasn't over. Withdrawing the large firearm on his back and sealing up the painful wounds, he searched for the Force with Stagg's vision. Finding the female piecing herself back together near the base of a mountain.

She's never felt so much pain in her life, regretting she came here alone. Finally being able to stand back up, the bat was pushed down by a large paw. Pinned as Dia panted. "**It doesn't have to be like this...**"

"I don't have a choice...!"

"**Yes, you do.**" He replied angrily. Still feeling that instinct gnaw at his reason. "**Just leave my planet alone...!**"

"If you let me go... I'll only come back with more." He hated hearing

that, almost making him release a sob through his heavy exhale. "You can't kill me. You might have power, Weapon, but you don't have the means to put me down."

A loud snarl as he took a deep breath. "**You're wrong...**!" Another breath and he roared loudly at her, feeling the power within his chest rev. A second roar split the clouds above them, throwing them away as it shook the lands. A third, very long one echoed through the entire planet, scaring many of the citizens within the cities and making them take cover. As the energy within his body only increased, something snapped in Dia's iris. Making it shine into a cold silver.

The roar intensified as the dragon grew out white fur over his body, a coat almost laced with silver. Several ethereal wings ripped out of his back, and his muzzle morphed into that of a wolf. Slamming his paw down caused several fissures to break through the lands, and his entire body to omit several elemental walls his height that tore across the landscape.

The sky started to rip apart, splitting several wounds wide opened which got the Weapon's furious attention. Seeing a small part of a creature's eye on the other side and roar at him, only to get Dia to uncontrollably roar back. Matching that creature's information with one similar to the beetles he fought when he was younger. "Dia'vidd!"

His attention turned to a creature currently much smaller than him. But just glancing at it nearly tore the dragon's brain into several slices, getting his nostrils to bleed out and lose grip on the outbreak. Making him faint in a matter of seconds, but somehow remain conscious enough to see the wounds in the sky heal. "Easy now! Easy...!" The soft touches of a furry paw made it easier to breathe and recover himself. The urge to just rampage across the world faded like a nightmare, and eventually a bear's muzzle came to view. "Say something to me, Dia."

"...Bartan?" The dragon coughed, realizing he was now his original size.

"Yes, you remember me, do you?" He sadly smiled at him, as much of the pain and fatigue began to melt away. His sore muscles now relaxed. His lungs felt clean and clear. Mouth and throat now refreshed and no longer held the taste of blood. "How do you feel?"

"...What happened?" The Cyan one asked, trying to get up and out of the bear's grasp.

"You looked at me with Stagg's vision." A puzzled look. "I made the same mistake a very long time ago. Never look at a Counterweight with that. It will kill you with a massive overload of information."

"Is that...?" He searched through the skies, no longer wounded nor covered by the storm. Seeing the brown eyes look towards them as well.

"That's going to take some explaining. For now, relax, okay? Take it slow." His face went cross when he looked towards the Force. Though bleeding from her head as well, she still staggered towards them.

"You can't keep him here...! He needs to be-" A sharp spike in her back, got her to stop. Struggling to breathe as she looked behind to see a grey skinned creature. one in light armor and a face cloth that covered the bottom half of his face, as well as his left eye. Leaving the right and a third eye in the middle of the forehead shown. "...Goliathe...?"

"Your duties are no longer need." One final twist of the blade, and the bat fell limp. Getting Dia to whimper. "We meet again, Weapon." He muttered at the now green dragon. Hearing him swallow loudly.

"...Why...?" He sadly looked at her body, sighing in defeat then looked towards the bear.

"It's... Complicated, Dia'vidd. But something that needed to be done." He stroked the younger one a few times and took a breath. "I hate to put this on you right now, but we don't have alot of time." A noise in question. "We're planning to alter this universe to a new system. One that doesn't require a Terrasque to run. I've already done it several times, so I know what I'm doing."

"Alter the universe...?" Bartan nodded at him.

"Change it, so there won't be anymore pain within it. Make it self-sufficient in the process." The white one explained, though the dragon was puzzled at the sad look in his brown eyes. "Because there is no negativity... Weapons cannot exist there." It made Dia's heart sink, making his gaze fall and drift away into space. "I want to know if that's okay with you-"

"Are you serious!?" The Force of Death growled, getting a sharp look from the Counterweight. "You're leaving the decision up to this-!?"

"One More Damn Word Out Of You And I Will Disintegrate You Where You Stand!" Bartan barked loudly at the other creature, getting the dragon to yelp and lower his head. Turning a deep green. **"I Did Not Ask You For Your Opinion! You Came To Me And Asked Me What I Needed!"**

"Yes, but-"

"Leave." The bear growled, getting Death to take a step back. **"I Will Not Tell You Again."** And he left with a grunt, letting the white one exhale in

frustration. Giving Dia a few licks. "I'm sorry you had to hear that."

"I don't think I can hear out of one ear." The younger one whimpered a bit, getting a chuckle from the bear and another few licks. "...Why did...?" A grunt as the bear's four ears spaded.

"All three of them avoided their responsibilities and nearly threw an entire universe into chaos. Like children, they just expect me to come along, fix it, and leave it back to them for more neglect." A growl left his throat. "Being a Force is a Position, not a Title. You don't get to wear it around with pride and roll right over people because you're 'Superior' to them. It's a weight to carry, to look after the homes and lives of those who live in this place. Not treat them like Livestock so you can take-it-easy." A deep breath as he held the dragon close.

"I think I understand."

"I'm sure you do." Bartan smiled at him, but it soon turned sad as the dragon looked at him. "I can give you a little time if you want-"

"N-no... It's fine." A deep breath from Dia as he looked towards the direction of Vabbi. "I want you to do it."

"Are you sure?" He nodded, getting a faint, sad whimper from the bear.

"I always wanted to give them what I was trying to be. I won't waste this opportunity." A deep sigh from both of them.

"Would you like a few days? For closure?" A bright look in Dia's sad eyes. "I can give you three, but after that it gets risky."

"That's more than enough." Bartan nodded at him, giving him another lick and getting up. "Thank you, Bartan."

"You're very welcome. Now, I have a lot of work to do. Enjoy your last three days, Dia'vidd."

"Just... One thing." A look in question. "Will it hurt?"

"...Emotionally, yes. But not physically." Dia sadly nodded, and said his thanks. Flying off to the distance.

Chapter 13

The dragon landed in a clearing within the thick, tropical forest. A little ways out of Vabbi. Though the bear did help his body refresh itself, the old wounds still ached. His muscles were still stretched and sore from the transformation. Making his heart throb and echo through his chest.

A heavy sigh as Dia laid down, trying to relax a little for some rest. "Are you alright?" Feyon asked, giving the large one a lick. One, to this day, felt so real to him.

"That was quite a struggle." Feyris mumbled, getting the brown one to half groan.

"I expected it to be difficult."

"But you didn't suspect to succeed." His sisters came from the other side. Trying their best to help the large one relax, and almost whimpering at Dia when he nodded.

"No... I was just trying to foolishly bite back. See if maybe I can get them to change their minds a little." A heavy sigh. "That's not to say I was expecting to die. Just... Maybe defeat."

"Regardless, you made a difference for everyone here." Hartara nudged him.

"Did I...? It seems like they were going to attempt this even without me. All I did was create a mess for them to clean up." A heavy exhale. "Throw a tantrum like a child."

"Dia'vidd." Another thick voice from the left male head, getting the larger blue one to half groan.

"Either way, I couldn't have done it without your power. Thank you... Both." He sat up, viewing all four of their sad smiles. "Is there any way I can break this Bond?"

"Why?" Haltina asked.

"I..." A heavy sigh from the dragon. "You guys deserve to be in that

new world. For everything that you've lived through. For everything you've done, for me alone." Another sad look from all of them. "I just want you to be free, and not get dragged down with me-"

"Dia, we chose to be with you. We chose to do this." Hartara licked his side.

"We all did." Feyris did the same.

"But that doesn't mean you should get... Erased for assisting a weapon." A whimper from both bodies. "I want this, guys. I want you to be unbound." A heavy sigh from them, as the males shared a look.

"There is a way to break it." Feyon said.

"But it will hurt you." Dia looked at the right head of his sister.

"Probably alot." A exhaling grumble as the large one lightly tossed his snout. Getting the other four to chuckle.

"I expected as much." He snorted.

"You might feel weakened for a while as well." A nod from Dia.

"That's okay. I don't need to fight anymore." He gave the Kveldulves a big hug. "No one does." They returned it. Draining the large one of a pure white essence that caused him to growl in pain. Nearly sucking the life out of him for a few minutes. Looking up to see the two lights almost hug the dragon again before taking off into the distance. Heading towards the dragon's first home, what was left to it anyway.

Some part of Dia wanted to go with them, but he wouldn't be able to make it like this. Let alone, in three days. After a few minutes of rest, he started to walk through the forest. Feeling the trees make way for him and lightly stroke his sore wings with leaves. "Thank you..." He whispered heavily, as he headed to Vabbi.

The city was still startled, and even more so when they seen the dragon staggering slowly across the fields. Feeling their fear even from this distance, but he tried not to let it get to him. Just concentrated on breathing and walking. "Dia'vidd!" He faintly heard the sphinx shout, as well as a few people attempt to stop her. But he couldn't figure out why.

That's when he noticed it, the darkness on his paws. The dragon was so exhausted that his scales faded to the black that normally covered him when he was asleep. No wonder they were afraid, many of them didn't know

the Flag had multiple scale colors to begin with. They had every right to be frightened by him.

The sudden tackle of the Gyno got the dragon to hiss at his sore body. Though, he did embrace her at the same time. Already missing the feel of her brown fur and chest lumps, to the point he almost regretted that decision. But it was selfish to deny such a request for a pair of pillows, no matter how fluffy and comfortable they were. "What the Helga happened to you?"

"Hmm?" He mumbled a noise in question, puzzled at her worried look. Then it came to him; Dia was no longer hiding his scars. Nearly every inch of the dragon's body was covered in old wounds. Battle marks and results of conjuring weapons from his body. Finally changing his scale color to a deep blue and making the markings a little bit more visible. "They're... Old. Nothing to worry about, Ressa."

"...How-?"

"I hid them. To keep people from being afraid." She sadly smiled at him, once again squeezing his large body until he whimpered at the pain.

"You've gotta stop doing this to me." The larger one sadly smiled at that, not really knowing how to tell her about the future. "Is everything alright?"

"...Yeah."

"Your Iris isn't appearing."

"...Yeah. I... Stopped it." It made the feline smile brightly, finally getting several other people to approach cautiously. Trying to overlook the battle-worn dragon from a distance. Though Dia didn't really want them to see him this way, he was just too tired to change it. "I... Really need sleep, Ressa." She nodded, helping the larger one up and assisted his limp.

With a loud crunch, the apple collapsed in his beak. Getting the delicious juices running down the sides as his spiked tongue dealt with the snack. Leaning up against the barn in the shade, the griffin never felt so bored. One would think a week in captivity, willing or not, that he would miss the outside world. Some parts of him did, but just not enough.

Granted, there was just something different after this entire

experience. Though the sounds of battle did concern him, like everyone. It happened a few days ago, and not many seen anymore signs of destruction. There was claims that the Flag did fight against an outsider somewhere, but no one seemed to be missing or harmed. Even the Gravediggers started to depart from their religious ways.

Perhaps the bird was just that convincing. Or maybe something else happened? What the dragon mumbled about Strings was the only thing left for Anton to ponder over these past few days. And the only thing he could come up with is a puppet. But that only raised more questions: Who were the puppets, and who was the puppetmaster?

Regardless, things started looking out for the best. If one could say such a thing. The Grey one was now back to his daily schedules of preening, nest building, and hunting for food. Perhaps he could bargain someone for a barn to stay in. As much as he was looking forward to be away from other people, he wanted the warmth of the furnace more.

Though, it was a strange thought to him. Being okay with the company of others. Even if he still didn't believe in the Flag and his religions so zealously, there was just something about it that bothered him. That perhaps he did somewhat believe... Not in the Persona of The Red Flag, but instead... Dia'vidd? The so-called Weapon?

The thought made the griffin snort loudly, grabbing another apple and crunching on it. Maybe the dragon was similar to this bird, but he hardly had any faith in the Griffit. Though that term no longer really fit someone much larger than him. Let alone, more threatening. A heavy exhale that turned into a grumble left his breast. Perhaps maybe he was too hard on Dia'vidd, not looking into what the dragon went through himself. "Anton?"

A double take at Cennet already close to him made the griffin squawk loudly, scampering up to his feet. Hissing at the giggling woman and snorting loudly at her. "Even in the middle of daylight, you are the personification of Silence, aren't you?" The grey one grumbled.

"What are you doing here?" The question stunned him, not really sure how to answer.

"I was... Hungry, obviously. And all that apple talk in the dungeon made me crave them." He cleared his throat.

"What do you think of them this year?" She smirked at the griffin, knowing he was hiding his true intentions.

"The exact same as last year. It's pretty much become standard for Vinewood apple farms-"

"This is Janesfield." She corrected him, getting a large snout toss that only made her smile brighter. "And I'll take that as a compliment."

"You can take it however you like." A soft hand on his shoulder got his green eyes to look at hers.

"I'm glad you came to visit." He curled his neck.

"V-visit?" She chuckled at his reaction. "You misunderstand! This is purely coincidence that we met here-"

"Oh, that does remind me. I have a little surprise for you!" A tilt of his head, and the woman motioned him to follow her. Leading the griffin outside the barn where he got a few dirty looks from nearby cows.

"I feel like they're out to get me."

"They might be." She teased. "But here." She pulled out the toy dragon doll, now covered with colored rags, googly eyes, and a forked tongue sticking out. "I stuffed him so he would be more comfortable to hug in case you ever got lonely."

"*Lonely?*" Anton repeated, as if insulted. Getting the woman to giggle again. With a deep sigh, he overlooked the toy and shook his head. "Cute." He muttered. "Looks just like him."

"I thought you might say that." She handed it to him, and the grey one curled his neck. "It's yours."

"Mine? Why? And before you say it-For Helga's sake..."

"Because you're best friends." He tossed his head, covering his eyes. Taking the doll out of her hands regardless. "And I know you miss him."

"Hardly. He was a pest-"

"That you slept with." It got him to double take, his leathery ears drop in embarrassment.

"How did you know...?" He whimpered, getting the woman to shrug and look away.

"I ended up opening the door a bit and peeking through. I could barely make you two out with the dawn, spooning."

"Oh, that's what you mean." He grumbled, getting a very questionable look from her and making the griffin really uncomfortable.

"So, you're more than just friends now-"

"I said nothing." She burst out laughing. Getting the bird to groan and exhale loudly. Overlooking the inside of the barn, quite spacious and probably warm. "...Is anyone staying here for the winter?"

"Not that I know of. We mostly just use it to store apples during the harvest. Sometimes we keep a calf in here from time to time when it's too cold for the other barn." She pointed at a much larger one in the distance. "Why?"

The dragon smirked, almost grinning at the woman and griffin talking in the distance. Getting a nudge from the lioness beside him. "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing. I can just hear them." He smiled, enjoying the view and the afternoon sun. Finally getting his strength back, but still needing to take breaks between long flights. "At least he made a friend."

"I thought you two were friends."

"We're..." He grumbled, unable to control his purple scales.

"Ohhh..." Dia sighed heavily at her. "So, how was it?"

"Ugh." Ressa chuckled loudly. "If you must know, pointy. Very pointy."

"Here I thought he was just bluffing."

"You and me both." He flicked an ear, taking a deep breath.

"Something bothering you?" He shook his head, but shrugged his wings. Getting her paw onto his larger one. "You're not to *Blame*." He half rolled his eyes.

"Knew you would figure it out sooner or later." The dragon snorted, getting the sphinx to smile. "Maybe not entirely, but I'm still responsible for..." She kissed him, interrupting his self-examination.

"You're *Not*. To Blame." She said a bit thickly, getting another exhale and a faint nod.

"Beo said the same thing." A noise in question. "That it wasn't my responsibility. I was just uniquely positioned to do it."

"To do what?"

"...Remember them." He overlooked the landscape, almost being able to point out where past civilizations and landmarks were. "I am their Library."

Their history book that they've so desperately wrote in so they would never be forgotten. But the question does come up..." He sniffed, taking a breath as a few tears fell from his eyes.

"Dia'vidd?" The Gynosphinx whimpered. "What's wrong? What are you not telling me?" He looked at her with sad blue eyes, seeing them trail off to the bright sky behind her. Witnessing it barely cover the entire sky quickly, but stopping the lioness from looking at it. Leading her into his chest for a tight embrace. "Are you leaving or something?"

"...Yes. But where you're going, you won't miss me."

"Dia?"

"Please... Ressarkio. Remember Me. Remember What I Did For You All."

Here..."

"Remember That I Was

The warm sun and comfortable grass was coaxing him to sleep, but the occasional peck was disturbing him. Getting the large one to grumble a bit, and yelp when the small bird got his ear. Getting the dragon to spring up and let it fly away. Taking a few breaths before stretching and looking around the spring field.

Once again, something that didn't look familiar. Sinking his heart at yet another reset. But what happened in the past? He couldn't quite recall with his throat parched. Leaning up to a nearby stream and taking a few cooling laps before stretching again. Seeing his draconic reflection stare back at him with a rainbow iris.

Dia stopped for a moment, then yelped very loudly. Feeling around himself to attempt to stop the transformation and check everything. But there was no pain. No large spikes from his limbs or on his back. No growing claws or mane extensions. He was just his normal dragon self. "...What-?"

"It's quite nice." The voice of the bear walked up beside him, overlooking the small field. "Almost the perfect day, really." He gave the dragon a smile.

"Bartan...? What happened? Why is this-!?" He covered his eyes, half trying to look into the reflection again and getting a soft lick from the white one.

"Relax. This happens to all Cryos who lose their planet." It made his ears drop and scales turn a deep green. "Hey, it was a success. Don't worry. But even your planet needed to be 'Reset' so-to-speak."

"So...?"

"A Weapon like you cannot exist there. Perhaps visit from time to time with the help of another, but your current state of nature is far too different for it to process. There's no telling what would happen."

"Meaning...? They're all-"

"They're all okay. They're all happy. And, of course, they do remember you. Miss you, even. But not in a negative way." Dia'vidd looked around slowly. "But that doesn't mean you need to be... Removed from existence. You can still live out a life elsewhere."

"Just not as a Weapon...?" Bartan nodded. "So, what do I do with...?" He pointed at his eye.

"With enough practice, you can hide it like you do with your... Let's call it Scarification." He chuckled at the unimpressed look of the dragon. "But you will never feel forced to use it. You no longer have that instinct to Rampage and destroy." A tight hug from the four armed bear. "You're free, Dia'vidd. You can do whatever you want."

"...Just not return." His head sank, but was caught by a white paw.

"If you want to, just say so. I'll escort you myself for a visit. Perhaps a little fun too." A chuckle as Dia tossed his snout. But soon after, his scales turned purple.

"...Beo told me..." He looked away from the bear, shyly.

"Yes, and we'll have one in a week or so. There's still a lot I want to make sure of, and do with that universe before I leave it in the hands of the Forces." A worried look from the dragon. "New ones, don't worry. Death retired." An exhale of relief. "And these ones I've appointed myself."

"Well, that's good." The younger one gave a shy smile. Getting a big lick from Bartan.

"I'll see you in about a week. Then I want to see if Beo's stories are true. Perhaps maybe we can break your record." A faint whimper from Dia. "Relax, I tend to go a lot slower. Giving you time to... Adjust." The white one teased, turning about and lifting his tail slightly. Showing off the furry bag between his hind legs and getting the dragon to blush. "Until then, you're on vacation. One well deserved, I'd say."

"...Yeah." Dia'vidd smiled, looking at the sky. "Thanks Bartan."

"Oh, I'll get my *Thanks* later. Don't you worry." Another tease got the younger one to chuckle. Taking a deep breath of fresh warm, morning air. Spreading his wings and taking off to the skies.

For Me."

"Let's See What Adventures This World Holds