

# **Destruction Preventer**

By Bartan Tirix

Author's Note:

This novel is the "tamed" version of Destruction Preventer: a series which I'm honestly fond of, but had difficulty suggesting due to the fact the original had very inflation based adultery within it. There Will Still Be Sex Within The Tamed Version, it will just be a bit shorter with the amount of inflation greatly reduced. Though keep in mind that some talk about it will still be around, it will just not spoil your enjoyment of the story (hopefully). If you're not a fan of such a fetish, this alteration is for you. If you are a fan, feel free to check out the original... Somewhere in my gallery/where ever you found this.

Without further adieu, please enjoy the story of Dia'vidd.

## **Destruction Preventer Act 1 - The Mass Of The Earth**

Chapter ---

*"Nearly a year of this, yet you insist on calling him that. It's supposed to be pronounced..."*

*"What game would you like to play?"*

*"If you don't eat, you won't grow. You'll need your strength later."*

*"We'll play afterwards, I promise."*

*"What I'm trying to say is... I'm proud of you."*

*"You always have control over your dreams-Don't ever be afraid of them."*

*"All things eventy-eventually-"*

*"You want to aim for the head. Don't make it suffer."*

*"All things eventy-tu-tu-It's why we tell you to be careful alot."*

*"You need to Focus! Concentrate! Grasp it like it flows through your own blood!"*

*"You found a Sponge?"*

*"I know I asked you to find us some food, but feel free to kill-kill-kill-kiiiiIIIII--"*

*"I'm not going to lie to you-We're not the best of friends around here."*

*"What are you doing!? Finish it!"*

*"-They can rip weaponry out of their bodies."*

*"You Don't Do That To An Animal!"*

*"All things eventually come to an-come to an-come to an-come to an-come--"*

*"But your mother isn't--"*

**"GET AWAY--"**

*"-So why aren't you more like her?"*

**"-FROM HIM!!!"**

*"...The planet won't let its weapon die. Let's just say that..."*

*"All Things Eventually Come To An End."*

A dream. It was all just one long bad dream he had. A nightmarish surrealism that felt so real. So much so, that he could still feel the pains in his body like glass shards. Piercing the armored scales of his back. Feeling each one of them drain a faint warmth from within his mass of scales and horns, slowly making him cold.

A faint whimper leaked out of his muzzle as he tried to move. He felt heavy, like he was being crushed by something. Perhaps the weight of the world. And with every faint movement of his numb body, he could half study where he was laying. The scent of ash. The fine burned dirt that had this odd comfort to it. Welcoming the dragon to just lay still for now. Catch his breath with his sore, burning lungs. But making his parched throat scrape with every inhale.

How he longed for something to drink. Some clean, fresh air to breath. Perhaps a cool breeze to help his burning muscles regain their strength once again. Instead he got ash. Warm,

dry ash that covered this scaly body with its rain. Greeting his trust with a sting in the eyes, and forcing them to leak out a precious wet tear.

With a forced deep inhale, he grunted heavily. Pushing his ruined muscles to work, and ignore their painful warnings. With another attempt to study his surroundings with his last good eye, he could barely make out a glowing orange city in the distance. But it didn't stop there, everything was glowing. The warmth of the roaring flames could be heard now over the high pitched feedback of his ears. Sending out the very last few drops of adrenaline in his blood, and letting him focus just a bit more.

With a heavy attempt to get up, the black dragon was forced down by something unseen. Making him collapse once again and whimper at its pain it caused to his muscles. "I told you." He could barely make out a female voice nearby. Tracing it's bipedal steps to the back of his neck. "Didn't I tell you? I swore I did." A heavy press on his neck. "You can't fight it. You can't stop it. An abomination like you barely has a place in this circle. Your only purpose is to put an end to it, and let the cycle restart." A faint press of an elbow was very close to his ear. "Weapons don't get to socialize with the locals. They don't get to have little lives, friends, play favorites. There's only one thing you're capable of, and that is following your instincts. And... Well..." She chuckled at him. "You know what those instincts are." She flicked his ear a few times, getting the larger one to whimper.

"Pathetic really. But I suppose the original is dead. If the planet chose you, it chose you for a reason. Perhaps under this lovey-dovey personality of yours is a heartless animal like the rest." She grabbed the ear, making the dragon snarl. "And when we want to see that animal released again, we expect to actually see it released without another struggle. Understood?" The large one didn't respond. "Walk it off. I'll send someone to clean up this mess." She got off him, and soon after did the massive weight. Making the black one have an easier time to breathe. And almost sob. "You can't deny the animal you are, Weapon. Like everything else, you obey your instinct. Always remember that."

The bird's loud hiss echoed through the city at early morning. The sun was just barely coming up, just able to see the faint pink paint the sky. Another loud hiss ended in a growl. "Is it tight enough yet?" The griffin grumbled sarcastically at the several humans around him. "I believe I can give you a bit more room, y'know if you don't want me to breathe."

"Quiet, or you're getting the muzzle." The warden said. Barely being able to see his figure through the mix of darkness and faint streetlight. "Load him onto the pulley."

"This is a bit drastic for a few apples." The bird grumbled again. Trying to hold his flex against the chains. Feeling the large disc he was strapped to begin to move backwards. "I mean, honestly. You eat a few, throw one at a cow for dinner and a show, and you lock someone away for several months?"

"It could've been several years, griffin. Now shut your beak. I won't let the Red Flag be the end of our city, nor be disappointed with our festival because of your boorish actions."

"I think you mean Bored actions. And why did you bring down the sentence?"

"Are you seriously questioning that?" A man working the pulley asked.

"I wasn't talking to you." The dark grey bird grumbled. His green eyes slowly making out another griffin in the shadows walking forward. "Oh, no... Not her." He grumbled in frustration.

"Be thankful for what you were given, Anton." The white bird said. Finally making out her owl shaped head and yellow eyes that seemed to pierce the darkness quite well.

"Allow me to express that gratitude with a standing bow. Just loosen these chains a bit for me, will you?" Another sarcastic gesture.

"As bitter as the day you left. I suppose the wild hasn't treated you too well."

"Oh please. Leaving your nest was the best day in my life." He swayed his hawk-like head towards the man at the pulley. "You. Be a pal and just lower me down already so I don't have to listen to her anymore."

"Anton-"

"I won't apologize for a few apples."

"What about the barn?"

"The barn wasn't my fault. If I could reason with a stampede of cows, then that event could've possibly been avoided. But alas, I suppose I'm the one who gets punished for being smart enough to not ram into a large wall with a larger series of friends. Seriously, start lowering me down already." The man waited for a signal of the warden and it was received. Hearing the large contraption begin lowering the bird into a large hole, he could barely hear the Owl sigh over it.

"Anton, this is ridiculous-"

"What? I can't hear you. You have to speak up over the sound of me falling away from you!"

"Just apologize to them! You don't need to do this!" The warden came up beside the large white griffin, petting her neck gently.

"Don't worry. We'll take good care of him. He's already assigned a caretaker-"

"Caretaker!?" The hawk squawked in question. "It better not be human."

"Is it a human?" The white one asked, seeing the man nod at her.

"Was it human? It better not be a griffin either! ...It's human isn't it? Is it too late to pass on that arrangement? Just throw something down the hole, and I'll eat it."

Another heavy sigh from the owl. "He's stubborn. Always has been."

"I'm sure he was."

"You realize that wading on him is going to be a punishment for that person as well."

"That's the plan, ma'am." The warden said, walking away from the hole. "But it's the only way this conflict is going to get resolved without Him stepping in." When the contraption halted, the hole was covered by thick steel. Locking the bird away under the streets.

The dungeon was completely dark. Aside from the occasional shines and high gated windows, there was darkness. But the griffin let out a relaxing sigh. Easing his tense muscles and letting them relax. Trying to get up, him flexing wasn't enough to really make enough room to get out himself. He would still have to wait for someone to free him from the disc for now. And odds are it was that... Caretaker.

But who could this Caretaker be? Other than a complete thorn in his side. Much like some of these chains were. Grumbling, perhaps he was worrying over nothing. Maybe he could convince this caretaker to just bring him needs and leave him be. Away from an entire world full of ignorance. Perhaps even a few drinks from the festival-

Something moved in the shadows beside him. Almost following it with his creased leather ears. Moving behind him? No. Above him? For several moments, he lost the creature. Unable to move his neck enough to look around and observe. Until it landed on his back. With a loud hiss, the bird struggled a bit. Feeling his feathered mane puff out from instinct, until he heard purring.

Anton sighed. "A cat? Seriously? You're letting the darkness get to you already, Anton..."

The griffin grumbled.

"I'd say." A childish voice said. Making the bird squawk and halfly struggle against the chains, only to feel the creature on his back paw into him a bit.

"Get off me!"

"Why? You're very comfortable." The little one said.

"As much as I admit that, that gives you no reason to touch me! Now off!"

"Mmm... Fluffy." The little one nuzzled, getting the bird to growl. "But why are you covered in collars?"

"They're not collars, they're chains. Now about this getting off me thing-"

"They're... Steel?" A loud purr in question. "I've been looking for some steel." The little one struggled to get a firm grip on the link.

"Hey! I earned this bling. Get your own!"

"I just want a piece of it. I need it."

"What could you possibly need a piece of steel-?" Anton started to question snarkily, but the chain suddenly gave in. Feeling the little one jump off him and scamper to the back. "...For?" The bird shifted a bit, feeling strap by strap begin to give in a bit and allow him to be freed from the disc. Stretching out his wings and elegant form, he tried to study the darkness. "...Griffit?" He called, no longer being able to see him.

Within the darkness, he started to make out a few things. A pile of old wooden benches that were stacked up on purpose. Almost in the shape of a child's gym. Some aged bricks from a crumbling wall helped hold a few things together, lift up a few of the broken benches, and some even used for stepping stones.

A few tings of metals and a few creaks got the griffin's attention. Leading him past a few thin broken walls in a narrow area. One that once looked like a large prison cell, but the walls were slammed outward. "Well, I know where the bricks came from." The grey one muttered, taking a few careful steps and landing a paw in something wet. Getting him to grumble and shake it. "That better be water."

"It is." The child voice came from the next room. "I like to have a close stream nearby where I sleep." A few steps closer and the bird could see alot more light enter the room. Possibly from the sun coming through a nearby window overhead. Dozens of old blankets, pillows, and a shelf full of random trinkets could be seen. As well as a small bowl of possibly stale oats.

"So you live down here?" Anton asked, disappointed. Still trying to find the little one.

"From time to time." The voice came from above him, causing his mane to puff out a bit. "Sometimes I move around. Travel the world." He said, finally being spotted working on a small hammock. The light barely letting the larger one see through the shade, but held his breath at the sight of something Red.

"Are...?" The little one made a noise in question, looking down with almost glowing blue eyes. "You're too small to be the Flag. But perhaps it's...?"

"I'm not the Red Flag's son, no." The little one giggled. Gliding off to a section of the broken wall. One that held a flat surface between two of them. Most likely an old table with a broken leg or two. From there, he was in the light while digging through a small pile of metals.

Red scaly wings. An armored body, covered in small scratches, scars, and other injuries. Small horns, and a wedged shaped head. "But you're actually a dragon?"

"Yep!" The little one chirped, pulling out a small chain link. "This one should do." And the little one took to the air once again. Circling around to get back to the hammock, and carefully landing on it. Hearing something above grind with the stone bricks.

"But dragons never existed. The only one to, was the Red Flag." Anton grumbled. "Are you sure you're not just some mutated lizard?" It got the little one to double take, and almost hiss. Seeing his scales suddenly turn to a thick orange. The change made the bird step back for a moment. "...Or a giant chameleon?"

"I'm a dragon."

"You sure?" The griffin arrogantly teased. "Do you breathe fire?"

"W-well..."

"Steal princesses?"

"No dragon does that."

"Clearly you've never been read stories by humans before." Anton snorted, making his way towards the little one's bed and wiping his wet paw on some of the blankets. He then noticed the drastic amount of reflective objects in the little one's possession. "I see you got the hording thing downpacked as well."

"I don't horde anything. I just collect objects."

"Shiny objects." The large one overlooked them, counting them in his head. "A lot of shiny objects."

"So?"

"So, you're either as egotistical as me, or-"

"I'm a dragon?" The wyrmling giggled. "That's such a stereotype." The term made the bird grumble.

"In any case, I have a proposition for you." The now yellow one looked at him, getting the griffin to curl his neck for a moment. "How about you go back to one of your... 'Other homes' for let's say... Seven months, and I'll stay here. Alone. With only one other person to worry about."

"Why?" The little one questioned, quite innocently too, as he focused back on the hammock.

"Because: Reasons. That's why." Another snort. "Besides, why would you want to live in a dark old dungeon when you could be living it up out there? I mean, seriously. You could just lie to anyone and say you're the Red Flag's son, and get nearly anything you wanted out of life." The larger one said, overlooking the possessions, and sniffing the old oats in the large bowl.

"Who says I don't have everything I already wanted?" The question made the bird grumble. "But I suppose you're right. I do have a few things to do today-don't touch that."

"Please tell me you haven't been eating these."

"No. I sleep in them once in a while."

A very lackadaisical stare from the griffin for a few moments, getting the dragon to double take and giggle. "You sleep in stale oats?"

"Better than letting them go to waste." The little one shrugged his wings while the sound of metals clapping together echoed through the darkness. "There we go." He carefully leaned back into the suspended net and let out a relaxing sigh. "I've been waiting for another one of these. Now I can swing without worry."

"What exactly did you take from my chains?" Anton tried to take a closer look, spotting a semi familiar link that would've been impossible to remove. "How did you get that?"

"Talent." The vague answer annoyed the griffin. "But It's almost sunrise, I should be going. Lots of things to do today." The little one chirped while rotating off the bed and into a glide. Climbing up towards a window with a slightly broken gate. "Don't touch my stuff, birdo. If you do, I'll set your tail on fire." He said rather cheerfully.

"You can try!" The grey one hissed, but couldn't stop his smirk. "Damn Griffit..."

He loved watching it. Flying up to the very peak of the city's monuments and watching the sun rise. It seemed with every ray of light that touched the street, it was soon populated



with the busy citizens that lived within it. The children, whom just finished their breakfast, ran and played with each other. The many adults, who weren't even related to those children, still looked after them while tending to their works. People helping each other out constantly, it all put a bright smile on the pink dragon's muzzle.

It was a wonderful feeling. The warm sun, the cool air, the slight breeze behind him. He couldn't ask for anything more. Or so he thought. What he seen that morning still half worried him, but he had a good place to start looking. It was a long flight, but he would make it there within time. Not to mention, upkeep the faith in the people once again.

Changing to his ever-popular red tone, the wyrmling took to a glide. Seeing a few people who already spotted him from below give a wave, and send almost an entire chain of them within the streets. Letting the small dragon greet them all with one loud chirp while flying through.

There were many people still working on construction of buildings and pathways. Even more prepping for the festival in a few days by setting up red decorations and banners within the streets. People setting up tables, moving kegs, and gathering items needed for festive treats. A few people were even practicing performances to appeal to the Flag, in hopes it would visit this year. Regardless if it showed up or not, the people were never disappointed. They still got to enjoy such things, the arrival of their guardian was just the cheery on top.

The thought of it put a warm smile on his muzzle. A large, infectious grin that seemed to be contagious to the people who he flew over. Most of them human, but a little bit of nearly every species in this town. All helping each other out in harmony.

Hearing a large group of children giggling by a large fountain made the wyrmling want to land on it for a moment. Once again being greeted by several of them. "Hello everyone, how do we fair this morning?" He asked them, as if he was playing as the adult.

"Very fine indeed, Mini Flag." The red one snorted at that, turning into an orange and getting several of them to laugh.

"We're just teasing David."

"I'm sure you are." He smiled at them. "It's such a beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, though you can really feel the autumn setting in." Another child played along.

"Are you actually going to be here for the festival this time, David?"

"I can only try. I have such a hard time staying up late enough to see the full thing." He overdramatically tossed his muzzle and flicked a paw at them.

"You always say that." Another giggled. "Ever since I can remember."

"Nearly every year that any of us remember. Even my parents say the same thing about you."

"Which does beg the question, how old are you David?"

The dragon curled his neck, but broke into chuckles. "Older than you think, I suppose. I just... Stay young." He smiled.

"But for how much longer? I want you to get bigger so I can ride you."

"Me too!" Several children cheered.

"Well, if the Red Flag visits this year, perhaps you can ask him for a ride. Since he's the only dragon big enough to hold children."

"If he ever visits us." One of them moped. "It's been several years since he has visited a human city." It lowered the blue dragon's ears.

"Well, if I run into him, I'll try to convince him to come this year. How's that?"

"You mean, you're leaving again David?"

The small one sighed. "I'm afraid so. Hopefully I'll be back for the festival, but there's something I need to take care of. If I miss him, say hi to him for me, will you?"

"Okay." David nodded at them and took off. Hearing the group of children cheer and wave at him always fluttered his heart. But that stopped when his lower region growled at him. Making the little one chuckle once again and change direction.

A few banks inbetween streets and alleys lead him towards the front gates. Where several wagons were parked in a line, seeing a steady stream of people help unload them. Landing on one of them, the driver greeted the little one. "How are you David?"

"I'm a bit famished, but fine." The adult man chuckled at him. "You almost expect that now everytime you see me out here, huh?"

"For the most part, yes. But don't worry about it, I always save you a small basket of your favorites." The red dragon's ears perked up, making the man smile while retreating into the back of his wagon for a moment. When he came out, he handed a small basket with several apples and cans towards the wyrmling. "There you go."

"Thank you, it looks delicious!" David set it down and took an apple with both paws. Biting into the bottom of it with a big chomp and letting out a thick purr at the juicy fruit.

"I'm glad you like them. They turned out amazing this year as well. That's the fifth year in a row." The man handed down another large basket to a young girl. "Even past that, they were still quite good. Clearly, the Flag has blessed us. I just hope we can please him again this year."

"I'm sure you will. I heard he was going to visit this city this year too." The dragon went to take another apple, but his eye was caught by a reflective can.

"Wouldn't that be something. I remember seeing him when I was younger. He was quite a sight, really! Large and majestic. Just like the legends say he was." Handing down a few more baskets to people, the man made a noise in question. "David?"

"Y-yes. I was just... Thinking, Chris." Seeing the very end of the dragon's now brown tail half told the man otherwise.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Just something that I've been thinking about alot." He sighed, putting the reflective can down and grabbing another apple. "Can you do me a favor?"

"Sure thing."

"Can you send this basket to my window in the back district?"

"I can do that for you, David." A woman said, getting her basket. "I'm heading over there to drop something else off."

"Thank you." He carefully handed down the basket. "I have something to take care of." He placed the smaller apple in his muzzle and took off to the skies. Leaving the two humans to look at him with a bit of concern.

## Chapter 2

The evening was quiet, very cloudy and making the light disappear almost too early. The stress on the tribe's leader was above normal, but that was to be expected. It was for his people that he would push it down. Act calm, and with strength. Tomorrow he'll need that strength, and his people will need morale.

Overlooking the maps once more, he went over his battle plan again in his head. Taunt them, lead them through the valley while the two groups go around the mountain paths. Leading out behind the enemy, and getting them flanked. "Chief Kalawah." A whisper at the door

was heard.

"You may come in, Desareghi." He whispered back, hearing the door quietly open and a woman step through, wearing some light hide armor and covered in green markings. "Is everything ready?"

"Of course, Chief. The men are even sleeping in their armor, just in case of a surprise attack through the night." The man nodded. "The women are ready as well."

"Good. We'll have to get the flanks up a few hours early, so they can take the paths as planned." She nodded. "Is that everything?"

"Yes, sire. Those tribesmen won't know what hit them."

"I would at least like them to know how they were beaten. If not, just a little." The man smirked, and listened for the woman to withdraw. Looking back at the map for a few moments, and the door opened again. "What is it now?" He asked, seeing the door open, but no one step through. He cautiously stared at it for a moment, then closed it on his own. Only hear a faint growl come from behind him. Turning around while withdrawing his crude weapon, all the man seen was a large red paw coming for his face, along with a louder growl.

The sound of running water woke up Kalawah, as he felt the faint rocking of his hard bed. The air was full of moisture as he groaned awake, being slightly blinded by the early morning sunlight. The slight movement of him getting up intensified the rocking. Making the iron cage he was in sway back and forth a bit. Moving an iron pot full of food across the floor a bit and hit the bars. "Where-!?"

"Kalawah!?" The voice of his enemy was heard on the other side of the river. Barely being able to make it out with his non light-blinded eye. "Was this your doing!?"

"Gunnar!?" He growled at the larger man. "Of course it wasn't! This looks like one of your cheap tricks!"

"Silence! Both of you!" A loud roar came from the light, splashing a divider of water between them for a moment and getting both men wet. Stepping forward on the river's liquid, the creature spread its wings highly. Allowing the two men to study the large Red dragon.

"The Red Flag!" Both of them whispered. Getting a harsh glare from the beast.

"Yes. This was my doing, and my doing alone." The red one stepped forward, walking on the water like it was solid ground. "And you two have some explaining to do."

"I know not what you are talking about, my lord!" Gunnar pleaded, but was snarled at.

"Our tribe follows your every word!"

"So does ours-!"

"Shut up! You claim such things, yet you plan a relentless battle between you two the day before my global festival!? Did you honestly think that I would be so busy that I would not notice such a thing!?" The large one growled at both of them.

"Sire, if you will let us explain-"

"I don't need an explanation. I know why you attempted to start a War between your two tribes."

"...War?" Gunnar asked, not familiar with the word. Almost looking to the other Chief for an definition, but Kalawah just shrugged.

"An event of slaughter between both of your people, all for some stupid apple?"

"That tree is planted on our soil, the fruit belongs to our tribe. It can cure diseases-!"

"No, if the apple falls on our side of the river, the fruit is ours!" The larger chief argued, getting the dragon to grumble while covering his eyes with a paw. As the two men yelled at each other, their cages suddenly gave a little bit. Almost hitting the water, but silencing the argument.

"Enough! If you cannot resolve this conflict with peaceful methods, then I will drown both of you." The two men stayed silent. "You have until sundown. I've left you both enough food to survive until then. If you cannot reach a conclusion, you both will sink into the river, AND I will End your tribes. If one of you tries to escape, I will slaughter both of your people. Do I make myself clear!?"

"...Yes." The two men said.

The creature glared at each man with sharp blue eyes, then turned about. Flying up the river a ways and leaving them behind. Once he was out of eye sight of nearly everyone, he circled a mountain and landed. Flopping his haunches down hard, to the point where it ached his stones and made him whimper, he placed a paw over his eyes once again. Not to just deal with the bright sunlight, but the stupidity of the event.

"It'll be fine." A small dove said to him, landing on a nearby tree. Getting the red one to half look at it. "We heard you from here."

"I'm pretty sure the entire world heard me from there." He grumbled, getting the avian to chuckle.

"I think you handled it pretty well. Mankind tend to have a harder time with their instincts."

*-Instincts.*

"...Yeah." The dragon sighed, blinking slowly.

"I know it's a bit early..." The red one flicked an ear. "But Happy Flag Day."

It got the large one to chuckle a bit. "Thank you. I'll be getting that alot today, I'm sure." The bird bobbed its head to nod before it flew off from a sudden twig snapping. With another deep breath, the red one gathered his strong, slightly frightening mask once again, and headed towards the Chief's villages.

It took a while to get all the blankets spread out enough, and comfortable enough, for the griffin to lay down and rest. Though, he would half miss the softness of the grass, the winter was coming soon. And that meant either build a nest, or find some shelter. And this shelter would do fine. Even if he had to do something about those windows.

Still, the small nap wasted enough time to finally get some light within his new home for the next few months. Now, he could finally study it, and find out what the little pipsqueak did to the place. Let alone, which area he was using for a... Litterbox.

The grey one's belly growled at him, demanding food at once. As Anton stretched out a bit, he pondered where his food was, let alone the thought of a caretaker bringing his food. He slightly grumbled at the thought, it was bad enough the wyrmling slightly spoiled his plans. But at least the little one could leave. It's still possible for the grey one to convince the Griffit to leave for good. Or at least until Anton's sentence expired.

Another loud grumble from his mid region broke his thoughts, getting the griffin to sigh before feeling a heavy object land on his head. Hissing and cursing at the sudden thing while holding his crown got his stomach to stop growling at him. "What the Helgah!?" Anton shouted, not getting a response. As he got up to see what landed on him, he found a small basket with several apples and a few cans. "I know I told you to just throw it down here, but damn...!" He cursed again rubbing the crown feathers.

Sighing, he took a bite out of an apple. Noticing how good it tasted, he slightly moaned at it. Soaking up every little bit of juice with his dry mouth. Eating the entire thing without leaving a trace before getting a second one. Once that one was finished, he gathered the basket's contents and set it up on a small table. His green eyes caught some movement in the corner, making the griffin's feathers almost stand on end and his ears constantly flicker around. Studying his surroundings.

With every faint step, he could half see the movement, until he spotted the small mirror. Anton sighed in relief. "Damn Griffit." He grumbled. "Really enjoys his mirrors, doesn't he?" Looking around, he began to spot several others. Then more around the dragon's sleeping area.

"And I thought I was Narcissistic. This is a whole new level of it."

Turning back away to navigate through the darkness, a bright shine caught the grey one's attention. A ray of sunlight that was within a pipe along the wall. Puzzled, he took a closer look, studying the pipe up close and noticing a small latch on the side of it. His eyes traced the small pipe going along the wall and far into the darkness, eventually looping back below the wyrmling's hammock.

A soft grumble in thought escaped the bird's throat as he traced back to the latch. Tapping the pipe both above and below the switch echoed with every touch, indicating that it was empty. With a faint snort, he flicked the latch, almost seeing the bright sunlight pass through and illuminate the metal tunnels.

Every ten feet or so, there was a large gap where the light could flourish, brightening up the dark dungeon more than expected from such a device. And allowing the bird to easily observe his new home. "How in the Helgah did he build this?" He muttered, looking closely at the pipe the best he could without getting blinded. The cuts were very clean, though the contraption was rather rusted now. Possibly much older than the dragon that claimed this home. Within the gaps of the tunnel were clear crystals. Finely cut from as much as he could study. Something that only humans could really do.

It made sense to him now. This was a human city, always has been. What they called a dungeon was just an old storage room that was long since forgotten. Almost useless to them now. And while not very many species tend to even take punishments into their own hands.

Anton snorted at the thought of it. Of course if someone caused trouble, they would just tell their babysitter to resolve it. And it's hard to tell exactly what the Flag would do to them. Out of the many stories that the bird was forced to hear, much of those 'Criminals' were never seen or heard from again. And, of course, the people just accepted that. Never bothering to even question the Red one's actions.

The thoughts put him into a bad mood, grumbling and almost growling as he studied the large room. He easily found the area that the little one was using for a toilet, a small underground fountain with a large hole that lead into darkness. A small stream of running water, possibly leaking from the public fountain above in some way, was constantly washing out the area. It was honestly a good time to test it out, in hopes nothing actually lived down there.

After his business was tended to, the griffin moved on. Finding the large double doors one would claim to be the Main Entrance. Close to that, several large piles of junk that were carelessly thrown into the room. Many things were broken beyond repair, including half a dozen benches like before. Random objects and old tools, along with some older technology. Spring powered clocks and the like. The piles almost seemed organized in a way, like they were already dug through. Meaning most of its valuables were already taken. And that little one did seem like quite the tinkerer. There's no telling how long a Griffit like that was actually down here.

Several heavy clinks from large chains could be heard from the other side of the door, getting Anton's feathers to puff out a bit. More out of annoyance than anything else. As he grumbled, he casually walked back to the large disc that the griffin was lowered with, and laid on the floor beside it. Trying to look as relaxed as possible when he heard the large lift land, and the barricades of the door begin to remove.

The doors opened loudly with a rusty groan, riding the acoustics of the dark room. A faint chatting and whispering could be heard from the people within, one of them being the Warden from before. "About time you made it down here, I'm starving." The grey one grumbled, following the faint lights from the distance.

As the small group approached him, they became a bit cautious. Overlooking the room's light source from afar, and also studying the griffin. "Who let you out of your chains?"

"I believe you mean: How did I get out. From which the answer would be 'With Talent and Magnificence.' Something your species is clearly missing." The large one snorted. "Now where's my breakfast?"

"Your meal will be down here shortly. But your caretaker has been... Delayed for a day. Due to the recent events upon us, her assistance is needed for the gathering. However, after her work is done, she will be attending to you, Festival or not." The old man took a breath. "Now, I want to go through a few rules in the meantime." The Warden overlooked the large room, almost like it was ages since he last been here. "It's been a long time since I've had to do this to another person." He looked at the griffin for a moment.

"...So I've heard. But about this caretaker thing-"

"She's being punished as well." The grey one double taked. "For fighting with you."

"Fighting with me?" Anton curled his neck, then let out an angst sigh. "Don't tell me-"

"This is what I wanted to talk to you about. I don't believe that if anyone gets into a scrap-"

"It was hardly a scrap-" The feathered one tossed his head.

"That they should be thrown to the Flag's feet to be dealt with. If we can resolve this conflict without getting him involved, I'd rather do that. So within these several months that you and Cennet are going to be stuck down here, I want this dealt with." The man said thickly.

"There is another way to deal with it, like me not even engaging in others? I'm sure it will be less of a headache for everyone that way." Another snort.

"No. It won't work. I talked about this personally with the Flag the last time, the conflict still lingers, regardless of the distance put inbetween."



"Of course you would believe every word it says." The bird grumbled quietly. "And if this conflict with her isn't resolved?"

"...Then the Red Flag will deal with you. I can't tell you how that will go." Another snort in response from the griffin, and the room fell quiet. "So, get along. No more fights, especially this close to the festival. There's rumors going around that he'll show up here this year, and if you cause me too much trouble, I'll just get him to deal with you now and save him the trip."

"...Fine." Anton grumbled. "But I can't be expected to be pleasant company on an empty stomach."

"I'll send the waiter down right away. Men, with me." They turned around and started to walk out. "Oh, and Anton, is it?" The grey one made a noise in question. "Thank you for cooperating."

"Sure, sure. *Anything* for the Warden." Another sarcastic gesture still made the old man's face a bit cross, but he let it go. Closing the large doors for the time being. Once they were out of earshot, the grey one let out a heated sigh. "Well, this is a bit of a mess."

The iron cages hit the soft ground with a loud thud, making the men inside grunt and struggle for a bit of balance. As the Red dragon overlooked both of them in the dusk light, he exhaled loudly. Removing a few bars to let both of them free. "I shouldn't have to tell you anything else, correct?" The large one said thickly.

"No, my lord."

"Of course not, my Grace. But..."

"We have come to a solution for the apple-"

"It's too late for that. I've already eaten it." The dragon said rather calmly. "I'll be back this way again soon enough to treat your ill. Just have them ready." The two sighed slightly in relief. "Let this be a lesson that you pass down for decades to come: if you argue pointlessly over something so foolish as a fruit, it will be removed from both sides. Understood?"

"Yes." The two chiefs said together.

"Leave." The red one gestured, turning about himself and walking away while silently grumbling over the situation. An apple that could cure diseases, just a fool-hearty tale that someone made up. The only thing that apple could cure was dehydration and famine.

When the two men were out of earshot, the dragon sighed heavily. Lowering his head and slouching his wings, feeling a few small birds land on his back. "It seems no matter what

rules I enforce, they'll attempt to find any reason to conflict. Even with one another."

"They are not hopeless, Great one. But sometimes they must be reminded where the lines lie." Flag nodded faintly at the bird's tweet. Though he disliked the formalities they tended to use, it was just a sign of respect. Something that he grew to accept. "Where are you off to now?" The robin asked, getting used to the dragon's slow walk.

"I was thinking the northwest for a bit. Pay the large nest a visit this year. Then head east, maybe southeast."

"You go southeast every year." Another bird said, putting a smile on the larger creature's muzzle.

"Yeah, I know I do." He chuckled.

"Is it because you like someone down there?" One of them faintly pecked at the back of his neck, digging out some of the dirt that got inbetween the scales.

"I bet it is."

"I don't think the Flag has ever seeked a mate."

"That's enough." Flag playfully snorted, but closing his eyes to hide some pain. "You're getting to be worse than a murder of crows."

"But have you ever considered it? Perhaps that's just what the world needs."

"Another form of celebration?"

"I think the world has enough to celebrate as it is." A shuffle of his large wings got the birds to start resting on the branches. Though he did his best to keep them still for the ones riding, it was harder than it looked. "Sometimes I wonder if that's all they do."

"Of course not, my lord."

"They're living a good life."

"One that I'm almost forcing them to live though. Without giving them a choice." The dragon muttered.

"But you've given them a choice before, have you not?" Flag slowed to a stop, releasing another sigh. "You're doing the best you can."

"Please do not doubt yourself, Flag. Especially so close to your holiday."

"I suppose you're correct." He gazed at the sky, looking for the correct direction. "Will you be traveling with me?"

"We cannot, the cold is setting in."

"We should fly south while the weather is good."

"I understand. Have a great flight, my friends." Red raised his wings high, letting the birds take off and tweet their goodbyes. The sight made him smile sadly, as they flew off into the distance. When nothing more was around him, Flag sighed heavily once again. Letting go of the pigment he was straining to hold, and letting it fade to a deep blue. He couldn't help but feel that he didn't do something correctly. But for now, the world was safe.

Another deep breath made his chest feel heavy. Perhaps he just wanted to go back home, lay in that hammock, devour an apple, and sleep the night away. In the morning, he would take off to the northwest. Make it there even if he had to ride the lightning, like his father taught him.

### Chapter 3

The morning sun was shadowed that dawn, covered by a blanket of light grey clouds. Though it never seemed to darken the mood of the entire city. The rain was a blessing all in its own way, and the people knew it well. Even when there was nearly a month without rain, their protector would perform miracles that would save their crops.

However, those stories always irked him. And the more the Grey one heard them, the more grumpy he became. It was a terrible way to start his morning, but at least this time he didn't have to go looking for a new bed. Be it rain or snow, this dungeon he was trapped in was more of a shelter. Protecting him from the harsh weathers from above. Though, that might change during the winter, due to the cold being a problem. Perhaps he could convince this caretaker to place in a furnace for him? Bah, one thing at a time.

For now, Anton still had to worry about this caretaker. And how this bump in his plan was going to be resolved. He also had to think of the worst case scenario, that being probably

gifted to the Flag and dealt with there. Odds are, judging from the stories, the Flag took the criminals far away to be executed, possibly by the Red one itself. And the griffin was not looking for death.

As the doors of houses could be heard opening and shutting, and the streets began to crowd over, it started to disturb his lazy slumber. Rolling onto his other side and adjusting the many blankets he moved towards the center of the dungeon, he tried to get comfortable. But they started to almost feel deflated and unclear. Not to mention, they smelled like old oats. It's quite possible that the wyrmling did not wash these for a long time. No wonder the little one was excited for his completed hammock.

A soft murmur could be heard from behind the griffin, getting him to half grumble at it out of instinct. With a few more deep breaths, it suddenly came to his attention that something was on the large bird. Laying between his wings. With a louder grumble, getting closer to a growl, he knew right then what it was. "Didn't you just make a hammock to sleep in yesterday?" He muttered loudly.

It half yawned in response. "M'yes, but I never had a feathered bed before. You're almost as comfortable as the bowl of oats."

A slight look behind him, and the large one half snorted. "That explains alot about these blankets, actually." A thick yawn came from his beak, allowing the many small spikes along his tongue to stretch out and flare for a moment. "And I thought I told you to take off for a few months."

"M'I got tired, so I came back here." The wyrmling mumbled badly, getting Anton to take a few moments to make out what he said.

"Okay, but now that you've made it all the way back here, you've now just wasted an entire day of travel."

"Maybe for a slow griffin." That one came out rather clearly, getting the large bird to growl loudly.

"Off." He shook his body, getting the little one to moan and make a noise in refusal. "Off me you little changeling!"

"Just a few more minutes." The dragon held on, but the two froze when they started to hear the door begin to unlock. Staring at it as the large barricades began to creak open, and the figure of a woman pulling a large tray came through. "Were you expecting company?"

"Hoping not for another day." The grey one grumbled.

"Morning sunshine." The woman shouted a little too loudly, trying to raise her voice above the noisy cart.

"I'm right here." Anton grumbled, getting up and stretching the rest of his body. Even arching his long, male lion-like tail and letting the end thump on the thin bedding. "You're earlier than expected."

"Is that a bad thing?" The woman asked. The two could see her looking around as if she couldn't see. With a faint rusty creek from the far side of the room, a bit of light dimly did its job.

"It works better when it's sunny out." The hatchling yawned, snapping his jaws a few times while climbing on the head of the griffin. Getting the grey one to growl and try to toss him off.

"Pest." He faintly whispered. "And you must be Cennet."

"Anton, I presume?" The large bird stood proudly as he approached her. "Yes, I'll be your caretaker-"

"By punishment, I assume." The dragon giggled. Getting the woman to double take as she heard Anton grumble.

"And who might this be?"

"I'm his roommate." David chirped.

"More like a pest. An infestation that I will leave you to rid of." A paw to the top of the head got the large bird to hiss loudly, almost trying to swat it back as the wyrmling jumped off and landed on the cart.

"David." The purple dragon introduced himself, lifting a paw for her to shake and she took it. Though it was dim, she could faintly see the many scars and marks that covered his scales. "Soft hands for someone that works pretty hard." He flirted, getting her to chuckle.

"And you know this?" She asked, stroking back a string of dark red hair behind her ear.

"Of course I do. You're the Cennet that lives and works out in the Janesfield apple farm. Ever since you were little, you've done wonders for your family."

"Like tackling undeserving griffins." The grey bird grumbled. "One who is getting hungrier by the second."

"How do you know all this David?" She asked, ignoring the rude one.

"Isn't it obvious? The lizard is a gossip. Speaking of gossip, I've heard that a certain griffin is hungry. Tend to care to its needs, caretaker?" The woman rolled her eyes and shook her head at the dragon, who did mostly the same.

"Just feed him to shut him up for now." The little one giggled, feeling a glare of hate on him. "Let me guess..." He turned yellow which almost startled the woman, and sniffed the

domed silver platters and plates a bit. "A roasted pig that was stoked almost overnight, faintly sprayed from time to time to keep it moist, at least on the outside. Within has various greens stuffed in it, along with a few carrots. And at the bottom," Another sniff. "Grilled fish... From the southern lakes, giving them a nice tangy coating with the orange juice."

"That was way too good for a guess." The little one shrugged his wings at her. "You speak with the head cook?"

"You would not believe the chefs in my family." David giggled at her. "Only my uncles didn't know how to cook very well. Though they knew how to enjoy food at least. I can't say I was forced to learn, but promoted to. Very heavily." The woman chuckled, as he gestured her the honors.

"But he's quite right. Some of the cooks were up during the nights anyway, so your first meal from me is special. And a token of apology."

"Of course it is." The grey one studied her bemused.

"Let's dig in, shall we?" The dragon said, toning to a red and trying to lift up the silver dome, only to have the griffin place a heavy paw on it.

"What do you mean We?" He grumbled at the small one, who only hissed back at him. Almost instantly turning to a bright orange.

"You ate my apples and my canned peaches from yesterday, it's only fair that we share food if we're going to be living together-"

"We are not living together." The grey one grumbled, looking back and forth at the woman and the wyrmling. "You're moving out in a day or so, and you're going back to Greenvill-"

"Janesfield." The other two corrected him, getting Anton to toss his beak.

"Whatever, where you belong. This dungeon is mine, and I shall reside in it undisturbed." The large one grunted. Almost silencing the two until David started to giggle in his muzzle.

"Oh, the cries of the lonely." The statement made the bird groan. "So, appetizer first?" The little one climbed down.

"Let me help you with that." The woman offered.

"Anton, over in the back is a makeshift table, mind bringing it over?" He growled at the little one, but turned about to find it. Lashing the end of his tail at the cart and causing to move a bit. Almost knocking the wyrmling off-balance.

Though his ears were back, the orange one let it slide. But not without a harsh glare. "Easy you." Cennet slightly scratched the spineful mane, seeing them rise and almost puff out a bit. "You don't want the Flag to be eyeing you as well." David took a breath and nodded.

"Speaking of him..." The half a statement made the dragon turn yellow and look at her. Perking his ears.

"Oh, no relation. If that's what you mean. I've met him a few times traveling, but we're not from the same nest."

"You sure? I mean, we haven't seen or heard from too many dragons other than him or you..." The woman took a look around. "How long have you been down here?"

"Not terribly long..." He mumbled, trying to get his voice over the obnoxious sound of a metal table dragging across the stone floor. "A few years perhaps."

"Seems like longer, according to your habitat." The little one playfully snorted, leaning into her hand. Stopping when the grey one came close enough.

"Happy?" He grumbled sarcastically.

"Quite. Let's eat, I'm sure we're all famished." David said, hopping on the large surface. Gazing intently at the plate of fish that made both of their stomachs growl loudly. The seven fish on the platter look delicious, and the two males took the ones at opposite ends. Devouring them almost in one gulp.

The dragon purred loudly, and Anton groaned in satisfaction. He loved human food, but would never admit to such a thing. "I'm glad you like them." Cennet commented with a smile.

"They are simply amazing. Aren't you going to try one?"

"Nah, I've already ate this morning. Besides-"

"It's my breakfast." The bird grumbled. "You shouldn't even be eating it." He flicked a paw at the dragon who only snorted at him.

"Yeah, to be fair, it is his." The woman chuckled, seeing the two grab for more and more. When it came to the final one, they both laid a paw on it.

"It's my breakfast, lizard."

"And you ate mine yesterday." David stared him down.

"Well, I'm bigger, so I need more food."

"Just feed on your ego a bit, that'll-" He made a purr in question as something along the back fell. Getting the attention of the griffin and lifting his paw. Only to have the fish slide under it and into the dragon's maw.

Anton hissed at him loudly, trying to swipe him with extended claws but barely missed. Making David jump into the arms and chest of the woman who was taken by surprise. "Griffin!"

She scolded him. "He's just a child!"

"Of course he is." The griffin sharply rolled his eyes. "He's only been living down here longer than anyone, including himself, can remember. Along with living everywhere else on the planet." A loud snort, and the woman just kept her glare that the grey one. "Tell her I'm wrong." He snarled at him.

The wyrmling slowly looked at her, with half a fish still hanging out of his muzzle, and his ears slowly started to go down. Looking into those brown eyes and slightly whimpering gifted him a few pets behind the neck. "I think you're just..."

"Jealous? Trust me, if you want to take that vermin out of my claws, and I do mean claws, go right ahead. I'm sure he'll love the apple fields of your home better than this dark place." Another loud snort, but the large one retracted his offense. As he turned to the cart and placed his grey paws around the handles of the platter, Anton sighed slightly. Seeing the dragon lean towards the table to tell the woman to let him stand on it once again, David was a deep blue. Deeper than the color of his eyes. "...You get one slice of this." The bird said thickly. "After that, you're not getting anymore of my food. I'll sooner hunt you down before letting you get away with taking again, understood?"

The dragon didn't reply, but only lowered his head. With a bit of a grumble, the griffin lifted the tray, and awkwardly brought it over to the table. Not being used to walking on hind legs very well, let alone while carrying something. And the pig was a bit heavier than expected.

The tray landed on the table with a loud thud, on top of the platter that held the fish. Walking around it to cut the wyrmling's piece first, Anton caught David staring at his reflection. Turning a deep green, which made the griffin's neck curl. "David? Is something wrong?" The woman asked.

The bird could just barely see it, from the very top of the young one's iris started to change colors. Starting with a bright red, and fading into a rainbowish hue until it got to about the quarter mark. Then back to its normal blue for the rest of it. The sight made the dragon's breaths a bit faster. "I-I have to go." He scampered off towards the back. Barely seeing him climb up the walls and through the broken barred window.

"What was all that about?" The bird snorted. Looking at his own reflection to see if the same thing was happening to him. However, nothing but a handsome grey male stared back, almost making the griffin smirk.

"Is something wrong with him?"

"How should I know? He's an oversized chameleon with wings, what *isn't* wrong with him?" He grumbled, grabbing the cloche and carelessly tossing it at the cart. "Now, how are we going to work this out?"



"Work what out? David you mean?" A sharp glare almost speared the woman as the bird's mane started to faintly raise in annoyance.

"I meant us." It made Cennet's face a bit cross. "If you don't have any suggestions, perhaps I'll preset my plan."

It worried him to no end. Not even the thrill of flying could force him to his red state. Instead, he was a light grey. Soring through the many dark clouds that were covering the skies. Perhaps it was for the better. They did aid him in a quick escape. Though he did learn another trick to become invisible, it was alot more difficult for him to grasp. Something his father could never understand.

His father... What would he do at a moment like this? Find whatever is threatening the world and put a stop to it before it consumed him. Find and track down nearly every possible enemy that he could, but over an entire world... It was hard to feel for the spikes in conflict. Usually his dreams and premonitions aided him, but recently, he seen nothing.

Stress overcame him, but so did hunger. The fish was nice, but not enough to keep his belly full. Regardless of the size he chose, the resources he required never changed. He tried to get by with just a few things from the town, but often it wasn't quite enough.

As much as he hated doing it, he dove down closer to a field. Landing far away from a large heard of buffalo. Lifting his paw up to feel for the ground underneath, the dragon hesitated. *"You need to Focus! Concentrate! Grasp it like it flows through your own blood!"* His father's words always interrupted him. Making his heart race and covering his scales with that same dark green. The large one took a deep breath. Then another, before slamming his paw down and sending a rock spike through the brain of a random animal.

The pain always got to him whenever he did this. Even without touching them, he could feel the sudden sharpness like it was entering his own body. The very back of his jaw splitting wide open from under, and separating its way to the top of his skull. He could taste the fear like it was his own, even if it lasted for an instant. Along with the fears of all the others as they scampered away from the noise and into the forests. And then, of course, the feeling of fading away. It almost always collapsed him, sinking the dragon's heart and making him shed a tear. All for what? So he could have something to eat.

It got to him, tormented him so badly. And it only got worse when he looked up at a few remaining buffalo that remained, gazing the Red Flag in the eyes. His scales fell in hue, while he got up and slowly walked towards the limp body. Hearing a young bison morn from a short

distance only made the feeling worse.

It was very strange in a way, how every once in a while, the animals would stay around. Look and watch the dragon as he claimed a life, almost wanting to speak or reason with it. "My lord..." One of them spoke up in a very heavy voice. Getting Dia to stop and study him with sad blue eyes.

"I'm sorry..." The dragon whispered.

"I know. But..." The buffalo looked at the young one. "He has a son. I know you wish to eat, but... Can you take me instead?" The question almost broke him, forcing the blue one to look away and try to hide his few tears. Eventually leading him to sit down to keep himself from falling over. Every deep breath was only harder when the bison tried to comfort him. Nudging and stroking the back of the dragon's neck, even giving a few moist licks. "Please."

"...I can." He whispered, feeling the buffalo attempt to help him up. Walking towards the large body that laid there, and placing a deep blue paw on it. He concentrated, morphing the damage he caused to the head to a repaired state on a monocular level. Then gently motioned the other bison to take a step back. Shocking the dead one and getting it to breathe once again.

He could do this, only if it was not already taken by the Force. Even then... Dia's been caught before. An event that did not end well for him lead a mental scar that he could never remove. A few heavy breaths from the first buffalo got his child to rush towards him, a sight that only brought the dragon a few more tears and heavy breaths.

A small nudge to his side from the second bison only worsened it. It hurt him to think that such a species would just accept such a thing. Being hunted from time to time so that others could feed. They didn't deny it. They didn't try to prevent it. Frightened, yes. The fear was always strong when it came to the animals. How much they wanted to keep living, how they strived so hard to. Yet, no plots for vengeance came from their deaths. No desire or any form of revenge nor harm for the hunters. They just accepted it.

A faint whimper escaped his dark blue throat as he took another breath. Turning to the standing bison and wrapping his paws around it, stroking the thick mane with faint claws. "...I'm sorry." He whispered, feeling the creature nod. Then froze completely as the dragon let go. Walking past the remaining buffalo that stood to witness the event, and the Red Flag sparing all their lives. Even if he was famished, it wasn't worth the pain he would bring to the world.

## Chapter 4

It was the fruits from the trees deep in the forest that kept Dia from passing out. Let alone the critters that helped him retrieve those foods. In return, he sped up the growth of the ones already picked. The dragon admitted that he tended to eat a lot, and the animals took it humorously. At least now they had food before the winter started to hit. Food that would last the autumn.

But that meal only lasted a few hours. Luckily by that time, he reached a small village that started their celebration early. It got his mind off of the events earlier that day, let alone yesterday. The village was so glad to see him, though Dia was never really fond of Yuan-Ti foods, he was glad to at least eat something. And pay a visit to a small neglected village.

After tending to a few of their sick and other requests, the Red Flag was off. Giving the snake-like people a formidable farewell and resuming his path up northwest. It was going to be several days of travel, to the point where he was questioning if they should start calling it Flag Week. But the dragon could not visit every place in one night. He performed miracles in front of their eyes before, but he was not a God.

Though the thought of him trying to visit them all in a few days came to mind, he was almost ill from everything. From all the foods, the drinks, the activities, and the requests. It was too much for him. However, he tried his best to at least visit each area for the requests. Letting them have the celebrations themselves. It even got to the point where after Flag day, the smaller villages and towns would often transport their ill to a larger city, in hopes that they would not miss the Flag's visit.

He felt bad for those left behind. It seemed that no matter how hard he tried, he could never be rid of Sickness entirely. Dia did very well to cull a few diseases and plagues before they got out of hand. It was suffering like that the dragon would not tolerate, regardless of what Force was behind it. They could claim a life without it suffering.

Before he got into a bad mood while thinking about them, he spotted the City of Lions up ahead. Which, ironically, didn't hold any Lions. It was actually a city of Griffins, one built in a large mountain. For the most part, it was aerial. It required wings to go about and explore each exit towards the city. Let alone to get to the many nests that were built on its walls. Over the years, they've started getting many air-burdened visitors, so they started working on forms of transportation for them.

The dragon loved seeing this. Species always working together to create a world for everything to live in. Even if he almost had to make himself the bad guy, Dia would take it. As long as there wasn't any bloodshed. But as luck would have it, they accepted the dragon as a

protector. As savior perhaps.

The red one took a deep breath. Releasing a loud roar that echoed far away and beyond the large city. It was a greeting, and one that often got everyone who heard it excited. So much so, that dozens of griffins launched from their nests to fly with him. It was an entire swarm, a large flying blanket of feathers and beaks. Faint squawks and chirps that greeted the dragon back.

He slowed down and slowly merged into the flock. Getting tickled by all their small nudges and faint licks. But during a curve, Dia seen a young one trying to keep up. Getting farther and farther behind. Slowly, he used another one of his father's tricks; turning insubstantial via mist. Slowing himself down and probably surprising a few of the birds as the cloud flew behind the struggling chick. Reforming below it, and resting the little one on the top of the dragon's head. Letting her still feel the wind under her wings and letting it fly at the same speed as the rest.

The flock greeted both of them with many opened wings. Flying around the large city in circles before landing. Many of the birds returned to their work or nests, and Dia returned the little one home safely. Scouting from afar a parent that matched the chick's DNA. "Here you go." The red one lowered his head and let the mother take her child.

"Thank you Flag." She gave him a tight embrace, and he returned it. "It was very kind of you to do that. She's still too young to really fly well."

"Your Griffit was doing fine. Probably become quite a performer when she grows." He purred, giving the little one a lick and receiving a very bright smile from her. Shortly after, the scampering and cheers of younger griffins were approaching.

"Flag! Red Flag!"

"How did you do that!?"

"That was amazing!" He couldn't help but chuckle at their expressions. "You turned into a cloud!?"

"Yes. It was an old trick my father taught me a long time ago."

"You had a father?" One of them asked with such surprise, it made the dragon laugh out loud.

"Yes. Everything has a father, little one." He noticed a sad expression on another bird in the back. "What's wrong?" The others stepped aside, following the Flag's eyesight.

The smaller griffin lowered his head. "My... Father is ill, my lord." The dragon took a few steps towards him and tried his best to gently lift his head with the tip of his paw.

"Then let's go cure him. I promise we'll have some more flight time, everyone. But I want to tend to the wounded and sick first." The group chirped and lead the way to their hospital, getting the Flag to smile and follow them.

He finally had some peace and quiet. After that big breakfast and a little bit of a large dessert towards noon of an apple crumble, topped with a sweet frosting and a slight lemon glaze, the griffin felt relaxed. It was nice and cool in the dungeon, though still a bit dark. Giving him the opportunity to finally lay back and get some rest without his belly saying otherwise.

If only he could relax. Though the environment was just about perfect, something was itching at the back of his mind. Guilt perhaps? Maybe. He knew it was going to be hard to understand for the woman involved, it's half the reason why he didn't want a Caretaker to begin with. But if the people demanded such a thing for her, Anton could not *completely* blame them. Though it wouldn't hurt to try.

"You want us to fake it?" He recalled the woman's reaction through the darkness and silence of the large room. "Why?"

"Because I wish to be alone for the next several months." The griffin replied in a heavy grumble, still tearing shreds of meat off the pig. It was very close, if not sarcasm, but it only got Cennet to look at him a bit stranger. "Look. Would you rather spend the day relaxing, and doing your own things. Or try cleaning up, feeding, and grooming a griffin."

"I'm not sure what I would-"

"Precisely. You would rather do Cennet stuff." He answered rather quickly, showing that he really wasn't paying attention to her. "And if we just report nothing new or drastic to the warden, he'll let you go back to your normal life. Back in I'mNotEvenGoingToTryTown-"

"Janesfield?"

"Whatever." Anton grumbled, tearing off another serving.

"But it's my responsibility-"

"It's not your responsibility to do anything down here."

"I'm the one who captured you-"

"You didn't capture me, I let you contain me." He grumbled, his leather ears going flat.

"Still, I'm the one who tackled you. And because of that, I'm responsible for our conflict."

"Only if there's a conflict." The woman looked at him a bit strangely, and the bird rolled his eyes grunting. "Look. I'm not holding anything against you for that. I'm not going to let a grudge fester between us because you gave me a flying hug into a pile of hay." The thought of it made her chuckle. "It was my mistake to disrupt your neighbor's cows, and I accept my punishment for such a thing."

"But I... 'Hugged' you without permission or sport. And the Flag says-"

"The Flag didn't see it, and the Flag did not give you the responsibility to resolve this. The Warden did. Last I checked, he's bordering Senile." Anton snorted. "Because of these circumstances, you are officially wasting your time down here. And the autumn is busy for your family, I'm sure. They could really use an extra hand around the woods-"

"Fields."

"Whatever!" He hissed. "My point is-"

"But Johnathan is taking my place for now."

"But who is taking Johan's-"

"Johnathan's."

"Jimmy's place?" Another chuckle from the woman. "Eventually someone somewhere is going to come up short, all because you need to, do what? Take care of a magnificent griffin that doesn't need to be taken care of?" Another bite. "Not that such a thing would be bad, but in my situation; I'm perfectly fine with this. Providing that vermin is out of here."

"You don't like David?" Cennet's voice echoed through the relaxing griffin's head. Finally returning from that memory. Only because he didn't have an answer for her. At least not one that she wanted to hear. Let alone, if he did say what he felt...

The bird growled, turning over on the half pile of blankets. The woman wanted something to do, so Anton sent her to wash some of these things. But now he was stuck trying to get that question out of his head. "You don't like David?" It rang again, getting him to grunt.

No. He didn't. Perhaps it was the little one trying to steal his spotlight. Perhaps it was just the fact that the dragon was even here, putting a bit of a hole in his plan. And if he said such a thing, they would probably force the two in a room until they made up. That, or the griffin would end the little one, which would only lead to his execution.

Another restless grumble morphed into another turn to get comfortable. If only he could figure out a way to drive the little one away without getting the Flag's attention. Aggression or Violence would likely no go well. Perhaps...

He glanced at the large doorway, slightly opened for the woman to freely move in and out. Still hearing the faint sounds of water moving, probably washing those blankets in the tub within her room. It was definitely a job for delicate and gentle hands. One without sharp claws and that could tend while wet.

It was strange to the griffin really. He's heard stories of the humanoid cities and their work habits. Even seen a few in the village Anton grew up in. They were great workers really, making high quality crafts to the point where it was an artwork. But at times, he often wondered if they were somehow manipulated into such things. No one would even dare to think of calling these species as Slaves, but they were constantly working. Always having something on the go to keep them busy, and never really ponder why.

But when it came to a species like Griffins, there wasn't as much they could do for work. Many of them were taught to write and be bards, nurse some species' children, or even use as transportation. Sometimes even entertainment as well, especially for airshows and other festivals.

But otherwise, Griffins were often able to relax and enjoy the world. Visit many places and sore the skies. It wasn't until recently that Anton started to question these things. Why they lived this way, while others were almost forced to live another. And the worst of it all, why every other species... Every other person accepted it.

Another faint grumble as he stretched out his restless body. His wings reaching towards the ceiling, then sideways. Still far from the prison's restraints. Once again, seeing something move in the back for a moment, getting his feathers to almost puff out. An aggravated sigh got him to relax a bit. "Damn mirrors." He growled. He would probably break them all, but didn't want to risk the bad luck.

Kneading the dirty blankets a bit, then preening his wing, Anton started getting lost in the faint memory. Mostly revolving that coloring on the wyrmling's eye when he looked into something reflective. Trying to imagine what it could've meant. The little one seemed to be afraid of it. Maybe it was- "Alright, these are done." Cennet's voice interrupted his thoughts and spooking him. Getting to pull out one of his feathers and hiss at the pain. "S-sorry!"

"Be *quieter*, please!" He growled in pain. Overlooking the area like it was a scratch on a beautiful painting. "That'll be a bit before it grows back."

"You shouldn't be so rough in the first place then." She half giggled at him, getting a harsh glare before resuming.

"I have to be in certain areas. Especially where the feathers are thicker." The griffin grumbled, retending to his grooming. But stopping after a few moments of noticing she was standing still. "Yeeeeeeesss?" He asked in a very harsh and sarcastic tone, getting her to laugh.

"You want me to do the rest of the bedding?"

"If you do the rest of the bedding, I won't have anything to lay on."

"And if I don't get at them, they won't be clean."

"I don't see how that's my problem." He snorted.

"You're the one who wanted me to wash them." She shrugged.

"Yes, and you can do the rest when the first half is dried." The woman couldn't hold in her giggle, making the grey one's ears flatten against his head. "What is so funny?"

"You." The answer made the larger one growl. "I've never met anyone so grumpy as you. It's quite entertaining."

"Your taste in humor is just terrible, that's all."

"How did you get this way, anyway?" The griffin glared at her with green eyes while she walked over to pick up a fallen chair and bring it over. Not catching the sharp look until she sat down and sending her into giggles again.

"You enjoy tormenting me with that cackle, don't you?" A reverse beak toss ended him back to his scathed wing. "I got this way through experience. Happy?"

"That's hardly saying much." With a bit of silence, she pried again. "Don't you believe you're down here for a reason?"

"Yes, a reason that I'm responsible for."

"So you admit that you threw the apple and caused-"

"I meant that I'm responsible for my *Choice*, you harlot!" He hissed at her, but it only made her laugh louder. "I wasn't actually planning to make the cattle tear down a barn. That was simply entertaining."

"B...But..." She tried to calm down and hold back her laughter. "But don't you think that maybe you're down here to repair your fai-"

"Are you implying that I'm broken!?" He curled his neck, and the woman fell out of the chair flabbergasted. Unable to recover from the seriously shocked look on the bird's face. With a loud growl he got up and snorted at her. "Just wash the damn bedding!" Anton hissed, walking away.



## Chapter 5

He absolutely loved flying. Ever since he was little, it was the one thing that constantly brought him joy. And after flying alone for countless years, the dragon absolutely loved sharing the skies with others. Even if it meant the much larger one had to be more careful with his surroundings. It was flying in a flock that was only recently a new thrill for him. No wonder birds often did it while migrating.

The happy cries from all the others fluttered his heart, very young to the past adult. It must've been quite a sight to see from the ground. Nearly the entire city's population that could fly soaring in one large wave around the city and beyond. It lasted nearly hours, until sunset was near and the group could take no more. All of them landing safely along the outskirts first and resting before retreating back to their nests.

The Flag landed in a rather spacious area himself. Though his wings were a bit sore, a few minutes of rest would be enough for him to carry on through the night. Shaking the soreness of them out a bit, several of the earthbound came around with large pails of water. The dragon greeted an older woman with a smile as she set one down for him. "Thank you kindly."

"Of course my lord." She bowed, stroking his mane and under the jaw a bit while he quenched his thirst. Slightly grumbling how it almost burned going down.

"Added some lemon to it, did you?"

"And some sugar as well. Was it too much?"

"Just a tad. Kinda burns going down, especially on a dry throat." He lightly nudged her, showing that he wasn't unhappy. "Try reducing the Lemon Juice by about one eighth, it should be more enjoyable then."

"I'll be sure to do that. Would you like some of us to massage your wings before you turn in for the night?" She seen him stare into the lemon water with a glimpse of sorrow in his eyes. Almost seeing something different in it before he blinked.

"No thanks. I better keep flying during the night. Maybe stay over in the next town."

"Awwh, you're leaving already?" A small griffin pouted.

"Now now, Arcadeaus. We're not the only city on the planet." The woman tapped the

little one on the beak. "He'll be back again someday, but we must always think of others first."

The griffin moaned sadly, getting a few licks from the Flag. "Always listen to your elders, Arcadeaus. They carry my teachings well." The small one nodded slowly.

"You sure I can't go with you? Even to the next town over?" He whimpered, getting a rather sad look from the Red one as he trailed his blue eyes back to the woman.

"It should be fine. We make trips back there nearly every day. And he does have a few friends over there that he could stay with." The woman shrugged, but the sadness in the dragon's eyes didn't fade. "What's wrong, my lord?"

A quiet exhale left his nostrils. "Can you two keep a secret?" He whispered at them, and they nodded. "There's... Something wrong. Something bad trying to happen, and I haven't been able to find it. I can sense it, but if I can't find it..."

"Then you cannot halt it." The woman whispered. "Is this the reason why you want to leave tonight?"

"And why I don't want to take anyone with me. Normally, I wouldn't mind in the slightest. But if I encounter this... Problem, I might not be able to protect him."

"But you're the Red Flag. You can do anything." The little one whimpered a bit.

"I can't do everything, little one. And I'd rather not take the chance of you getting hurt or worse. Even a bad experience can cause a large ripple of devastation within your life..." Another quiet exhale, and the dragon closed his eyes. Trying to hide the blue discs.

"How about next year, then? Or even the next time you come this way? Would that be alright Arcadeaus?" The little one nodded a bit happier, but a little bit of worry was in his feathered expression.

As he put a small paw on the Red one's muzzle, the dragon opened his eyes, almost going cross-eyed looking at him and making the griffin giggle. "Be careful, Flag." And he gave the larger one a full hug on the muzzle. It made the dragon smile brightly, tossing the little one slightly off his hind legs. "You'll find it. I believe in you."

"As we all do. Please be careful, Sire."

"I will." He licked the griffin one last time as it let go. Looking around and seeing the many faces of various species, he raised a right wing as if to wave goodbye. Though a little puzzled, and a bit sad, they gestured the same thing. Seeing the dragon leap high into the air and circle around the mountain one last time. Roaring his goodbyes and receiving the same calls before taking his departure.

Night came quickly. Almost too quickly, like the sun was grabbed and forced down over the horizon. Taken hostage by an unknown force so that darkness could cover the lands. Though many of the distant villages were outlined with a few torches that could scarcely be seen through the trees.

But the dragon could feel it. Some ominous sense that something was wrong this night. That someone was in trouble, perhaps? Creating a large chain reaction of events that his eyes were trying to warn him about. His dreams aided him little, which is very unlike them. The people in the cities were getting along just fine. And he was sure it was that battle over the silly apple.

Feeling some fatigue already told him he should've slept at the City of Lions. He's got quite a ways to go before the next city, and now he was beginning to fly into a storm. The rain started pelting his already sore wings. Hissing as soon as they touched his overheated body. Or at least it felt like that. Regardless, he didn't have to worry about the lightning. That was a relief for him.

The Flag still tried to search the grounds. Scanning desperately to find this problem, this issue to take care of. His mind kept wandering out of concentration as it grew more and more exhausted. Reflections of those tribesmen and that grey griffin flashed in his mind. As if it was warning the dragon it was them over and over. But it wasn't, he knew that. Those issues were resolved already.

Violently shaking the fog out of his head, his body felt like it was collapsing. He needed rest, especially after a long straining day of constant flight. Not to mention, some recently obtained-

His eyes glimpsed something along the path. what looked to be wagon tracks that slid off the main road. New ones, maybe only a few hours old. The Flag immediately dove down, scanning the fields once again with his second wind. Trying to separate the darkness and mist to find the accident. Grunting when he couldn't find it, he made harsh winds to clear the area.

Quite a ways off the road, he found a tipped over wagon. A faint light inside of it. Landing heavily in the wet grassy fields was a bit risky, but there was no time to be careful. "Hello!?" The dragon shouted at the wagon while approaching it. "Is anyone in there? Are you hurt!?" Making his way to the back and finding it rather opened. Then flicked an ear to the murmurs through the darkness.

The faint light was from a small candle, just bright enough for a glare. Getting the Flag to squint and make out what was inside. The murmurs grew louder and almost panicky when the dragon's muzzle entered the back. "Don't worry, I'm here to help!" He whispered, just now making out that the man was tied up. With a cloth around his mouth. "Stand still." The red one

said. The man shook his head a bit but didn't move for a moment, enough for the draconic claw to cut the cloth loose and pull it down.

"My lord! You must run! They're baiting you-!" The dragon's roar in pain interrupted him as a sharp pain came from his neck. Feeling something heavy cut its way through his thick scales and almost to his throat.

The Flag pulled his head out of the wagon, feeling the weapon slip out from his neck as he covered the wound with a paw. Barely seeing a figure in a dark blue cloak. Something humanoid rebalancing themselves for a heavy swing. "For our Freedom!" He shouted, throwing his entire body into the attack.

"Freedom-?" The Flag asked, still stunned from the neck wound, only to get another. The heavy axe head cut deep into the dragon's muzzle, getting nearly halfway and dazing the large one even further. The cold steel of the warn axe almost made the wound numb at first, until it was pulled away. Tearing some of the flesh with it and making the beast roar in pain. Feeling another sharp sting on his left hind leg, then the tail. A pierce in his right haunch. There was too many of them. "Stop!" The red one tried to roar, but the lack of a nostril made it more difficult.

With another blade entering his right shoulder, the dragon had enough. His instincts took over, glaring sharply at the figure in front of him, going for another sideways swing. The handle of the tool suddenly snapped in half, shifting the power of the attack's primary hand to turn too sharply and run the axe head into the wielder's shoulder. Nearly severing the entire arm. Before the person could even examine what happened, the steel axe morphed into several spikes, shooting through the creature's body and ripping several chunks of it outwards.

The dragon's next target was the person on his right. With the arm still rather functional, the Red one slammed a paw into the ground. Causing two rock spikes to drive the creature's knees backwards and scream in pain. Grabbing the figure's upper body with a single paw and slightly crushing it with shear strength, another flatter spike of rock severed through its waist dully. Enough for the beast to tear it in half and slam it into the ground with a unsettling crunch.

A few more wounds could be felt, but at this point the Flag was in a frenzy. Another paw slam on the ground caused the grass to freeze very quickly. Leading back towards those standing on his back left side, and snaring their clothing, at first. The cold grew quickly, causing insane pain through the two humanoids, to the point where they dropped their weapons and tried to struggle free. With the frost reaching to the very bone, it took next to no force from the injured tail to shatter their lower halves. Lying on the ground, a heavy slam of that same tail ended their lives quickly.

Another new wound on the dragon's right haunch got his attention, seeing the creature flee into the woods. Still lacking much restraint, the Flag roared loudly at it. Getting it to suddenly burst into flames and cause a large inferno. The sound of the creature's sinking terror told him that it was caught, and the threats were over.

Dia calmed himself down. Forcing the instinct away, and just focused on breathing for now. Still feeling something attached to his haunch, he pulled it out. Examining a semi-crude crafted long spear. That last figure must've thrown it to get it stuck in there like that. He looked at it rather confused and puzzled, but the struggles within the wagon broke his focus. Seeing the man inside still struggle with the ropes he was bound with. "It's over." The dragon panted, walking over to the man and cutting the ropes on his hands.

"Are you alright my lord-?" A loud snap came from the forest away from the road. Within moments, a large bolt about the size of a tree pierced into the dragon's left side. Throwing it onto barrels and several rolls and making the ballista tear the wound opened even wider. The hostage's scream was the last thing the Flag heard before blacking out.

A few moments passed, and the dragon came to. His entire left side felt like it was draining. Leaking much of the warmth in his body. Struggling to get up off his back, he tried to lean forward to look at it. Only to get several of his other wounds to hiss at him. With a few more rapid heavy breaths, the dragon reached a paw over, and started searing the wound shut. Still stinging like hell, it would need to be treated later. For now, he was still furious. "My lord! Flag!" The hostage shouted at him.

"GO!" The dragon ordered. "Get somewhere safe!" Though he could barely make out the man in the darkness, even with blurred vision, he seen him go back into the wagon. Then into the woods. Possibly getting some survival supplies.

Struggling to get back up, the dragon's entire body hurt. But he ignored it's warnings. Shaking his head to once again relieve the fog, he sensed something moving deep into the forest. Getting its exact location, he created a forceful wind that launched the creature towards the dragon. Bouncing a bit in the fields and bringing it into the light of the inferno. The same dark blue cloak. Hooves for feet, goat legs, but human arms. Coughing a bit, the creature whimpered while looking into the Flag's blue, angry eyes. (A Satyr...) The large one thought. (There's a village of them nearby...)

The dragon's eyes barely let off the scared creature. Only slightly wandering off to the spot where he impaled the pair of knees with rock. Barely making out the same style of fur coating the legs from afar. Another sharp glare at the goat before him, only got the dragon to growl. There was no apology. There was no misunderstanding, other than the fact that they thought they could kill the dragon... 'For our Freedom.'

The cold blue eyes trailed off towards where the large, metal bolt rested in the wet grass. Slightly bent from the tumble, and heavily rusted. He could almost hear the creature's heart beating loudly, and it swallow.

The small village was at its peak of celebration. Though the night was dark, and a bit cold, it was still Flag Day, and the Satyrs couldn't wait to celebrate. The large bonfire kept many of them warm regardless. Not to mention, help cook some interesting treats, mostly for the children. All while the adults and young lovers danced to music and songs. After one of them was finished, they all stopped to take a short rest. Get refreshed and mingle a bit with mugs of cider.

Some faint winds caught their attention before performing another song, wondering if there was a storm on its way. A moment later, the Flag landed heavily, scaring many of the goat people and getting their hearts racing. Seeing the dragon covered in new wounds, sticky with large patches of deeper red, and even more so on his left side. The fear only grew when he slammed the tail end of the ballista into the ground, with a cloaked Satyr, synthetically hooked onto it. Clearly dead.

Silence rained over the village. Everything but the heavy breaths of the Flag and the roaring of the bonfire dared not to speak. "Freedom!?" He roared at the villagers. "Is that what you want!?" But many of them gave him puzzled looks. Slowly overlooking them, he could read their emotions. Fear. Startled. And Confused. Not a single one was Guilt.

"...How many of you know about this!?" The Red one ripped off the late Satyr's blue cloak. Holding it up for all of them to see. Overlooking them again, no one knew. Another series of heavy breaths, and the dragon dropped the rags. Growling a bit, he started to turn about. "If I ever get assaulted by a pack of Satyrs again, I will **Extinct Your Species, Understood!?**" He roared at them, only to get the people to lower themselves, and almost hide. Another heavy growl, and the dragon morphed the metal ballista through the late goat. Ripping out its limbs and leaving them hanging by iron spikes.

The gory display got several of them to almost star crying in fear, mostly children. And the dragon took off to the skies once again. Leaving the village in the most unsettling manner in the planet's history.

It was beyond stupid. To fly in such a state. With such wounds. But Dia was determined. He wanted to go somewhere he knew he could trust. Be with someone he could trust. Though he's come close to death several times, he's been closer than this before. The planet wouldn't let him die, he knew that. If anything, not for very long. It wasn't much of a problem when he was young, but the older the dragon got, the longer that support came. And if it waited too long...

But he overlooked his wounds quickly using mirrors before setting off. None of them were terribly fatal, at least not for a while. Then again, he was getting faint from blood loss. Even with his larger wound seared shut, he was still losing a lot of blood from the other opened ones. At least he wasn't too far away. He knew the forest under him, he knew the buildings in the distance. The large windmills they often used for power. And the river from which they often harvested fish. As parched as he was, it was too big of a risk to attempt a drink.

(Just a few more minutes...) The Red one struggled to stay airborne. Every flap of his left wing sent a staggering amount of pain through his side and back. Though it's what was keeping him awake. But it was getting to the point where it was burning drastically. He started long glides, and using some wind control to keep him up longer at a time.

The forests below cleared into large green fields with a road within it. He could hear the cries of excited people coming from the city already, but soon started to die down a bit. They knew the dragon's arrival well. And to not hear him roar from afar only meant something was wrong. With a large group of people and other creatures coming out of the city to greet him, They gave him a landing space. Trying his best to make it settle, his front right leg gave into its wounds on the landing. Causing him to drag into the grass a bit and lay for a few breaths.

"My Lord!" Several people questioned him, asking him what happened. If he was alright. Though he didn't say it, it was a dumb thing to question. The current events, and the lack of proper rest was getting him a bit cranky.

"Sire!" A female voice came over to him. He could feel her furry paws on his snout, though it stung him. Letting the dragon release a faint growl, then some slight pressure on his neck. "Okay, Ellinisos and Klaude. Turn him over on his back. There doesn't seem to be any wounds there."

"Ressa..." Dia grunted, trying to focus his vision on her yellow eyes and her Lioness face. Though he could make out the dark markings that went from her snout and under her eyes. Often mistaking her for a spotless cheetah.

"You made it here, Flag. Let us take care of you for now. We'll talk about it later-" He grunted a bit, trying to get up enough to fold under a wing. "Easy, easy." She ordered the three males while she tended to the dragon's head. "How long ago did this happen?"

"About six hours."

"Dumbass." He couldn't help but laugh at that. "There must've been eight different places you could've gotten medical attention, but you wanted to fly for six hours with..." She studied him a bit. "Six large wounds?"

"Seven. Right haunch." He corrected her. "And fractured ribs on the left side. Possible injured back." She tossed her snout.

"What happened to you!? Did you crash into a barn or something?" He reached up and grabbed her arm for a moment.

"...Blue Cloaks." She curled her neck. "I don't know any more than that. They..." He hissed at the sting of his wounds, as the people started cleaning them up.

"Don't try to explain now. Just..." Ressa sighed, laying down towards his head. "I follow you where ever you go." The dragon grunted. "The more of me you take, the more you leave behind."

"Pawsteps." He half growled. "That one is for children." The Flag grumbled, still grunting against the burning of the medics.

"It's the first one you ever told me." She smiled brightly at him.

"And you were a little sphinx back then." Dia lightly chuckled, trying to lick her, but hurt his neck in the process.

"Just keep your mind off of them for now, okay. Though this snout is going to need some special work." He grunted sadly at that. Enduring against alot of the pain before the got up to his neck. Trying to nudge and get her attention again.

"...How is it?" He whispered. Getting the lioness to look deep into his eyes and make a bit of a sad face. Getting the dragon to sigh a bit.

"About... Four o'clock."

"I can't tell if that's up or down anymore."

"How long have you been seeing it again?"

"...Past few days. I thought I found it back in the southeast. But..."

"And you're thinking it's these... Blue Cloaks?" He nodded at her, feeling someone begin tending to his neck. "Come here, you." She carefully embraced his head, being very cautious of the wound. "We have a place you can stay for now and get rested up."

"It won't take me long."

"You stay for as long as you need to. Nevermind the rest of the world for now, let them



carry their own weight until you're ready to pick it back up." The statement made him whimper a bit, but he didn't argue. "Now, the question is, how are we going to get you over there." She pondered, overlooking the much larger red beast.

"I'll just walk."

"I think you mean Limp. And no."

"I'll be fine, Ressarkio." The Flag grunted, fighting to turn himself up and around. "Just help support me. Watch the Left hind and this arm."

"You seven, go to the west center building and clean it up quickly. You three, gather all the spare blankets and pillows you can find. You, go to the hospital and grab a few dozen Frankincense sticks. Everyone that can help support him, do so on his left arm, right side, and right haunch. Those who cannot, keep the celebrations and children at bay. Feel free to spread the word out as well."

"Take me to your hospital first." The sphinx double taked at the dragon. "I can heal your wounded-"

"No one here is fatally ill. They can wait." Ressa almost demanded, seeing his ears sink. "Let's go."

The semi cloudy day made it much easier to study the dungeon with the breaks of sunlight. Though, once in a while the contraption would dim with the passing clouds, it was still bright enough for the griffin to see quite clearly. Pawing his way through the many piles of shiny objects, it only added to the stereotype of hoarding dragons. At least the little pest didn't keep pets. Or so the bird was hoping.

Though it was hardly an entertaining form to past time. It almost felt like he was trying to unscramble the messages of a mad person. Someone confined, perhaps troubled. He began to wonder if it was the wyrmling's actual parent or guardian of his. The little one did claim that he was not related to the Flag. Though, being cynical as the griffin often was, he didn't believe him. "Still not sign of him?"

Cennet's sudden appearance got Anton's feathers to puff out. "Crickets make more noise than you do." Glaring at her trying to keep in a chuckle, he growled. "And I mean in the daytime." That released it, causing the bird to sigh. "Nothing. But I'm not waiting for him to return-"

"You're just snooping through his things." She teased him, getting another growl.

"I'm not snooping. I'm examining. If I'm going to be down here for a while, I might as well know what that lizard is keeping." He turned away from the piles and started studying the makeshift table. What almost seemed like a prison bathroom stall was broken down in several places. The small walls, made from concrete bricks, only went up a few feet from the ground on each side. A large piece of plywood was placed over it, making a small table which was used for ages. Judging by the marks.

"How long do you think he was down here?" She asked, not getting the grey one's attention away from the table. Seeing him take a step back and look down under the roofing it made, there were faint traces of stripped cloth and possible thin shavings of wood. The rags under were withered from both time and moisture, never being able to be dried out. The shape of everything honestly reminded Anton of an incubator.

"...Probably his whole life." The griffin murmured. Gesturing under the table, but the woman couldn't quite make it out. "That's a nest." He bluntly said, getting a rather surprised expression from the woman. "Something else was living down here with him. He was just small enough to escape."

"What happened to it?" The question made the bird grunt and put a paw over his eyes.

"How on earth should I know?" He snorted, getting the woman to giggle at him a bit. "The weird thing is, he wasn't too big to keep sleeping here. Why move so early?"

"Perhaps to save the clothing and blankets from the water?" She tapped the small trail of water leading across the floor. "That's probably not very comfortable to sleep on."

"Probably not." He once again glanced at the mirrors, seeing his own green eyes from afar and recalling the odd color change in the dragon's iris. The more Anton thought about it, the more it became a symbol. Something the little one feared. So much so, he surrounded his habitat with the ability to keep watch of it.

The lift from the far back of the room echoed through the dungeon, getting both of their attentions. "Sounds like your supper is ready."

"Supper that *you're* supposed to deliver, not pass it on to someone else." The grey one grumbled, only getting another smile from the woman. "I guess it matters little who arrives with the food. As long as it's delicious." She just shook her head. "Looks like someone is taking my advice in getting some more Cennet Time."

A faint chuckle from her. "You could call it that." She winked at him, getting the bird to stop and curl his neck.

"...Don't look at me like that." He grumbled, only getting her to chuckle a little louder.

Making out a single man coming through the large doors. And only a single man. "Approaching a hungry griffin without any food is not a good idea." The bird growled loudly. Scratching his claws on the stone floor and hearing them rake into it.

"Your food is cooking, be patient."

"I am patient. It's just wearing thin by the second."

"Ignore him, Johan. He's always grouchy." The woman said. Getting a loud snort from the large one.

"Am Nooooooot!" Anton grumbly chirped just to irritate them. "Seriously, why come down here to *tell* me my food is almost done? Unless you're planning to present yourself as an appetizer."

"Actually, I came down here to bring some news about the Red Flag."

"Of courrrrrse." Anton overdramatically tossed his beak. Turning about and heading towards his fresh bedding. "You stall my meal to bring the wonderful news that it's coming to this city this year. Forgive me for not leaping for joy. Still hungry, you know." A loud snort.

"Actually... Word came from the Sphinx City, Vabbi. He was attacked last night." It got the griffin to stop for a moment. But only for a moment.

"That's terrible!" The woman said after sucking in a breath.

"And this concerns me how?"

"I was only planning to tell Cennet."

"Is he alright?"

"He's alive, but might need a few days to recover. He might not make it here for a bit." The man took a breath, overlooking dungeon and seeing the bird flop down on the bedding. Giving the young man a glare of dark green eyes, and returning it with a puzzled look.

"Food." The grey one bluntly said loudly. Getting Johan's face to cross.

"We'll be back down shortly, Anton." The woman said, leading the man back to the lift.

"Thank you." He grumbled sarcastically in reply. After hearing the lift go up, he rested his head on his paws. Taking a deep breath, and releasing it as a snort. "...For Our Freedom... Dumbasses."

The entire world was devastated. Completely reformed into a darker, desolate place now only populated with ash. The skeletons of civilizations remained, and would eventually become fossils for the future to find... If there was a future left for such a place.

Exhausted, beaten, starving, and parched, the dragon still carried on. Dragging his now completely black paws through the black snow. Still somehow lifelessly falling down from the skies. The remains of everything that ever existed in the home he once knew... Gone. In less than a day. In less than a moment to him.

He tripped over something within the black snow, almost afraid to dig it up and see what it was. Instead, he took a few steps to the side and leaned against a building. Collapsing and almost giving up. Looking around, he knew this street well. Spent a few years in this city with some friends. And now...

He sighed heavily, wanting to bury his muzzle in the powder, but it would give no relief. Looking down at himself, still tattered, cut, and scared. He could barely pick out his deep blue color anymore. Even under his wings barely kept such a thing.

It was getting to him, the sickness of the storm. The famine and despair. As he swung his head towards the building to rest, something caught it. Getting him to whimper in surprise as it shoved something in his muzzle. A cooling liquid started soothing his dry mouth and throat as he tried to swallow every last drop. Until it was taken away from him and released the hold on the dragon.

Coughing a bit, he tried to focus on the thin figure before him. Wrapped in bandages, which were now coated in black like he was. And it's fur... "I know you." Dia coughed. "You were... When the sun went out." The panther nodded, giving him another drink out of the large bottle. "...Thank you." Another faint nod. "Right... You can't talk, can you?"

A bit of a thick stare from her got him to get a strange feeling. "...You can. Just not with a voice. I remember now..." He took a few breaths. "...Sinality, right?" She nodded. "And you... Know me." A nod. "As well as who did this." The dragon whimpered, lowering his head. Only to have it harshly caught and pulled back up.

"...It wasn't me? But it was me?" She pointed into the dragon's chest. "...Something deeper. Inside me. A hidden... Power?" The panther shook her head. "A hidden..." He sucked a breath. "Instinct." A nod. "An instinct that..." He looked around at the dead city.

"...I'm sorry." Dia whimpered. "This is all my fault." The panther just crossed her arms and leaned against the building. "I seen it. The sign, I just didn't know what it was. I just didn't know what to do with it. It just kept... Going further and further. And when it completed..." He

sobbed a bit, then got a faint swat on the side of the muzzle. "I just... I couldn't stop them. I didn't know how-" Another swat, a bit harder this time. But the dragon got the message. There was nothing he could do about it now. And crying wouldn't make things right.

"...What happened to... The green guy?" She looked at him. "...Stagg?" A nod, and a gesture away into the distance. "...He's alive." A nod. "Just not here. How did you guys survive?" A harsh glare from her only lowered the large dragon's head and ears. "N-not that you... Couldn't, it's just..." She pointed down. "Underground? Does that mean...?" A shrug, and he sighed.

"It doesn't matter much now. If they seen me, they would know..." He mumbled, seeing the panther raise her hand again, and get him to step back a bit. "O-okay, okay. No more sulking." An irritated exhale. "But... Sinality?" It didn't grab her attention. "Where do I go from here? What do I do?" A faint look at the dragon's blue eyes, and she once again exhaled. Pushing off the wall and walking away. He faintly whimpered at it, until she looked back at him. Getting their eyes to meet once again.

"...Keep... Mo...Ving." She whispered with her breath, he barely picked it up with his ears, and she left him. Dia sat up, looking down at his blackened paws. His eyes caught some movement in a window, but it was only his reflection. Just now noticing that the colors were gone from his eyes. All that remained was Blue.

"...This isn't going away." He whispered to himself. "It will never go away..."

The smokey room almost startled him at first, wondering if the nightmares were once again real. But how thin the smoke was, and how it gave off a pleasant, relaxing scent told him otherwise. Though there was something else within it, something he couldn't quite place. The faint light of candles surrounded the bedding they were on, giving him a comfortable warmth, as well as the lioness' coat.

The lioness... From across the room, he could see a large mirror. Reflecting the dragon on his back, and the sphinx somewhat on top of him. Her chestnut brown color looked wonderful in the light, and the faint white stripes on the bottom feathers of her wings seemed to illuminate more though the smoke. Then there was her mane; long and thick. Often kept together in sections of a dark shimmering gold. Though there was this blackened stripe that went acrossed it. Lining the back of her neck.

The dragon found his paws on her back and shoulder. In an oddly comfortable position. Taking a deep breath himself made the sphinx do the same, letting the Flag know that she was awake as well. With a faint yawn and a few snaps of his jaws, he murmured something to clear his throat. Feeling her claws stretch out and lightly scratch his scaled armor. "I have seas with no water." He started, getting her to moan and snuggle up against his bad arm, though he felt no pain. "Coasts with no sand. Towns without people, and mountains without land."

The female gave out a faint pleasure moan which only made the dragon chuckle a bit. "Give me a minute." She said, licking at his neck a bit and making him purr. "...A Map?"

"Yes." He gave her a lick between the eyes. "Your wit isn't as sharp in the mornings. For a moment there, I thought I stumped you."

"I bet yours isn't so great either." She teased. "Your natural color..." He held his breath for a moment. "Is black? I never knew that."

"...Yes. Only when I don't have control over it."

"I knew you changed color, but..." She noticed a bit of pain in his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"...People were often afraid of my father because he was black. I..."

"Is that why you called yourself the Red Flag? Because you thought people would fear you if you were always black?"

"Y-yeah, a little. That, and Black Flag sounds like a symbol a pirate would use." The sphinx gave him a strange look, and he double taked.

"What's a... Pirate?"

"Nevermind. They don't exist here." She shrugged and let it go. Wasn't the first time he's mentioned something of the sort.

"Why Red then? I'm curious." The question made the Flag smile a bit.

"...You know how I change color with... Moods, right?"

"Yes, quite drastically when you don't hold onto one." She chuckled at him trying to toss his snout.

"Well, Red is... Like, Excitement. Adventurous. It's how I feel when I fly."

"And that's how people started to see you. From the sky." He nodded.

"They gave me the name. A loooooong time ago." She smiled at him and give the dragon a rough lick. "After a while, it just stuck."

"And you've protected them ever since." There was a bit of sorrow in his eyes, but he

faintly nodded. Almost telling her to change the subject. "Another one." Ressa stroked under his chin. Getting him to lightly double take with his eyes.

"Okay, okay." He took a few moments, trying to adjust his body a bit and feeling the tug of many bandages. "Often I will spin a tale, never will I charge a fee. I'll amuse you an entire eve, but alas," He nuzzled her, grunting at the slight sting from the wound. "You won't remember me."

"Sounds like a One Night Stand." The two chuckled. "But I'm sure anyone would remember you, so that can't be it."

"It is not a One Night Stand." He chuckled again. Taking a very deep breath and getting a thick smokey scent.

"A... Dream?"

"Damnit." She laughed at him. "I'll get you someday, Ressa."

"My turn, though I want to get back to that dream subject." He made a noise in question, but nothing past that. As she climbed up a bit higher to him, She stroked around his eye and down the good side of his muzzle. "I'm rarely touched, but often held." A sandy lick from her. "If you have wit, you will use me well."

"You're giving me too big of a hint." The sphinx laughed at him. "Tongue."

"Yes. Now for your reward." She climbed a bit more on top of him, hearing him grunt a bit. "You okay with me putting weight on you?"

"I'll live. A lot of it is repaired, just sore."

"Good." She leaned up a bit, and let her human-like breasts surround his muzzle. Getting it to instantly start purring at the soft fur covering and between them.

"Damn you." He grunted, getting the female to chuckle. "You know my weakness too well."

"One that, I must say, I enjoy taking advantage of. It's not every day that the Flag tells you that he has a fetish for such things."

"It's not a fetish. It's perfectly normal to like such attractions on females." He half grumbled, trying his best to lick her neck.

"It should be a fetish for your species. Dragon females never have such things in tales." It got him to stop purring for a moment, but was soon manipulated to resume.

"No, they don't."

"So where did such a thing develop?" He half whimpered at that. "You've kept bigger secrets within me. Though, I would like a bigger one sometime." She motioned behind her, and he let out a louder whimper.

Clearing his throat and stroking under her wings a bit, he sighed. "...My mothers always had them." Ressa made a noise in question, followed by a very puzzled look. "They were... human. And well... Equipped. Perhaps I got the..." She gave him playful shoves. "Attraction from them."

"You are way too embarrassed about how you grew up. You know people won't think any less of you for such things." The sphinx gave him a few licks.

"I know, but... I haven't had a mate for a very very very very-ow." She pressed a bit hard into his muzzle. "You get the idea."

"Yes, Mr. Broken Record." He laughed a bit. "Doesn't mean you can't ever have another. You're immortal, we get it. And well... There's plenty of people who would love to be your mate."

"I find it odd how you state 'People'." The lioness chuckled at him. "I swear, judging from the tales my father used to tell, you're just like a female dragon."

"Perhaps I'm just a dragon at heart then. Meaning, you should stop wasting my precious years and just submit already." She slid down, getting muzzle to muzzle with the Red one. "Now, am I going to get your consent this year? Or should I take advantage of this opportunity of you being more helpless than usual?" She kissed him, getting her rough tongue inside his muzzle, but feeling the dragon tongue push out a bit. As well as the male grunting a bit and giving her a bit of a sad look.

"Ressa... I want to." He sighed. "I really do, but..." He looked off to the side.

"We live for a long time, you know. Maybe not as long as you, but..." She almost whimpered, getting him to double take.

"N-no. It's not that." The sphinx perked her ears. "That ballista was rusted."

"That what?"

"Thing that give me the side wound." She tilted her head, then tried to look at it. "Picture a really really big metal arrow."

"And you were shot by this." It was barely a question, leaking out an embarrassed whimper from the dragon. "I thought you could change the direction of arrows. Let them go around you or something."

"That's not the point." His ears went back, getting her to chuckle. "My statement



means... I have Tetanus."

"Which is curable and not contagious." She stated, still giving him a strange look.

"Which also might lock up my jaw and bite your tongue off." He whimpered, getting her to laugh.

"Always thinking of others, aren't you?" He lightly shrugged. "Alright, fine. You win this round. But I have the upper hand for round two."

"Round two?" He tried to curl his neck. Then suddenly put something together. A few more sniffs of the smokey air, and she smiled deviously at the dragon. "Is that... Jasmine?"

"Even his Olfaction is second to none." He whimpered loudly. "I snuck in a few of them before letting you rest. They've been burning quite a while now."

"No wonder you're thinking such thoughts." Another whimper from the Flag.

"And that's why..." She brushed her tail acrossed his lower region and made the larger one whimper blissfully. "You're still rock solid. At least I hope."

"Ressa..."

"Just relax, Dia. After last night, you deserve a little treat. Besides." She gave him a lick between the nostrils. "You said so yourself, that you taste amazing."

"I-I was joking about that." He cleared his throat awkwardly.

"You were flirting. That's what happens when you drink too much Vabbian Wine." She started to slide down, feeling the now purple male's lower red horn under her fur. Separating it like an arrow in the wind. "But ever since then, you've had me curious." She carefully stepped over his hind legs, putting out the candles at the far back with a quick few swooshes of her tail.

"Ressa, just..." He sighed, trying to look away as he felt his member rest between her breasts. With a deep breath, he sighed. Looking upwards at the floor, and making a faint gust of wind blow out the candles around his head. Then grabbing some extra blankets for his neck to sit upwards a bit more. "I can't believe I'm letting you do this to me." He whimpered, and motioned for her to continue.

The dragon leaned his head back in a more relaxed position and closed his eyes. Taking deep breath after deep breath while trying to hold back any embarrassed whimpers. Only to hear the Sphinx start to giggle a bit and send his ears back. "You are some nervous about this." That statement caused a whimper to leak out. "I can't be your first."

"First Gynosphinx, yes." He muttered, still feeling his red tower pulse between her chest pillows.

"But not just Sphinx in general." An embarrassed whimper as his ears turned a deeper purple.

"T-that's not what I meant." He half snorted, getting the lioness to chuckle. "Considering two out of three types of Sphinx are males, you'd be correct. You're my first Sphinx."

"Then why are you so nervous about this?" She semi-concerningly asked, finally getting Dia to look up and glare at her. Meeting him with a smirk while stroking her lion-like paw in circles on his good side. Slowly getting closer to his lower region.

He answered the question with a quiet sigh. "...Have you seen it?"

"Nope." He looked at the sphinx, half surprised. And she shrugged a bit, getting the faint movements to half stun him. "My, you must be some sensitive down there. Is that what this is about? You're afraid you're going to release-"

"Please." He whimpered. "Stop." A few taps on his belly to get the dragon to cough out the excuse. But when that didn't work, she leaned forward a bit. Letting the fur brush him into a bit of a squirm. "Okay-okay. It's because it... Looks weird."

"Looks weird?" She repeated him, curling her neck, then trying to look down at it between her chest lumps.

"And I don't mean the tip either... The full thing." Another whimper. "I've been told it looks a bit... Scary. Painful even."

"By who?" He didn't answer. As Ressa rose up, she took a few steps back, sitting on the second half of his tail. Getting a good view of the red weapon. In its current state, it was about as long and thick as a man's forearm. The head of it curved to a point, then quickly flared out into several spines on each side, along with a long line of rather large spines, all flowing together. The rest of the shaft had dozens of smaller points, along with small gaps for them to sink back in. Probably when it was no longer in use.

When a pulse echoed through the tower, these smaller spines pushed outward a bit. Flaring themselves as they pointed down towards the rest of the dragon's package. Including the five stripes of flesh that circled around the base, just above the sheath. "Wow..."

"Kinda looks like a mutated mess." Dia muttered.

"Well... Yes. But..." She looked at it a bit longer. "It does look painful."

"And Scary."

"And Scary." She repeated him. "But so... Unique. Very deserving for the Flag, to be honest." He whimpered at that. "Trust me, I was more worried about you having something incredibly bland." A grunt that time. "Can I?"

"At this point, I really don't think I have a say anymore." The purple one snorted, getting Ressa to laugh at him before laying back down. Feeling the lioness study the thick member with a paw, and listening to him grunt at every little movement. "Watch the claws."

"Quit being a kitten." Ressa teased him. Almost afraid to touch the points of the spines, but was rather surprised that they all were quite flexible and soft. Though the smaller ones along the midsections were a bit harder, they were also much smaller compared.

When the paw reached towards the base, the dragon suddenly squirmed sharply. Getting her to stop and raise an eyebrow at Dia. "Ridges are... Extremely sensitive."

"Really now?" She asked, a bit sarcastically. Teasing them with a single paw and getting the Flag to hiss while breathing very harshly.

"Stop!" He growled, and she did. Just chuckling as she went up and down the tool slowly. The second time she got to the ridges, he whimpered loudly. Even though she went softer.

"You were not kidding. Wow-" She barely cut herself off there, lifting the paw up and seeing a faint clear liquid over it. Looking at the purple one for an explanation, he just gave an embarrassed look once again. A small sniff of it, then a lick made it near tasteless. But rather oily.

Setting back down, the sphinx took a closer look at his member. The tip and head still seemed to be mostly dry, but the middle areas were slightly coated with the same liquid. A few more playful teases in the ridges got the dragon to hiss and growl again, but also see the smaller spines flare out. Releasing the liquid from the small holes they often hid in. "...Oh. A type of lubricant?"

"Y...Yes." He muttered, almost hearing her purr out of curiosity. It was enough to make him smile and feel less uncomfortable with it. Laying his head back down and just trying to relax. Feel what she was doing with such a sensitive area. It was a good feeling when the lioness was using the paw, but a few sandy licks of her tongue on the flare was not pleasing. "Do... We have any water or something?"

"Thirsty?"

"Not exactly." She perked her ears a bit. "Your tongue is... Dry, to say the least."

"Dry, huh?"

"Like a desert." He grumbled, feeling her get off his tail for a few moments and drink something out of a nearby bowl. Returning to give the tower a full lick and getting Dia to grunt again.

"How's that?"

"...*Better*." He said a bit bitterly, it only got Ressa to chuckle again.

"What if..." A few more strokes to the ridges got the larger one to growl a bit deeply. Then feeling her lick the sides where the oils were coming from. Then a few quick licks to the head made it much more comfortable. "Now?"

"Much better."

"Looks like your 'Mutations' are helping out quite well." A faint whimper slowly started morphing into a purr while the sphinx slowly tended to him. The slower she went, with both the paws and the tongue, the more of a deep trance he slid in. Filling the room with a loud pleasurable rhythm that only grew. Almost vibrating his entire body after several minutes.

At this point, the shaft started to pulse quite frequently. Thicker and harder the longer Ressa tended to it. Soon, faint grunts were part of the dragon's symphony, and eventually they grew into whimpers. With a bit more attention on the ridges, the lioness caught the entire head in her mouth. Trying to be soft with the strokes, but progressively harder with the sharp breaths Dia was taking. With a very deep breath and a sharp grunt, she felt his paw on the back of her head, and the tool thicken in her maw. It pulsed several times before leaking out a very sweet and tasteful substance that reminded the female of a type of sour candy.

As the dragon released his grip on her, Ressa kept a hold onto the head a bit longer. Waiting until the release stopped accumulating before trying to lick and keep most of it. Purring loudly at the many flavors it really seemed to take. Trying to keep track of them all was rather difficult due to the constant changing of it. When she couldn't handle the sweetness any longer, she swallowed and took a few heavy breaths. "...Did you like it?" He half whimpered.

"Astonishing..." She whispered, getting a shy smile over his muzzle. "I can't keep track of what it tasted like, but I swore... Lime, Lemon... Orange... Strawberry?" He nodded. "It was like... A form of candy." The sphinx looked down at the dragon's stones, noticing that next to nothing drained from the semi-large sack. If anything, it got fuller.

"That sounds about right." Dia chuckled. He knew the look on her face well, and raised a paw to interrupt her. "Long story. Rather embarrassing too. Someday I'll tell you how this... Happened."

"You mean how your... Seed seems to have the taste of the rainbow?" Dia chuckled at

her. "Rather fitting really."

"That, and almost looks like the rainbow too." The dragon closed his eyes, then opened them up wide when he felt the lioness' curious stare. "Uh oh. Ressa-" Before he could stop her, she pawed at his ridges a bit. Getting the large one to turn orange and grunt loudly. "Easy, Easy, Easy-!" He whimpered, digging his claws into the blankets and almost arching his sore back. Containing a roar while a few heavy squirts launched onto his belly and chest. Fading back into a purple as soon as the sphinx let go and started taking deep breaths.

On his belly, even in the dim candle light, the white substance was constantly shifting colors like it was alive. Fading from one hue to the next in a very relaxing manner. "Wow..." She looked at it with deep eyes. Poking it a little bit with a claw, almost wondering it was going to jump at her. "Now what would happen if you put this in a jar?"

"You'd have the coolest light show for the next Flag Day. What do you think?" He grumbled, trying to sit up, but got a paw to pin him. Seeing her lick at the seed and purr a bit, getting most of it off then meeting him muzzle to muzzle. He rolled his blue eyes, but didn't fight it. Wrestling her semi-dried tongue with the sweet and slightly sour tastes, as the lioness got completely on top of him.

After they haggled a share, they swallowed and kissed a bit again. Chuckling at the silly idea. "Joking about tasting it, huh?" She mocked him, only to get another eye roll.

"I'm not going to openly admit that I masturbate to taste the rainbow. No matter how drunk I am." He snorted, hearing her laugh but trying to keep quiet. "All finished?"

"Maybe. You don't get tired after a release? Every other male does."

"Well, when you actually release me, yes. But-" He grunted again, and whimpered in defeat. Another laugh from the female as she kissed him again. "It's the jasmine talking, I swear."

"Yet not enough to tell me of your embarrassing experiences. I'll have to do more tests to see how much will get you to talk. In the meantime..." She looked down behind them, still feeling the member between her legs a bit and giving him a sly look.

"Ressarkio." He growled. "No."

"Why not?" She teased.

"Because I'm over 25% your size and well... I won't fit easily. And I don't trust reducing my size right now due to the bandages."

"You don't have to completely enter me." She started licking the side of his head, near the ears. "Just a little?"

"How much is a little?"

"As far as I can go." Another growl. "You have nothing to worry about. I'm pretty sure I can take it. If not, I'll stop."

"Sure you will." Dia grumbled, his ears back. "Ressa, I can't."

"Please?"

"I might not be able to control my... Instincts." He tried to look away. "And... They might hurt you. Especially if I can't hold them back."

"But any harm done to me can be repaired, right?" A faint grumble. "I trust you, Dia. And... I would like this gift, if you're willing."

A few moments of just staring at her, and he whimpered loudly. "You're not in Heat, right?"

"Nope. About 7 months away."

Another sigh. "...Just... Be careful. If I need you to pull out, you *Need* to pull out. Got it?"

"That's if I can take it." She smiled at him, kissing his lips. "Thank you." The sphinx took a step up, resting her breasts on the dragon's throat and getting him to start purring again at their softness. A few small licks and kisses, and she took another step. Feeling the dragon's tool under her tail and tried to line it up with her tri-pointed sex.

The tip was still wet, as was her own lower region. Pressing them together softly sent a thin wave between them. A glowing warmth that let them focus on their muzzled a bit longer. Slowly pressing the parts together and back again. With every rock, they started pressing a bit harder. Until the tip started separating her lips a bit. Getting both of them to whimper slightly and start purring.

The purrs grew louder when they kept at it. Not going too deep yet, but just prodding bit by bit. With every slightly harder press, she could really feel the side difference. When Ressa was tending to it with her paws, it looked manageable, but feeling it now... She could've sworn it grew in size. However, this might be her only chance for a long time to attempt such a thing. Pressing it a little bit harder and harder was getting more difficult, until he broke the kiss. "Slow down." The dragon said, going in for another quick one. "Slow down, or we're stopping."

She detested it when he got strict like this, but he always knew better. Nodding in agreement, the lioness did what she was told. Slowly easing up on the prods, and just enjoying them for now. Feeling the shaft very slowly open her up, little by little. And even feeling a faint wetness come out of the tip.

After a few minutes, Dia started guiding her with his paws. Slowly pushing her back a bit, and she obeyed. Feeling herself get a little closer to his slow thrusts. Letting her ride them up and down on the very head of his weapon. The sensation was growing between them, even if

there was next to no penetration yet. There was something odd about it, like she could feel the dragon's own waves as he guided her. Getting the sphinx herself a bit wet from the movements alone.

Dia's paws started to get a little stiff on her sides. Feeling him slightly brace her as he tried to go in a bit deeper. Feeling the tower begin to separate her a little more took her breath away. Ressa never imagined it would be so slow, yet so worth it. Judging by the clocks, they've already been at it for at least twenty minutes, and they were still not completely engaged yet. But it was coming, and the anticipation was getting to her. Almost making Ressa want to follow her own wild instincts. But once again, those paws stopped her. His tongue kept her focused and calm.

Another brace, and the dragon pressed in a little harder. Finally feeling her lower lips start to stretch out and swallow the invader at the doorstep. The feeling started getting her to moan loudly between her purrs. As well as slightly squirm side to side during the movements. "Just a little more, Ressa. You're doing good. Just a little more." The Flag coached her. The sphinx' heavy breaths were getting her overwhelmed. With every thick prod she whimpered out loud. Her breaths shaky a bit, her sex heating up, and her breasts starting to tingle with every brush.

With a hard brace, the dragon kept her in one spot. Pressing into the female a bit harder, but not retreating the prod. Instead, elevating it and moving the intruder around a bit. Losing the Lioness' breath and digging her claws into the dragon's purple shoulders. Ressa felt the technique widen her a bit more, getting her to squeeze at it and squirt the red weapon as it withdrew. Another sharp kiss with some teeth, and the dragon nodded at her. "Are you ready?"

She nodded back, feeling his paws stroke her brown sides and letting her do it on her own. Slowly she pushed down, feeling for the shaft's guidance and getting the tip of the flare in the center. With every deep breath, she pressed in. More and more, getting the flare to separate her slowly. Stretching out the sphinx' entrance and making her whimper loudly, but not let up. She pushed on, again very slowly. Making out the tower's shape with her lower region as it adjusted to hold such a structure.

The lioness stopped for a moment. Rapidly breathing and just enjoying the tight feeling. "You okay?" The purple one grunted, trying to comfort her. "If it's too much, we can stop." She shook her head. Ressa wanted this, for so long. Ever since she seen the Guardian up close. "Careful. The hard part is almost over." Another word of comfort, and she licked him. "But go slow. If you try to rush it, you might tear yourself." Another nod and a few more breaths. She dug her claws back into him, but the dragon never seemed to mind. Pushing herself slowly back, and feeling the shaft slowly slip in. (A little more. A little bit more. Come on, Ressa.)

With one final grunt, the head plopped inside her. Still stretching out the tunnel, but past the large barrier. With the two heavily breathing, more rapidly by the second, She squeezed the red weapon hard with a release, and he squirted warmth inside her. Tightly embracing each other leading to another sharp kiss. The two squirmed against their ties, massaging the inside

and the intruder a bit before slowly starting up again. Her lips felt like they were at their limit, making the sphinx wonder if she could even get the structure out of her after this. But she was sure that Dia had a trick of two to emergency release them, if it came to that.

"How do you feel?" He asked, breaking the kiss and cupping her breasts a bit. Trying to find the nipple through all the fur, but it was difficult.

"Like I have a flagpole stuck in me." The two laughed at that. "But it's more than I imagined." She gave him another lick. "Thank you, Dia. So much."

"Done?" The female shook her head. "Alright, just be careful."

"Be careful." He tossed his snout at her. "I'll be alright. Just..." Another few breaths, and she started moving back and forth a bit. Once again feeling the shape in a whole new way.

Every spine tickled at her, especially the bigger ones on the top and bottom. Caressing the inner walls of her sex while her lips struggled to swallow more. The pulses of the tower were very often felt, and she got a glimpse of the oils that the smaller spines ejected from time to time. Making the movements so much easier than before. Allowing the shaft to slide in and out with next to no effort.

Meanwhile, the entire sensation was breathtaking. The more she took in, the more spines she felt. Getting them to slightly grip the inner walls when the shaft was retreating, and stimulating his weapon to release more and more. The warmth of his tip started to travel deeper and deeper inside. Further than she ever expected, or ever experienced. Every few minutes, she released her own liquid in the form of a tight squeeze. One that scrunched the dragon's muzzle every time, and got her to smile. "Your muscles are... Quite strong."

"You're just too sensitive." Ressa teased, grunting at the entering weapon. With a few deep breaths, she started to go lower and lower. Hearing Dia whimper sharply and almost hold her too tight. "So." She gasped. "What happens when I squeeze this area-" A loud groan came from his throat, and a heavy amount of warmth entered her. The small pulses the weapon made fought against her walls, and once again left her breathless. If he was any bigger, she would've split open by now, no doubt.

With a few more minutes of enjoying the upper half, she gave him another long kiss. Releasing the weapon as far as she could and slowly started taking in the rest. Hearing him squirm again and whimper against it. "Ressa. Ressa-!" He hissed, holding onto her again. "Don't-!" The first ridge interrupted him. The second one made both of them whimper. The third morphed that whimper into a pair of roars and the last made their breaths rapid. "Damnit-!" The Flag cursed, trying to fight against it. He let his paws go of her sides and dug his claws deeply into the blankets they were resting on as the female constantly squeezed him.

The warmth was constantly leaking from this point, as the dragon struggled to hold back.



Feeling the pulse of the weapon echo to the very tip from within, the lioness could feel the pulses make the shaft thicker. Stretching her out more and more as the tower got longer, dove deeper inside the sphinx. A contained roar was felt through the dragon's throat and chest, but there was no holding back. Especially after the female climaxed once again over the ridges.

Warmth released like a water fountain inside her, passing through the red weapon as it got a bit thicker. Filling up an empty area in her lower belly within moments, then feeling the pressure return. It would've been painful if it wasn't so stimulating, fighting against the larger one's mating tool. But it was far too powerful, pressing against her inner walls and pushing them outward. Feeling her lower belly start to swell up. Tighter and tighter, it began to expand over the dragon's mid-section, getting her to whimper at both the pleasure, and the pressure of it. Making her worry that it wouldn't be able to resist much longer. It even started pushing against the purple one's belly and slide the thick shaft out of her for a little more slack. Until it came to the head, the flare completely halting the withdrawal, and holding her snared on the large one as torrents forced their way inside.

With a heavy hiss, Dia pulled the sphinx towards his upper half. Soon hearing the loud plop of that flare slipping free from her tight sex and erupting into the air. Causing ropes of rainbow to dance above them before raining over the two, the now red wyrm holding onto the lioness tightly through his orgasm. Getting her to count the sprays that were being launched against her rear and tail, eventually stopping after what seemed like minutes.

The dragon stopped to gasp for breath, and the pressure of the fountain began to fade a bit. Ressa's chest resting on his neck as she carefully felt her overstuffed belly, looking over it via the wall mirror across the room. Granted, it felt larger than it actually was, she was still framed as if she was carrying a litter. Relaxing once again over her scaly bed, panting herself with the rhythm of the dragon's heartbeat as he half grumbled. "Too close for comfort."

"Really? I thought this would be comfort enough." She teased him, once again rubbing those body pillows against his neck and getting him to purr. Still feeling a few jolts against her colorful behind and taking a moment to look in it's direction. "You... Were not jesting about..." A long exhale left that now purple muzzle.

"You can see why I wanted you to be careful." He tried to sound a bit scolding, but just couldn't. Pawing at her now more plump figure and unable to resist purring at it. "However..."

"However?" Ressa playfully mocked him.

"That felt good." The lioness chuckled at Dia. "Really good..."

"Perhaps you'd like to do it again?" A grumble that time. "Another time, of course. But it wasn't a bad experience, was it?"

"N-no. Just... Close to..."

"To what?" He only whimpered, but the sphinx pieced it together. "Fair enough. I promise to be more careful when riding you. Happy?" A groan from the dragon.

"Must you say it like that?"

"Indeed. Now sleep."

"Yes nurse." Dia snorted, soon feeling those soft furred pillows move up to his head and releasing a blissful whimper.

## Chapter 8

The day was a bit more cloudy than before. The semi-gloomy weather really foreshadowed many things for the human city folk, and the word that something attacked the Flag really got things a bit unsettling. As much as the griffin stated that he could care less about such a thing, he would never confess in it actually bothering him. His feathery ass was still slightly on the radar, and if someone decided to throw him at the feet of the Flag itself...

He snorted loudly, letting it echo through the dark dungeon. Last thing he needed was to somehow give his apprehenders a form of sacrifice. A gift of good will towards their guardian for it to do with it what it pleased. And out of the entire city's population, Anton would be the very top of that list, by far. No doubt.

Perhaps he should ease up on those around him for a bit then. As much as he detested the thought of almost asking for mercy from the warden, it was better than dying. Given the current events, he didn't want to take the risk.

The stress made the bird toss over the pile of comfortable, fresh clothing. Though

Cennet did a wonderful job at it, he would never go so far as to thank her for such a thing. It was the woman's role for now, one that she's more than accepted, it seems. Which only irked the Grey one more.

Restless, he got up. Heading towards the 'Lightswitch' on the far side of the room. Really irked how it was on the far side of the main doors, and grunting the entire way across about its idiotic design. But that got him to suddenly stop for a moment and question it. He overlooked nearly the entire pipe by now, from end to end. That was the only switch to it. And the humans have had better technology lately, electric lights were hardly something new within the city. Why put the effort into something so complex, let alone at the far back-right of the dungeon?

As much as it would annoy him to admit such a thing in front of another person, the humans were not morons. Especially when it came to designing such a thing. The only person that the switch would benefit would be... The griffin curled his neck. Still looking around and trying to picture the little one. He knew as much about dragons as everyone else did: zippo. Including their stages of development. But for something to grow as big as the Red Flag, that hatchling must've been just about that; A Hatchling. A small, clear speaking, rather intelligent, World and Culinary Experienced Hatchling that was quite the tinkerer.

Strange wouldn't be Anton's first choice of words to describe that pest. But even in the darkness, when they met... Dia somehow released him. 'Breaking' a link in his chains and allowing him to move freely from the disc. Though, the little one had another use for such a thing, what was it? The Grey one scanned the darkness, barely seeing the Hammock being held up by a couple of pipes. (That.)

The griffin quickly went towards the switch and flicked it. Getting the half dim light to do its best to illuminate the dungeon. Circling around each wall and ending up close to the dragon's hammock. It seemed to be made from a thick net, held up and together by a series of metals.

Half climbing up the wall to get a better look, Anton was careful about his weight on the old wooden benches below. Most of the metals connected to the hammock were circle chains, larger chain links, or some thick strings. Probably silk. But the very dark one resembled the chains Anton was bound to while lowered down here. A very close study of it, nothing was broken. There was no sign anywhere that such a thing was severed. As if it was made from a brick of solid steel itself.

The large lift outside the doors landed and got his attention, Letting the large one stare in that direction for a few moments. Hearing the cart roll off of it told him it was probably time for supper. Trying to turn about, his claws slipped from under him on the damp wood. Hitting the rest of it with a loud thud, and getting the wood to crack loudly. At least, he hoped it was the wood. Grunting and growling as he got up, Cennet came into his fuzzy view. "You okay?"

"Just dandy." He grumbled, seeing the woman try holding back her giggle. Then look at him, as well as the area he was studying.

"I think you're going to need a bigger-"

"I wasn't trying to sleep in it!" He hissed at her, getting the woman to laugh as his feathers puffed out. "I was-...Nevermind."

"You were what? Trying to sabotage it?" The grey one glared at her.

"...That actually does sound like something I would do, but no." She prepared his meal on the large table, and he sighed. "...That Griffit is hiding something. And I feel like I'm very close to it."

"So, you're snooping again?"

"Do you expect me to have anything better to do?"

"Clean yourself." She giggled, getting him to curl his neck again.

"You're implying that I'm dirty now. Wonderful. I bet you win all the Caretaker awards." Anton snorted, moving towards his desert of a fine cheesecake. Though a bit cold, it still was delicious and lifted his mood up a bit. "Granted, Preening does take hours, but I do tend to have plenty of time to spare. This dungeon is just so *full* of mysteries, I must entertain myself with them." The sarcasm in the statement was horribly dry, and hard for the woman to tell if he was serious or not. "And let's face it, the hatchling is hardly an open book."

"There's better ways of getting to know someone. The most common of which is to talk to them-Nicely, I might add." The grey one growled at her.

"I would if he were ever here."

"And whose fault is that?" She teased. Getting him to give her a clearly fake shocked look.

"Certainly not mine. He looked at his own reflection and got scared. For someone who tends to keep themselves surrounded by mirrors all the time, he must be pretty blind not to see his own reflection sooner." Cennet laughed again. Taking a seat. "Want some?"

"You cut that with your claws, I'll pass." He tossed his beak.

"Please, you say that as if they're filthy." The griffin took another bite. "If you're going to be like that, feel free to cut it with your own wit. Even one as dull as a hammer will do." She giggled at him, and he took a few more bites out of his meal. The fish were not grilled as well this time around. There was something slightly off about it, perhaps the wrong spices, or too much of one.

He over looked the tray of fish, then looked at the entire table of food. Noticing how well it was all cared for. "...Why do this?"

"Hmm?" She snapped out of a slight daydream.

"...Take such effort into making this. All of this for a... Criminal?" It was a bit of a more-than-serious question. One that was asked in a bit of a thick tone, and one she didn't quite understand. "If anyone was to be treated like this, they would want to be punished. They would want to be placed down here. Why give them such treatment?"

"It's just food." She shrugged. "I mean, a bit fancy-"

"That picture of, what I hope is lemonade," The statement sent her into giggles. "Has a small umbrella in it. I can't think of anything else fancier than that!" He half grunted in frustration. "My point is... What's stopping people? From wanting all of this?"

She half shrugged, still trying to recover. "But you're losing something during this downtime." The green eyes stared at her. "Your freedom."

He snorted at her, taking another bite. "Everyone has lost that. You're all just too blinded by Faith to realize it." The woman's smile faded. "You're told what to know. What to do. How to do it. And do it until you're completely unable to do it any longer. You're told to make friends with everyone -everything that moves, and respect it to the fullest." Another few bites and a swallow. "You're also told what to believe in, what to put faith into. And you're shown this by some magic fireworks show from some icon that the entire world desires to have. Because they were *told* that's what they wanted."

"What do you mean?" The griffin took a breath. "Where are you going with this?"

"Everything you've ever been taught, been told, it all came from the same source; The Red Flag. You're told to obey every word from it. Every teaching, to bow down to every breath it takes. And if you don't, you get thrown at its paws. If you disobey a single rule, you're fed to it. If you *Fear* the Flag... You get taken away. And worst of all..." Anton exhaled. "...If you even question it, you get shoved out of the entire world. Thrown into an exile to **Recover** in hopes you can one day rejoin the land and sky of False Freedom." The woman remained quiet. "Everyone lost their freedom a long time ago, Cennet. Every one of us was born without it. Except one."

"You..." Her face was cross, and a bit shaken. "You cannot question him."

"And my point is proven." The Grey one growled.

"The Flag has done wonderful things for us. He heals the sick, brings back those who were taken from us too early-"

"It does wonderful things for *your* species. Does wonderful things for *you*? You're 'freedom' was snatched away for trying to detain a criminal! Tell me, where is your Flag now to save you from this form of bitterness and negativity? How is it going to save you from your own doing? From your own choice to remain down here and take care of someone who clearly does

not want to be taken care of!?" Another long silence. "Your own faith in that overgrown lizard is castigating you. Forcing you down in the absolute worst place to be in this city. Yet you just accept it, like it's some kind of punishment to stop someone from running from a crime. You convince yourself that you deserve this, for doing the right thing. You embrace it, because you think that's what the *Flag* wants. Really, you're just wasting half a year doing nothing. Nothing productive for you, nothing productive for your family. Nothing productive for your farm, or the Flag itself. And you just give into that. Because your **Faith** tells you to."

There was another long silence, and then the bird snorted. Turning away and heading back to his bedding. "Just leave the food. I'll eat it later. You're dismissed, **Servant**. Get out." It took a few minutes before the woman got up and left, getting Anton to finally release a pent up exhale. "...What was your plan, huh?" He whispered into the dim space.

He could feel it growing inside him. Without even looking at it with that special vision he developed. Every little bit of sickness, every disease that he accumulated, it was all festering in his body. Making it hard for him to keep flying, but he had to make it back. Usually, the dragon could go the full way. Reach every city in the couple of days before having to dock. But from all those deep wounds making him ill, losing so much blood, and being exhausted, it was taking its toll on his body. The Red one was worse off than usual this year.

In the meantime, he would have to stop and visit an area a bit early. That human city, but not tonight. After sleeping most of the day in Vabbi, celebrating his visit and recovery with the sphinx' and other people in the city, most of the day was gone.

Sleeping... The idea of resting was addictive when he was like this. But he couldn't stop now. Not when he was so close. His lungs started to feel heavy, like they held water. His head, foggy, and his muscles were getting weak. If he fell now, it's possible that all these illness' would escape from his body and contaminate the region. Then he would make everyone around suffer even more.

A few more glides, and he started to see familiar forests. Landing for a break would be a good idea, maybe some refreshments if he was careful. With a few heavy pants, he surfaced a bit hard on the grassy grounds. Sending a few animals into a panic, and apologizing to them in a huff. A few coughs, and he did his best to find a source of water. Not daring to drink out of it from the source, but levitating some and drinking it that way. "Are you alright, my Lord?" A rabbit asked him, nodding after a few breaths.

"I'll be fine. Just happening a little sooner than expected."

"Sooner?" It questioned, keeping one ear upwards and the other to the side.

"He does this every year." A crow said, up in a tree. "And nearly passes out getting back too. Too much drinking, methinks."

"You thinks wrong." The dragon chuckled, coughing a little bit. "I'll be... Fine. Just need a bit of rest. But you're better off not staying too close to me right now. I don't want you guys catching ill either."

"You're ill?" The rabbit asked, almost whimpering.

"It's a long story, little one. One I'll have the pleasure of telling you next time. I promise." The white rabbit nodded, and then hopped off. "Crow, do me a favor?"

"Yes?"

"Peck at me if I fall asleep. The ears work quite well as an alarm clock."

"A what?"

"Errm..." He covered his head with a paw. "It's an old device that alerts people what time it is. Usually waking them up."

"Alright, my lord. How long would you like to rest?"

"Ten minutes, tops. I need to make it there before the dusk." The black bird bobbed its head, and the brown dragon did his best to rest up. Slowly drifting into a hazy thought.

The smoke was clearing up quite well. Meaning that the incense have all burnt out. Which was fine, they did their jobs well. Very well in fact, that the pink dragon smiled at how foolish the day passed. Still resting his head on his favorite Vabbian pillow. Errm, Pillows, as the lioness' paw stroked his head a bit. Getting him to lick at the furry body, and eventually get a pleasure moan from the sphinx. "I have the absolute hardest time to find your spot in these things." Dia half grumbled, but couldn't hold back the purring in his throat.

"That's because it keeps changing." Ressa admitted. "It drives alot of males nuts."

"Yes." He flicked an irked ear. "It really does." It got the female to chuckle, holding his head tighter against her now original sized body. "Good. Everything looks and feels normal."

"It better." She half growled, getting the dragon to chuckle and nuzzle her again.

"...Ressa?" She made a noise in question. "Can I tell you a secret?"

"You told me plenty of secrets, Dia. From your name, your colors, to bone in your Closet... Closet being your sheath." He half cringed at that. "You can tell me anything you wish, and it will forever be safe-"

"I don't like Vabbi." The blunt statement sent her laughing, giving the now light grey one a few playful paw slaps. "It's hot, humid. There's sand everywhere. Even in places that have been sealed up for thousands of years, there's sand in it. I don't like it's food, it's unusually dry water, it's strong wine-"

"Okay, okay." A few taps on his nostrils got him to snort at the paw. "Then why do you visit here every year? And I mean, every year for like the last twenty, give or take."

He was quiet for a moment, and then took a breath. His form now purple in the mirror, meaning it was something once again embarrassing. "...You." It made her smile brightly. "I come here to see you. Ever since you grew up and become the... Mature... Errm."

"Adult?"

"-Sure. Mature adult you are today, I've wanted to..." He swallowed, getting a few strokes from her. "I never stutter this bad with anyone else."

"That's a good sign." The sphinx smiled at him. "But you made me wait twenty years to mate with you? Talk about playing hard to get."

"That's because I knew I wouldn't fit! And I'm glad I waited that long. I'm more than positive you were at your absolute limit to containing my..." He whimpered again, covering his head with a wing.

"I suppose you're correct." She did her best to slide down a bit and hug the dragon tightly. Giving him a few licks. "Thank you, Dia. It means the world to me."

"You're welcome-"

"And next year, we get to do it again." He came out of his wing and looked at her with wide eyes.

"W-what?"

"You want to try it sooner? Perhaps before you go?" The level of serious in her expression made him whimper loudly. Clearing his throat.

"Claimed to be Shy and sometimes Mean-"

"No you don't!" She hissed at him.



"I'm often heard, but never seen."

"Dia." A playful growl.

"But if you are few with quite a view, I will speak back if spoken to." Another growl from the Sphinx as she whimpered. Closing her eyes and thinking while the dragon smiled at her. Seeing her lust die down quickly and purr at the riddle.

"Cheater." She grumbled, licking at his ear.

"Give up?"

"Never." Another bit of thought. "An -Flag?"

"Nope."

"What do you mean, it fits perfectly. You only hear it when it comes back to you. You need the acoustic to hear it, hence the View. An -Flag! has to be it. Besides, if anyone is yelling any anyone else, they could be called mean."

"You said... Flag?"

She curled her neck. "I said Echo."

"Then who said-?"

-Flag!

The dragon's head shot up, getting the crow to squawk and fly back to the tree. "You okay, my Lord?" It asked, getting the large one to take a few breaths. "You turned black and I was concerned."

"I-I'm fine. Thank you for waking me." The dragon took a few breaths. "How long was I out?"

"Only for a few minutes. But it is getting late."

"Yes. I should really..." The Flag struggled to get up, his sore weak muscles were almost burning, along with his chest and lungs. Some placed felt stiff, mostly around the joints. But his wings were fine for now. With helping leap from the air around him, the large one took off once again.

He reduced his size a bit before eyesight of the human's city. He didn't want to arrive sick just yet. All he needed to do was get down in that basement. He could do his withdrawal down there, away from others. Hoping that no one was around that window's entrance, let alone pass out before he could reach it. Last thing he needed was to infect his people.

The skies were still a bit cloudy, and the celebrations were distracting enough. Once again thankful for them as he snuck down into the broken barred window of the dungeon. Slipping from a weak grip and landing on the hard stone floor with a loud crack. Whimpering, and half cursing that there should've been blankets there to ease the fall. "Seriously, I have enough food for tonight! Stop throwing your garbage down here!" The dragon's heart skipped a beat, wondering who was down in his dungeon. Then it all came back to him: the Griffin.

Hearing the claws of his pawsteps come forward through the darkness, Dia almost spotted his sharp green eyes. "Oh, you're back. Wonderful. Just when I finally got rid of one pest, I get reminded of another." Anton snorted, seeing the little one get up slowly and stagger a bit. "Are you seriously drunk?"

A few dry coughs from the little one, and a spit of something caught in his throat. "Not now, bird." The little one grumbled.

"What the Helgah is wrong with you?" It got the blue eyes to look at him, almost painfully, and then shake his scaly muzzle.

"Not now." A few steps forward, and his right arm tensed up. Constantly flexing and causing him pain. Unable to relax it. "Damnit...!"

"Seriously, what is this? You dying or something?" The grey one snorted, as the wyrmling started to hobble across the ground. Only to once again collapse in some light. Letting the bird witness some new wounds. "What happened to you?"

"I just need to get over there."

"...You're sick. Probably carrying-..." The griffin growled loudly at the darkness. Clacking his beak before sharply glaring back at the dragon. "It is you, isn't it!?"

"I don't know what-"

"Don't play stupid games with me, for once '*Guardian*'!" A heavy exhale from the little one made him fall once again. "The intelligence, knowledge of the world-of Cennet! Your ability to manipulate the matter around you! You're not the Flag's son, you *are* the Flag!" Anton hissed at him. "Just my luck! What the Helgah did I-"

"Do Not Use Her Name In Vain!" The little one roared loudly, much louder than what the bird expected, shaking the entire dungeon a bit, and letting some dust fall from the walls and ceiling. "...Just help me get over there, Anton. Please."

"Why should I?" He asked coldly.

"Unless you want to catch every disease I'm currently carrying, you will do what I say." Another attempt to get up was rejected by his sore muscles.

"...You don't even cure the sick." The griffin walked over to the little one, shoving it a little. "You just transfer it to your body instead? Why." It was hardly a question, but it got the dragon angry.

"So they won't suffer with it."

"But you do. Always the hero, even if they probably deserved-"

"They Didn't-!" Another roar, but much less intimidating when he started coughing. With another loud snort, the bird carelessly picked up the orange creature and threw him on his feathery back. "They don't deserve to suffer any more than they need to."

"And you think babying them constantly is a better solution?"

"Shut up." Anton growled at him. "You haven't seen the things I have-"

"Oh right. I completely forgot that you were wise and all knowing-"

"You haven't seen them destroy each other! You haven't seen them destroy their own world! Their own Families! Cities! Loved Ones, Because They Were Suffering! You haven't seen them hell bent on weaponizing everything to defend themselves **Against** themselves!" A few coughs. "And you're not the one that has to clean up the damn mess they leave behind. Destroying everything they had left -Innocent or not!" The bird was silent. "Don't question my actions, Anton. I'm only trying to make things better with what I have..."

"...Sure you are." Dia let the remark go. Waiting until they came to a series of benches. "You're planning to cure yourself with wood that's been sat on for forty years?" No reply, and the griffin started rocking the little one on his back. "Hey! Hey! Wake up!" Another few coughs. "What did you want from here?"

"...Move them."

"Sure, just let me get my pulleys that I carry with me for just an occasion." Anton snorted, getting the dragon on his back to groan loudly in frustration.

"I'm starting to see why you got kicked out of the City of Lions."

"You give them waaay too much credit. I left."

"Same thing."

"Completely different." The little one grunted at him. With a loud grunt, the bird double

taked at him. "Don't you dare piss on me-!" The wooden benches suddenly got thrown across the dungeon with a large gust of wind. Making a very heavy crash that echoed in the underground for a while. "...Completely. Different." Another painful grunt from Dia. "Now what?"

"Door." He half pointed up at the wall, and the grey studied it.

"This is a furnace."

"Thank you, Captain Obvious." That time, the bird grunted.

"What do you want me to do with this?"

"Put me inside." A heavy double take, seeing Anton's green eyes look at him with both surprise and a bit of pain. "I'll be fine, but it might need a bit more wood."

"From..." He looked over at the totaled benches. "Right. And your *genius* plan is to-"

"Cook the illness within me. Kinda like boiling alive without the water."

"...And you're okay with this?" As cold as it was, the statement actually held some concern.

"I've been doing it for eons. This time it won't be any different." Dia started to get up, trying to balance himself on the griffin's back and reach over. Getting a hold of the door and swinging it opened. Almost getting fully inside, but his muscles gave out once again, making him fall to the floor.

"You're pathetic." Anton lackadaisically offered to help him up.

"Shut up." The orange one grumbled, accepting the help. Getting almost shoved on the rack and taking a few breaths. It still smelled like ashes in here. Dried and harsh. Looking down, he started a small fire on some older pieces of wood, but they wouldn't last. "I'll need a few more boards."

"Fiiiiine." The griffin tossed his beak, getting a few broken pieces and throwing them a lower door. "How much more?"

"Three should do it."

"Two it is." The feathered one tormented. Getting four and adding them to the fire. "So, what now?"

"I sleep. And you enjoy the warmth." The little one coughed, but he didn't seem to be in any pain from the heat. "After... We'll talk."

"*Wonderful.*" The bird grumbled, going back to his supper and eating some of it. "Happy

Flag Day, by the way." He sarcastically said, lifting up the glass of lemonade towards the furnace. "Cheers."

The dragon walked for miles. Unable to tell the difference between the place he was in, and the place he was in ten minutes ago. If he didn't know any better, he walked across the entire world. Due to the falling black snow covering up his tracks, it wasn't so unbelievable really.

The loneliness ached his heart. He's never been so alone. Even during the flights and nights staying in the woods, he could always talk to the animals. The same way his mothers could. But now, nothing else existed. Besides a panther that couldn't speak. He could look for Stagg, but... Something told him that it wouldn't be worth it. Odds are, those two would be getting off the planet and searching elsewhere.

The pain was like a heavy weight. Much like how those forces would 'Deny' the actions of others. Including standing. It seemed no matter what the dragon did right now, there was no correct place for him. He started to wonder if that's what She meant by abomination. He survived this because he was the cause of it. And that was the greatest weight of all. The mass of the Earth.

He sighed dryly, half looking at his surroundings and wondering how far he made it. How far the ocean was, and how much it was polluted. Wondering if there was even a place still remotely standing in the world. A few of the buildings were leaning, and hazardous really. Ready to finally fall and lay to rest as ruins of an ancient civilization. One that would be forgotten by everyone but him. A constant reminder of a planet that failed to live in harmony.

With another sigh, he started to look away. But something caught his eye. Like a distant memory of his childhood, him looking at the city at this angle. It was a memory of happiness that was resurfacing in his mind. He remember seeing his father, so glad to be held in his arms. Calling him David, which was something he rarely did.

He recalled his mothers, being so happy for him. The Feys, giving their own pair of smiles. As well as those four... Sinality, Stagg... Saber and... Stratacast? Yes. That was it. Odd how they all started with S, but he remembered them well. All of them happy, in one small spot. But why were they happy?

It's because this is where his father performed another miracle within the Son's eyes. When he thought that he might never see that big black dragon again, he appeared. Crashed in something that was completely wrecked, yet leaving him unharmed. Something his mother told him was the work of someone special. And years later, you could still find some of the debris of that wreck here.

Pawing at the ground a bit, he smeared some of the ashes on a large, dull shard of the glass cube. Almost being able to see his pink, draconic self with it. The world could use more of that Pink now. Not really the color, but the feeling it meant to Dia. Letting him take what felt like his first breath of fresh air for a long long time-

A hidden trap door suddenly blew opened from the glass shard, and a man in a purple robe yawned and stretched loudly. Scaring the dragon half to death and making him jump twelve feet in the air with a loud yelp. Hearing the man's bones crack a bit, and very unproportionally climb outside of the door. A mug and a coffee picture in his hands. Walking up to a metal barrel, he dipped the picture inside, and poured the dry ash inside the mug. Sipping it very, very loudly for a few minutes. "Ahhh. That's black-tastick."

He turned around and looked at the green dragon with an ash colored mustache before giving his own shriek of fight. As well as throwing the mug and picture away with a loud 'Fling!' and hearing them break a window that clearly wasn't there. "Who... Are you?" Dia asked him, trying to take a step closer, and sniffing the wide opened trap door coming out of the shard of glass.

"Don't touch that!" He yelled at the dragon. "It's very delicate! Even the slightest little thought could make it expl-!" And the glass shard exploded with a large concussive force. Knocking the dragon out.

*The End.*

But Seriously. It's Not The End.

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

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

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

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

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

## **For Three Years I DON'T Like Surprises!!**

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

Bartan: "...No."

Banjo: "Awwh, come on!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **...Destruction Preventer Act 2 - Walk On Water**

By Bartan Tirix

### Chapter 0

The warm sunlight was slowly creeping up his black body. From the curled tail around his paws, to his shimmering haunches, now changing to a bright cyan as he purred a bit awake.



Moving his stiff back and changing his position in his sleep. Though the sun was not in his eyes yet, it was still rather bright towards the window.

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

He knew it, so well and for so long that they would eventually stop. He could even see it inside them from day to day, slowly decaying in a strange way. As their bodies would wear out over time, eventually giving out in the process everyone called Aging. Something he's never seen his father do though, nor the Kveldulves much.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...How did you sleep?"

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

"...I heard you." Atlas said, getting the younger one to lower his head. "It's good that you did, Dia'vidd."

"...You didn't though."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...Maybe."

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

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

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

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

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

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

*"Everything Eventually Comes To An End..."*

## Chapter 1

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

Grunting while placing a paw over his eyes, he tried to remember what happened. Recalling being sad, almost lost. A happy memory of reuniting with his father after waking up with his mothers and the Feys. Then... The Glass shard?

He looked around to see if he could find it in the grass, but no luck. With a heavy sigh in thought, Dia sat down. Listening to the world around him. Trying to make out any life besides the

trees blowing in the wind. For a long while, there was nothing, then a slight buzzing around his head. Barely glancing a black dot flying around the dragon's head, making him rapidly look back and forth trying to keep track of it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

tail. Pulling the large one within the tiny hole, then belching loudly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are they Slap-tastic?"

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

"I think a part of you is sure."

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

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

"A Sneeze?"

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

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

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

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

"What are you-?"

"Pepperflum."

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

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

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

"Why not a Sneeze?"

"It's just..."

"It's something commonly accepted as a form of trade here. Not to mention, no one can steal your sneezes. You have to give them away in exchange of goods or services." The man shrugged. "Binky, by the way."

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

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

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

"Mhmm?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stopping for a breather, Dia pried his paws out of the sticky mess. But not without a battle. Not letting go of the fried cake still locked in his muzzle, he tried to move the entire plate to a better position. Only to find that it, too, was snared in place. Growling almost playfully, the dragon used his entire body weight, claws, and the objects behind him to pull against the plate of food. Getting the one pancake to stretch impossibly across the room, then suddenly give out on the plate side. Whipping at the orange one at 190 mph, and slapping his face so hard it knocked him through the wall in slow motion. With the words "K.O!" appearing before blacking out.

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

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

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

That only began to worry him. Trying to picture and plan out his actions beforehand. If

the small hole he used as a toilet backed up, there was nowhere else for the water to exit. Not to mention, if that backed up...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's a furnace."

"Furnace? There's one down here?"

"Apparently so."

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

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

"Started it how?" She looked around, trying to find something that could've been used.



A small brick of Flint maybe.

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

"...You can-?"

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

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

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

"Something special?" She started hearing movement within.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But I-"

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

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

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

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

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

"So last night?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Watch it, Griffit."

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

"Yes." The Griffin Admitted.

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

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

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

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

talk about." The woman gave him a strange look.

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

"Food!" He hissed.

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

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

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

## Chapter 2

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

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

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

"Why?"

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

"But why are you poking me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But not treated... Or cured?"

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

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

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

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

"Please save all questions until the end of the lecture-FOUND IT!" He cleared his throat and read from the book. "You Are Changing Into A More Powerful, Resilient Version Of Yourself. But Whatever Your Final Form, It's An Expression Of Your True Nature." And he closed the book, letting Dia get up and rub the back of his neck.

"What does that mean?"

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

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

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

"How do you know?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Binky?"

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

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

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

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

"Why?" The little one grumbled.

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

"...No it isn't."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The world?"

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

"By who exactly?"

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

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

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

"Helga was different?"

"To put it very lightly, yes." The little one rubbed the back of his neck. "Helga... Hated her kind. And I don't use that word lightly. She caused alot of trouble for them, constantly questioned their actions, and was quite bad natured compared to the rest. To the point where they came to me for assistance-"

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

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

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

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



means."

"As in, she harmed you?"

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

"Okay-"

"Constricting, and-"

"Stop-"

"Telekinesis."

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

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

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

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

"Oh, get over yourself-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Gravediggers?"

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

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

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

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

"Satyr...? No, well yes-" A loud groan from the dragon interrupted him. "They're not just one species, they're a group of all kinds." The little one stared at him for a moment, then sighed. Turning a deep blue. "You blamed it on the Satyr, didn't you?"

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

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

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

"For... What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure you are." Dia tossed his snout.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Chapter 3

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

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

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

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

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

"How are you doing these things?" Dia asked him, sniffing at the plate a bit. "It's so...?"

"Realistic?"

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

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

"I'm allergic to Chocolate!"

"No, you're not."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...Elbow?"

"This thing." Binky pointed at his knee.

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

"What eye thing?"

"The... Rainbow iris thing?" The man stared at him, and Dia sighed. "I... Think I just need a bit to process this." He got up, stretching his wings out a bit. "I'll be back sometime, Binky." And he took off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"By taking them without asking. Then leaving a note claiming it was for your prisoner."

That time, the griffin got the glare from the blue eyes. "He was wondering if I wanted a few things myself."

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

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

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

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

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

"And everything is resolved?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Whatever!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is that why you're traveling alot?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Rejected?"

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

"David, do you know the Flag-?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you know, Anton?"

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

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

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

"Kind?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, to you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seeing Feyon Feyris.

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

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

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

"I-I just can't believe it... I'm not alone..." David kept repeating though his cries. "Please tell me you're real! Please Tell me I didn't kill all my friends...!"

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

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

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

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

It was still hard for the Red one to describe. It was not that he was hatched without it.

But like something was missing. Once there, but no longer. Creating a small hole inside him, that he's never witnessed within others before.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The action heaved his heart, and made this visit that much harder. But once he could show that the red one meant no harm to them, perhaps they would listen to him a little easier. Enough to put this mistake past them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few of them whispered to each other as Dia took another breath. "When flying over here, I spotted that wagon, and attempted to help that merchant. While doing so, I was attacked. Ambushed by several people from all sides. The only words they said were: For Our Freedom." Another pause. "Out of the Six that attacked me, the three I managed to get a good look at were Satyrs. And I... Jumped to conclusions." A heavy exhale. "I threaten this village without looking further into this, and in turn, I flawed your faith in me."

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 5

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The dragon moaned awake, back in the grassy fields. Though, he was still saddened by the warm grass and what it meant, it was now lighter. Just knowing his uncle and sister survived made it easier for him to bare. But only a little.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then I'll do that. Ensure that Kveldulves survive. You might need to migrate south again

for a bit though." The older ones' slight snout toss put a large smile on the dragon's face.

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

"We're not migrating too far south."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Were you... Watching me sleep?"

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

"Scare me?"

"More like Greet." He awkwardly said, taking a step closer. This one was much larger, even compared to Dia's father. Bulging muscles came from his limbs and a very stout chest. Heavily armored, almost combat ready at every moment. The design really worried Dia. "My name is Beo."

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

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

colors." Another low whisper to himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Was that-?"

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

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

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

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

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

With a deep breath, Anton closed his eyes. Seeing nothing within the empty room, and loving the silence but the rain. But something made his ears flicker, and get his attention. "What're you thinking about?" At the very corner of his eye, he could see the caretaker sitting in a chair, nearly making the Grey one jump out of his feathers. It must've shown in some way, because she started to laugh a bit.

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm sure there's plenty of things you could do." She looked around, trying her best to

see in the dark room, but not really knowing how the lights operated. "If you want, I could put in a good word for you, maybe get you a day to enjoy the festival?"

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

"Why don't you like David?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I can't say-"

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

"What are you saying, bird?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And that's one of the thoughts that worried him. Even during the night he spent in that furnace, he could hear the people that lived in the human city think and dream a bit. Making out and sorting ideas of perhaps they should be the ones to defend their Guardian. Especially if he

was unable to. The thought of an entire city, an entire species rallying up against one that was actually innocent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Like what?"

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

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

("Protect your Valuables.") David came back to the present. (I can only imagine that meant something very specific.) He thought, entering a sudden wave of humidity. Something he always disliked about this area, and something he could never fully fix. Even after giving them an entire river, it still felt humid.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Shouldn't I tell someone-"

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

"Where exactly are we going?"

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

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

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

"Alright. I'll see you out there." They nodded and he went back out the window. Walking outside of the window, her brown fur shone with a nice bronze against the breaking sunlight. Letting him easily spot her in the crowd. As she walked up to another Gyno, this one double taked at her. "Hey, Ciika."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is there even a storm?"

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 6

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You have?"

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

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

"Staplers?" The younger one questioned.

"Or post-its?"

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

"And the mailbox flags."

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

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

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

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

"...What?"

"And the one time where aliens stole his mailbox. Rex never did find it, but he ended up tracking them down inside the only tree on the moon." The brass one calmly said, getting the younger dragon to slump down his wings and hold his head for a moment.

"...*What!?*"

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

"...The what?"

"He wants me to answer some questions."

"Then why didn't he just say-"

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

"18."

"18? But that's-"

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

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

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

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

"Depends on the M-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another loud whimper in frustration, and the brass one licked David a bit. "There, there.

I know he's odd."

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

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

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

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

"Dehoken?"

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

"My father?"

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

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

"Dragons are dragons. Just like Dehoken is Dehoken. The more you play along with his oddness, the more fun you'll end up having with him. And the more you'll learn."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Like your lower horn?"

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

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



Ressa: "New World?"

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

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

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

Ressa: "Space Dragon?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ressa: "Another?"

Yes, he was quite affectionate for a big guy.

Ressa: "Just how big?"

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

Ressa: "Toned or tanned?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Would you like to have a session?"

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

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

Ressa: "Purple? Like you do?"

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

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

Ressa: "He was staring at you?"

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

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

"Package?"

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

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

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

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

Ressa: "Ravage you?"

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

"If...?"

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

Ressa: "Probably deeply forward."

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

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

Ressa: "A story for another day!"

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

"Whose ideas?"

"Bartan's. He likes to get... Creative." Another whimper from both of us, as the Brass

dragon uncovered me with his wing and sat up a bit. Creating a bit of a hologram of well...

Ressa: "Your horn?"

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

"Exit?"

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

Ressa: "It really did."

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

"We were thinking?" I whimpered at him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Feline's weapon?"

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

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

one when he nodded.

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

Ressa: "You really are."

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

"Oh no." I whimpered.

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

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

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

"W-what-?"

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

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

Ressa: "Touching you where?"

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

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

Another few minutes and he stepped up again, almost resting on top of me and licking at

my neck. "You okay?" I really didn't know how to answer him, so I faintly nodded. "Bartan really likes having weight on him. If I'm too heavy, let me know. Alright?" A swallow, and another nod. The brass dragon then continued, dressing me with his paws and purple tongue. I can't explain it, but it felt so... Wonderful, to be honest. I was really starting to enjoy myself.

Ressa: "Was?"

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

Ressa: "How did it feel?"

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

Ressa: "Big? Thick? Hard?"

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

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

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

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

A loud series of rapid whimpers and grasps at the air eventually made my back arch a bit. Letting the few white torrents fire from my red weapon, painting my red scales with white

streaks until he removed his brass paw. After that, Beo gave me a few moments to catch my breath while he licked me clean.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I can tell you're loving this.

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

Mostly because I've been too busy being purple.

Ressa: "You're Pink, Dia."

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

Ressa: "And Pink means affectionat-"

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

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

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

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

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

He then put my tower in his jaws, making me worry a bit at the time-Stop laughing! I



was new at this! Even feeling his fangs gently scrape against and inbetween my spines constantly concerned me. I was almost waiting until I felt a sharp pain, but I admit... He was very careful. Like he had a lot of practice. Yes, yes. I know it excites you, Ressa.

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

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

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

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

At the peak of this build up, my body strained. Once again arcing my back and wings. Digging my claws into his head and shoulders, while trying to struggle my tail free from under him. And, of course, my sack deflating nearly every drop it held. Making my lower horn thicken as the seed passed through it and sprayed inside his muzzle. But Beo kept at it. Taking as much as he could, along with a few swallows, and letting the rest leak out for nearly a minute. All the while I struggled to keep my breaths and regain control of myself. Yet, he never seemed to mind the minor wounds. I'm not even sure he felt it.

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

Ressa: "Until...?"

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

When I was first mesmerized with the flavor, I completely submitted to everything. It was intoxicating, making my entire body relax and start purring loudly as I gave into the bliss.

Barely feeling Beo continue to lick my neck a bit, chuckling at my large smile. "Much better?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And that was embarrassing for you?"

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

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

Just remember to breath every six laughs. "And well... This is the first time I ever found myself... Stiff." Okay, seriously. Control yourself, Ressa. "After my uncles were... 'Done', the got

off my father, but he kept going. Soon enough, I seen his belly begin to swell up and stretch outward, almost like..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ressa: "Good to know."

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

"Careless? Reckless? Immortal?"

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

"Female." I grumbled.

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

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

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

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

"Yes. Me and Bartan." I tossed my snout. "But it's quite enjoyable. Would you like a test run?"

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

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

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

Ressa: "Boo."

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

Ressa: "Person?"

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

Ressa: "...Ohhhhhh..."

Y-yeahhh...

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

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

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

Of course you are. And now you know why I never wanted to tell this story. "Yes. Would

that make you more comfortable?" All I could do was look at him while my ears fell. "It's better that you test these things while I'm here, Dia. In a few days, I need to leave elsewhere."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ressa: "Not really." \*Pounces\*

Fine, but I'm not releasing inside you. We don't have alot of time-easy with the fangs! It's not a chewtoy! \*Sighs and grunts\* Anyway, she motioned for me to climb on top of her, and so I slowly did. Trying to get into a good position, but he-Errm-she was still much bigger than me. My head only went up to her chest, where Beo would just paw at my neck. Trying to get me to

relax while I felt for the right... Hole. I just ended up using his-her thick tail as a guide until I prodded one of them. "The upper one." She said, getting me to pause and readjust.

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

Ressa: "Quit being a kitten."

\*Grumbles\* I started with a few easy presses, not going fully inside, but just enough to get a larger breath out of Beo. Just with those prods, she started to feel wet. Even releasing a small leak myself, getting the area nice and slippery. After several minutes, I started pressing in harder, really trying to separate them. It was harder than I imagined, and really took some effort. But I managed to pry it opened with my horn, feeling her almost completely swallow it once it gave in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ressa: "Ravage him?"

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

Ressa: "I bet *he* did."

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

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

Ressa: "I thought as much."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the massive pleasure pulsing through every movement.

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

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

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

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

"For what?"

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

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

"Sorry, but..."

"It's alright Dia. One pawstep at a time." He gestured me forwards into his embrace, and I took it. Still a little worried that a certain... Metallic package might return close to my hinds, but he remained... Female during my rest. "Did you want to keep your changes?"

"F-for now... Maybe." I couldn't bring myself to shake my embarrassment for... What I like.

Ressa: "You mean... Bloating people up?"

Y-yeah... It's hard to explain, or even admit. But I always found this strange attraction to it.

Ressa: "I don't remember ever hearing about such a thing before."

In all honesty, neither have I outside of Kevldulves. And that's apparently only when they've... Released in other... Species.



Ressa: "You are such a kitten." \*Chuckles\* "Was that really the ending to the story?"

It's... What I'm choosing to tell.

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The Gyno looked at him in a bit of disappointment, barely paying any attention to the red weapon between her breasts. "There's no reason to be ashamed of it, you know." The wyrm's gaze just trailed off to the ground, slightly whimpering when she rubbed one her own body pillows against his tool. "That's what you taught us."

"I taught you that for a reason." Dia mumbled.

"Because...?"

"I've..." An exhale. "I had people... Partners, who didn't..."

"Well... Then they didn't deserve you-"

"No." The dragon interrupted, almost sternly. Getting the female to stop and listen patiently. "They have every right to dislike it if they do so. I cannot change that about them... But the same thing could be said for me as well. I can't just suddenly choose to not like what I enjoy. Be it..." He mumbled off into a whine.

"Breasts or turning others into waterballoons?" A much higher pitched whine at the sphinx' tease. "It's a strange attraction, don't get me wrong Dia. But... I'm willing to try it when you are. I won't judge it..." She trailed off for a moment, seeing his shy look. "Okay, I'll try not to judge it before I try it. But you should never be ashamed of a gift, be it one you were born with-"

"Hatched." Dia playfully snorted, getting her to smile as Ressa climbed up his body. Touching the side of his snout with a paw and giving him a sandy lick.

"Hatched, or given." That made the large one smile, turning his scaled a bright pink. "By a Space Dragon." A snout toss. "That could somehow switch between genders-"

"Oh hush!"

## Chapter 7

The lights were dim, like it was for the entire day. The rain had finally stopped, and the clouds were finally beginning to move away from the human city. Not that it made much of a difference. It seemed like quite a few still hovered around the sky, masking the sunlight that the Griffin wanted. Only so he could finally see better, but it was just something he was going to have to get used to.

For now, his task was to stack things. Hardly fit for entertainment, let alone the idea of 'Fun' for Anton, but there really wasn't much to be done around here. At times, he began to wonder what on earth he was doing during his eighty seven years of life. Let alone, when he was out in the wilds.

The answers came like a foggy cloud of dust. Vague, blunt, and almost dry; hunt for food. Preen. Build a nest to sleep in, or add to your already existing one. Preen more. Find some water, and just search the grounds via flight... Then Preen. Even that sounded like a boring life, besides the flying part.

The Grey one never thought he would miss Flight this much. But it was to be expected. Now, his duty was to either sleep, wait for food, or sort through the piles of junk scattered around the dark dungeon. And right now, his body was so tired of sleep. It wanted to move around, stretch out and get off his sides. He even started trying to break apart some more wooden benches, but without the correct tool...

His thoughts turned to the furnace, barely being made out through the darkness. The Griffin wondered what was needed to be done to tend to it, and questioned if maybe he could get permission to use it through the winter. Granted, that was more of a job for Cennet, but it's either: learn to look after a furnace, or stack more piles of junk.

Grumbling, he overlooked the several towers he had already made, mostly from old cans and small gear cogs. Completely unimpressed by their sheer ability to look crude. Like he somehow crafted them, and expected it to be a work of art. Hissing, he raised a paw to swat at

them, but the large crank of the lift echoed through the empty room. "You're lucky you were saved by my supper." He grumbled at the tower, almost picturing it looking at him with sad eyes. "Don't look at me like that, you look terrible and you know it." The towers stared at him. "It's not my fault, I just don't have the right materials to work with. Do not dare judge my talents with your imperfections!" He hissed at it loudly.

"Who are you talking to?" The bird grunted, rolling his eyes before turning about to face the woman. "Is David down here?"

"*Sadly*, no." Anton snorted. "I was just having a conversation with my crafts."

"Crafts of... Is that a tower of cans?"

"Quiet you. Where's my food?" He asked, though clearly seeing the cart she brought down. Walking towards it before even waiting for Cennet's answer.

"It's mostly duck and bread. I did manage to get you a variety of spreads though." The griffin took a bite out of a loaf, and made a slight face. "It's a day old, sorry."

"Wonderful." He grumbled sarcastically. When really, it wasn't that bad. "I suppose this makes sense, me being a prisoner and all."

"I'll try to get you something better tomorrow. People were just really hungry tonight." The woman said a bit sadly, playing around with the towers that the bird made, along with some old wire. Anton made a noise in question, then instantly regretted it. "People are just stressed in the city, so they're probably just eating more because of it."

"What on earth could they possibly be stressed about?" He grumbled, taking a bite out of the duck's leg. "The celebration is still going."

"Yes, but no one has seen the Flag recently. No word of him arriving anywhere after Vabbi the night before." She started to attach the cans together with the wire. "People are worried that he was attacked again."

"Doubtful. You know how *His Majesty* gets after these celebrations. He probably just took his vacation early." The grey one snorted, getting a smile from Cennet and curling his neck with his mouth full.

"It's just weird to hear words of comfort from you."

"Wurrs Ov Kuhfurt!?" Anton tried to repeat with his beak occupied. Swallowing and staring at the half laughing woman. "Your standards of comfort must be very low then if you were to accept that." He snorted, taking another bite. "What are you doing over there anyway?"

"Well, if you going to be talking to a bunch of cans down here..." She turned around, setting down several cans being held together by the wire, all in the shape of a small dragon.

"You might as well have it in the shape of your best friend." Anton stared at the crude looking toy speechless, as the woman burst into giggles.

"Just-! What is-!? Damn humans and their crafts!" He cursed, snorting at the makeshift doll. "And we are Not Friends!" The bird hissed at the laughing woman. Grumbling and trying to enjoy his dinner. "I swear, I don't know where you come up with these ideas!"

She didn't recover until the bird was done with his meal, still occasionally giggling at his green eyed stare. "We-don't start laughing at me!" He hissed, breaking the woman and having to wait for her to recover again. "We. Are not. Friends." He grumbled, still getting the woman to chuckle. "Repeat that out loud."

"You and your little toy are not friends." Anton growled at her, about to snap back but the sound of the lift rising interrupted him.

"That better be dessert." He grumbled, looking at the large opened doors to see what he could make out in the darkness. "Reminds me though, what do you think it would take to get that furnace cleaned and usable for the entire winter?"

"That one? I'm not sure. But I could ask. The wood might be difficult to get down here though." She spoke above the noise of the lift.

"We would have enough wood, providing those old benches burn well. I'd just need something to split them with." She nodded at the Griffin, then turned to look at the doorway. Seeing a faint silhouette of a griffin coming down on the lift got the grey one to almost whimper. "Don't tell me that's Kareina..." He tossed his head. "What do you want now?" Anton grumbled loudly, getting the silhouette to stop for a moment and almost look behind her. Then carry on into the light.

"Kareina? Isn't that...?"

"The Owl Griffin from before, yes. What reason have you come to torment me now?" As the shadow stepped into the light, the bird double taked at the brown Gynosphinx. Giving him a strange look. "And you are?" He asked, almost offended.

"This is Ressa, a friend of mine." The small dragon jumped off her back and onto the cart. Sniffing around looking for any leftovers.

"What the Helga is this, Griffit!?" Anton growled loudly, almost getting Ressa to stand between them.

"I have reason to believe that these Gravediggers were planning to abduct her, so I'm keeping her in a safe place-"

"And by safe place, you mean my current home!" A loud hiss from the griffin, then from the wyrmling. "You are not welcomed here, none of you are!"

"Watch your tongue, Griffin." The Gyno growled. "Do you not know who this is?"

"I know damn well who this is, and I don't want him here. Same goes for you, sphinx! Get out."

"Anton." David said, a bit thickly. Only getting a growl from the grey one. "Ladies, you might want to give us some time to discuss this. If you please." Ressa looked at the orange dragon for a moment, then nodded. Motioning Cennet to lead the way in the back and followed her.

"Are they going to be okay?" The woman whispered at the sphinx, closing the large doors in the process.

"He's dealt with difficult people before, Dia will be fine." The larger one said, helping her with the door. But had a faintly worried look on her feline face.

Inside the two males stared at each other, until the wyrmling looked around the cart again. "There's nothing left." The bird grumbled.

"I expected that much."

"Well, I'm *sorry*. I wasn't expecting guests." The sentence held a passive aggressive hiss. Getting the dragon to glare at him.

"We're only here for the night-"

"Wonderful. Want to take over my bed while you're at it?"

"You mean **My** bed, Anton. You decided to take it without permission-"

"Oh, I needed to ask permission to use such things? Being locked away down here against my will, I expected that there were no claims on these objects." The two snorted at each other. "Why the Helga are you even here-?"

"What did I say about using that name-!?"

"That it was a force of habit, and you let it slip!" Another hiss, and David just growled at him. "Remember, we got it from you, like we did *everything* else!"

"Including this dungeon!"

"And I'm supposed to just set it aside whenever you feel like it!? Eight thousand other places in this entire world you could've taken her to 'Hide Out', and you have to pick the worst possible one for me!"

"I only chose it because-!"

"Why!? Because it's occupied!? Because you enjoy watching me suffer!? Tormenting me with your constant visits-!?"

"Because it's along the way to the ocean, featherhead!" The little one hissed, getting a roaring squawk from the Griffin. "What has gotten into you!?"

"Must I really explain this to you, Oh *All-Knowing* One!?"

"Cut the attitude-"

"Or what!? You're going to Exile me? Execute me where I stand? All because I'm getting on your nerves!?" The orange one took a breath, his ears still flat against his head. "If you're holding out on some magical island where you take people who detest your wellbeing, then say so already. Save both of us a damn headache."

"There's no such thing."

"Then what? What exactly do you plan to do with the Sphinx? Hide her away somewhere you think she'll be okay. All the while you try to figure out their master plan?"

"Do you know it?" Dia almost demanded, getting the Grey one to take a long pause.

"...No. And even if I did, what good would that do me? I would be nothing more than a target for you. Something to threaten, bare fangs at until you carved the answer out of me, right?" The blue eyes stared at him coldly. "You play with everyone like they're your toys, and when some of them begin to bite back, you throw down your wrath on everyone you think might be against you. Not thinking who it might hurt."

"Hurt someone like you?"

"Yes, of course. Someone like me." He grumbled sarcastically. "Someone who tried to get away from everyone else's faith, every single person in the entire world so I wouldn't have to listen to them praise you, while keep down my own lunch. I'm such a terrible person for not wanting to be around other people, but I'm not the one who disappears for nearly two months every damn year. I'm not the one who loses their temper and blames the first species they see over something minor like a small papercut!" A hiss from the wyrmling. "And I'm not the one who left those who prayed for you behind! You're no better than any one of us, Flag! Stop Living Like You Walk On Water! Looking Down On Others Left To Drown!"

For a long while, the room was silent. Almost being able to hear the breaths from the two females beyond the large doors. With a quiet sigh, the dragon looked away. "...Who was it?" He asked softly, but Anton remained silent, curling his neck. "Who did you lose?" Another long silence.

"You think it's just that easy?" The grey one growled. "That you can just apologize for *one* person and be forgiven?"

"So, your parents?" It nearly made the griffin furious. Seeing him struggle to hold himself back from attacking David, knowing how such a thing would end. "Tell me, Anton."

"Fine. You want to hear this so badly? You think the death of my parents did this? Try the death of my sister as well. My two brothers, all illnesses! Try the *only* three friends I ever had in my damn life! You took those away from me too! What about my first love interest? The one who nearly enslaved herself to save my faith!?"

"People die, Anton. That's just truism-"

"**NO!**" The Griffin roared. "Not when you decide to save the lives of everyone else! All around me you performed 'Miracles' of saving people, curing diseases and sickness! Healing fatal wounds! What the Helga did they do that I didn't!? What made you **Decide** to help them, but **Forsake** me time and time again!? Tell me, **Flag!** What did *I* do to *You* to earn your neglect!? Take away those who were of value to **ME!**!" A few moments of silence, and the bird couldn't hold back his tears. "Tell me, so-called God... Why did you let them die? When I put my faith into you... How could you let me watch every one of them die?"

It almost broke the wyrmling, letting his head and wings drop down nearly to the table's surface. For a while, there was nothing but silence in the room. Then Anton spoke up again. "Just get out of here already... And leave me alone." He turned around, heading towards the bed of clothing. But in the very corner of his eye, he barely seen something move in the darkness. Making his feathers puff out a bit.

Before the griffin even realized it, a very large being formed in front of him. Within an instant, it swallowed him in shadow, wrapping the grey one tightly with large arms and covered him with wings. Embracing the griffin closely against his scaly body. "...I'm sorry..." Dia whispered in a sobbing breath.

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The dragon was sitting on the edge of a tall, grassy cliff. Alternating from Cyan and dark blue colors with his scales. Overlooking the new world and all its beauty the late spring gave.

How lushfully green everything seemed to be, how quickly they bared fruit and how fast animals started to return. Frolicking through the large fields in the distance.

His thoughts went back and forth. The sights made him happy, yes, but he also almost wanted to show this all to his friends. His now late Friends... That's what made him sad. Leaving them behind without saying goodbye... Or even apologizing for what Dia had done. In some ways, he almost wish it would rain. But by the look of the very dark clouds in the horizon, it was going to tomorrow.

His ear caught a few large branches breaking in the path behind him. With the heavy footsteps, he knew who it was, which only made his scales begin to turn a deep purple. A chuckle came in that direction, as the brass dragon walked beside Dia and sat down with him. Now rid of the extra weight. "It's a nice view." His thick voice tried to say softly.

"Y-yeah... Beautiful, really." The large one chuckled again and the smaller dragon whimpered a bit.

"Still embarrassed?" David swallowed loudly, unable to really look at the larger one, even after a few nudges. "You shouldn't be. You did well."

"M-maybe, but it's still a bit awkward..."

"Only if you think it is." The brass one shrugged his wings. "Again, I used to be the same as you." It got the attention of the blue eyes. "Just not as purple." Dia snorted at him.

"But how did you...?"

"Bartan was very good about such things. Even when I thought it was the most awkward feeling in the entire world... He always seemed to think it was normal. The act of it was nothing to be ashamed about, it was a form of affection." A deep exhale from the smaller one, and his scales began to return to a Cyan.

"Even if I find..." Beo perked his ears. "What did you call it...? Fet...?"

"Your Fetish?" He nodded, and the brass one shrugged his wings again. "You like what you like, Dia. It's just a part of who you are as a person. Perhaps you might not want to shove your affection into the faces of others, no, but that does not mean you should be shy about it." Another faint nod from the younger dragon. "Granted, you might want to let your future partners-"

"Females." Dia grumbled, getting a smile from Beo.

"Partners know before you let on about your talents." He gave the cyan dragon a lick. "But don't ever feel shame about what you are, even if it's the planet's weapon. Shame does not bring Strength, but Weakness." Another nod, and the larger one covered David with a red wing. Looking out at the view for several minutes until Binky came out and sat beside the brass one.



Another few moments, and Beo whimpered. "...What did you do?" He asked the robed man, who only double taked at him.

"What did he do?" The smaller dragon asked the brass one, repeating his question as a question. "What do you mean?"

"If he stays silent like this, something went really wrong, or he's hiding a secret."

"I'm hiding nothing. Nothing at all. Nodda. Zilch. Zippo. Zero chance of me hiding something. Honest." The two dragons looked at him for a few moments and both whimpered really loudly. "I mean it! Can't a guy just walk up to two dragons having a special moment while the credits roll and take a seat?"

"...Credits?" Dia questioned, curling his neck.

"Not without pulling a lawn chair out of your shirt pocket, or your nostril, or something foolish. What did you do?"

"Okay, FINE. I wanted to just test something. An experiment, if you will."

"Annnnnnd?" Beo grumbled.

[illegible]

"W-what!? The planet's only been reset for three days! What could've you possibly have done!?" The now green one almost hissed from afar. Catching the dark clouds in the distance begin to move rapidly towards them. "...What is...?"

"Is that...?" Beo whimpered as well, getting both dragons to droop their wings and ears at the sight of a colossal pancake spinning in the sky. Parting through the clouds.

"Dia'vidd's breakfast from the first morning. Yes." Binky said, adjusting his shades. "And now, it's come back for revenge...-Or Round Two! I'm not sure which." The smaller dragon whimpered very loudly. "However, we're out of time!"

"Time for what-?" Beo tried to ask.

"Running time for this episode, so we'll have to deal with it on the next one."

"I'm not even going to ask." The green dragon whimpered.

"Tune in after Christmas for...!"

## **Destruction Preventer - The Slapjack Slaps Back!**

Banjo rolls the chair back away from the computer desk and gestures the monitor. The polar bear behind him stares at the man, arms crossed. After a few moments, the bear takes a deep breath and exhales. "...Not bad." He mutters, faintly nodding. "But how the hell are they going to defeat an oversized rubber flapjack-?"

"Slapjack-"

"Whatever."

"Pffft, that's something for future Bartan to figure out, silly!" The man gets out of the chair and falls directly through the hole in the floor that makes the stairs. Leaving Bartan dumb-founded.

# **Destruction Preventer Act 3 - Decayer**

By Bartan Tirix

## 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 Fl-Fl-Fl-Fl-"*

*"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." The sphinx 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 Not...! 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.

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**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.

"Sssssslapjack, 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.

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## 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?"

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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 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.

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### 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."

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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 sight 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 *Myyystery* 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.

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

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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 a lot 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, sheathing 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

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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 while the larger one chuckled. "I'm glad you did that." Beo chuckled again, getting a noise in both pleasure and confirmation from the now pink dragon as they rested for several minutes. "Maybe now you won't be so worried when Bartan comes to visit you." A sharp 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.

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## 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 of 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 alot 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 tree 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.

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## 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... Whatsherface."

"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.

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## 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 envious of it." 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-"

"IfItGetsLockedInsideSomeoneItRushesMeToAClimaxWhereISprayTwentyGallonsOf SeedIntoThemAndMakeThemStretchOutLikeABalloon!" 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, the dragon straining so much that he could no longer brace against Anton to seal it shut. Bracing the bird in place with a little more strength than he meant to, the dragon soon 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 a tad like it was stuffed. 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 pillow. "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-"

"Alot 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, Darth?"

"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.

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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.

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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 shrugged nervously. 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.

"But... Maybe not 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 little, he lifted the smaller dragon with ease and let Dia's hind paws rest on his brass knees. Nearly getting the smaller one 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 the 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. Gripping 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, but it might be better if we keep the first one small and slow." A noise in question from the younger one. "As in, we should empty you out before trying further. Things get pretty drastic for me after the first load."

"That's okay."

"I might also have to lean you forwards again." The smaller wyrm nodded in agreement, feeling the raised ground slowly begin to lower and brass paws guide the bloated dragon forward. Fully pulling out and putting pressure onto that filled belly until it was empty, rubbing and giving Dia a few licks while sharing a kiss.

"Ready." He said after a few breaths, getting the shaft to slowly enter and plug his rear once again. Though it definitely felt much easier to take such a thing now, constantly moving and grinding his rear end over the purple tower. Swearing it was growing larger as the session progressed, yet his body could still take such a thing.

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 pre drained out quickly. Then fought against Dia's scales as he whimpered. Almost flooding over a barrier, dropping his gut closer 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 hold it's own. Feeling the weapon itself suddenly slip back or the smaller one be pushed forwards, just enough for a heavy leak to break up the pressure. A few more torrents still added to that round belly but the rest of the heavy sprays were felt against his haunches and tail. A series of growl accompanying each barrage as Dia attempted to picture just how big he would've gotten if such a thing was snared inside, actually worrying him about the dangers of such a thing.

It took nearly three minutes for the torrents to finally stop, the brass behemoth nearly bracing the younger one safely in place until it was. Releasing pant after pant for a few moments, then chuckling a bit when he seen those colorful scales shift to a dark green. The young one looked over the flood under them, around them, and then some before whimpering. "Perhaps it's for the best." Beo encouraged, giving the smaller wyrm a nudge. "But don't let this intimidate you, I'm sure you would've done fine."

"It seems hard to believe..." He half whined, getting a heavier nudge that got the attention of the blue eyes.

"You would have done fine, trust me." A lick and a small kiss, changing those scales to a bright pink. "For now though..." A few taps on that bloated belly, making Dia look like he was carrying a large clutch of eggs. "Try to keep as much of that inside as you can. Let it do it's work, and we'll try for your limit later tonight."

"T-tonight?"

"Yes, but we'll take a small rest first." The large one said softly, picking up Dia with very little effort and rolling onto his massive brass back, keeping the young one on top. "For now, let's count the stars, shall we?" A bright smile from the pink one.

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## Chapter 11

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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, badgers, 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."



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 stunned 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 Goliath 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.

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"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."

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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 a lot 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 expect 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."

*"Remember That I Was Here..."*



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.

*"Let's See What Adventures This World Holds For Me."*