

Fear Is The Weakness - The Arms Of Sorrow

By Dextor

Chapter 1

The city was dark. The streets empty. The air almost scentless, and the sky a harsh red. Something he could barely make out until his eyes adjusted. But there was something familiar about it, something the brass dragon couldn't quite place. "Awake, are you?" The voice of a woman flicked his ears, making his green eyes scan the roads for her.

"Lynnoa...?" He half mumbled eventually finding her in a space he already searched. Shaking his muzzle a bit while stretching. His muscles felt unusually sore, and his right eye stinging a little bit, like there was an old wound over it. "Where are we?"

The woman half shrugged while walking closer to the large one. "Out of one city and into another. Your guess is as good as mine." A concerned look from the large one, as he looked around. One specific building looked familiar to him, getting those eyes to alter and adjust to get a closer look.

He barely caught the flash just below where he was looking, something really thin that went through the building. For a moment, nothing happened, then the building almost teleported to fall on the brass one. Pinning him down on the ground before he could escape, and growling at the crushing weight of the object. Feeling ten times the mass of what it probably was.

"Are you okay?" The woman asked him, only getting a grumble from the dragon as he fought to lift it up. "We wouldn't want anything to happen to that body of yours." Her voice almost mechanical, getting Beo to double take at her. As the woman's head turned sideways to break her own neck, her flesh suddenly combusted along with her clothing. Then a black ooze drained out of it.

As the body hit the asphalt, it bursted like it was nothing but soggy flesh. Scattering that black substance all over the place and let it accumulate before lunging at the dragon's maw. Feeling it force down his throat, in his eyes, and ears. Filling his body with pain and rage-

He woke up in the grassy field panting loudly. Constantly checking his surroundings in the night sky for anything familiar, or anything black. Seeing the very ends of several tails almost dipped in ink, and instinctively tried to scamper away from it. Just now noticing that he was braced by a few paws. "Hey. Relax." A female voice said, much different from the one before. "It was just a bad dream."

A few deep breaths, and those arms calmly pulled the dragon back down. Wrapping him in a body of fur and giving him a few licks. A few more deep breaths, and Beo'Karah started to relax. "...Another damn nightmare." He mumbled.

"I know." His eyes half tried to seek her red ones. "You've been making noises for hours, but I could not wake you properly." He didn't know how to respond to that, so he didn't. Instead, just laid his head down in the comfortable grass. Looking over the night sky at the countless stars that painted it. "If you're still having them here, it's not his Universe that's causing it."

"...Yeah." A deep breath. "I suppose that's good news in a way." A few licks as those four paws caressed him into relaxation. Eventually feeling them grip under his jawline and getting him to purr. Then, getting that white fox muzzle closer to his own, giving it a few licks with that purple tongue, then sharing a few kisses.

"Would you like a session to help you relax?"

"No thanks." Another kiss. "I'm not really in the mood." A strange look of not understanding came from those red eyes, but didn't go past that. "I feel like that's all we've done for the past few days as a cure."

"That's because we have done it for the past few days. It works."

"But only to have me sleep again, then... Nightmare." A heavy sigh from him, then a nuzzle from the female. Getting a brass paw on the back of her neck as an embrace for a few moments. "Where is he, anyway?"

"Checking some things out in the nearby universes. Concerned about his previous power source that he left as a replacement." A nod from the brass one.

"That sun thing?"

"I do not know what it was. I was too busy tending to my own areas and making sure everything was working properly." A deflated sigh from the dragon. "Yes. You are keeping me from my duties, but nothing urgent. I'll tend to them when you are well and satisfied." A sad smile that she couldn't see.

"You still talk funny." He chuckled, getting the fox to smile as well. "It's hard to believe that you two came from the same place..."

"Yet, Bartan was the only one to gain Emotion?" A nod. "He was gifted with it. I was not."

"But you do pretty well to mimic him." A few licks into that white fur, loving how it never sheds. "How long did it take you?"

"478 GUYs." A double take was felt, and the fox met those green eyes again. "General Universal Years."

"Y-yeah, I know. But 478?"

"I only started recently." A blank stare from the dragon.

"And I thought I was lenient with time." Another nuzzle from her. "So that's, what...?"

"That would only be 4,201,488,763 of your years." A very long half grumble as he stared into space, making the white one half chuckle at the reaction. "Doesn't seem that long ago, really."

"You say that, but that's still like six thousand times older than I am." He grumbled. "Does this make you a cougar?"

"I'm borrowing the image of a nine-tailed fox."

"I mean... An older female looking for a younger male."

"Then, yes."

"So, what would that make Bartan?"

"I believe the term Manther would fit that category. Perhaps Chicken Hawk." The two chuckled a bit. "Slag is very strange."

"Tell me about it. I was only looking after a universe for a maybe a decade, and I still couldn't keep up with it." A deep breath of relaxation, and a tail brushed the dragon's sheath. Getting him to breathe deep once again. "Persistent, aren't you?"

"It functions, and you should give into it."

"That's not exactly how moods work-" Another brush interrupted him. "You're not going to stop, are you Arson." He grumbled.

"It functions, and you should-"

"Okay. Okay. But keep me awake this time. I want to at least get some flight time today." A nod from her as they kissed.

The white hall was massive. So large that the dragon almost felt lost while inside it. Everywhere there was doors, below and above. All lining up to the grand set of them at the very end of the hall.

He knew he should've just taken the express way, but the brass one just wanted to fly so badly. Stretch out his wings that have felt restless for nearly a week. Has it been a week? Sure felt like it. Ever since these damn nightmares started haunting him, the only cure the mates could think of was what he was currently recovering from.

Not that he minded such a 'treatment' but it felt almost for the wrong reasons. Before, it was a form of fondness and love. Affection and admiration. Now, it almost felt like a medication, though he still couldn't blame the fox for that. It was the only way she understood it, but she was trying her best.

With the last doorway in sight at the very end of the hall, his wings shifted to a glide. Still finding it strange that there's even gravity in such a place, but if he understood the bear correctly, it was different for every person. The way his universe seemed to work was they all felt the world differently. The way they're either used to, or want to feel it. With that explanation, you'd think the dragon's wings wouldn't feel so tired. But then again, maybe that's what he wanted?

Landing about ten steps away, and slowing down to a patient walk, he couldn't help but look around at the opened doorways along the walls. All filled with different areas where corporeal spirits seemed to inhabit, all souls that were casted in a recycled hell until this massive change. Now, they got whatever they desired, without the punishment of taking from another person. Whereas, Envy never seemed to exist here.

But why did the brass one almost feel envious of them? Ever since he visited here for the first time, all that praise and hype leading up to this point only resulted in disappointment for him. The pain of loss still existed, the nightmares still existed. The constant hunger for something still existed, only filling that last one with the gluttony of lust. It was his experience with this place, yet his alone. Every other being he talked to so far, which was only a pawful, never got those feelings.

Which in return made Bartan and Arson theorize that perhaps it was the fact that the dragon was A: not a Counterweight, and B: an outsider to the universe. He wasn't present during the conversion, so therefore his 'Strain of Information', whatever they called that, was not altered for such things.

It half saddened him. His husband's homeland, and he couldn't help but feel so outcast by it. Perhaps this was how many others felt, but it was a first experience for Beo. Regardless, he carried on. At least the two were willing to try to find solutions for their new mate, but altering the dragon's 'Code' didn't sound too pleasant. Let alone, he worried about the after effects. Mostly: would he still be Beo'Karah afterwards?

It was almost a scary thought. Intimidating, much like the colossal doors in front of him, possibly big enough for the bear's real size to crawl through. An amusing thought, seeing him struggle on all sixes, possibly with his white haunches in the air. Presenting themselves to be mounted while he was helplessly snared. Making him wonder what would happen if that white belly were to start filling-

A rapid shake of his head as he tried to stop his sheath from swelling. Taking a few deep breaths

to get the purple tint out of his ears, he placed a heavy paw on the door and was transported inside. Almost to a suburban house with a rather small front door, by dragon standards. Getting the brass one to flick an ear of irritation as he sighed and approached it.

It was wide opened at least, welcoming others inside while some people were pacing around. Getting some jobs complete that the bear instructed before, remembering how polite he was to his 'subjects'. Perhaps Employees would be a better term, almost a turn-on for the dragon to see the white one take charge-

Another headshake as his body grumbled. Likely at the indecisiveness between his arousal or his hunger for his husband. Fluttering his slightly sore wings and closing them tightly against his back, a grumble left his plated neck. Carefully walking to the door and peering inside. A few others noticed him, but probably still didn't know the brass one's status with the bear. Regardless, they didn't stop him from attempting to enter the door... Which took a few minutes. And several scrapes against the wooden doorframe.

A female giggle came from the side after Beo gave the door a snort. Getting the larger one to curl his neck at the blue gerbil. "Talk about an entrance."

"It's a wonder you keep that damn thing so small." The brass one grumbled, trying to watch his body in the semi-large Livingroom, and trying not to-**thwack!** Too late. Getting him to flinch at the sound of his tail giving someone a concussion. Well, if they could feel pain at least. And that flinch lead to a chain reaction of a few more broken objects, from his wings hitting the lights, to his hind leg stepping on a table.

It all just made the gerbil laugh loudly, and a few others to chuckle at the event, but carry on. Beo, on the other hand, just grumbled and lowered his head. "Relax, it's all replaceable. Not even necessary, to be honest."

"It's just not... Dragon-friendly." He tried to keep all limbs close to his main body as possible while studying the female. "You're... Lillian?"

"Or Lillith. Whatever works." She said, not looking off her tablet, but approaching the brass one. Giving his arm a stroke on the bicep. "We met your first night here."

"Y-yeah. Outside." He mumbled awkwardly. "I'm looking for Bartan, have you seen him?"

"He hasn't returned yet, but he's on his way if you want to stick around and wait for him. Make yourself at home." Another glance at the large one trying to compress himself. "Well, at 'home' as possible. If you need something specific, you can always talk to Lyago."

"N-no. I just..." Another grumble from the dragon's stomach area got Lillith a bit curious. "Can't he just teleport everywhere? I never understood the want to travel so much."

"Teleportation is fine in short distances, even to planets or plasma travel like space. But you do

have to realize that he is a massive creature." A nod from the brass one, and she gave his muzzle a few strokes. Putting the tablet away for a moment and sitting on his arm, while he tried to study her in secret. "Have you seen him in his full size?"

"I can't say that I have." He mumbled, unable to read the faded message on that dark hoody. Not to mention, tell what the large headphones around her neck were for.

"Not as impressive as it sounds. Mostly because all you can see is just white." She chuckled, even getting him to smile a bit. "But even when his size is reduced like that, he still needs to calculate the 'space needed' for his original form first. And usually... Things that are small enough to fit inside a universe, it's not that big of a deal."

"But something larger..."

"It could possibly cause the entire thing to collapse. He's reported a few remnants of dead universes that look like they've been torn to shreds." His ears dropped a bit, and she shrugged at him. "It happens. That's why they had this 'No Experimentation' rule for so long. Too many things were just going wrong, and it really ruined it for others."

"And you know this...?"

"Oh. Maybe he didn't tell you, I'm his Reality." A curl of his neck. "Fate and Death are around here somewhere, I think. I have a hard time keeping track of them without looking at my phone every ten minutes. But I usually try to help Lya and the staff around here when the big guy is home."

"He's not *that* big." Beo snorted, teasing her a bit. "Who is this Lyago?"

"Lya? He's kinda like the Fill-in for when Bartan's gone. Think of him as a Take-over CW but without the CW." His head tilted. "He makes final decisions when they're needed, and keeps a large record of any problems that appear. We'll do what we can with them, but sometimes they just require tools out of our power. That's where the bear comes in."

"So he just decides things."

"Kinda like a manager of a store, if you know what I mean." Another snort got her to giggle.

"Stores are worse than this house at being dragon-friendly." He grumbled, looking around a bit awkwardly. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

An awkward grunt as he rubbed the back of his neck a bit. "You mentioned... Your old nickname."

"Lillith?" A nod from the large one.

"Why keep it?"

"How much do you know about me?" She smiled at his shyness, getting more of 'I don't remember' vibe. "Alright, alright. But short version, I still have work to do. I was in your typical broken home. Real mother married the wrong guy, but lost custody of me. Left me behind with him. He remarried, gave me a brother I was kinda close to, but ended up murdering that new mate. Sent to jail, our uncle took care of us for a while before he shot himself." The large one's heart sank as she continued.

"But... I survived. Brother moved out, and I for some reason, stayed in that house. Tried to drown my sorrows in the addictive holes: drinks, some drugs, sex, loud music, and terrible boyfriends. You can guess which one worked the most." She tapped the headphones.

"One day, I just got tired of it. For once, I broke up a bad relationship. Had to fight my way out of it, and just... Left. I spent a few nights crashing above clubs and living off of others. Running away from police trying to detain anyone who had narcotics, and eventually ran into him."

"Him?"

"Bartan. In that bipedal form, not the CW form. Back then, he just looked like another detective that I thought was stalking me. But all he did was talk, even after I vented all my frustrations at him." A nod in understanding from Beo. "Then he offered me a job."

"This job." A nod from her and a sad smile. "And you've been with him ever since?"

"If I recall correctly, I was his first." A faint whimper as the large one looked at her surprised. "First Force, you perv." She laughed. "I think he was running the entire thing himself for GUYS, but after a while wanted help." A breath from Lillian. "Maybe he finally seen the pointlessness of running in circles."

"You're talking about the Terrasque." He almost whispered, and she nodded.

"He wanted to find a way to be rid of it. Tired of making others suffer so one creature can eat."

"Yet, exchange it for power."

"You remember that one quite well." Another awkward grunt from him. "It's fine, you. I'm just teasing. But you're going to have to ask the others about their stories, I gotta run and take care of a few things." She got up and pulled out that tablet once again. "You should talk to Lyago though, he's just upstairs. He knows when the bear will be back." She motioned a stairway above, and he half grumbled at the tighter space. "You'll live. Put a hole in the wall if you want to, no one will mind." She chuckled, exiting the building. Getting the dragon to half sigh at it.

Chapter 2

The void was a bit less than homey, but still held a familiar livelihood within. Yet, something was still off, something the bear could detect while walking through the silver halls. Perhaps it was more of his very own worry that was manipulating his cautions, therefore, he attempted to put them aside.

Reaching the opened doorway, he spotted the seven armed naga painting. All Counterweights were indeed architects, but many of them had different forms of building or creating. To see such a creature painting something within eight dimensions was not uncommon. However, it stopped for an exhale when a few of those six eyes noticed the bear. "Greetings." Bartan said with a smile, only getting a glare of studymen before the creature continued.

After a few more moments, it almost grumbled. "What do you want."

"I'm just visiting the nearby areas to ensure everything is okay."

"We expected it was you." The naga almost sounded angry. "The energy levels have been very scarce for a very long time."

"...Yes. I was attacked by the Terrasque, and had no choice but to defend myself."

"Yet, you attempt to end our own creations with it? Come around to watch everything but your own wither away with famine?" The tone made his ears go back.

"I didn't have a choice."

"Of course not."

"It's either attempt to keep you and everything else functioning, or watch as a Terrasque devoured everything. Do you really think--"

"That this is any better!?" The snake roared, getting the bear to stop in silence for a few moments. More surprised than anything. "A demise is a demise. Regardless of how it is done. You have already sealed ours, so why bother pestering us while we wait for the end?"

"...Because I've been trying--"

"To convince us that such things are not needed. That we should label ourselves traitors to the old traditions, when really you have been forcing us to change." A faint grumble from the white furred one, but he didn't reply. "First, it was the Counterforce. Slain and dismembered due to you--"

"I was not responsible for that-"

"Your Pets Were!" Another roar. "Then you slay our Terrasque, force us to starve until we give into your new commandments-"

"I was cornered! I didn't have a choice-"

"You prodded that muzzle where it didn't belong-!"

"**That Wall Was Weak!!**" Bartan barked at him, finally silencing the naga for a moment. "You cannot look me in the eyes and claim that it was not threatening us every second! Imagine if it escaped! What terror it would bring-!"

"Do Not. Tell Me. About **FEAR**." The bear almost growled silently, as his gaze fell on the snake's lower back. Still being able to see the slight shift in colors from which the Counterweight was tore in half. Though a few faintly black spots still remained.

"...I warned you not to get too close-"

"Somebody needed to repair that wall, or else it would have-"

"Just tore it a bit more! Nothing that we couldn't handle with a little time-Even if it was badgering against it! It was panicking, desperately trying to halt its imprisonment."

"So you are saying my sacrifice was in vain!?"

"I'm not questioning that the repair had to be done. But you're the one who made yourself vulnerable-"

"Get out."

"If you would've done what you were told instead of attempting to be a Hero-!"

"Get Out!"

"GET OUT!!"

The naga came face to face with the bear, nearly challenging him. After a few tense moments, the white one sighed. "...There are a few holes in your universe-"

"I will not say it again, Counterweight." Another long stalemate and Bartan backed down. Seeing himself out, but not before looking back at the Naga once more.

Reaching the end of the hall, he set up a few glyphs in the air. Pressing into them slightly, and exhaling. "Lyago. I'm done here. I'll be back soon." The Glyphs disappeared shortly and the bear left.

The stairs were complete hell. Not that the dragon was out of shape or even too exhausted to climb them, but with the low ceiling constantly being scraped by the tips of his horns and claws on his wings, they tore large holes deep within the walls. The stairway itself was too thin for him to possibly even fit, wrecking the guardrail and hearing such a thing creek constantly before snapping off. The wall next to the stairway; now covered in scrapes and every picture hung in pieces all over the floor.

Then there was the steps. The dragon knew he was heavy, but watching them collapse under the sheer weight of every step he took, it was basically a very dangerous ramp now. Making the larger one whimper loudly in embarrassment at the entire mess. His first visit into the bear's home and he totaled it.

For now, he just scurried down the hall. Unable to fully stand up in it, but at least it was wide enough for him to turn about if needed. Checking room after room to see if he could find this 'Second in Command' for the bears were abouts. Carefully opening each door, and eventually finding a master bedroom. On the bedding, a large feral white tiger was somewhat laying down.

With his back turned towards the doorway, the feline's head was rather close to its pelvis area. Making the brass one almost completely freeze, thinking maybe he was interrupting it in a private moment. But watching the creature from the hallway felt a bit wrong, getting him to try to quietly move along, only to step on a creaking floorboard and get the white one's attention.

A very awkward silence as the two stared at each other. The dragon with clearly purple ears and a bit of a swelled sheath, and the white tiger with a look in question. "Can I help you?" He asked after a few moments, not seeming to be embarrassed by such an encounter.

"O-oh, I was... Looking for someone named Lyago."

"That would be me." He resumed his licking like the large one wasn't there. Making the dragon feel a bit more uncomfortable.

"I was... Wondering when Bartan would be back. And..." No response from the white one, as if he was really into it. A bit of an awkward breath, Beo was glad no one else was here to see this. Thinking that maybe he should just come back after the feline was finished. But the bear's voice from a past conversation echoed in his head. *Don't be afraid to ask for a session from others, it's a great way to break the ice.*

With an awkward swallow, the brass one cleared his throat. "Did... You want help with... That?" It got Lya to raise an eyebrow at him.

"With bathing?" The large one stared at him in several awkward moments, never feeling so embarrassed in his life. With a whimper he started down the hall. "Wait." The white one ordered,

getting the dragon to at least stop. "Come back here." Though Beo just wanted to hide into another room for a bit, he took a deep breath and started backtracking. Meeting those green eyes of the tiger's, a bit more on the blue side than the dragon's own. "You are...?"

"Bartan's husband."

"Ohhh, that explains it." The tiger jumped off the bed and changed into a more hybrid form. Oddly enough, going from a white one to a deep orange and wearing aged jeans. Slightly looking back at the bed where he laid while approaching the still uncomfortable dragon. "I guess from your point of view, that's what I was doing." He half chuckled. "But sorry to disappoint, I just don't have the time for something like that. And that quick bath was my break."

"Oh..." He mumbled, getting a few taps to move back a bit so the feline could exit. Grabbing a long black coat to put on as well, then motioned the brass one to follow him.

"You said you were looking for him?"

"Y-yeah. I just wanted to ask him something."

"He should be back in a few minutes, providing he wasn't distracted by something."

"Or someone." He half grumbled, mostly out of the annoyance of the clustered hallway.

"Is it something I could answer?" The large one slowed to a stop, looking away as the tiger studied him. "If it's private, that's fine. He's just busy, is all-"

"I-I know. I'm just... Not sure if I should talk about it out loud."

"Is it trouble?" Beo wasn't sure how to answer that, but he took a deep breath. If the bear trusted this creature to run his universe while away, then surely the dragon could trust him. Walking up a little close, he whispered to Lyago.

"I've been having... Nightmares. Ever since I came here. Nearly everytime I fall asleep."

"And Bartan knows about this?" A nod.

"Arson too. They haven't..." A sigh from the dragon. "I'm not sure what to do about it. I'm not even sure what it means."

"Well, no one else here has had anything similar since the change, so you didn't catch some sort of illness." He pondered for a moment until his phone rang. Getting it out of his back jean pocket and answering it like a speaker phone. "What's up, Lillith?"

"Hatchet finally got back to me, still no trace of October 1st. If he was actually there like witnesses said, he's long gone." The gerbil on the other end mentioned. "Also got those coordinates for the next expansion over on E#665-2248 if you're ready for them."

"I'm on the way to the office now. Just having a little chat with the new guy."

"*Hai* Beo." The female on the other end teased.

"H-hi." The large one grunted awkwardly, getting her to giggle.

"He apparently already offered me a session."

"Works fast, doesn't he?" An embarrassed whimper from the brass one as he hid his eyes with a paw. "Relax, we're just teasing you. But if you're serious about it, watch out for his spines. They pack a pinch."

"...Noted." Beo half grumbled.

"For now, Beo, you can either make yourself at home here, or wait outside for Bartan to return. But I'd like to get this done."

"Oh, don't let me hold you up." He rubbed back of his neck. "And outside sounds like a better idea."

"Feel free to go through the roof, there's no one on the second floor currently." The tiger pointed up before leaving towards another room. Making the dragon study the ceiling for a few moments then take a deep breath. Ramming his titanic body against the horizontal wall and completely wrecking through it with ease. Though it was a little harder to climb out, he eventually got off the roof without it completely caving in. Landing outside in the front lawn and shaking the debris off his body.

Some familiar chuckles fluttered the dragon's chest, as the bear landed quite a few steps away. Making him resist the urge to just charge towards him and squeeze the fluff out of the Counterweight. "It's quite cramped in there, isn't it?" Bartan smiled, getting a bright one back, as well as an uncontrollable tail wag. Waiting patiently until the bear got close, then snatched him for a surprise tight embrace. "Nice to see you too."

"I missed you." Beo purred, trying to grasp every inch of the fluffball with his paws. Even getting a tight grip on his haunch before the bear kissed him. Sharing their own vocal tells of affection before breaking it and getting a few licks. "How long do you think you're going to be here?"

"Not long. Why, got something planned for me?" The white one's eyebrows bounced a bit. Getting a devious purr that didn't quite say yes or no. "I'll take that as 'It's a surprise,' in which I raise you: I look forward to it." Another kiss. "Come, let's just get closer to the door. I'll get Lya to come out here to discuss business." Another bright smile, and he followed the white one.

"About that tiger of yours..."

"You met him, did you?"

"Him and the... Lillian one. Not sure what she is."

"Gerbil, if I recall correctly. She kinda looks like a blue cat, eh?"

"I guess. I don't really know what a gerbil is."

"It's kinda like a mouse. Anyway, continue." The brass one stopped for a moment, trying to remember his place of thought. But when he recalled it, his ears started to tint, getting the bear to chuckle. "Out with it, what happened?"

"I kinda... Walked in on him."

"Oh?"

"And thought he was... 'Tending' to himself."

"And? You offered your assistance?" A faint whimper. "No need to feel embarrassed, you're excellent at what you do." He gave the large one a lick on the muzzle.

"Y-yeah, but it's not so 'excellent' that he wasn't 'Tending' as he was 'Cleaning'." Bartan laughed at it, giving the dragon a hug.

"There, there. But go on, did he accept your offer?"

"Said he was too busy." Half a grumble.

"Don't worry about it. But if you like, I can give him the night off so you can show him your *excellence*." A double take from Beo.

"N-no, it's alright. I only offered because you said it would break the ice." He mumbled quietly as the bear motioned someone to come closer to them. Asking for Lya's presence outside, then laid down to wait for him. Getting the dragon to lay on top of the bear, and turn him over to face muzzle to muzzle. Sharing a few licks.

"Well, it is a good ice breaker. A little forward, but everyone here understands."

"They're used to knowing how you work, so." The brass one buried his muzzle into the white fur and took a deep breath. Nuzzling it harshly while purring. "Besides, right now I just want you."

"That's fine. You can have me if you like." It made the titanic body take a relaxing breather hearing those words. Just holding the fluffball tightly as Lyago came down and half chuckled at the two. Though Beo was still a bit embarrassed about earlier, he still greeted the tiger with a nod before resuming his fondling of the bear.

"Everything okay on the outskirts?"

"There are several black areas just outside of Arson's territory, then beyond. Though they haven't actually penetrated through her universe yet."

"That's Cqurrihgaookuz' area." Lya mumbled while the dragon tried to wrap his mind around

the extremely odd name. "Any sign of it as well?"

"That's the odd thing, not even a trace. I did what I could, it's Forces know me and are very worried from the lack of communication. Perhaps it left for something?"

"Abandonment is something no CW does."

"Not on purpose, no. I wonder if there's a reason behind it. In a few days' time, I'd like to revisit." That half sank the dragon's heart. "See if I can find any traces among the outside, perhaps even ask the farther neighborhood CWs if they've seen anything."

"You don't think they're still distrustful of you?" (*Distrustful? Of what?*)

"That may be, but they're still trying to filter out the old ways. Mine and Arson's universe are prime examples that this new way is functioning. Though it may take more convincing, if there is some sort of infection, or another Terrasque attempting to get in from a different angle..." A breath from the bear. "Then they might not have the time to argue."

"You don't think that they might come to the conclusion that this is staged?"

"I hope not."

"But you know they will." Bartan just sighed at the tiger's words. "Just have something ready, is all I'm saying. After what you did with the Counterforce, they'll be expecting a ruse."

"Yes. I know. And I will." A sad look from the dragon, and he got three paws stroking his head. "Is there anything else that needs my attention?"

"Just the fact that there's no sign of October 1st."

"And 4th is still looking?"

"Along with Hatchet, yes." A faint nod from the bear. "Do you want them to withdraw?"

"...Yes. If there's no evidence that those five cannot find, he wasn't there. Maybe it was just something else. For now, can you tell them to head to a new destination?" Lyago nodded. "I'll be up in a few. Thanks Lya." The tiger went back inside, and Beo took a deep sigh. "Don't worry, it'll only be a few minutes."

"I..." He exhaled. "It's not that." A noise in question. "You're leaving again?"

"These wounds are concerning me, I need to look into it." A nod from the dragon as he got a few licks. "Have you still been having nightmares?"

"Yes." It made those four ears drop. "I don't know..."

"Other than opening you up again to find the issue, I'm not sure either." Half a grumble. "But cheer up, you'll have me undividedly for the next few days, okay?" A nod and they shared a few licks.

"I suppose I should give you some extra fuel, just in case." Beo smirked.

"Oh, is that what you have planned for me, eh?" A devious smile as they kissed. "Well, you should know my limits by now."

"Limits are made to be broken." The brass one snorted, getting them to chuckle. "Then again, if I just leave you full, you might not be able to take off to your duties." He purred, getting Bartan to toss his snout lightly.

"Please, you'll take one look at me and think 'I can fit a little more in.' Admit it."

"Fine. But then I'll just have to start from scratch." Another kiss as they chuckled. "Alright, go to your meeting before I mount you right here."

"So willing to have an audience, are you?"

"It wouldn't be the first time." The dragon got up, not afraid to reveal his lower horn showing.

"Ah yes. In the middle of that city square."

"Christmas memories." Another nuzzle from the two.

"You sure you don't want to come inside-?" He could barely finish that sentence before Beo tossed his snout.

"No. Never again. I'll just wait out here." A lick from that red tongue.

"Okay, but save some for me." A slightly embarrassed whimper.

"I-...! I'm not doing *that*!" He hissed, and the two laughed.

Chapter 3

Sunbathing. It was a wonderful pastime, if one could call it such a thing within a city. The air may reek of car exhaust, the sun maybe blocked by the massive shadows of buildings, and the grounds

covered in either asphalt or trees. Except for the large patch of it that next to no one seemed to use, besides a specific part of the day. Even if the dragon was dominating it nearly every day with said pastime.

Still, the brass one's activity was much more important than... Whatever they were doing with this grass. Such a strange concept did come to mind from time to time, but the only thing he really cared about was how well they seemed to tend to the lawn. It was rather comfortable for being so short, often making his belly argue with his back for whom would be touching it.

But this day, his back demanded the floor. Erm, Lawn. Letting him take a deep breath as the clouds once again parted. Reflecting his brass scales with a brilliant shine and giving him a warm, cozy feeling. Granted, that was nearly ruined by the sound of someone giggling while walking out of the vomitorium. "Come back to pester me more, have you?" The large one grumbled without moving.

"Only because I know you like the company." She giggled a bit at his snort, then made a short gasp that made him flick an ear. "...W-wow, really leaving it out there, aren't you?" A noise in question as he made the mistake of opening his eyes. Getting the glare of the skylight in his eyes and nearly make him hiss.

"Damn sun." He grumbled, though nearly praising it a few moments ago. "And what are you talking about?"

"Those moon sized orbs you're carrying around." He seen the blushing female feathered lizard half gesture the dragon's lower half, and getting him to snort. "I swear, you're just showing off."

"Maybe I am." He chuckled a bit. "Or maybe I'm just being a role model for your males."

"An unrealistic one at that. And that's putting it lightly."

"No different from every other picture that's plastered all over your city."

A noise of disgust from her. "Don't even get me started on those damn things. I've heard of worshipping scales and fur before, but that is ridiculous." A thin exhale as she took out a cigarette. "I hate how they throw such imagery into our faces and almost expect us to adapt to that like it's the norm."

"Then why put up with it?" He let out a sigh as the sun's got under his chin.

"Because to fight against it is basically called vandalism. Stupid huh?" A noise in confirmation. "Now, what are you doing in the football* field?" She asked, taking a seat in the stands.

**American Football*

"Sleeping. What are you doing out here so early?"

"Skipping classes. And you've been sleeping for like four days."

"Well, magnificence at this level requires alot of sleep and sunbathing to keep accurately

obtained. And why are you skipping classes. Again." He grumbled, almost scolding her.

"Because classes are dumb. Just ask Joashua." She motioned beside her at another feathered lizard. One completely stunned while looking at the dragon's stones. "Y'know, once he stops looking at your planet sized packaged."

"See? Magnificence is enthralling, girl. He's my proof."

"That or he's just never seen under your tail before."

"T-they actually look smaller under his tail." Joash finally snapped out of his gaze, and got a glare from those large green eyes. "N-not to say they're small or anything...!" He almost whimpered.

"Definitely a lot bigger than yours." Beo snorted at him.

"That's putting it lightly. Seriously, you could probably fit a car into that package." That one made the brass one feel proud.

"Candrice is impressed with it, at least."

"Yeah, well. She won't be if she knew what a load like that would do to someone." He half grumbled. "Let alone to the surrounding area. Probably cause a flood of biblical proportions."

"You watch too much porn." She teased him, but he didn't deny it.

"What are you doing out of class." The dragon half grumbled.

"Meeting up with you guys. What are you doing in the football field?"

"Some people were using the park for something, and I didn't feel like scaring them off today."

"Okay, first: who are you and what have you done with Beo?" Candrice started.

"Second: you do know there's children in this school, right?"

"First: I am myself, just felt like something different today. And Second: maybe, and see my Role Model argument-ask the female for the details."

"Actually, I think he was here during that. Just stunned like that entire class coming through to use the field."

"There's plenty of room for them to play their little hatchling games. They don't need to occupy the entire field." The brass one snorted.

"Actually, the game requires the entire field, and you're taking up three quarters of it."

"Well then, they can just bathe in my magnificence for the time instead. Trust me, they'll get more out of my presentation than their silly game." The two chuckled loudly at that.

"It's a wonder the city hasn't really attempted to do anything about you yet." The teal male said, getting the larger one to aggressively clear his throat. "Besides steal your spot in the park."

"I should threaten them for that, but then I wouldn't have found this spot. Other than those who are breaking the rules, no one pesters my slumber."

"We're not breaking any rules, you walking mountain-"

"I'll take that as a compliment." Another chuckle from the two, even the dragon smiled at it.

"But there's nothing in the system that states we *have* to go to school. We have a Saurian right to an education, but that doesn't mean we need to attend a public school like this." The male argued.

"Then who else is going to teach you how to... Whatever they force you to learn in this foolish building." Beo muttered. Though half agreeing with Joash's statement, he also knew how cities seemed to function. They just often used different terms depending on the species.

"You mean like study '**Important**' plays and literature that are hundreds of years old?" The female joined in, passing the cigarette to the other.

"Dissecting helpless animals that we already know how they function?"

"Constantly being barraged about the older days and our history."

"We're not even being taught our Saurian rights in there. I ended up researching them myself."

"Instead we're just wasting our time learning about pointless things, rather than something we will actually use in our future."

"How to vote properly, and possibly change the damn system, for example."

"The laws of this country."

"How to get a job, pay taxes or get a mortgage." The large one grumbled, whereas alot of this was over his head.

"How about hunting?" The two feathered ones looked at the dragon for a moment. "You know, for food."

"Uh... We don't need to."

"You've eaten before in front of me." He snorted at Joash, getting the red female to chuckle.

"He meant we don't need to hunt." A louder grumble from him.

"Maybe not now, but what if you're in a situation where you cannot magically buy prepared food?"

"Then we'll call you." Another snort at the teal one's smart answer. "But nowadays, it's not really a needed skill for us."

"But something helpful to learn." The two didn't argue past that.

"...All this talk about food has made me hungry." Candrice said, getting out her packed lunch. "And you can suck it, Mr.I-Buy-My-Lunch-With-Money-And-Think-Those-Who-Paperbag-Are-Lame."

"That is a ridiculous nickname for him." The brass one mumbled.

"A little long, but we'll shorten it to something later." She shrugged, taking half of her sandwich out and hearing the male whimper a bit.

"A valuable use of your time, I'm sure." The dragon stretched a bit, but didn't get up.

"Want some Mr. Muscles?" That name hurt his heart, and would've probably shown if his eyes were opened.

"Wait, you're offering some of your lunch to a creature that probably won't even taste it, yet you won't offer me any?"

"It's got eggs and ketchup in it-"

"Oh Kruasst! You are horrible." The teal one cursed, getting the red to giggle.

"So, how about it brassy?"

"Pass."

"Is it because you don't like eggs with ketchup?"

"I've never tried eggs with ketchup."

"Well don't. It'll ruin your life forever." A shove from the female. "Possibly make your balls smaller too-" A stronger shove knocked him off the stands a bit.

"But seriously, Beo. You're not hungry?"

"Nope."

"I've never seen you eat any food. So what do you eat?" That was a question that he really didn't know how to answer. Getting him to eventually just mutter something and attempt to shrug his wings, which didn't telegraph too well.

"Any idea what that meant?"

"Think it was a shrug." Joash guessed. "But really, what do you even eat?"

"Food?" The brass one half answered.

"Okay, how often?" This time, he telegraphed his shrug with his paws. "What was the last thing you ate?"

"Orange-" He stopped himself for a few moments and awkwardly grunted. "...*Juice*."

"Orange juice?" He technically wasn't wrong, but.

"It'll probably take thousand gallons of juice to fill him up." Another awkward grunt that he desperately attempted to hide. Though that thought made the brass one miss the bear, he couldn't help but take the male lizard's statement much differently. "Possibly even more."

"Candrice, shove him for me." She did so, making him smile and eventually get up to lay on his belly. Mostly to hide his weapon slowly coming out, but the grass didn't help that case.

"Awwh, there goes our show." Joash rolled his eyes at her. "What? you liked staring at it."

"I didn't *like* it, I was just captivated by the display." A bit of an unimpressed stare from those green eyes got the male to double take and whimper a bit. "What I mean is... They're magnificent, but-"

"You should stop there." The female teased, getting him to nod in agreement. "Maybe end with how much you'd like to play around with it. Y'know, for *science*."

"I never said that!"

"You did, just to some female fur." A look in question from the brass one. "He was trying to get a feel for her milk sacs, if you know what I mean." The male whimpered loudly as the dragon shrugged.

"I don't mind."

"You don't mind him attempting to use science as an excuse to fondle females?"

"Not the part I was talking about." Beo yawned, getting the two to pause for a moment, then Joash to whimper as Candrice started giggling loudly.

"Must you give her ammunition?" He grumbled, covering his eyes with teal paws.

"You say that, but I'm serious. If you want to, I won't stop you. Just don't stand in the line of fire, for your own safety." The giggles got louder as the dragon's sights turned to the female. "Same goes for you, cackling witch."

"You realize we're still minors, right?"

"I'm not the one attempting to mount you. If I'm just lying about and you find something you'd like to play with, or *experiment* with" A loud whimper from the male lizard. "Y'know, for *science* purposes, I won't stop you. Feeling a bit pent up as it is."

"Good enough motivation, I'd say." A playful shove from her only drew out another whimper. "I'll set up an appointment for you two, but we'll have to find a place-"

"Okay, enough!" Joash grumbled. "Ugh, you're going to turn me purple permanently if you keep this up."

"Maybe blue by the end of it." The two lizards looked at the dragon in a slight state of confusion. "The color of my-" A louder whimper as the male covered his eyes again. "You're the one that described it as a flood."

"Okay-okay-okay. Subject Change, Please!" He pleaded, only to have his stomach growl and then look at the female for sympathy.

"Live with it. You're not getting anything else out of my lunch."

"But the cafeteria doesn't open for at least another hour." He whimpered.

"Then why don't you just go off school grounds and buy something? Odds are it'll be ten times better than school food anyway."

"But the nearest restaurant is like 30 minutes away from here."

"Yeah, *walking*." Joash looked at her for a moment blankly, until she motioned the dragon, clearly no longer paying attention. Eventually Beo returned to them and curled his neck at their stare.

"...What?" He asked, but not getting an answer. Instead, the male just looked at her again.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Why not what?" Those green eyes were constantly shifting between them.

"Because I don't want to die today, especially on something that clearly defies physics!" Joash hissed at her.

"What do you mean by that?" The dragon snorted.

"Seriously, how much do you weigh?"

"Enough." He grumbled, rather quickly at that.

"But not enough for those wings to generate lift, no matter how big they are. A creature as big as you should never be able to fly!"

"Don't shatter his dreams like that." Candrice playfully swatted him. "Though, it would be funny as soon as you made him think about it, he wasn't able to any longer."

"For you maybe." The brass one snorted again. "And I can fly. But what's this all have to do with me?"

"Feel like going for a flight then?" His ears went back, but didn't answer the female. "It's either that, or just stay here all day where there's nothing to do."

"You forget, I was absorbing the sun and adding it to my brillia-"

"Yeah, yeah. But you can do that anywhere. So why not?"

"-Did you just interrupt me?"

"Hello? Not dying sounds like a pretty good thing not to do today."

"You were the one hungry, so come on. I'll even buy us the drinks." The male whimpered a bit. "You only live once." She got up and headed towards the dragon.

"Don't I get a say in this?" Beo grumbled.

"You just had one a few minutes ago. Something about children staring at your brass balls."

"That was his complaint, not mine." He snorted, but resting his head on the stands for a moment. Feeling her take a tight grip on his spines and climb up on his shoulders. Hearing the male lizard whimper a bit more. "Get on or get left behind." A sharp sigh, and Joashua climbed up as well. Poorly, I might add, but enough.

"Please don't kill us." The male whimpered as the dragon started to move.

"Just hold onto something." Another few grips on his spines, but they hardly hurt. "All set?"

"Yes!"

"-No!" The large one attempted to look back and wait for a moment for Joash to whimper. "...Yes." And the brass one took a powerful leap to the skies. Wings stretched out, almost cupping the air and pushing down, creating massive winds below the behemoth. For a few moments, he just hovered out of spite. Trying to look back at the smaller male, but couldn't quite see his face, then propelled forward while getting the lizards to cry out in excitement.

The dragon landed in a grassy field, far away from the city in the distance. Though he was only flying for maybe ten minutes tops, it felt good to get out and do that. Especially after sunbathing.

Laying down on his belly once again, he felt the others still grasp on his spines. "That's okay, take your time." He muttered, even lifting up a paw for them to stand on.

"Damn that was terrifying!" The female whimpered a bit, finally hitting the grassy grounds and nearly hugging it.

"This was your idea!" The male lizard hissed. "And at least you didn't have to get off in the middle of an intersection!"

"You wanted to stop for food." Beo grumbled, laying on his back once again and leaving that package on display.

"Yeah, but you could've landed in the parking lot!"

"There was several in that area." He snorted at Joashua. "Not like I could tell which one you were pointing at, so next best option: land in the area of all of them."

"And nearly crush a car or two." Candrice grumbled, carefully stepping on his red furred membranes and now realizing how comfortable they were. Regardless of how the tickled at every little movement, and fluttered a bit. Making the large one grumble. "Definitely not one of your best decisions."

"Everything was fine. And they really shouldn't have been so impatient." Another snort, as a second set of paws tracked on his membranes. "I don't understand the purpose of using such vehicles if they're going to be stuck in traffic most of the way regardless."

"Just something people have a hard time letting go."

"They'd be better off without it, and probably less lazy too." The two chuckled at the large one's statement, but left it at that. Taking a few moments of silence to enjoy their meals, they started talking to each other. A conversation the dragon couldn't quite follow, due to a strange distraction.

There was something off about his chest. It felt... Stiff. Like his blood was thickening. His heart wasn't slowing down, or working harder, let alone cramping. It just felt strange to him. Something that he couldn't quite place.

Instead of worrying about it, Beo just took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Enjoying the warm glow of the sun's rays, and almost instantly felt them shift behind him. A foreboding feeling of anger and despair washed over him, as he pictured standing in the streets of the city once again. The buildings covered in a black ice before shattering loudly and making his eyes open widely.

He was still out in the field, but his breaths heavier. "Everything okay?" Candrice asked him, but her voice was echoing. Looking at the dragon almost sitting up and scanning the grass around him. "Beo?"

"Why do you sound far away...?" He mumbled, seeing his breath exhale a cool mist. Looking down at the two, clearly frozen while sitting on a blue-tinted abyss black wing. His wing.

The darkness that coated his scales startled him. Getting the dragon to attempt to sit up, all while pulling the black membranes out from under him. Watching his friends shatter at the slightest touch into billions of slivers before his vision went dark for a moment. But he could still feel.

Getting fully up, his chest suddenly felt tired. Feeling almost a rotating pulse within his heart, one he recognized but it was slowing down. Like it was already used and spent. His vision returned, finally able to scan the black iced horizon around him. Everything was either shattered, or still covered in

the cold.

A sudden crash near him got the dragon to jump away, seeing a cloud that was suddenly frozen solid freefall to the earth. Showering the brass one with splinters of frost, before several more hit the ground. Getting Beo to shield himself with his wings for a few moments, until they stopped.

Slowly, he looked around at the dead lands. As far as he could see, everything was covered in dark ice, as well as several large tears in the skies. Before he could even silently curse, his ear caught some grass crinkling behind him. Turning about, he got hit hard and knocked back nearly an entire mile before hitting the ground and skidding on his side.

Though the blow did somewhat hurt, it wasn't anything to take the brass one down. Getting up and growling, he was interrupted and slammed down hard by an unknown force. Then someone on top of his back pinned the dragon. Nearly grappling his neck. "Don't move!" A female hissed, and he knew what it was.

Another one landed just in his sight, much smaller than the thick arms holding his plated throat in a headlock. As the smaller mouse pulled out a few throwing daggers from her coat, the dragon held up a paw in surrender. "Okay! Okay! I give-!" One of the daggers hit his neck, upwards inbetween the plates. Getting him to growl at the slight pierce, but nothing else.

A bit of an awkward silence, and the creature holding him shared a look from the clearly confused mouse. "Try another?" A second knife in the neck just made the brass one irked, but he still didn't struggle against them. "What the hell?"

"Nothing's happening. It's like I can't grasp its soul." The mouse said, getting that green eye to study it a bit closer and notice it was somewhat wounded. A small bleed through its nose.

"I'm not here to fight-!" Beo growled, getting a tighter grip from the female behind him.

"Then why the hell did you attack this planet!?"

"I don't remember doing it! I just blacked out, and it happened!" He growled at the one behind him. "If you don't believe me, grab Fate and have it read my mind!"

"We can't." The mouse said, getting a sharp look from the dragon.

"She's dead."

Chapter 4

"Is this necessary?" The brass one grumbled, completely tied down with large cables. Though they weren't really cutting into his scales, the stress of them were very uncomfortable on the wings. Making them restless.

"For you, yes." The female zebra grumbled. Though now much smaller than when she was wrestling the dragon. Though she wasn't wearing much, just a denim jacket with the sleeves ripped off and some long shorts, the cold didn't start getting to her until now. "Damn it's freezing here...!" She cursed, before a shelter started building around them. Even putting in a large floor.

"I told you, I don't remember doing this. I'm not an enemy of yours-"

"Then why did you literally ice half a planet?" The mouse hissed, but the lack of bass in her voice made it much less intimidating. "And why can't I kill you?" The large one growled at that, but tried to keep himself composed.

"Because I'm not from here. I'm an outsider, from-"

"Then what are you doing here?" A glare at the stripped one, mostly out of the interruption. Getting him to sigh.

"I was just looking for an answer."

"By destroying half a planet and killing Vokria." A glare at the smaller female this time.

"I didn't mean to harm any of you or your Fate!" He hissed. "I don't know what happened! I don't even remember losing control or Outbreaking-!"

"Outbreak?" The zebra repeated, getting the two to look at each other.

"I've heard that term before." The smallest one said, getting both of them to sigh. "If I can't kill him, the best we can do is lock him away-"

"What!?" A heavy growl as those straps tightened around him. Feeling another heavy push on top of that.

"At least until we figure out what else works. But that might be a few thousand years." Another deep growl.

"Damnit, I'm not a threat to you!" A look from the two, and he grumbled. "I mean, I'm not your enemy!"

"But you're unstable, and we can't afford risking another one of those." Reality said.

"Until then, we don't have a choice-"

"Yes! You do! Just escort me out-"

"Only for you to do it in another universe! Possibly even destroy that one!" As angry as he was at them, the zebra was right. Making him exhale and nearly deflate.

"...You're not wrong." The dragon mumbled, not looking at the two. "I didn't mean for this to happen, I was just attracted to come here. I was thinking maybe someone was..." Another breath. "Bartan was right, I should've never left-"

"Bartan?" The two females asked in surprise, getting the large one to... **Attempt to** double take.

The bear arrived a few hours later. Landing in the still cold grass, like it was poisoned with the frost, no matter how much it was being recovered by their mother. The wounds in the sky were at least being tended to, and no signs of infiltration from such portals. Though that did relieve the white one a bit, worries of what awaited in the oddly untouched house still got to him as he approached the door. Knocking on it softly when there wasn't a doorbell, let alone any windows to peek into.

The mouse opened the door and Bartan greeted her with a smile. "Hello Krishseer." Getting a worried smile back, and seeing him lean in for a nuzzle.

"Glad you could come to our assistance, Counterweight." She greeted back a bit shyly, but accepting the nuzzle with both hands.

"I see you're still tending that business look." He half teased, being invited in. Almost signing in relief when he seen the dragon bound, but unharmed.

"That's because I enjoy looking like I'm busy."

"Yes, but it does hide your beautiful figure." The white one flirted a bit, looking over the Zebra within the room as well. "Speaking of Beautiful, how are you Alloe?"

"Doing fine, bear. And no, I'm not looking for any enhancements." A slight whimper from the six legged one, but chuckling none the less.

"Still holding that against me, are you?"

"I told you I would. Especially after..." There was a sad vibe that painted over the room, as the white one motioned the two in for a hug. Accepting it without any regard to the dragon watching and taking a moment of silence for the fallen sister.

"I'm sorry about Volkria." They nodded at his apologies, making Beo feel remorse once again

from his actions. "But these things happen. I know it's hard, but have you found a replacement yet?"

"We've been thinking about it while we were waiting." Bartan gave the mouse a lick, then another tighter hug before letting go.

"We'll do something for her, I promise." The two nodded as he slowly approached the dragon. Standing tall over the brass one and thickening his voice. "Do you remember what I said the last time we met? What I would do to you?"

"All too well, I'm afraid." Beo growled at him, getting them to pause for a moment and the tension in the room rise. As the bear cut a few straps around his head, and took a grip on the dragon's spiny beard, he lifted up the brass one a bit. Getting the two in a heavy deadlock stare that lasted nearly 40 seconds, until that purple tongue licked his snout and broke the bear into chuckles. "I win."

"Yes. Yes you do." Bartan licked him back, clearly confusing the Forces in the room. "I must apologize again. It seems you found my husband."

"Y-your...?"

"Husband?" The zebra looked at her sister for a moment. "I knew you had a wife, but...?"

"Beo'Karah is quite recent. Do you mind if I release him?" Though their looks were concerned, they trusted the white one enough to handle anything. Nodding in confirmation before taking their own seats once again. Cutting the straps quickly, and letting the brass one finally stretch out a bit, even if the house was still a bit cramped. "Let me just explain a few things to them first, okay? Then we'll talk." The dragon nodded, and the two shared a quick kiss. "Feel free to wait outside if you like, I know you don't like tight spaces."

"As long as it's okay with them." Beo mumbled, still feeling bad about the incident. Again, they got a concerned look, but Aloe opened up an entire wall for him to exit, as well as keep an eye on the dragon.

"Phew. Where to begin?" The bear started a bit of where the two met, but kept a lot of the private details out. Though mentioning the issue with the Terrasque to them, as well as the nightmares the dragon was having. As much as Beo wanted those things to remain a secret, they deserved to know. At least the bear was with him once again.

About an hour later of both telling the tale and going over possible solutions to their situation, the Forces went about their business. Getting the attention of the dragon who wasn't quite aware, and feeling the fuzzy Counterweight lay down beside him. "...I'm... Sorry."

"You don't have to be." The bear licked at his neck a bit, climbing ever closer to that ear to see if he could make the brass one smile. It half worked. "I just wish it wasn't so sudden."

"I know... But I just couldn't stay there anymore. The nightmares, the constant hunger... I felt trapped, imprisoned." A soft paw on his own told him he didn't have to explain, and the two remained

silent for a bit. Enjoying each other's company as the weather started to get warmer.

"Do you still have them?" Beo shook his head. "And you...?"

"Don't feel hungry here, no. Not even right now. I wonder if it's just a side effect to the universe thing." When there wasn't a noise in confirmation or even pondering, those green eyes looked for the brown ones. Seeing concern in them, like he seen it. "What is it?"

A deep breath from Bartan, and he hugged the large dragon tightly. Almost listening to his chest. "...It's black." It struck a bit of a sad cord within those plates. "It's not completely, but it's really dark." His paws felt around Beo's collar and arms, seeing the white one do his best not to get aroused. "Even here. It's like it's... Tainted somehow."

"With what?" A shake of his bear muzzle as if to shrug sadly. "...What do you see?"

"...That's the problem. I can't really... Identify it." A noise in question. "The way a Counterweight's sense works is... Like gathering actual data. It's never wrong, misplaced or fooled by acts of treachery. We gather it as if it's complete information, and able to know exactly what is going on." Those green eyes looked deep into the brown ones again. "It doesn't work on other Counterweights though, that's usually how we identify them. But..."

"But what?" A sad look from the bear, and the dragon embraced him for a moment. Encouraging him to tell the dragon the bad news. "But what?" He repeated, getting the white one to take a deep breath.

"It's the same thing for Terrasques..." There it was, a deep worry of the dragon's that suddenly became truth. Nearly making the brass one almost panic and feel complete fear, yet frozen with it. Even after Bartan attempted to warm him up with another tight hug. "...I guess I didn't fix you after all..."

"Will you three be okay?" Bartan asked the Forces, as he was beginning to leave.

"Yes, we will be fine. Now that things have been fixed up a bit." The mouse said.

"Though we did lose half a planet of souls, we'll be okay. We just don't know what happened to them." A sad exhale told the Zebra that the bear knew, but they were better off not knowing, nor looking for them. Getting her to look back at the dragon following them a few steps back. "What are you going to do with him?" She asked, almost coldly.

"Don't hold a grudge, Alloe." The white one said thickly. "I'll take him with me while I go out and scout the nearby areas. I want to keep a close eye on him anyways." It made the brass one look away. "You caused about as much terror when you started out as well." Though he was serious, he did give her a playful nudge. "You can't-"

"Blame them of actions if they don't know how to control themselves, I know." she repeated, giving the muzzle a few taps. Especially after attempting a small feel for those body pillows.

"And you are going to be okay with these two showing you the ropes?" Bartan asked the wolf, the new Fate.

"Y-yes. I believe I'm in good hands."

"You know, Yensia, if you're ever looking for some... Enhancements..." He smiled, bouncing his eyebrows, and getting a bit of a shove away from the zebra.

"Do not take that offer, rookie." Alloe grumbled. "You won't be able to see your feet for a week." They chuckled as the Counterweight tossed his snout, even getting the dragon behind him to smile a bit. "Take care then, Bartan."

"You too, girls." He smiled at them while waiting for the dragon to catch up. "All ready to go?" A quiet nod from Beo, and an unexpected hug from the white one. "Leave your regrets behind, okay? This is no one's fault-especially yours." A deep breath from the largest one, as he overlooked the mouse and zebra.

"...I'm sorry." The dragon said sincerely, getting the other two to nod, almost like they had to. "If there's anything I can do..."

"He is a really good lay." Bartan whispered loudly, getting the brass one to whimper a groan and cover his eyes with a paw. "Serious, best you'll ever have." He teased them, getting the others to chuckle awkwardly. "Take care of yourselves."

"You too, bear." And the two males went off.

Chapter 5

The fresh summer air filled the large cave, bring with it the warmth of the sun, unable to reach within such an area. Nearly every season, it was banished from the cave, but that was the entire purpose of it from the one inside. Lazily slumbering within on his bedding of coins and other treasures. Though not nearly as big as the one in his first home, it was getting there.

Granted, he was only stealing from thieves and bandits, or at least trying. It was almost a tactical game for him, to wait until the bandits become a problem, and richen their supplies. Then the dragon would swoop in, snag the treasures (leaving the villages and farmlands have the rest), and save the day. Win-win: The dragon was a hero, and he got to pleasures of rolling around in shinnies.

But with such acts of heroism came the damn requests. Picking up the scent of the rather... Let's call them, not very hygienic, villagers. And groaning loudly, hoping they could hear it as they approached the cave. "That sound means I don't want to be bothered this morning." The dragon inside grumbled.

"We heard it." One of the visitors said. "Been hearing it for nearly five minutes."

"Then *why* pester me?"

"Oh, Great Overlord! We beg your assistance!" Another villager started, yet was interrupted but another groan.

"Ugh, Great. Yes, I am. Overlord though; *blehhh*. Overlord sounds like work." His long muzzle flopped on his bedding, sending a few coins scattering.

"We have a situation down below-" The first one said, clearly unimpressed with the large creature.

"New rule I'm calling: No work in the mornings, no matter how dire. Or the evenings. Or at night. So, see the first part of the new rule."

"It's the Afternoon, *Sire*."

"...Maybe not in the afternoons either."

"B-but that only leaves-"

"Only at Noon, which only last for one minute. Which really, is enough work for one day." The large one grumbled. "Actually, that kinda conflicts with another rule I've stated before: no disturbing me while I'm eating. So-"

"Sire, we have an issue in the farmlands."

"I told you, I'm not a work horse." An awkward silence between them. "...One of you are a horse, aren't you?"

"Yes. Yes I am."

"Excellent. Problem solved. Leave me to sleep."

"Oh, Great One!"

"That's... Actually much better. Continue."

"-It's not a problem with the fields, it's about what is in them." The horse interrupted.

"Are you seriously complaining that you have too much food? That's something I could actually help you with then-"

"N-no, Great One-"

"Is it pests? Because the last time I tried doing something about that, you didn't like it too well."

"Yes. I can still taste it in the lettuce."

"*You* wanted a solution, I presented one."

"Lifting up your leg and...! That's not a Solution!"

"It kept the insects off, did it not?"

"As well as everything else, yes. B-but we really suffered from-"

"Being able to taste *anything* else but... *It*."

"...I'm still not sure how this is my problem-"

"Because we haven't told you yet!" The equine grumbled loudly. "Look, there's intruders in the fields! They've been there all morning, and our farmers cannot get any work done!"

"So, you want me to hiss at a few bandits who are... Not stealing your food, but...?"

"They're just lying there. And they're not band-"

"Well then, come back when they've *burned* something. There's no law against them just lying there."

"But they're preventing our farmers from working, which is dire if we want food this winter. Unless you want to help out afterword-"

"Ugh, sounds like work. Pass."

"You damn lazy liza-!"

"-Oh, Great One! Please aid us in getting rid of such intruders!"

A loud groan from the dragon. Then a second one. "...We'll pay you." The horse grumbled.

"**Fffffffffffffffffffffiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnneeeeeeeeeeeeeee.**" The large one grumbled. Getting up. "I can't believe I have to work for money." He snorted, stepping over his bed and stretching. Allowing the other two to finally see his slender figure up close. Though the dragon was taller than them, he was far from intimidating when it came to looks.

Leading them outside and grumbling at the bright light, the brown dragon yawned lazily. Flicking

his long tongue and lightly scratching the space between his nostrils with it. "They're down that way." The horse and the hog pointed in a direction, getting the large one to still moan about it.

"Today is not a day for work-"

"Get Your Scaly Ass Down There!!" The horse barked at him, getting the dragon to take a half-step back and curl his neck. At least now more awake.

"...Well, now that you've asked *nice*ly." The brown one snorted, grumbling something about villagers being rude and taking to the skies. From there, he could see something odd in one of the fields, but barely cared about it. Instead, thirst called to him, making it a top priority before hissing away anything... 'Occupying Fields.'

Going down next to a freshwater river and drinking his fill, the dragon felt much more awake now. Enough to start pondering why he was the one needing to drive away trespassers from their lands. The brown one didn't *belong* to them, if anything it was the other way around! Grumbling, he turned about just as a white creature tended to the river. Something out of his view, and took off before even hearing it.

But the sooner he got this job done, the sooner he could get his reward. And it better not be 'Sprinkled Lettuce' that they're paying with. Or else something *IS* getting set on fire. Scouting the farmlands once again, he seen a large metallic beast just laying out in the grass. Almost looking familiar from a far, but the dark gold color didn't ring a bell. Let alone the red on its wings.

Wings...? Metal scales, wings. Was this another dragon? "Great." The brown one grumbled, landing a bit softly in the grass and sighing out of boredom while walking towards the brass creature. "You." He said, so lackadaisically it hurt. "You're trespassing, and the little people want you to... Y'know. *Leave*." He snorted, getting the grumbling attention of the other dragon.

"What?"

"You heard me, Mr..." The scrawny dragon stopped when he took a closer look at the brass dragon's build, almost losing his breath for a moment in an old memory. Then completely lost it when he seen those green eyes. Peppered with black spots.

"...Sig'eaal?" Beo whispered, scanning the smaller one as Siggy took a step back.

"You...?" Another quick scan, and he nearly lost his speech again. "Beo'Kros..." There was a bit of silence between the two as the brass one fully rose up. "But you're..."

"Supposed to be dead?" The brass one said a bit sadly, almost looking away. "It's nice to see you're still alive." He tried to give the smaller dragon a smile, but it just wouldn't come out. Then his heart nearly stopped when that long muzzle turned to the skies, knowing who was returning with their fresh water.

"Annnd that's..." Siggy started, but was stunned at the look of the six-legged creature.

"Found a friend, did you?" The bear teased, but felt some tension between them. After offering the brass one a bowl of water, he studied the brown dragon for a moment, and sucked in a breath. "...Oh wow. Literally an old friend. Is that Sig'eaal?"

"Y-yeah. Apparently." The smaller dragon only double take between them, a bit speechless while Beo just rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "Siggy, this is Bartan. He's..." It was then that the brass one was a little stuck. Not knowing how to tell that he was mated with another male, let alone if he wanted the smaller dragon to even know about it. Due to their complicated past of constantly insulting each other, he almost didn't feel safe saying it.

But that bear's muzzle looked at him for a moment, trying to read his actions, perhaps asking if the white one should gesture instead. But Beo took a breath, then rested the paw that was tending to his neck on Bartan's. Then feeling that middle paw grip on his arm tightly as if to say 'I'm proud of you.'

"...Ohhh." Siggy muttered, awkwardly looking away and almost avoiding eye contact. Not knowing what to say to them, let alone to the brass one entirely.

Instead, Beo changed the subject. "Sig'eaal, what are you doing here?" It nearly got the smaller dragon to shoot up and double take. Then take a moment to remember exactly *why* he was here to begin with.

"Oh, right. Trespassing." The other two tilted their heads, but the brown one was still in a state of awkwardness to go past that. Knowing he was supposed to chase this mountain of a dragon away, he just wanted to go back to his cave and sleep.

"Trespassing? Are we trespassing?" The bear asked, concerningly. Now looking at the small crowd off in the distance. "Oh, I didn't think this was farmlands. It just looked like anyone's grass to me."

"Well, apparently they own it, and haven't been able to work all morning because of..." The white one lowered his head a bit, but Beo couldn't help but stare at the smaller dragon for a bit longer.

"Oh, well then. Accept my apologies." An odd head tilt from Siggy as his neck curled. "For that, let me offer my assistance. That way, you two can take the day to catch up on lost time." Another awkward moment as the bear gave the brass one a few licks on the neck before approaching the crowd patiently. Leaving the other two to awkwardly half stare at each other.

Finally clearing his throat and taking that drink, Beo looked around before taking a few steps towards the old comrade. "So... Did you want to go somewhere else and... Talk?"

"Oh, uh... Sure." The brown one then quickly looked around, really not wanting to invite the larger dragon to his own cave. "There's a clearing over there that's rarely bothered. Let's..." Beo awkwardly nodded and gestured him to lead the way.

The dragons landed in the large clearing. One much heavier than the other, and making Siggy's spines raise a bit. "Can't say I miss that." He grumbled, getting an awkward chuckle from the larger one. After a bit of silence, and the two studying the area to ensure they were alone. Feeling the slight winds begin to pick up as Sig'eaal cleared his throat. "So... Can I address the elephant in the room?"

"S-sure." Another neck rub as the brass one sat down.

"Why the paintjob? And also, how are you not dead?" A bit of a whimper. "You seriously had no pulse."

"You checked?" A neck curl from the scrawny one as his ears turned purple. "N-nevermind. But... Bartan saved me." A noise in question. "He talked to the Counterweight of that universe-" A snout toss from him got Beo's attention.

"A pile of Taath, that one." The brass one's ears went back and nearly released a growl. "I mean, the Counterweight, not your... Fluffball." His expression didn't change, making the smaller one's ears drop with a bit of embarrassment. "...Oh. C-carry on."

"Right. He convinced it to let me go instead of... Destroying me. And Bartan helped me recover." A breath as the brass one looked away. "He gave me back my life and..."

"That's all it took to lift your tail, huh?" That growl left Beo's throat, but he didn't look at the brown one. "And your scales?"

"They... He helped me... 'Thaw Out' you could say."

"So blue wasn't your natural color?" The larger one shook his head. "That look makes you less frightening." Siggy snorted, but not getting a reaction out of him.

"What about you? What happened after...?" A snout toss from the brown one as he took a breath. Laying down in the soft grass.

"Like I said, that CW was a pile of Taath. Honestly never gave us a chance, and kicked us out. It even claimed that letting us live was doing us a favor, and banished us away." He grumbled. "Granted, I was a Force for about a week, and realized, as I predicted, that I taathing hated it." A deep exhale through his long muzzle. "Thanks *a lot* for that, by the way."

"I couldn't hold onto it. What did you want me to do? Give it to a leaf?" The brass one snorted.

"-Do anything. As long as it kept you alive." Siggy said rather quickly, not really noticing what came out of his muzzle until it was too late. Feeling the stare of those green eyes in question, and making him sigh heavily. "You didn't need to leave us, you know. You could've just... Kept it. Found us, then let us work together."

"I..." A deep breath from the brass one. "I couldn't forgive him-"

"Then don't bother." Sig'eaal half grumbled. "Not like the old bastard deserved it anyway. But

Raccel at least tried." A bit of silence. "Seriously, Nalchulus probably would've crooked by the time we found the final Force, and then it would just be us. You wouldn't have to work with him."

"And you really think Raccel would've just accepted that-?"

"If it meant getting his best dragon back, then yes." Another tenseful few moments. "I know what he did wasn't... And I know what I said about... Her wasn't..." A deep breath. "But you didn't have to leave us. We could've worked it out. Even if I..."

"Even if you what?"

"...Had to take her place." A bit of silence. "...For you, I mean."

"...You mean... You would've..."

"Heard you out?" The brown one shrugged at his own question. "Not like you never did it for me or any of my stupid ideas." A sad smile almost formed over that brass muzzle.

"Not all of them were stupid. Just that one with the Ion Storm." They lightly chuckled at that memory, but then the tension blanketed over them again. Getting the brown one to sigh heavily, almost in defeat. "Siggy?"

"...Why did you even come here, Beo?" He muttered, almost harshly while still avoiding those green eyes. After a few moments, the brass one started to get up. "Don't."

There was a few moments of silence before the larger one sighed. "...I didn't know you were here. I didn't know where you were, or that..."

"Figures that you wouldn't notice." The brown one muttered, sitting up himself and resting on his haunches. Still facing away as if to take off into the woods at any moment.

"Who says I didn't?" The brass dragon asked a little harshly. "I remember it, Siggy... Your attack against the Forces when they pinned me down. That saved my life. When I was dying that last time we met... Your whimper still haunts me." The smaller one just lowered his head down.

"...Then why didn't you..."

"Because..." A heavy breath. "...The first female I seen..." A heavy swallow from the large throat. "She leeches off me. Promising tail in return, but only took off to find another male." No response. "She ruined it for me, to the point where I didn't think I could anymore..."

"And that pet of yours?" Beo's jaw stressed for a moment, but sighed afterwards.

"...I don't know. She did nothing different from you, other than being completely helpless." A shaky exhale from the scrawny one.

"Yet you show up here with... **That**?" His wing gestured the fields, getting the brass one to look

back and almost spot the white bear. "...What did he do differently?" The larger one didn't have an answer, and for a few moments did nothing. Eventually he adjusted, and the brown one rose up to all fours, almost running off. "Don't!"

Another long silence, and Beo exhaled again. Yet watched that thick brown tail intently. A few moments later, he pounced at it, getting the smaller dragon to dash off. However, his tail was caught in the harsh grip of the brass paws. Getting Siggy to hiss loudly, creating a few sparks from his muzzle, but still couldn't look into those green eyes.

Chapter 6

Beo'Karah kept his grasp on the brown one's tail, but didn't pull on it. Just forced it to stay in place, and halt the smaller dragon's escape. As much as Siggy wanted to fight for freedom, he knew he couldn't win against the larger dragon. So, for a long time, he just accepted the stalemate. Feeling those winds once again pick up and the clouds begin to darken the sky. "So, what now? You're going to rape me?" He asked the brass one rather seriously.

Another long silence as those green eyes studied the plated tail. Seeing a faint bronze shine over them, and studied how unusually thick it was compared to the rest of the dragon's body. With a heavy exhale, Beo answered him. "No." No response. "I just don't want you to leave."

"Why-?"

"Because I'm afraid I'll never see you again." It was a hard thing for the larger one to say, and equally hard for the smaller one to hear. Taking a few quivering breaths before Sig'eaal stepped back, then rested on his haunches. Doing his best to hide his tears, and being a little thankful when the droplets started falling from the sky. Cautiously, Beo let go, and climbed up the dragon with his paws. Sitting directly behind the brown one and wrapping those thick arms around it in a hug. "...I'm sorry, Sig'eaal." That long muzzle's jaw tensed up as he once again looked away from the bearded one. "I just... Didn't think I could back then."

"...Yet you insist on doing this to me-"

"Because I *care*, you twig." He whispered harshly, but getting a faint chuckle from the brown one. "And I won't let you go until you think of a way to make this right."

"And if there isn't?"

"...Then I won't let go." A harsh exhale from Siggy. "You wanted me for so long, now you have me. Don't make that same foolish mistake I made." A long silence as the rain started to fall. "Punish me for this, if it will get you over it. If it will let you look me in the eyes again." That statement nearly collapsed the brown one, his body giving into gravity. But those brass arms kept them up. A few harsh sniffs later, and Siggy took a deep breath.

"...Your... Mate." A noise in question. "How much do you love him?"

"...How much..." Beo didn't know how to answer that. "...Whatever I am worth is his. But I can't measure that-"

"And if I were to tie him up?" The brass one held a breath. "Forced you to watch? As I presented him and mounted him before your eyes-?"

"That's it?" Beo asked, rather puzzlingly. In return got the brown one to whimper at the unexpected response. "You'll forgive me if you get to mount the daylights out of Bartan?" Another faint whimper practically told him that Siggy was bluffing. "Seriously, I actually think he was daydreaming of it since the first time he saw you, Sig'eaal."

"W-what?" A shrug of the brass shoulders and wings half lifted up the smaller dragon for a moment.

"He's kind of a slut." Saying it out loud made Beo chuckle. "But are you actually serious?" A moment of awkward grunt, and Siggy deflated. "That means no. But you..." A sigh from the brass one as he let go of the dragon gently. Resting him in the wet grass and carefully laying his own head on Sig'eaal's lower back. "You want to punish me, is that it?" No response. "...Alright." A noise in question. "Okay. If you really want to punish me... I'll tell you one of my worst fears." Those brown frilled ears were listening intently. "...I... Hate being dominated. Overpowered and pinned down. Helpless."

"Like what you're doing to me right now?" A heavy exhale from the brass one, but he felt him nod.

"...Just another thing I'm sorry for. But..." A breath. "I'm doing it because..."

A long silence between them. "Define that. Dominated."

"...Being taken advantage of." He mumbled. "It's different when someone you love is doing it, so-"

"Does that mark me off the list then?" A bit of silence, and he wasn't sure how to answer that question.

"...Siggy. What do *you* want." No response. "Is it to really hurt me? Punish me for being a terrible friend?" A long silence. "Because I will let you do anything you want to me."

"...Like what?" A deep breath from that brass muzzle and he gave his lower back a few licks. Eventually getting up off of the brown one and laying down beside Siggy's tail. Seeing the brass appendage near his head, Sig'eaal almost questioned what Beo was doing. Studying the dragon as he was laying on his side, forepaws together like they were tied by the wrists. Then lifted his hind leg and made his brass stones vulnerable to the brown one.

"...They're yours, if you want them. If you want to beat on them, I won't fight back. If you want to bite them, claw them... Cut them off, and keep them as a trophy. Odds are Bartan will just make me a new pair."

"They would look nice in my collection." The two chuckled at that. "And you want me to...?"

"Forgive me. Even if it's doing the most emasculating thing you can do to a dragon." A long stare of silence as the scrawny dragon studied him. Eventually stepping forward and grasping around the large sack. Getting a faint grunt as Siggy felt for those orbs inside. Rather jealous how they were bigger than his, and somehow fuller.

He played around with them for a few minutes, not really knowing what to do. Did he really want to castrate the dragon? All for what? Not taking notice of his affection? One that was constantly scattered with insults and shots about his slow, titanic body? Exhale after heavy exhale, Sig'eaal pondered over it, wondering what he could do to him. Wondering what he himself wanted.

The answer was actually right in front of him, lying about. He didn't want revenge, he was actually happy that Beo somehow survived. It just wasn't until that bear thing showed up. But something about how the larger dragon talked about him seemed... Opened. Like an invitation. Finally letting go of those orbs, and taking a step closer, Siggy half pet the raised hind paw a bit. Taking a deep breath before lining up his lower horn and pushing it into Beo's tailhole. Granted, not without a bit of a yelp.

The opening flare took his breath away, but the larger dragon didn't fight it. Though, that extended hind paw got a little tickle once in a while, it only pressed back so he could change his position a bit. Almost expecting a bigger fight from the brass one, Sig studied him for a few moments. Leaving the flare of his weapon just within that tailpipe. "Do..." Beo half gasped. "Do you want me on my back?"

Another moment of studying as he looked the dragon in the green eyes. "...No." He faintly said through the heavy rain. "I want you like this." His voice carried this confused coldness to it. Harsh, but uncertain. Regardless, the large one did nothing to defend himself.

After the brown one adjusted himself a bit more. Leaning onto the brass dragon's side, while still keeping that hind paw upward a bit more, Siggy pressed in. Getting a series of heavy breaths as his teal weapon flared out the tailhole and dug deeper. Following that, the long spines that really seemed to have a bit of flexibility to them. Almost altering their points and tips when coming out. Enforcing a

slightly different experience than Beo was used to.

Of course, his own lower horn was peering out of his sheath. The purple weapon still not quite hard yet was slightly moving with the two dragons, as the brass one fought to keep still. The waves of pleasure were getting to him, making his tail want to wag from instinct, and accidentally whacking the ground a few times between Siggy's haunches. Feeling him nearly sit on the long appendage as his horn drilled inside deeper.

A very deep breath nearly turned into a whimper as the larger dragon braced himself into the ground. Clawing at it while that horn went deeper than he was used to. "You're..." He started, getting a few grunts between every movement. "You're alot... Longer than expected."

"Yours is just short, I'm sure." Sig'eaal playfully snorted at him. Getting Beo to smile, like they were old friends again.

"Well, mine's currently on display if you want to-" A sudden deep penetration, forced out a whimper and a few breaths. Though the shaft itself wasn't overly thick, it was wider than he expected out of the scrawny dragon. Almost impressing the brass one, but now knowing where his ego came from. Regardless of his runt size, Siggy felt well equipped.

Another deep slide into the large one's tailhole and Beo grunted to a whimper. Struggling to keep himself from squirming a bit, and releasing his own blue juice out of his lower horn. But not getting the attention of the dragon mounting him. A few more long paced thrusts, and the horn went a little deeper. Now feeling a heavy ring that finally got the brown one to gasp. Squirting himself inside the titanic beast while some thunder echoed from the distance.

There was some strange hum to that liquid, something he couldn't quite identify. Especially with other distractions occupying him. Feeling that ring play around with his tailpipe really started to stimulate the smaller dragon, but that was about all he could get in with this position. Getting Siggy to growl a bit. "Let me... Get on my back." A few moments of studying, and he exited out of the brass one. Allowing Beo to get up and fold his wing under easily. Then motion for him to climb aboard.

There was a strange look in those yellow eyes, as he couldn't look away from the purple weapon. Let alone the blue liquids leaking out of him. Taking a step closer, he rested a rather thin paw on Beo's weapon, getting a faint grunt. "What gets you off? Ridges?"

"That and... Hamstrings." The metallic one admitted, getting the attention of those eyes again. Feeling one paw on a haunch and the other grasp on his ridges, a heavy breath left the larger dragon. Unable to control his squirms, especially when the paws started to move. Getting more and more juice flowing out of that tip.

"You were not kidding." Siggy half grumbled, toying with the larger dragon who was clearly not trying to fight against the paws. At least until they started moving a bit faster, then Beo was just helpless. Nearly melting at the slightest touch as his weapon started to thicken up. "Come on, Mr. Muscles. Let me see you wet yourself."

Though he was trying to keep his whimpers in his throat, a few of them got out before a heavy brace and a bit of thrusting. Once again, the shaft thickened as a few torrents started to launch. Getting the brown dragon to let go of the haunch and start controlling the horn like a hose. Spraying Beo in the face with the thick streams, all while he opened his maw and attempted to catch it with his purple tongue. Doing a decent job of it too.

A moment for him to recover and a grasp on his stones was felt. Weighing them for a moment, and notice how there was still alot left inside. "Now, how often can you do that?" Siggy half pondered.

"Record is... About fifteen times... I think."

"In a row?" A slow nod. "So we have plenty to work with until you're empty. Good to know."

"You really... Planning to go that far?" Beo asked between breaths.

"Don't know yet. But first." Another prod into his tailhole made the larger one gasp once again. "I want to finish inside you." The rod slipped inside quite deep as he squirmed a bit. Feeling that long penetration once again and making the brass one whimper a bit in pleasure. "Now, I want the truth, Beo. Would you be letting me do this back in the old days?"

"N-no..." He gasped as the long tower started moving around. Feeling those spines carefully claw the inner walls.

"And what about now? If you weren't asking for forgiveness."

"Yes..." A few breaths. "You just... Needed to ask..." The brown one curled his neck while stopping. Getting a whimper, nearly begging for more.

"What the hell changed then." It was barely a question.

"...Bartan." A few moments of silence as Beo caught his breath. "...He helped me see what I did wrong. Helped me change, be a better person." His green eyes finally opened up to Siggy's yellow ones. "...I really mean it when I said I'm sorry, Sig'eaal. And I'm not doing this out of pity or..." A heavy breath as he placed a brass paw on the smaller dragon's. "I'm doing this because you want it. I'm doing this because... I want it too." Those eyes didn't falter, not until Beo's paw lifted the brown one a bit, and lead him to lie down on the brass body. Once again hugging the brown one the best he could.

But Sig'eaal was somewhat stunned by the idea of it. So much so, that he completely spaced out that the brass one was covered in his own seed. Even after Beo leaned in to give the smaller dragon a few licks of affection, and encouraged him to carry on. Though he was still confused about his current feelings, Siggy's instincts were still pressing for action. Letting him finally take a small step back, and making Beo think he was withdrawing entirely.

Then a sudden forceful thrust made both dragons growl loudly in bliss, as that lower horn went inside deeper and another shot of thunder getting closer to them. Climbing over a second ring and spaz out a bit. Releasing a few more squirts of that strange juice before going back for a few easy thrusts.

Then another really heavy one for the third ring. Making them lose their breaths at another squirt. Thinking that there really couldn't be much more to his length, they came to a fourth ridge.

A loud whimper from the brass one as he tightly grasped the brown dragon with his paws. Though trying not to hurt him, it was almost too much for him to take in. As the two panted a bit, Siggy still tried to press in deeper. Making Beo whimper a bit more before the smaller one gave it his all. Slamming the full length over and over into that tailpipe. Even using his thick tail for more leverage, slamming down on the ground.

A full minute's worth was enough for Beo to reach another climax. Spraying the blue liquid between them, but not distracting Siggy's instincts. Giving that tailhole the full length over and over, until they finally reached a fifth ring. Getting both dragons to hiss loudly and grasp each other tightly. A few rapid breaths from the smaller one, and thick sprays were finally felt releasing inside. Getting an extremely loud thunderclap to overpower their own roars.

The sheer amount of it was still rather impressive, feeling his lower end flood with the dragon's seed. But there was something else off about it, something stimulating. Like the juices itself held an electrical current that passed through the simple layers of the dragon's body. Even going through to his own weapon and making the brass one reach another climax, as his belly rounded out a bit. Still getting that comfortable shock constantly, even after the dragon was done. "Wow..." Beo started, still whimpering in pleasure. "This feels... Amazing...!"

"See what you've been missing all these years?" The brown one attempted to joke, but his voice cracked halfway. Unable to look the other dragon in the eyes while he caught his own breath. But felt those heavy paws through the equally weighted rain. Though his lower half was still being stimulated by the unique current in his belly, Beo tried to gesture the smaller dragon to come up closer to him. However, Siggy refused. "...I can't do it."

"Do what...?" A long silence as the brass one tried again. "Siggy, talk to me."

"...I can't... I can't let you hurt me again." That sank the larger one's heart. "And I... Can't tell you-"

"Hey." A deep breath from the brown one as he was clearly trying to hold himself together. Hiding his tears in the rain. "You can, Siggy. I won't... Reject you again. I won't hurt you-"

"But you might. Especially if..." He exhaled towards the fields again, and Beo knew who he was talking about. "So. If you will... *Kindly* let me go-"

"No." The brass one said thickly, feeling that rumble from the sky once again. "I won't leave you like this. Now talk to me." A very long silence as the teal horn completely withdrew into its protective home once again. Not feeling it anymore, Beo pulled the brown one up further for a tighter embrace, noticing how he didn't even fight back.

"...I **hated** dragons." Siggy eventually mumbled, only getting a few comforting strokes. "I hated

my nest, my parents, their friends and nestmates. I hated every dragon I ever seen, including that old red bastard." A deep breath. "I hated humans, I hated animals, I hated every species that I damn well ever came across. I hated that mutt with the one eye, I hated all the vermin he dealt with. I hated the work, the diet, the taste of trees..."

The brown one continued. "...The only things I didn't hate were treasure, the storms... And-" A quivering breath as Beo predicted it, just motioning him to continue through touch. "But I hated you at times too. Just not like the others... When I seen you, I hated myself. When I seen how..."

"It's okay. Keep going." The brass one said, though being able to tell the difference between the rain and the tears, he let on that he didn't notice.

"I was Taathing weak... My entire life, I was the weakest thing I've ever seen. When I first seen you, I envied every damn scale on your body." A deep breath. "I was afraid... Intimidated, but almost in lov-" He choked. "I wanted it... So badly, I wanted your power. To the point where I started dreaming about it." A few strokes to make him feel less awkward. "Dreaming about you raping me... Pinning me down, grabbing my tail and just having your way with me until I colored the floor. Maybe even going so far as to bite me until I was paralyzed. They would've been nightmares if I didn't wake up so aro..."

"...So, you...?"

"I wanted to be you... Every part of you, I wanted it for myself. I wanted to switch places, switch *lives* with you... Sometimes even tried to make that dream a reality. Wondering what would really happen if I did sneak into your cave and presented my haunches for you to skewer. But I knew what you would do... So, instead of just admitting to it, I just denied it. Forced myself to lash out at others, like they did me. I would insult you, hiss, and make fun of your envious shape... But I couldn't keep myself from wanting it..." A sniff. "Even if you were one of the worst creatures to ever be in existence."

"That's not far from the truth." That made the two half chuckle.

"I was still one of them myself, so..." A deep breath. "But when you left... And when we lost you... I kept telling myself it was for the better. That those fantasies would have never come true. I forced myself to believe that you weren't worth it, just so I could move on... But today? All it took was seeing you to collapse that stupid wall, and know that things will never change..."

"...I have changed-"

"But I haven't!" Siggy hissed, almost struggling against the embrace. "And I don't think I ever will. With that... Thing down there, standing beside you...!? What am I supposed to do against that? How am I supposed to compete against a Taathing god!?" A long silence as the smaller dragon did his best to hide his sobs.

"...You don't have to-"

"Yes. I do... Because I can't share what I want." A long silence. "But there... I gutted myself in

front of you. Now rip me apart."

"No." A few more sobs from Siggy. "I will not punish you for feeling affection-"

"And what about wanting you? All for myself-?"

"No." The rain still poured over them. "Siggy, what you wanted... That bastard of a dragon... It's gone. That's no longer who I am, and I cannot bring that side back. You need to stop wanting what is in the past, and look to what you might want now." He started shifting the deflated dragon, until Sig'eaal found out what he was trying to do; look the brown one in the eyes. He then started to fight against it. Clawing away at the brass paws and arms, hissing at them to avoid all eye contact, but there was nothing he could do. Eventually forced to look at them and show all the pain those yellow orbs have been through. "*What do you want, Sig'eaal?*" The words collapsed him.

Chapter 7

"Anything at all." Beo continued, trying to speak over the heavy rain. "Don't think about the consequences. Don't think about Bartan, or what is impossible. What do **You** want?" A long silence and eventually those brass paws released the brown dragon's head. Those yellow eyes still almost frightened of being judged and rejected, eventually falling and hanging his head low.

"...You." He whispered, getting those metallic ears to flicker.

"Then take me, however you like." When there was no movement, a large paw lifted his long muzzle to look him in the eyes again. Slowly going in for a few licks on that snout, and even on his lips. "Just stop fighting with yourself. Take me." A soft kiss, and it wasn't until that purple tongue separated the brown dragon's lips a bit more that he began to participate. Giving control to the smaller dragon and letting that long tongue explore the brass one's muzzle from the inside.

Carefully feeling each ripple on the roof, and examining every fang, he let that silky appendage make its investigations. Every once in a while softly greeting it with his much thicker one. Feeling Sig'eaal

finally press his lips much harder into the brass one, and setting his head back down on the ground. Grasping it with his scrawny claws, and really forcing himself into the larger dragon. Nearly biting at it, like he was battling himself.

Eventually breaking for a few moments, and going in for a quick few ones. "...Don't you hurt me again, dragon." Siggy nearly hissed, no longer hiding the tears from his eyes. "Don't you damn well hurt me again-"

"I won't." Beo assured him, giving him another kiss and licking off those shaky droplets. "I promise I won't." A few deep breaths as those yellow eyes studied him again, before going it for a rather violent kiss. Really biting against the brass muzzle and digging his claws into his neck. Forcing that long pink tongue into it, all while accepting the large purple one every so often.

The motions lasted for minutes, as the rain got heavier and heavier. Almost flooding the grassy areas they were laying in. Thunder bellowed above them several times, demanding attention from every creature around, but got none from the two. Even after they took a break for a few breaths, they were focused on nothing but each other.

A few heavy gasps, and Beo licked that brown muzzle again. Still tasting a bit of blood in his own, but nothing alarming. "What do you want, Siggy?" He whispered to the smaller one. Feeling his haunches dance around the purple weapon below him, half looking back at it and then to those green eyes again. Seeing him nod in acceptance, as the brown one took a step higher.

Another rough kiss before he started to feel that tip prod around that area. Almost expecting the brass one to suddenly turn on him and just ravage the smaller dragon like in his dreams. But Beo just waited patiently for the brown one to take action, only steering him with those large paws until he found the tip.

A few presses into that tailhole was enough to get them both breathing heavily once again. Grabbing the larger dragon by the shoulders and force himself slowly to don the weapon. Feeling that flare widen greatly and making Siggy whimper like it was too much for him. A few harsher attempts later only brought the smaller one pain, and those paws forced him to stop. "Okay, okay. Hold on." Beo whispered. "I don't think you can fit."

"...Figures." The brown one grumbled, almost defeated.

"Let me try something else." A noise in question, but those brass paws just guided him up. Leading the smaller dragon to step forward, until his haunches were over the brass muzzle, and feeling that tongue slowly paint up a leg.

Sig'eaal had no clue what he was doing, and getting the motion to squat down on Beo's face seemed a little odd. But he wasn't misreading the tell, and carefully did it. Feeling that purple tongue start rimming around the tailpipe threw waves through his smaller frame. Lapping at it from all directions and even prodding at it a bit. Nearly too much for the dragon to handle.

With that tongue tightly folded to a point, it started to press into that tailhole. Getting Siggy to whimper loudly at it, and fight against those brass paws grasping his tail. Though not letting go entirely, they gave him some resistance to relax and get used to it. Pressing in a little deeper made the dragon sing in the rain, eventually feeling that penetration much easier than the brass one's weapon.

A few moments to get used to that, and the tongue began to unfold from the inside. Making the brown dragon yelp a bit and lose his breath quickly. It released in pulses, giving those walls time to adjust and widen much easier than just getting impaled. But it was turning the smaller dragon on too quickly. Getting him to squirt a few times before whimpering too loudly. "You okay?" Beo asked as he withdrew.

But Sig'eaal's breaths didn't stop. Getting a slight step back, he rested his stones on the brass muzzle. Getting the tell and opening his maw to caress the bronze bag. Doing his best not to bite too harshly on such a thing, yet play around with the two rocks inside. Sucking on it to lightly stretch the bag. Lapping at the leather, and getting rather impressed with how thick it actually was. Something Beo never seemed to take notice to whenever he seen the smaller one around.

With the stones withdrawing, the brass one took the initiative to lick at the teal horn. Noticing how it seemed to be more of a turquoise towards the tip, and slowly fade into a teal-blue around the ridges. Speaking of such things, they were much thicker than expected, no wonder they felt like rings to the larger dragon. A few more licks and the weapon jerked with another thunderclap. Releasing a bit more of that turquoise juice from its tip, and landing on Beo's muzzle. Feeling a slight buzz from it, like it was electrified.

A few more licks and Siggy couldn't take it anymore. With a quick step back, he forced the long weapon into the larger dragon's mouth. Feeling Beo lap at it vigorously, and nearly collapsing the smaller one. Making him desire more out of it, and pressing into the muzzle deeper. Loving that tongue slip around it, toy with the ridges, and suck on the tip until the juices inside were pulled out. Giving that slightly sour buzz lead down his throat and make him purr loudly at it.

Another heavy jolt of the pre and Sig'eaal took another step back. Enough for him to finally grab Beo's upper head with his paws and really start thrusting his horn inside. Letting his throat take the full length and notice how the brass one never gaged. No matter how many squirts were released.

That tongue was racing him. Those paws still toying with his rear entrance. Those fangs gracing his ridges. It was all too much for his smaller body to handle. In less than a minute later, Siggy gave one final trust. Letting Beo build up all that tension from inside and release everything down that thick throat. Roar after roar caused the lightning from above to strike nearby, as that sack of his began to transfer its contents. Feeling the brass one swallow every drop given, and almost purr at the stimulating feeling it gave off.

But then that tongue didn't stop, still playing with the shaft inside and overstimulating the smaller dragon. The paws still prodded around with that tailhole carefully, making Siggy whimper at the rising climax again. Grasping at the back of those red spines, and really digging his claws into the scales,

the brown dragon whimpered loudly once more. Hearing that thunderclap as his torrents released.

His leather bag drained every last drop it had, forcing it into the large dragon's throat and maw, as the brown one started to pull back. Losing his balance and almost collapsing on the purple weapon that was still erect. Panting a bit heavily, as Beo climbed up to meet Sig'eaal's muzzle. Licking it a few times before locking lips and making the smaller one yelp in surprise.

But he was too exhausted to fight against it, and accepted a muzzleful of his own seed. Purring loudly at that sour taste, one that brought back adventurous memories of experimentation. Lapping at the purple tongue until he couldn't any longer. Forcing him to breathe heavily for a few moments. "...Sorry. I'm used to Bartan having multiple releases-

"Did you... Apolo...?" It made the brass one smile a bit, then feel the smaller dragon grasp his claws suddenly. Grunting to a hiss, before taking deep breaths and looking down at his pouch. Seeing it once again full and his fatigue gone. Giving those green eyes a surprised look. "What...?"

"I'll... Explain later. Just accept it." He gave the brown one a quick kiss, and he nodded. Once again moving into position, and feeling for that purple horn. Taking a few breaths while getting a few licks of encouragement. "Ready?"

"I hope so." Siggy grumbled, looking back at the horn like he wasn't sure it could even fit. But he wanted this, a phrase he kept whispering to himself in the heavy rain. Taking a step back to reduce error, he once again started to don the weapon inside him. Feeling that flare stretch his tailhole outward, and making the brown one whimper loudly.

A few pets of encouragement, along with a few licks, told him to keep trying. Pressing in at his own pace and slowly feel his entrance widen to fit such a thing. Taking a few bounces before trying again, he got alot further than the first attempt, but it still felt like too much. A few heavy pants, and Siggy almost growled. "What's wrong-?"

The brown one threw all of his weight onto that one area, forcing himself to widen up and plop the entire head inside his tailpipe. Getting both dragons to whimper and pant loudly, while having their own little releases of jolts. "Stupid... Idea?"

"Really stupid." Beo growled, but gave him a few licks. "But once again, dumb luck that it actually worked." They chuckled. "How does it feel?"

"Like I have a skyscraper in my rear." He growled, moving it up and down the shaft, but not quite fully out. Feeling the head almost stuck inside and half making him whimper at the brass one's grunts. "I think it's stuck."

"Figures." The large one grumbled. "You might as well enjoy it though." The brown dragon nodded, slipping the length of the weapon though himself and making the two pant constantly. Feeling squirt after squirt with every touch of the ridge, until something came to mind.

"You..." Another deep breath. "You release alot, don't you...?" A noise in confirmation. "So...?"

"Worse comes to worst? You'll explode." A loud whimper from the brown one. "But you don't die or anything. Just stings a bit."

"W-what?"

"Trust me. Bartan really loves it." An odd stare from those yellow eyes, as Beo bounced his haunches on that purple weapon. Making Siggy whimper a bit, and feel his lower belly. Recalling how the brass one's seemed to bulge out a bit. "Hey." Those yellow eyes raced to the green ones. "You'll be fine. Just enjoy yourself." A faint nod as the brass one kissed him again. Letting him finally lock lips and start letting go.

The brown dragon's instincts started taking over once again. Lightly biting and clawing at the larger one, as he adored the stimulation of the flagpole stuck in his rear. Feeling the thing pulse once in a while with juices and start to add up into the smaller dragon. Though those worries still attempted to flood his mind, he pushed them back. In an act of trust towards the brass one.

But the pressure started to build up after several minutes, making Siggy wonder what would happen in the end. The stimulations of both instincts and bliss were rising him to another climax, making the smaller dragon whimper loudly all at once before spraying his teal release once again. But Beo didn't seem to mind. Only hugging the dragon afterward.

Or at least he thought it was hugging. With the brown one's endurance starting to run down, Beo carefully rolled the smaller one on his back with the brass on top. Through it did worry Sig'eaal for a moment, the two shared an affectionate kiss before reaching at the dragon's lower back. Gripping those brown plates, while motioning Siggy to do the same around Beo's neck.

A few quick thrusts, and the brass one lifted him up. Standing on his own hind legs, he forced the brown one to take the purple weapon's entire length. Making the smaller dragon spaz out a bit before sliding up and down the pole like a small swing. Desperately trying to hold onto the brass dragon's neck, he was reaching another climax quickly.

Jolt after jolt, Sig'eaal painted his own belly as the rain washed it off. Though this was definitely less strenuous on the smaller one, taking that full length constantly was getting too much for him to handle. Feeling that pressure build up again and again with every thrust, like the weapon was getting bigger.

Until he noticed it really was. The very base of the purple tower was bulging out a bit into a bump. One that was progressively getting thicker and thicker, making Siggy whimper very loudly and call for Beo to stop. Granted, he stopped in the full length, forcing the smaller dragon to start taking the entire knot inside. "Beo...!"

"Just... Enjoy it!" The larger one hissed, feeling the two grasp each other tightly, and Siggy to bite at his shoulder out of instinct. The pressure was building up constantly, forcing the inside of his

tailhole to widen up and snare the dragon down. Whimper after whimper made the teal weapon release constantly until it was completely empty, and then he felt it.

A few faint sprays inside him, fighting to entire the brown one's lower half. No matter how much he attempted to wiggle out of it to make room, he was completely stuck. Getting him to whimper in fear as that first torrent bulged out his small belly. Pressing it outward more and more with every spray inside, forcing it to bubble out and stretch to make room.

As frightening as it was, there was no pain with the pressure that it gave. Just the constant worry about 'Exploding' as the brass one put it. But with every forceful torrent that his rear was fed, it only brought bliss with that accumulating belly. Eventually getting Beo to set the dragon down on his shoulder and let him watch as his scales kept expanding. Almost seeing a tint of blue inside them.

A few more sprays and the two came to an inner wall. Making Siggy almost panic as the two struggled against it. But the torrents slowed down, eventually getting the two to catch their breaths and suddenly feel the pressure release. His rear drained of its blue contents, and the brass one carefully set the smaller dragon down. Licking him clean before laying down beside him and almost dozing off.

Another few heavy breaths, and fatigue began to set in for the brown one as well. Hearing the storm finally start to slow down, Sig'eaal felt exhausted. Relieved and more comfortable about himself. Closing his eyes while faintly smiling, he felt those large brass paws embrace him and nuzzle up to the smaller one, which brought out his full smile. Perhaps, maybe with enough time, he could share.

Chapter 8

A strange set of paws in the grass flickered their ears, as the brass one moaned awake a bit. Licking at the smaller dragon in his arms and getting him to grumble at the light of the sun. "Enjoy yourselves?" The bear asked, Siggy not really recognizing the voice for a few moments. Then half whimpering of embarrassment.

"I'd say so." Beo leaned in to kiss the bear as he laid down with the two. "You should really ride Sig'eaal. He feels amazing." Bartan chuckled at that, noticing that the brown one was still a little shy about the events of last night.

"That's up to him. I would love a run if you two feel up to it." A faint shrug from the red wings as he laid back down for a few moments.

"Did... You...?" The brass one asked the bear, pointing at Siggy's equipment for a moment.

"I didn't listen in, if that's what you mean. But I did keep an eye on your fatigue and whatnot. Noticed his was getting really low, so I gave him a refill." A playful nuzzle on the brown one's muzzle got him more awake. "I hope you didn't mind."

"I know I didn't." Beo mumbled, yawning and stretching out a bit.

"How do you feel?" Bartan asked the clearly uncomfortable brown dragon. "It's okay, no need to be shy. But would you mind if I did have a quick session?"

"On... Me?" A solid nod that was almost excited. "And...?" He half pointed at the other dragon.

"He can join in too, if he likes. But be warned, he likes to overfill people."

"I noticed that last night." The smaller one grumbled. "...How could he do that?"

"I enjoy altering people for a better experience." A nuzzle from the white one. "It's not the entire reason why he's well equipped." He motioned the brass one. "But I did add a few things. A 'Bigger Tank' for example, as well as the knot."

"Knot?"

"That thing that tied your rear end last night." Beo purred. "Thanks for opening him up at the end, by the way." The bear and him shared a kiss.

"You're welcome. Not everyone is ready to take your full supply on the first date." A nuzzle. "While we're on the subject, was there anything you would like, Sig'eaal?" The question stunned him for a few moments.

"He's quite well off, actually. Much more impressive than I expected."

"Thanks." The brown one snorted.

"I-I mean..." The brass one almost whimpered, getting a playful swat from Siggy. Then took a breath.

"Can you... Make me like him?" Two of those four ears perked. "You know... Muscley-?"

"Sorry, but..." A deep breath from the bear. "That's a little too much. I can alter for the sake of pleasure and good fun, but making changes like that..." It depressed the brown one, making the furred creature frown.

"He isn't under control by the Forces here though, so that shouldn't be affecting...?"

"He could still cause ripples if done suddenly. Let alone be bad for his overall body." Siggy looked away from them, but a soft paw brought that muzzle back. Giving it a few licks. "You are still very capable of power, Sig'eaal. Your frame isn't as weak as you think it is."

"But it's not as strong as his-"

"Does it need to be?" Bartan asked sincerely, getting those yellow eyes to stare at him for a few moments. "You've been through alot, Siggy. Believe me, I know. But a new body is not going to change that." A sad exhale. "That doesn't mean you're incapable of getting what Beo has." A noise in question. "You just have to get there yourself."

Half a grumble. "That sounds like work."

"It is." The other two chuckled.

"I missed that about you." Beo licked him.

"But it's work well worth your while." A hug from both of them made the smaller dragon feel a bit awkward. "Was there any other ideas that you had?"

"...What about his stones?"

"Like, capacity?" The bear questioned, getting a nod. "That would be fine, yes. Just be warned that it might be discomfoting if you don't completely empty yourself after you start. They'll build up after a while, you know."

"So what you're saying is...?"

"Find someone to love." He gave him a lick. "Then plow them until you're empty." The three chuckled. "Even if it's Mr. Muscles over here, I don't mind. And I'm sure he doesn't either."

"Not in the slightest, but there are a few rules to our little game that we'll go through."

"As well as some effects and after-effects that I'll explain later on." A lick from the bear and he gave the brass one a tap. "Take it away while I work my magic."

"Okay, first rule:" A yelp and a heavy gasp from the brown one. "If your partner says No to anything, and they actually do mean it, don't press forward. If they're indecisive, feel free to pressure them, but always think of them first. Which is basically rule two: Always think of your partner. Meaning, if you get released, they should as well. It's not a score game, or a 'You owe me a muzzlejob' type of deal, but don't leave them hanging and just take everything for yourself. Finish the job you started."

"Why do you make sex sound like work?" Siggy grumbled, getting a chuckle from the two and another hiss from the brown one. "Are you done down there?"

"Almost. How's this size?" He gestured the bronze bag, now about 25% bigger.

"It's..." A disappointed look, and the motioned for more in question. "Y-yeah. If you can make it bigger than Beo's, that would be better-"

"That would really get in the way." The brass one snorted.

"He's right though. Right now, you do have the capacity, it's just hidden. However, if you want the display bigger, I don't mind. Keep in mind all of this is reversible."

"Then, twice as big as Beo's." Siggy smugly smirked at the brass one, only getting a snout toss from him.

"Suit yourself." Beo snorted, hearing the brown one hiss loudly and whimper in pain. Almost enjoying it, but comforting him nonetheless.

"Why did I agree to this...!?" Another few hisses as his sack grew tighter and tighter. Feeling like a dense water balloon and making him pant loudly. "Okay...! Too Big...!"

"Told you." The larger one tormented, licking his neck a bit and nibbling at his spines.

"Well, looks like we're just going to have to empty you then." The white one purred. "I mean, after all, it's for Siggy's relief."

"Aren't you the thoughtful couple." Another grumble, but didn't fight the bear climbing on him. Feeling the soft fur on his belly and those tails comfort the bloated stones. Then that red appendage licking at his neck, much like the purple one was doing on the other side. Leading the two to come closer towards the smaller dragon's throat and meet up, kissing the neck together, while close enough to touch each other's lips as well.

They painted their way up his jaw until they got to a three way kiss. Alternating tongues every so often, as that teal tip started peeking through. Almost instantly being accepted into the bears tailhole and easing it's way inside in pulses. With those six paws working the upper half of the brown one's body and neck, those tails doing their best to stimulate the bloated orbs, it took no time to get the dragon ready.

With the shaft already inside, and slowly creeping up in size, it really started getting Bartan's attention. Getting both of them to start with heavy breaths between kisses, until the bear had to stop. Feeling the weapon pulse deeper and deeper inside him, stretching out that hole every movement really took his breath away.

The two dragon's locking lips wasn't helping. The deep kisses were racing Siggy further and further, as well as when the ringed ridges started to appear. Instantly being greeted by the soft brushes of white fur and releasing squirts after squirts inside the Counterweight. Giving that humming feeling deep within.

At about that third ring, Bartan couldn't help but squirm a bit. Really feeling the incredible length was almost too much. Which in turn got the brown one to start hissing at the pleasure it started

giving off, making the squirts and jolts more and more common. Accumulating the voltage seed much more than previous states, and already giving the bear that shocking feeling.

Even before he was completely unsheathed, Sig'eaal felt very ready. Whimpering at every moment, and trying to get the furball to slow down a bit. Causing the brass dragon to pull Bartan up a bit, off the ridges for a few moments while they caught their breaths. Getting a better position towards their hindquarters, Beo started dragging the white one back onto the teal weapon. Getting both of them to whimper and start racing once again at a climax.

Taking the full five rings was enough to start leaking torrents inside the white belly, but not quite enough for the full release. A few bounces on the long tower sent them over the edge though, half sitting up so they could all pay witness to the sheer force behind the dragon's armory.

It took a few sprays to see any difference, but it really did start to bulge out the fur a bit. Slow at first, but really started to make a difference per torrent shot inside. Making the two whimper a bit at the pressure it caused, and the brass one to purr loudly. "It's so arousing to see you get shafted by another dragon."

"We should..." A breath from the white one. "Do it more often..." A loud moan as that current really flowed through him. "Wow... You feel amazing...!"

"Told you." Beo purred again. Getting up and almost sitting on the brown one's tail, as he reached over and felt the white belly. Still getting that pleasuring shock from the outside, while his other paw reached below the bubble. Finding the red weapon, already leaking of its juices, and pressing them together.

The current flowed through the bear's lower regions, making him gasp loudly and whimper in bliss. Making him climb faster and faster until the squirts were constant. That paw eventually sneaked back and started stroking those red ridges until a very long whimper.

The orange torrents started spraying Siggy, getting him to yelp in unexpected surprise at their launching distance. Even getting a few sprays inside his muzzle for that thick orange flavor, making him question it in surprise. Eventually stopping the barrage, the brown one's expression didn't change during his pants. "Are you serious...?" Making the other two make noises in question.

"Oranges?" Beo asked, getting a nod from him. "He tastes amazing, doesn't he?" A purr as his brass muzzle nuzzled the white fur.

"Just... Unexpected." Those four ears perked.

"You didn't try Beo's last night?" Bartan asked, getting Siggy's frilled ear to do the same, then look at the brass one. "Would you like to?"

"I'd prefer not to drown, thanks." Sig'eaal snorted, gasping as the white one adjusted a bit.

"That's fine. But are you okay with me having another go?" A look in disbelief, then to the other

dragon again.

"You were right, he is a slut." It made the other two chuckle. "If you think you can take it..." A few pokes into that bloated belly.

"He's taken alot more." A thick lick over that bear muzzle and a quick kiss.

"Reminds me, you deserve something for your patience." The white one placed a paw over that brass arm and motioned him towards the smaller dragon's head. Making Siggy worry for a moment that he was going to take that purple weapon to the muzzle himself, but the bear started licking at it instead. Just before sliding up and down the teal tower once again.

A few moments of rough play with that red appendage along the purple ridges, and the bear's muzzle started kissing at the tip. Getting the motion to step a little closer, Sig'eaal's muzzle was just under the dragon's stones. Though slightly uncomfortable still, he started playing around with them. A few nudges and licks, knowing he wouldn't be able to take them in his own muzzle like Beo before, but it was a start.

Occasionally finding one of the stones inside and attempting to suck on it a bit, he was eventually lead to the tailhole close by. Just barely out of reach, and feeling the bear make another tell to come closer. Taking Beo's thick weapon a bit more, before getting a surprised yelp from the brass one.

That sneaky long tongue painting against his tailpipe really enforced a large jolt into the bear's muzzle. Accepting it gracefully and really taking the shaft deeper until he could tongue those ridges made the brass one's breaths as deep as the other two's. With Beo feeling the pants on his weapon and over his tailhole, Bartan donning two weapons at once, and Siggy penetrating two tailpipes, it took less than several minutes to start a chain of climaxes.

The brass one released first, really gripping the bear's head and roaring as he took the weapon deep into his throat. Letting the brown dragon pay witness to his metal bag slowly shrink, and feel those scrawny claws grip them. Pushing out as much as possible out of the whimpering large one.

Meanwhile, Bartan was stuck. Swallowing every torrent coming through and feeling his belly get more and more full. Then questioning the brass one's sudden whimpers for a moment before getting another series of muzzleful torrents. Pushing his upper belly outwards a bit until he was released.

He then grabbed Siggy's head, who barely got in a yelp before getting that muzzle and red tongue inside him. Feeling the blue liquid transfer and fill his mouth with grapes and blueberries made him purr until a braceful whimper. Another few bounces, and he hissed loudly.

The pressure in the white one's lower region started to rise once again, as the torrents filled his tailhole. Still getting that shocking current and fueling his very own barrage of liquids, the bear whimpered loudly in bliss. Feeling his belly bubble out again, and almost push him up off the teal weapon. That is, until to brass paws were pinned on his shoulders, forcing him down to take Siggy's gift

while in song.

The three purred loudly after they caught their breaths. Though Bartan could no longer see the brown dragon laying before him over his extra weight, he knew there was a smile on his muzzle. As the two larger ones kissed deeply, Beo felt the furry balloon with his paws. Gripping them tightly for a few moments. "Should we call it here-?" The bear started to ask, only to get lifted off of the smaller one and set down on his belly. Feeling the larger dragon mount him, weapon and all, and whimper loudly at the sudden penetration.

"Guess not." The brown one chuckled. Taking a moment of rest while watching Beo really force himself into the Counterweight. Finally seeing it himself what he meant by a turn on. Getting him to observe his own stones which were quite deflated compared. However, they still had at least one more round in them.

A few more minutes of rest, and Siggy really noticed how rough the brass one was. Last night, even towards the end, was nothing compared to instincts this large dragon had. Almost like the dreams he longed for, now currently wishing he was in the bear's place. But that didn't mean he needed to be excluded entirely.

He got up and made his way towards the front of Bartan. Getting Beo to stop, and take his assistance to mount the living balloon's muzzle. Though a bit whimpering, the white one didn't argue. Softly licking at the teal weapon, and feeling it make its way down his long muzzle. Then his throat before the two dragon's continued.

A few minutes later, Beo's second release for the day came. Spraying into the bear harshly and forcing that belly to expand in all directions. Really starting to shape it into two large bubbles: one in the front and chest, then one in the back, connected by a third one inbetween them. Hearing Bartan whimper as the pressure grew more and more intense, but stopping before the balloon burst.

Instead, the brass one dismounted, and started licking at the red weapon for a break. Teasing and tormenting it until the tower released its tasteful juices, then lapping at them as they colored his plated chest. Eventually going in for the entire muzzleful and swallowing it down until it slowed down. Then stroking those red ridges until the organic valve turned on again to fill his thirst, not stopping his playful paws until he was satisfied.

Meanwhile, the red appendage wouldn't stop lapping at Siggy's ridges. Getting him to hiss loudly as he pulled back for yet another break before making a full thrust into the muzzle. Feeling himself draw closer and closer to his final release, and trying to prolong it as long as possible. As that tongue tormented those rings, the brown one whimpered loudly as he shot a few jolts inside the muzzle. Only feeling that appendage stop when Beo remounted the bear once again.

Another harsh penetration, and Bartan whimpered in bliss. Paralyzing him from his ridge work, and allowing the smaller dragon to finally get some rest. A few more heavy thrust started to get ripples that the brown one could feel, making him wonder just how big is this fluffball going to get.

A few minutes later, and that bump was felt around the white one's tailhole. Making him yelp out of instinct as it grew and grew bigger inside. Snaring the thick purple shaft within, and hearing the dragons whisper something to each other. Yet just not making it quite out. A few moments later, and he felt several sharp points along his furry back.

The two dragons dug their claws and fangs into the white one, making him whimper loudly. As the three males climaxed in sync, the bear's body started to stress out greatly. Swallowing every drop from the lightning dragon's package, and absorbing everything from the brass one in the other end, his belly constantly grew and grew within seconds. Every whimper was interrupted with another torrent, and the furred one bubbled out greatly. Even lifting up both males locked within.

The lower bubble started to creek loudly as it overflowed into the bear's haunches. The chest bubble pushed into his four forearms. The areas around each claw and fang stressed out more and more with every flooding barrage, wearing the pelt's durability thinner and thinner.

The white body started to become transparent, as the blue and teal juices swirled around wildly. Groan after groan that the belly made, it pushed the two up further. The three fought against the pressure stalemate for several moments, until the brown dragon couldn't keep his hold any longer. Giving the white one a bit more relief. A few more heavy pulses, and Beo's hold couldn't last. Letting their claws test the endurance as the brass one was nearing the end of his orgasm.

But he couldn't hold it. Both of them stopped their offensive assault against the white balloon, and took a breather as the larger dragon finished up. Still expanding the bear quite a bit more before the final torrent stopped. A few breaths later, Beo growled and dug his claws into the bear once again, this time not being able to hold up against it.

In a moment, the area flooded with seed. Making the two dragons yelp as they landed in the wet grass. After the liquids disappeared, the bear was laying between them. Unharmd, but panting loudly. As the brass one staggered over towards him, he grabbed the red weapon and started stroking it once again for a final release.

It was then that Siggy felt almost part of them, staggering himself and licking at the weapon's tip until the bear whimpered through his gasps. Firing a last few torrents into the willing smaller dragon's maw before the three collapsed on top of the portable mattress. Purring loudly as they reached their afterglow and soon fell asleep. Exhausted and spent.

Chapter 9

"You sure you want to do this?" The bear asked the brass one, walking along the clear roads in the overcast weather. Witnessing the grassy fields dance a bit in the wind.

"I think so. When do you think you'll be back?"

"I can't give you any specific time, but I won't be terribly long." A somewhat sad smile. "You could come and see another one, if you like."

"I'm not terribly fond of other Counterweights, no offense." Beo muttered, exhaling through his nostrils.

"None taken." Bartan chuckled, then took a breath. Stopping and placing a paw on the broad shoulder. "...You sure you're going to be okay?"

"I'll be fine. Just don't take too long." A faint nod, and the two hugged. "Besides, I'd feel bad if I just suddenly left Sig'eaal all alone."

"After a weekend like this, it might be difficult to go back to the normal." They chuckled, hearing the brown one finally return from his refreshment. "I suppose it would be good to keep an eye on him for a few days, in case something starts backing up. He also needs some backdoor practice."

"I heard that." Siggy snorted, getting the other two to smile. The bear gave the larger dragon one more tight hug and then walked over to the smaller one. Doing the same, but not getting nearly the same affectionate reaction as Beo gave. "Muscles was not kidding about you." A few licks on his frilled ear to torment him.

"I'm trusting you to take care of him, Siggy."

"Ugh, *Responsibility*." He groaned.

"Make sure you stroke him off once a day."

"Sure." A grumble.

"And keep that tailhole in check."

"Uh huh."

"Exercise it if you need to, but do it with care."

"Got it. You can let me go anytime."

"Fill him up if needed."

"Seriously, a little help here?" He grumbled at the brass one, trying to pry off the bear. Getting Beo to chuckle and pull him off. But not without another tight hug and a few purrs.

"Come back to me. Sig'eaal isn't as comfortable as you." He rubbed the furry belly a bit and gave the neck a few licks.

"Same goes for you. I think I'd rather sleep on a rock than this hunk of metal." The scrawny one snorted.

"He's definitely... *Dense*." A breath to compose himself, and Bartan turned around. Giving the larger one a quick kiss. "Be careful, okay? I don't want to come back in a rush."

"I... Know. I will." One last final hug and they let go.

"I'll be back soon." A nod, and the Counterweight took to the skies. Already missed by the brass one, but he took a deep breath.

"What was that about?" Beo double taked at Sig'eaal. "Be Careful?" He quoted, getting the metallic dragon to sigh.

"A bit of a long story, but I'll get to it. For now..." Another breath. "Let's start after I died."

The void was rather dark and unsettling, clouded in a tension that nearly translucent. Even for the bear to carefully study through, it was nearly a mist that was barricading his vision. Barely making out the endless halls of bookshelves.

Many of his species tended to have different ways of keeping records, and the space that Counterweights reside are often painted with those forms. Though many of them severely lack a personality to begin with, these records of history often held some sort of faith within a cosmetic form. It was often a fun experiment for the bear, to read what his own kin held within their beliefs just from studying what he could only call their homes.

But many of these books that lined the walls were purposely tossed on the floors. Rather irrationally, at that. No patterns what so ever, no signs of searching for something specific on the higher

or lower shelves. Just a few books scattered here and there, making Bartan worry as he carefully followed the trail.

He eventually came to a master study, where much of the mist was present. Creating a fog for the bear as he treaded the area with great caution. Only to eventually step in something very dark. Holding this silver color that was desperately trying to separate itself from the darkness.

Yet, he was unable to read it's substance like normal, which only made him fear for the worst. A few quick gallops into the mist, and he banished it away with his presence. Only to paint his face with both shock and horror.

The silver liquid painted much more than just the floor. The old desk that seemed constantly in use, the walls and some of the ceiling as well. All following some body parts of the late sparrow. It's four wings, all torn apart and disowned of its once elegant form. It's jaguar like body split into sections, with several paws appearing to be ripped off from the wrists. And it's head, still somewhat attached by a shoulder and a half, rested on the desk.

It was a heavy thing for the bear to witness, but what creature could possibly murder a Counterweight? Bartan slowly started to investigate, starting with the desk. Looking around at the writing, only to have that bird's eyes slowly open. "Is anyone there?" It asked, getting the white one a little spooked.

"Yes, Pyajvrnunssa. I am Bartan, I don't believe we've met." He answered the grey sparrow sadly.

"I do not recall that name, and I can no longer see." It attempted to cover its six eyes with a paw that was not there.

"What did this to you, Pyajvr?"

"...What does it matter?" It replied, almost sadly. "Nobody knows where Counterweights go when our lives come to an end." It made the bear whimper a bit, trying to comfort the late one. "You too feel fear from such a statement?"

"I fear for existence itself, yes." Bartan took a breath. "But why do you?"

"I do not know... It is not something I am naturally familiar with." It made the white one quiet. "What do you believe happens to Counterweights and Terrasques when they die? Or do we even die at all?"

"...I've wondered that myself, especially facing such creatures."

"So, you've seen them first hand, have you?" A bit of silence. "Tell me, what are they like?"

"...Frightening. Powerful and intimidating beyond standard will. Even if you cannot feel fear, it will show you it."

"...Yes. I too have seen it then." It made the white one double take.

"What do you mean?"

"They are... Black. Covered in Madness... Such cold Madness."

"Who did this to you!?"

"But it was not a Terrasque... It just wore the face of one."

"The face of one...?" He whispered, getting the sparrow to look in his direction.

"...Bartan was it?" A nod and paw of comfort. "I do not want to fade away. I just want to read my books one last time..." Another whimper. "Can you... Find my Forces? They can understand my language."

"...Okay." He whispered. "But I need to know, who was your last visitor?"

"...The blue book on the side of the door. It is a terrible story, I know. But I needed to record it." Its voice started to fade away. "Find them."

"...Book?" Bartan looked over, but found the one he was talking about. Though it was mostly written in another language, he did recognize a certain name. "Ywuggal...? The one who nearly removed Beo?" He had to be sure first. Though the sorrow of the sparrow was on his mind, he needed to find this Counterweight. Quickly exiting out of the library to find his Forces.

"Ugh." The brown dragon grumbled loudly. "Today is not a day for walking." He said, flopping his head down on the shoulders of the brass dragon carrying him.

"This was your idea." Beo snorted. "And you said that yesterday."

"Yesterday wasn't a day for walking either."

"Neither was the day before." The brass one grumbled, though not opposed to carrying the scrawny dragon, he didn't enjoy the constant complaining. It was cute at first, but after four days of it, it was getting on his nerves. "Besides, this was *your* idea."

"My **Idea** was to go to the city and demand some biscuits. **Your** idea was to walk there instead of fly." The two groaned for a moment. "Why in the name of the greatest species in the known universe-"

"It better be dragons."

"Of course it's dragons!" A snort. "But where would such an insane idea come from?"

"Well, for one, I'm not out of shape."

"Lucky."

"Two, if you were walking, it would help build up that body of yours."

"But walking is *worrrrrrrrk*." The larger one tossed his snout at Siggy's whine. "And work is annoying."

"But worth it. You think I just magically got this way by being lazy?"

"Ugh, not the 'Motivational Speech' again. Anything but the Motivational Speech...!"

"How about walking for yourself?"

"Pass."

"Fulfilling that sex dream of yours?"

"Pass. And we're never to talk about that ever again."

"Fulfilling you?" A slight whimper made Beo chuckle.

"...Fine. Give me the speech."

"Gladly. It takes work to build yourself up, as well as dedication. If you believe in yourself enough, and really want it, you can make yourself into a very strong dragon." A grumble from the brown one.

"You've made better." The brass one snorted at him.

"Does that mean you're ready to try again?" A very deep breath from the smaller one. Then a second breath. Then a third as Beo stopped. Quickly dropping his haunches and letting the dragon slide off and rest on his large tail. A fourth breath and he grumbled loudly.

"I guess I should." Sig'eaal got up, walking beside the titanic one. "My method of transportation was getting loud anyway."

"What would you do without wings?"

"-Fly. Oh wait, without." The brown one cursed. "Probably sleep. That'll be my first priority."

"Of course it would." The larger one grumbled, looking ahead at the city gates nearby. "...Are there supposed to be guards at the gates?"

"*How. Would I. Even **Know**!?*" He grumbled loudly, almost hissing. "I always landed in the town center."

"That's because you're small enough to fit in it, I'm sure." That time he got a hiss, and Beo

playfully nudged him. "You keep doing that, then I'm just going to want to mount you again."

"I haven't recovered from the last one." Siggy grumbled, wanting to hold onto his lower belly. "But why ask about the...?" He looked forward, adjusting those yellow eyes to see the gate abandoned.

"Does something feel a little off to you?"

"...Yeah. There should be some obnoxious noise and the smell of horses downwind."

"No signs of people anywhere... No smoke...?"

"What, did they finally realized city life sucked and decided to leave?"

"I'm not sure..." The brass one exhaled in thought. "But something doesn't feel right. Maybe we should come back another time." The brown one tossed his snout.

"*Really?* You did not just drag me out here-on foot, I might add, to just turn tail and run at the first sign of weird."

"This feels like a trap, Sig'eaal." Beo snorted at him.

"That may be, but I want my biscuits." The brown one snorted back, as the larger one just stared at him for a few moments. "And I mean *Badly*."

"And if there's no one to cook them for you?"

"You can do it." A grumble from the brass dragon. "What? You bragged before that Mr. Fuzzy taught you how to cook a bit, put it to good use."

"Feeding you feels counter-productive." He gave the smaller one a playful nudge. "But fine, we'll take a look. Happy?"

"Not until I get something in my stomach." A long silence and he could feel those green eyes stare at him deviously. "And no, not *That*. Again."

"You say that like you didn't enjoy yourself."

"Shut up."

The large doors were slightly opened, nothing in the way to attempt barricading them. When the two cautiously entered the large walls, there were a few unoccupied wagons, but no other signs of people. Nothing scattered or out of place, nothing dropped suddenly. It was like they disappeared with everything they were holding.

Even the food stands and markets were untouched, yet still on display. Making the smaller dragon whistle after looking at some of the jewelry. "These are nice, but I have nicer." He said, taking a

few and tying them to his spines.

"Yet, you're taking them anyway."

"You wouldn't?" The brass one didn't answer that. It's honestly been eons to him since he last slept in such things, aside from the visit to Siggy's cave recently. "Besides, clearly no one is going to miss them."

"Where are they?" Beo scanned the area with his eyes again, trying to find any trace of life besides a few animals. Helping themselves to the food on display with no one to bully them. Though, cautious of the two dragons walking through the streets. All at once, the larger one grumbled. "Is that seriously...?"

"Hmm?" It got Siggy's attention, letting him search the areas as well and find a plate of biscuits on a table, right in the middle of the square. He then looked at the metallic dragon smugly, until Beo double taked at him. "And you said we'd have to cook them."

"You're joking." He grumbled. "You cannot really be considering eating them."

"Why not?"

"This is so obvious that it's a trap, it's ridiculous."

"And?"

"You're willing to risk our lives for biscuits?"

"I'm sure you can handle anything. Besides, free biscuits."

"They're not free if they're a gamble." The brass one hissed, only getting a snout toss by the brown one as he walked towards them. "Siggy..." Ignoring the warning, the smaller dragon stabbed a few with a claw and licked them into his muzzle. Making the larger one tense for a few moments, especially after he spit them out. "What?" He asked concerningly.

"Too much salt." Sig'eaal made a face, only to see Beo toss his snout and take a step forward. However, as soon as he did, both dragons were instantly forced to the floor. Making the bigger one growl, and the smaller to whimper. "You okay!?"

"Right on the stones...!" He whined in a higher pitched voice. Taking a moment before trying to get up and realized he was pinned. "Ah, taathbaskets..."

"Told you this was a trap." The brass dragon snorted, hearing something land behind him. Something unusually heavy, making the ground shake with every step. Feeling a massive paw grip the back of the larger dragon, and slightly lift him up.

"What do we have here...?" A harsh growl from Beo as he struggled to look at the red creature holding him. **"I expected to find one by following this stench, but to my surprise, I found you as well."**

"I'm pretty sure he's talking about your scent, not mine." The brown one grumbled, still not being able to see anything. All at once, he was dragged backwards by an unknown force, yelping as one of those massive furred arms gripped the smaller dragon as well.

"Nonsense, Sig'eaal. You have this very... Specific scent to you. Reminds me of invertebrates." That made Siggy growl a bit, as he struggled against the red paw. **"How is my *Reality* doing, by the way?"**

"Reality...?"

"Ah, Taath..." The lightning dragon almost whined, and it then clicked in for Beo who was holding them. "What are *you* doing here!? We left as you said-" A harsh squeeze nearly made his bones crack, causing the smaller one to yelp in pain.

"You brought Rot to my universe, worm!" Another grip, this time on the larger dragon. Never before feeling such immense force used against his frame. **"And you... You were the cause of it all! Finding you just saved me time!"**

"I have no excuse for what I've done, but I gave you new Forces-!" A loud growl after Beo's, as he felt the intense warmth of the angry creature.

"Your *Replacements* were unworthy!"

"I'm right here." The brown one grumbled, still enduring through the pain and getting a harsh glare. "And we were doing fine... I think."

"Yet you decide to chase us down to tell us that-?" A harsh grip interrupted the brass one, as the massive creature turned both of them to look into its green feline eyes. Snarling at them with a lion-like head and crossing two other sets of arms across its torso. However, some rather thick black spots seemed unnatural across its red furred body.

"I came here to find you!"

"For what? Revenge?"

"I never knew Counterweights to be so vengeful." Another loud growl at Beo, that slowly turned into a smug smirk.

"...I think I liked him better when he was mad at us." Siggy whispered to the other dragon, trying to hide his fear with humor.

"You've changed since I last saw you, but you are definitely the one who tainted my universe!" Those mad eyes looked over the larger dragon, then it looked over the smaller one. **"Tell me, Sig'eaal... What did you truly desire?"**

"Don't answer that!" Beo growled, and the lightning dragon kept his maw shut.

"Regardless if he replies or not, I can still see it. Envy, painted all over like a mirror. One reflecting..." He looked the brass one over again. **"You."** The dragons growled loudly. **"One thing I truly miss about my architecture is the creature creation, you see."** The metal one's eyes widened a bit in fear. **"Tell me, Sig'eaal. How Badly do you really want Power?"**

"I gotta tell you, right now I'm just craving some good biscuits instead." Both creatures half glared at him for a moment. "Seriously, if you baked those last ones, lay off the salt." He snorted.

"You're really trying to get us killed, aren't you?"

"I think we're pass that point if he's going to attempt to play Operation with us."

"Dibs on your sense of humor." The brass one snorted sarcastically.

"No, tearing you apart by your limbs would be too easy... I'm thinking something else." Those other arms unfolded and one set took a second firm grip on each dragon, getting them to growl loudly and struggle a bit. The other set slowly reached inside each of their midsections, bypassing a physical barrier and making them both roar in pain as something was torn from them. Then exchanged into the other dragon half hazardedly.

It then tossed them on the ground effortlessly, letting them fall with a loud crack and hiss at the pain. Unable to move for a few moments as the creature left with a dark chuckle. **"Enjoy ruining another universe."**

The brass one felt something very wrong, like part of him was drastically missing or cut out. At first, he thought it was his lower half, maybe something physically inside. But a quick glance and command to move, and everything responded. A slight delay, and a little numb, but responsive. "You okay?" Siggy muttered from the other side.

"...Yeah... I think." But when Beo tried to get up, a strange overwhelming pain refused his movement. Getting him to growl harshly at it and just remain still. His ears flickered as they could pick up the smaller one's steps, slowly walking towards him, almost with ease.

"You look fine, maybe your back...?" Siggy half worried, looking around the square.

"Don't know... Maybe just some rest first. What about you?"

"I'm fine." A few breaths. "...Great really... Really great!" He looked at his own paws for a moment. "Amazing! I feel incredible! Powerful!" He chuckled a bit, but seeing Beo's concerned look for a moment puzzled him. "Is this how you feel all the time?"

"Considering my looks, did you really suspect otherwise?" He snorted, but then a bit of fear was shown into his eyes.

"What?" Siggy asked, trailing them to his own chest. Seeing dark spots begin to form like bruises, spreading quickly, even as he tried to paw it off. "Beo...!?" They began to invade his arms and

throat, as the brown dragon started to drool some black gel. Covering his entire body within a minute, as he started to choke out chunks of it.

"Siggy!" The brass one roared, trying to get up. "Don't give into it! Fight it-!" A heavy cough from the smaller dragon, and a massive shockwave omitted from his body. Clearing the entire square, and Beo with it while the ooze piled up. Transforming into a tar-like titan before the dragon passed out.

Chapter 10

The brass one woke up in horrible pain, roaring loudly as something was bracing him. "Stay with me, Beo! I know it hurts, just stay with me!" He recognized that voice well. And even though it was hurting him with a pain his body knew not how to defend against or even numb, the dragon trusted it. Feeling the odd quakes from time to time as his other senses tried to study his surroundings. Doing anything to get his mind off the pain.

It was getting close to dusk, and something large and black was in the distance. An eerie dark green shine seemed to reflect off of it, and near instantly striking the metallic dragon with fear. Almost struggling to get away, but was being braced too hard. "Almost done..." A few moments later, a very harsh pain made him cry out. Arcing his body to attempt to soothe it, but it did no good. It soon died down though, getting him to pant loudly and leak a few tears of pain. Ones licked by a red appendage. "Sorry..."

"...Ow." He grumbled loudly, getting a sad chuckle from the bear. But now he felt like he could get up, encouraged to and just lean on that large furball.

"Don't worry... I got you." He started leading him away, but the dragon struggled against it. "What's wrong?"

"...Siggy..." A very sad look from those brown eyes, as they half glanced in the distance. Towards the large creature, and Beo instantly knew those memories were not nightmares. "I need to-" A heavy pain as he tried to turn back.

"Beo, no." He whispered harshly at the brass one, trying to keep him in a straight line. "I know! I know you want to save him so badly, but there's nothing you can do. There's nothing left to him..." That statement cut the dragon deep, so deep it actually made him angry.

"You don't know that-"

"The only thing I can do is quarantine this area and perhaps expel it outside of the universe-"

"You said you can't see through that abyss!" The larger one growled, matching those sad brown eyes with green ones. Peppered globes of both sorrow and almost rage. "He has to be alive!"

"There's nothing we can do...!"

"So we just let him rampage through the world? That bastard forced him into this!"

"I'm not saying it's right, but..." A heavy breath. "Beo, your body is torn and barely recovered. Your soul was ripped in half! That doesn't sound like much, but it's a heavy toll on you if you don't let it heal-!"

"So, you're giving up on him!?"

"I'm looking after my husband..." The dragon took a breath. "If we go back in there... We won't make it like this. One of us is surely to fall..." A few tears from both of them, and they embraced. Only holding tighter as the makeshift Terrasque in the background roared loudly.

"...I'm going to save him." It nearly made Bartan collapse. "He's still in there, and I can't leave him." A shake of that white muzzle as they just held each other. Pulling away slowly and studying the bear's eyes, almost filled with desperation.

"...There might be a way." The two looked at each other for a moment. "It's going to hurt... A lot. Might even do more damage to you than ever, especially in your current state."

"Outbreak...?" Bartan slightly nodded.

"But not that one." The dragon curled his neck, as four paws were placed on his plated chest. "You're not supposed to get this until later... When your body is ready. But I know it's still in there, just dormant." One more look to ask Beo if he was sure, and he nodded.

A sudden shock in his chest hurt drastically, but he soon felt that generator behind his heart drastically rotate. Cycling rapidly, constantly gaining speed as his scales began to fade to monochrome. A slight afterimage of the dragon was barely lifted off of his body, coating the entire outline as it rapidly shifted.

His breaths were deep, exhaling sheer force. His presence itself was enough to shake the world around him, almost like it could not hold itself together without the bear's aid. As the rotation in his heart moved at a constant speed, forming a generator of energy, Bartan cautiously let go. Hearing the dragon roar as he struggled to hold such strength within himself.

A few paws grabbed his muzzle and held onto it tightly, trying to get those now deep silver eyes to keep focus on him. "Be. Careful." The white one growled at him, trying to fight back the tears in his eyes. "I love you." A shaky nod almost immediately broke the bear's grip, as the dragon hugged him. Too tightly, and getting a whimper out of the Counterweight not knowing his own strength. Another look in each other's eyes, and they took a breath; the dragon's quaking the very earth around them. "Go."

The dark grey one took off, creating several fissures in the ground and causing the air around him to clap loudly in a thunder-like form. Spotting the massive black behemoth in the city and locking onto it with intense focus. Only being somewhat interrupted by the bear's voice in his head. ("Head out behind it, I'll flank it from the side!") Beo followed his orders, though almost instantly grabbing the attention of the Terrasque.

What could only be described as the ooze monster's 'Head' was focused on the dragon, sensing his power and wanting to feed off of it. Making it much easier for the bear to approach a ways behind it undetected, and create a massive white blade out of ethereal energy. Controlling it without even touching it, Bartan swung it at head height, and cleaving through the Terrasque's neck. Severing it and forcing the creature to roar loudly with pain, as the Counterweight grabbed the creature's attention.

The rest of its quadruped body lashed out at the white creature, sending several tentacle-like ooze pillars to grab hold of him. Sundering every new appendage with a brand new ethereal weapon, Bartan evaded. Trying to keep his distance without touching such a toxic substance. ("Odds are, if Sig'eaal is still alive, he'll probably be in its chest. Go!") And with that, the dragon charged.

Though still seeing the creature's head fall on the ground and move to consume the monochromed one, Beo'Karah roared at it in rage. Sending a massive blast of concussive force that turned it nearly into a black mist, then a second one to remove it out of his path. From afar, he sent out several more along the Terrasque's hind legs, forcing the thing to stagger a bit and lose balance before blowing off a few limbs.

The creature roared loudly in both pain and fury. Still slightly focused on the Counterweight, it did try to sweep a tail-like tentacle at the dragon, and cleaving through several buildings in the process. Only to get a massive spear severed into it, nailing the thing down while Beo threw out another force at the base of the tail. Breaking it off from the main body with ease, and letting the thousand foot long appendage squirm for release.

With an opened area now available on the Terrasque's main body, and the creature still distracted, the monochromed one launched himself at the wound. Forming a concussive blast with a drill-like arrowhead just ahead of him, he tore through the abyss body. Constantly ripping it and digging a small tunnel about his size while climbing to its chest.

Though such a thing did harm the creature, it was still more concentrated on the white beast. Constantly severing limbs and appendages without getting too close to the black ooze himself. One touch of the fresh darkness could possibly bring illness to Bartan, like he's been seeing on the other Counterweights. Getting a few close calls when those appendages started moving by themselves and

using tactics.

Landing from building to building, the bear tried to keep his movements irrational in hopes that they would have a much harder time predicting them. Constantly changing size and trying to remain in direct sight of the Terrasque, in case such appendages did have eyes, was a bit harder than expected. But staying in the air was just too risky. It wasn't big or formed enough to have an aerial advantage.

Hearing two of the blobs land on a couple of rooftops above him, the bear took to the streets. Coming through a thick alleyway and turning corner nearly got a glob of the darkness in his face. Barely sliding underneath it and racing forward. Doing his best not to get surrounded by such things.

But as he feared, the creature was growing from both its own rage, and Beo's outbreak. Seeing the appendages grow larger and larger with every encounter, as well as not slowing down when they were either snared or wounded. Eventually, they started growing into walls as the main body launched out bombs of the abyss all over the city. All growing into massive pillars to cage the white beast within, and forming a dome-like roof.

If he took to the air, Bartan would be immediately seen and probably caught. As frightful as it was, his safest option for the moment was to stay within. But that gave him an idea, starting to make his way towards the underground tunnels and sewer system, the bear made himself small enough to fly through.

It didn't take long to get detected within, and the tentacles desperately started to break their way through the roads and passage ways to follow. As the white one turned corner after corner, barely racing to the next before a wall of black attempted to cut him off, he could sense it. The concentrated main source that was the Terrasque's body.

Just as most of the other exits were completely sealed, Bartan struck the ceiling harshly. Making a massive explosion of white and cyan flames that launched the black body upwards, and allowed the Counterweight to escape. Using the road as a massive barrier, as well as creating his own ethereal just in case, he launched the thing through the sealed dome. Breaking the barrier enough for him to escape, until something whipped at his tail. Pulling him back down towards the ocean of black.

Severing the vine quickly, that hole would be repaired before he could possibly make it in time. Seeing the Terrasque melt through the dome and glare at the white beast before roaring loudly. The ceiling was barricaded. The streets now off limits. The dark waters rising by the moment, the bear's jaw clenched. He was surrounded.

From within, the dragon constantly dug. Trying to make it through the tough ooze, and cursing at how the bear made it look easy. Though much of it was still gripping his scaled body, he barely worried about it. His mind was focused on one thing: rescue that twig of a dragon.

It was hard to estimate the distance that he made with the constant blackness. Every once in a

while expelling a surrounding shockwave to push away the darkness, and break open walls. Maybe he could see where the ground or sky was, but those waves never seemed to break through the ooze. Even after doing it in rapid succession.

But that was the only way he could make any progress, rapidly creating spear-point blasts of force ahead and do his best to launch himself through that makeshift tunnel. Never finding it so easy to constantly create the bubbles of force and manipulate them until now. But it was hard to concentrate on his defenses like this, and his body was feeling like it was falling apart. Slowly, but it was giving out.

With an angry growl, he sent out another barrage of shockwaves to his surroundings. Enforcing a large hole inside the creature and attempting for another scan. But it was just too dark for him to see anything. With his exit blocked, and unable to create another one, the dragon was starting to panic. Especially after feeling the body take a massive blow and slam Beo into the sticky mess.

Fear overcame him, struggling to keep that black ooze off and away from his maw. Pawing at the black gel and thick plates. Plates...? A moment of study, and he recognized that feeling. Siggys tailplates, wide and unusually thick. The dragon was possibly whole! Digging frantically and trying his best to force him out, Beo found the scrawny one's head. Everything seemed to be remained in place, just stuck inside the Terrasque's body.

But the real question now was, how was he going to get them out? The ooze and outer sinew of such a creature was too hard for him to break through with concussive force. Even when used with a point. And with not much time to really discover what this outbreak could do, he wasn't really prepared enough for this.

What this outbreak could do... He didn't know this one, but Beo was familiar with his other. Possibly even able to stack the two together for even greater power? Stupid idea, but he remembered the bear mentioning such a thing being done before. Granted, in Vertias. He just hoped that the Counterweight could sustain such a thing.

With a deep breath, and holding the smaller dragon close to him, Beo concentrated on his first outbreak: Midnight Ice. No bothering to defend himself from the nightmare he's had for so long, just attempting to shield the unconscious dragon in his arms and wings as his own scales glistened with an abyss blue shine. That generator within his chest grew so warm, it started to grow cold.

With the ooze constantly barraging the bear, trying to snare him down while cutting the white one off into a corner, they all started to suddenly slow down. The main body of the Terrasque roared a bit in pain, but didn't give up. Managing to grab one of the Counterweight's forepaws before leaning over. Pulling away from the snare, Bartan constantly studied his surroundings.

They were all growing solid, slowly frosting over, and he knew what the dragon within was

doing. Starting to feel the harsh cold himself, he called to him from the outside. "Beo! Enough! Just force your way out and escape!" He roared, almost finding it hard to with the massive temperature drop. Pulling himself away and breaking through the abyss dome with ease, the bear hovered in the air a bit.

The black frost grew and grew, covering the city, then the fields. The landscape, and soon the sky. Feeling that harsh sting again, the Counterweight withdrew out from the planet itself, but that still wasn't enough. The atmosphere became solid, then the plasma surrounding it. Constantly and quickly spreading throughout the cosmos, as the bear flew farther and farther away. Barely keeping out of its reach.

Suns started to dim and go out. Stars of all sorts quickly being erased from the black sky, until the entire galaxy was frozen solid. But it all started to slow down finally. Giving the white one a bit of an exhale of relief. And then, a new worry of the bear's surfaced. Making him phase into a different form to view the 'Road' or 'Tapestry' that this Force of Fate built. Seeing that specific galaxy lag behind from the rest.

The dragon literally Froze Time. Creating a massive lag output that was stretching the fabric of reality out. Without 'thawing' it quickly, it could tear a hole completely in that timeline, and possibly lose the dragons within. Phasing back into the present, Bartan could already see the tears begin to form, doing his best to hold them together, and possibly pull the frozen sphere ahead.

A few moments of struggling later, and the sphere shattered. Ripping a massive hole within the universe and nearly sucking the Counterweight into the void, but created an ethereal platform to grasp onto. Though it was somewhat struggling against the sudden change in dimensions, as well as the countless shards of the space that shattered, the large base held together.

It took a moment to scan for Beo, but the bear found him. Giving him telepathic breadcrumbs for him to follow so that could meet up once again, while Bartan attempted to repair the hole as quickly as possible. Hoping that the creature inside didn't quite notice it, but it was wishful thinking. And the roar it gave was deafening, striking a fear within the white beast, and the monochromed dragon that was on his way.

The hole was shrinking, being refilled by new plasma and repairing the drastic tears that nearly bled with energy. With another unreal roar from within, a heavy scrape was somewhat heard from within the void. Then, a massive claw tip caught within the wound, pushing down the platform and halting the bear's repair. Though the ethereal base was doing its best to keep itself stable, it was too much for Bartan to concentrate on. Trying to lift up and fight against the claw's unreal strength.

A faint thud was heard behind the bear, and soon the larger dragon landed beside him. Grasping a hold of the claw as well, together they started lifting it up. Still in both outbreaks, Beo fought with all his strength. His muscles tensing and bulging out drastically, roaring back at the Terrasque within, and actually pushing the claw upwards. Giving the Counterweight enough room to start repairs, but it was difficult for him while fighting against the claw as well. "Go!" The dragon roared at him. "I'll hold it!"

As much as he really didn't want Beo to hold it all by himself, he trusted him. Letting go and feeling the larger one struggle a bit, he still pushed it back inside. Repairing the wound up until the claw cutting through, then lifting the platform higher so that the dragon wouldn't have to change stances.

Further and further the pushed upwards. Repairing every inch of slack they could, until the creature was forced out. Finally sealing up the hole for good and giving the two a much needed breather, as the dragon let go of both outbreaks and collapsed on the platform. Grunting loudly at his muscle spasms until Bartan held him. Easing his pain, while trying not to get turned on by such display.

Several minutes passed, and the white one looked back at the thud from before. Within some sort of miracle, Sig'eaal survived. Still laying there unconscious, with harsh frostbite, and a few bits of his outer wings and tail missing. But he was alive. Getting those soft furry tails to half drag him towards the couple while curing his injuries. As much as Beo wanted to embrace the two, he just couldn't move his body. Barely getting a wing to cover them as he struggled to breath and regain his energy. Passing out shortly after.

Chapter 11

"How the hell was I able to do that...?" The brass one half grumbled. Still getting half awake, and feeling like he just lifted eight suns across a desert. Getting those muscles to lash out at him for attempting to move, but a slight brush of that white fur banished that pain away.

"Well..." The bear mumbled, feeling exhausted himself. Perhaps still a bit shaken from having to deal with two Terrasques back to back. "Outbreaks are powerful, that's obvious enough."

"And the second one?"

"The second one..." A deep breath. "Terrasques are huge... Colossal even. They grow to fit the space provided for them. For perspective purposes... Maybe a good sum of all the universes surrounding it, then multiplied to the power of ten."

"Ugh. Math..." The brown one grumbled loudly, getting a couple of licks and nuzzles which only half added to the pain he was still in.

"But yeah... They grow, to the point where they can no longer really fit into that space well. What you were holding back... It was probably a single 1/1,000,000,000th of its claw. Completely pretzeled inside that space." A half a grumble from the brass one as he struggled to imagine such a thing. "Not to hurt your ego, but... You were fighting against nothing more than a single bound claw. No extra body weight or momentum added, just a single-" A louder grumbled that was nearly a growl of disappointment.

"Something stronger than Mr. Muscles? Impossible." Siggy grumbled, getting a playful shove from the brass one before a tight embrace.

"You can joke about it, but that is no small feat." A lick and a kiss from the white one on Beo's muzzle. "I'm proud of you. But how are you feeling?"

"Pain." He grumbled. "Irritating pain."

"I thought so. What about you Siggy?"

"About a 12/10 on the Ouchy meter." They chuckled a bit. "Damnit, it hurts to laugh."

"It'll pass. But let's rest elsewhere, I'll take us to a suitable nearby planet." The two grumbled as the platform began to move.

A long sleep is exactly what the three needed. Finally able to stand up, but still a little weak. Still feeling the unusual tight embrace from the bear, Beo almost struggled to get out of it. "Is something wrong?" He asked the Counterweight, getting the smaller dragon to study them as well. Seeing a rather almost defeated look from Bartan as he sighed a bit.

"...There's something I didn't tell you or Lyago back in my Universe. When you totaled my house." A snout toss from the brass one as he snorted at the idea of the cramped area.

"I swear, we're building a new home sometime. One with sixty times the space." He grumbled, sharing a little kiss and trying to cheer up his mate. "What about it?"

"...Apart from those tears, I met up with an old comrade." A couple of perked ears. "Another Counterweight, one that helped out when we were repairing the walls to the Terrasque you replaced." A motion for him to go on. "...He started acting... Angry. You know how Arson is, right?"

"A blank white wall that tries to be colorful?" A series of chuckles. "Because they're not supposed to have..." Beo stopped for a moment, then looked at Sig'eaal. "That Counterweight..."

"Ywuggal?" Both dragon's groaned at the odd name, then half shrugged.

"It was the one that made the universe where Muscles gave us the Forces. Quite the bastard, to put it lightly." Siggy snorted.

"He hunted for us. Saying something about ruining his universe and wanted revenge..." A moment of study, as those green eyes locked onto the yellow ones. "Why was he angry?"

"Didn't you just-?"

"I mean, Counterweight's aren't supposed to be..." A look at the bear. "You're the only acceptance, right?" A faint nod.

"...Ywuggal attacked another Counterweight nearby. Ripped it apart and left its remains all over its study. It's how I found you two, following Ywuggal's tracks."

"That doesn't explain-"

"Pyajvrussa-" A louder groan as the two held their heads for a moment, making the white one smile sadly. "He feared... Fading away. It's... 'Blood' I suppose, was mixed with something black. Something I could not identify." A motion to carry on. "...I think Terrasques are infecting them. Contaminating us if we..." A sad look of puzzlement from those green eyes, as the bear's middle paw was displayed on his bicep. Still smeared with the abyss black from when he was struck. "...I'm sorry." He said quietly, seeing the fear in Beo's eyes.

A few moments of sadness, and the larger dragon held him tightly. As tightly as those muscles demanded, releasing a few sobs that he wasn't trying to hide. "...It doesn't mean anything."

"Beo..."

"You've fought Terrasques before, it doesn't mean-"

"But I've never been hit-"

"It Doesn't **MEAN Anything!!**" He roared in denial. Rocking him back and forth a bit while releasing his own tears. Making the brown one feel uncomfortable. "You'll be fine. You have to be."

"Beo..."

"You started off as an angry old wyrm, you'll be fine." Another sob of denial.

"But mine was..." A sigh as Bartan really didn't know what to say. After a long silence, the smaller dragon spoke up.

"...How did I survive?" The two looked at him, once again not being shy about their tears. "N-not to steal your moment here, but..." He mumbled shyly, even getting those brown eyes to study him up and down.

"...How *did* you survive..." The bear whispered to himself.

"I swear there's an echo in here." Siggy grumbled, only getting the bear to step closer to him and touch his brown scales. Granted, making it really difficult due to the brass one not letting go. Making Sig'eaal whimper uncomfortably.

"I mean, you're tainted... But like..." They gazed at Beo for a moment, as the Counterweight rapidly looked between the two. "What happened to you guys...?"

"So he just tore it out of you?" The brass one nodded, still holding onto the fluffball. "But he didn't remove all of it, which would still explain your taint." Then a look at the brown one. "And he tore your soul in half...?"

"All I know is it hurt like hell." Siggy snorted.

"You can say that again." Beo grumbled.

"All I know is-"

"Don't say that again." Another grumble, and a slightly provoking purr from the smaller one. "But you...?"

"I repaired you both when I could, but was too exhausted to really notice his taint. Yet..." Another few moments of physically studying the smaller dragon, making him half whimper and grumble.

"Why do I feel like you guys are going to toy with me again?" Sig'eaal grumbled, only to have those brown eyes lock onto his yellow ones for several straight moments. As if pondering something and making the dragon curl his neck, then whimper when they wouldn't stop. "Muscles. Help."

"When he gives you that look, there's no saving you." The brass one teased. "I might be able to hold back a Terrasque, but not his sex drive." That look shifted to the green eyes, giving Beo the same reaction as the smaller one. "Twig. Help."

"You're on your own."

"Sex..." Bartan whispered.

"Quite the one track mind on him, isn't there?"

"You wouldn't believe it." The larger one snorted, feeling those paws press him back a bit. "What?"

"Lay on your back." His frilled ears went back.

"I know just mentioning it usually turns you on, and you did just recently see my muscles-"

"Ohh... They were sooo **Big**..." The bear took a few breaths to compose himself. "But not what I'm doing. I just need to see them." He tried to look at those brass stones from the current armlock position, but it was difficult. After a faint grumble, the larger one let go and laid on his back. Instantly getting a couple of paws to study them, making him yelp.

"They could've been mine." Siggy grumbled, looking at the sack himself.

"Too bad, you missed out." A snout toss from the brown one.

"Pfft. I have my own now-"

"You lay down too. Beside him." A rather shocked look from the smaller dragon as he curled his neck. "Do it." Bartan almost said strictly, getting him to whimper.

"I love it when he gets all commando." Beo purred. Feeling the scrawny dragon lay beside him, and instantly get a tight hug from those brass arms.

"Tag in, Tag in!" Siggy yelped at the white one, barely being able to last a few seconds of it. But got a firm grip on his sack with two paws, getting him to almost growl. "What are you doing?"

"It's Sex!"

"It's Stone Torture, not Sex!" The two hissed at the bear.

"No, well yes. But I mean..." Those paws let go and pressed around their sheaths. Getting both dragons to whimper uncomfortably. "You... Produce it." Two ears perked up as two heads tilted. "What is the only difference between me and Arson, and every other Counterweight?"

"...Fluffyness?"

"White?"

"Lack of Asshole levels in your blood?"

"Sex drive?" A double take from the brown one as the brass just shrugged.

"You really want us to get raped, don't you?"

"He mentioned sex several times."

"You're Mated to him, and you haven't noticed he says sex in someway every ten seconds!?"

"He does say it alot."

"Guys." Bartan teased. "I can go back to holding your balls again."

"Please don't."

"Continue." The brass one attempted to say while staying composed.

"But Beo was close: me and Arson both had sex with him."

"And? This is surprising how?" Siggy snorted.

"Lots of people and species have sex with dragons. That's nothing new." A double take from the smaller one.

"...What sort of planets have you been visiting?" It made Beo's ears turn a bit purple.

"But they haven't had sex with *Terrasques*." A double take from both dragons, as Bartan looked at their groins again. "I think you're producing the antidote. Maybe even granting immunity to anyone who's encountered this illness."

"Bartan, I love you and all, but that has got to be the dumbest idea I've ever heard."

"Meaning what exactly? He has a long line of partners ahead of him to cure an epidemic of universal proportions?" The two looked at Siggy for a moment and he curled his neck. "What?"

"You're a Terrasque too now, you know." His brown ears instantly fell.

"W-what?"

"I'm afraid he's right. Your soul met with Beo's tainted one, and..." A grumble from the smaller dragon. "Means-"

"I'm going to get alot of tail, aren't I?" He mumbled like it was a bad thing.

"You say that like it's a bad thing." Bugger all.

"Hold up, you two. We might be able to do something else instead. Perhaps just ingest it."

"And it's only Counterweights that need it, right? There can't be that many of them around." Sig'eaal snorted, getting blank stares from the other two. Getting him to sigh grumpily. "Sex sounds like **worrrrrrk!**"

"But it might not be just them..." A look from both dragons. "Siggy, how long was it since you met Ywuggal?"

"That's the Taath-head, right?"

"The red one, eyes." Beo mumbled.

"Erm... A few decades? I just landed here and started something."

"Have you been more angry or greedy lately?"

"Or lazy?"

"Or envious?"

"Or sad? Depressed?"

"Okay, okay!" Those brown paws covered his eyes. "Alright, yes. I admit it. After everything went to Taath, I..." A heavy sigh as the two gently held him. "...So I was infected as well, is what you're saying?"

"You have been improving since our visit."

"You mean since Mr. Muscles raped me."

"You were on Top!" Beo growled. "And you enjoyed it!"

"It's really hard not to!"

"It really is, with Beo's design." Bartan purred, getting the two to share a kiss between the clearly uncomfortable smaller dragon. Then the brass one suddenly stopped halfway through it. Getting the bear to worry for a moment.

"Nalchulus..." He whispered, getting the other males to look at him.

"What about him?"

"Him and Raccel both encountered... Erm..."

"Ywuggal?"

"-Yes."

"So, what?" Sig'eaal snorted. "Old bastard deserves it-"

"No, he doesn't." The brown one's ears went back. "He deserves something, but not that." Beo growled, then looked at the white one. "Bartan, I need to get to him before it's too late. Can you find them?"

"Yes. They're a bit far from here, so I can't take us all there. But I can open up a timestorm near them for you." The larger one nodded and got up as the bubble of time was made. "Be careful-" He was interrupted by a deep kiss. A very deep kiss. One that took the bear's breath away and made him nearly melt on the ground after several moments. Making him go back for a few more and whimper, wanting the large dragon right there.

However, he got a few licks instead. "When we met again, I promise. But right now, I can't." A shaky nod, as he lead the bear's sights over to the brown dragon, who only whimpered loudly. "I'm sure you can tend to his needs for now, right Siggy?"

"Don't you leave him here with me like that-!" The brass one jumped through the portal, making Sig'eaal whimper loudly and scamper to take a step back.

"I-I'm okay, Sig'eaal." A few breaths from Bartan as he composed himself. "But I do want to

make sure your soul is still untorn. If you don't mind."

"Great." He grumbled.

"Because... I know what he's going to do in there." A noise in question. "And you're going to have to convince them that Beo is telling the truth."

"Great." He grumbled, tossing his snout. "Work."

"The buildings look old." The grey tirix said, studying the old ruins of an urban city completely covered in plantlife. "Maybe close to about three centuries."

"Those faint black marks are from napalm." The red dragon pointed out, still half grunting at his older frame. "Wonder how long they were at war...?" He grumbled, still walking until he no longer heard the other one's footsteps. "Racel?" He looked back, to see the mutt incased in ice.

A sudden heavy landing in front of him got attention of those grey eyes, as the brass dragon. Ramming into his old body and knocking Nal down with rather ease. As he struggled to get up, one of his forepaws were suddenly snared into the ground. Shackled by icy cuffs as he struggled against it.

Another heavy push threw the red one on his back, and then bound his other forepaw, then tail, then neck. Getting him to growl at the metallic one that he never seen before. "Who-!?" The larger one met him muzzle to muzzle, those deep green eyes giving him a look of anger that the old one recalled so long ago. "Beo'Kros-!?" His muzzle was suddenly collared as well.

"You'll thank me for this later, old bastard." Beo growled, getting a look of fear and puzzlement, until he got a few prods in his tailhole. Making him attempt to yelp and struggle against the makeshift chains. Unable to even melt them without getting distracted and nearly torn from the thick shaft gaping at his lower end.

It didn't take him long to finish, trying to do it as quick as possible without knotting the old beast. Just a few heavy torrents inside, and enough for a bulge should suffice. As the larger dragon panted, muscles still a bit sore, they glared into each other's eyes with hatred. Until Beo felt that scytheblade under his neck. "That's enough, Beo." The tirix growled, still unsure of what's going on. "You've done enough to make up-"

"This wasn't for Revenge, Racel. You two are infected, and this might be the only cure-" A loud growl from the red one said he didn't believe such things, while the dog just looked at him. Cautious, but curious.

"He's right, mutt." Sig'eaal landed from afar, getting all of them to look at the smaller brown dragon. "As Stupid as it sounds, it's the only common factor we've discovered. Meaning..."

"You're going to need a dose too." The brass one grumbled at the Tirix.

"Cue 70's Porn Music."