

# *For those who wait*

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# **For Those Who Wait**

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## Chapter 1

The storm was merciless, creating heavy sheets of cold rain that pelted anything out in the open or lightly covered. Including the drake that was attempting to use the tall grass as a makeshift shelter, one who's durability was getting worse and worse by the moment. Lightning striking, sending bolts of fear through her heart as the impacts shook the very ground underneath her dark brown paws. Warning her it wasn't safe to be here, and the feeling of being followed... Hunted by something wasn't helping either.

But she was too far away from home to return, even if she could see through the stinging rain long enough to find out which direction that would even be in. Her only rescue was to keep moving and hoping that she would walk right into the mouth of a cave somewhere. Every attempt to scout through the pitch black darkness resulted in the same way: a wall of water assaulting the wingless dragoness' grey eyes. Leaving her blind for several moments as she just kept moving.

A trip on some large roots, a small ditch or a path in her way that was flooding with waters. A very **very** close lightning strike that showered an area with intense heat and sparks, but only for a moment. At least fire wasn't going to be a worry tonight, but surviving the storm might be. Picking up the snaps and crackles of trees breaking, she headed towards it, even if it meant leaving her grassy shield.

And a shield it was, upon leaving it the rain started hammering against her hardened scales. Causing her to stumble from the force both it and the winds were making as she scampered across the muddy grounds and snout first into a large tree. Growling at such a thing before getting around it for some partial shelter. Enough for the drake to open her eyes without being attacked.

Not like it helped that much, aside from the lightning strikes there was no light anywhere. Still, the forest would provide cover from the rain and possibly the wind, but she was still soaked and near freezing. The dragoness' heavy body shaking attempting to get warm enough to continue, but with her back half still out in the rain...

A few breaths and the brown one continued into the dark forest. Still running into a few trees and getting a very faint glimpse of light occasionally. However, a few snaps of branches and twigs behind her alarmed the drake! She was still being hunted in this storm? Blind, cold, and wet... Any other circumstance she would face the predator, but as of right now she had to listen to her flight response. Hoping that she could lose them if she traveled deeper and deeper into the forest, constantly hearing clicks from the stalker.

But they were trailing behind, the drake was gaining ground regardless of her stumbles and trips on the uneven wet grounds. If only she could find a good place to hide, underneath a tree trunk or a cave somehow the dragoness' size. Attempting to scout around with the precious flashes of light that came overhead, until one thunderous blast that made her jump. Stumble backwards and trip down into a muddy slope.

Further and further the drake slid down, occasionally feeling a part of herself catch a large rock or tree. Drawing scratches against her dark scales, enough to sting and draw blood as she was sent barreling down. Finally coming to a heavy landing that knocked the wind out of her for a few moments. Odds are, she lost that pursuit by now. Silver linings.

The dragoness stood up, feeling her limbs ache with some bruising but she couldn't stay here. Wandering deeper and deeper into the forest, discovering rocks and trees in a very irritating or painful way. That is until she stepped on something that reminded her of a limb, a tail specifically. Something with a pulse that seemed to flick in response, getting her to step back into another.

But there was no yelp or growl, something slithering through the plants around the drake. Making her circle around as those brown scales clicked, unable to see what was moving but detecting motion around her. "Escape!" Demanded her instincts. "Run before you're culled!" And the drake attempted to do just that, lunging into the dark and finding another tree with the end of her snout. Growling as she searched the dense woods for a path-!

Only to feel something coil around her hind leg, rough but with some strength to it! Pulling against the vines and nearly loosening them as another slithered up her opposing forelimb. Pulling them away to keep the dragoness off balance, rooting her other two onto the ground and making them easy targets for more binds. Sweeping that thick tail of hers around for some defense and momentum, but the plants kept tugging and gaining more ground!

A bite against the vine only echoed the pain of bristles and warnings of disgust along her tongue, making her whimper as her last limb was bound by a few green ropes. Holding it in place tightly and forcing it upwards as a few tendrils started scanning her underside. Getting the dragoness to hiss and use her breath weapon as a last resort, but just a tad too late as a vine wrapped around her muzzle. Closing it shut tightly with its own sting.

She released a muffled growl as the vine tips slithered up to her lower lips, caressing and searching for their entrance as she struggled. Pulling those hind legs apart in order to spread them further and such folds did separate in response. A nub tickled her inner flesh slightly as it rubbed up and down, causing her to release slightly heated pants as blissful waves echoed from the stranger touch. Almost confirming something before moving away and bringing in something much larger, prodding her sex just enough for that tip to find its way inside and made her release a panicking yelp! (What the hell was this thing doing!?)

Further and further it seemed to slip within, regardless of her clenches to halt any advancements. Making the drake whimper at each progression pulse as her ears picked up something else in the woods. "Hold on!" Something spoke, making her attempt to double take against the organic reins on her snout. Trying to do just that as the vine slipped in a little deeper against her holds, attempting to squeeze that intruder tightly but there wasn't much she could do in such a position!

Soon the stranger outside stumbled within the bushes, clawing at something that caused the vines to suddenly jerk and withdraw. The one logged into her sex pulling away harshly and actually breaking off a piece of itself that the drake held onto tightly, abandoning it as the dragoness was finally freed! Hearing the clicking again that was pursuing her before, only this time nearly in front of her. Was this...? "This way!"

The drake didn't care at this point, following the awkward scampers and rustles of the bushes until she accidentally rammed into the one that saved her; something quite small. Easily half her size as it whimpered. "I-I can't see."

"I can barely." He responded, sending out clicks again. "Over here, we should be safe for now though, so just move slowly." There was a... foreignness to his voice, but again: she didn't care at this point.

Slowly following him through the muddy woods, attempting to catch a glimpse of him during the flashes but nothing. Only stopping when a scaled blanket was felt against her muzzle, though hearing the rain and wind begin to pick up. They were at the edge of the forest once again. "Hold on." He panted.

"We're leaving the woods?"

"Yes, I never felt comfortable in the trees."

"I can't... See in the rain."

"I don't blame you. Do you have shelter nearby?"

"I... I do not." She could hear a disappointed sigh under his breath. "And you?"

"...No. I do not as well. But I think I found something." A few more of those clicks as he moved towards the edge of the woods. Already starting to feel the stinging rain hale downwards already. "It's... Hard to make out, but there is shelter nearby. Across the field."

"You can see in the dark? Let alone in the rain?"

"N-not... Specifically." He mumbled. "My flight membranes protect my eyes against wind and rain. Well, most forms of it anyway." (Flight Membranes...?) "Can I...?" A noise in question from her. "Can I trust you?"

"To do what?" Something pressed against her snout, causing her to sniff something that only alerted her as foreign.

"To not bite my tail?" A puzzled vocal from her throat as she tilted her head. "I'll lead you to the shelter, just... Don't bite it too hard?" (Oh...)

"...Okay." The drake mumbled to her dark companion, taking the scaled appendage gently and following it when began to move forwards. It half reminded the dragoness of being a hatchling, playing a game like this with her siblings as they created a train of dragons of sorts. Going through woods and fields, only this time in disastrous weather and darkness.

...She missed them at that moment, but hid those feelings when they started to feel a path along the short grass. Climbing over a ruined stone wall, likely that of a fence back in its glory days and it started to worry the drake. Raising her scales even within the comfort of a cold shelter as they clicked loudly like the smaller male. Especially with the horrid creaks of wood and hinges. "No." The drake suddenly let go of his tail, taking a few steps back.

"What-?"

"We can't go in there! We're not supposed to go into the ruins-!"

"We don't have a choice!" He nearly hissed against the wind. "There's nothing else in here, come inside so I can close this door!"

"But-!" A thunderous crash and the sounds of a tree exploding caused her to brace and nearly cower for a moment. Suddenly more afraid of the storm than legends, cursing under her breath as she moved within. Hearing a few more clicks from the male as he attempted to close the door against the wind. Assisting him in such a thing before hearing him barricade it.

The two panted as the building groaned against the storm's assault, making her attempt to scan it through the darkness to no avail. "We should be safe in here until it's over." The male said, releasing a few clicks soon after then walking strangely towards one side. "Help me with this."

The drake followed his voice and struggles, once again detecting that blanket made of scales as it touched her snout. Then it slid down to make out a small paw-like set of thin digits, leading her to something. It made sense now; the awkward and walking, the membranes over the eyes. He was a winged one; skybound.

But that dark brown snout was led to what seemed to be a soft block of very old straw, finding a strap of sorts keeping it together. Using her muzzle to grab hold of it and easily lift her side while the smaller one struggled. "Where do you want it?" She attempted to ask without dropping the thing, hearing him almost comically groan at its weight.

"J-just on the ground will be fine." She gently dropped it, hearing him pant a little at the task. "...Maybe up against the wall." The dragoness nodded and pushed it with her head, letting the bale slide across the ground as the winged one attempted to move. Stumbling over it and riding on the soft block in the end as the female pushed it with ease. "That works. Now for the other."

A couple of clicks and he led her towards it, guiding the drake to slide it next to the first to create a makeshift bed of sorts. "Okay, get on."

"What is the purpose of this?"

"You're cold, are you not?" A soft grumble from the brown one, not really wanting to admit such a thing. "It's best to get off the ground now that we've found a roof over our heads."

"And what about you?" A slight whimper left the smaller one and she could almost feel a heat of sorts from him. "Is there another bale around?"

"T-that... I've been debating about." A noise in question from her. "I don't need a bed, I can just sleep from the beams overhead." She attempted to look regardless if she could even see. Not quite understanding what he meant. "But..."

"But what?"

"It's not the most practical, and..." A low grumble from the drake at the stuttering more than anything. "W-well..."

"Out with it. What is it." She snorted, barely asking.

"O-our best chance at survival is..."

"Is?"

"To sleep... Together." The male nearly whimpered at the silence afterwards, before the drake sighed through her muzzle and climbed onto the bed. "I'll-"

"Well? Get on." A whine in question from the smaller one. "I want to see the next daylight. If it means sharing a... I'm not sure what you would call this."

"W-well, I was trying to make a bed that the-"

"Fine, it's a bed. Now get on." She nearly demanded, having a rumbling thunder nearly punctuate her

command and making the male whimper again. Climbing onto the smaller space that soon forced him to gravitate towards her heavy weight. Shifting a bit to get decently comfortable, as the two were exhausted from the storm. Thinking it would've been difficult to fall asleep with such a tempest overhead, but...

## Chapter 2

The wyvern never thought he would be so glad to feel the sunlight again, even if it was greatly reduced by their current shelter. Creating a dimness to the old barn, one that still had a cold wet atmosphere, reminding him of clouds. Even the light's rays were there in the mix, letting it warm his light blue scales as they formed a blanket for him and another.

Another... It's been so long since he woke up within the company of others he was actually comfortable with. Or so he thought within his morning haze, the large snout under his chin and resting on the dragon's neck had an affection to it. Even after it took a deep breath and let out a low rumble... Though, that one didn't sound like a purr, more like someone was hungry.

Still, it felt really good for once. Still attempting to ignore the slight stings and soreness whenever he even slightly moved. As if his body was just warning him to remain still and let it attempt to triage. To enjoy the embrace of... Wait, what was holding onto him again?

An attempt to look at the drake caused her to grumble a little as she stretched awake, nuzzling under his chin and neck while her strong arms reached for nothing. Flexing those large claws out before relaxing once again, lapping her tongue against the roof of her maw and remaining silent for a few moments. Then suddenly a sharp whimper from her.

The drake jumped up with a yelp, doing her best to scamper off the bales as the wyvern let go of her. Though in result caused him to roll backwards and hit the cold ground with a small thud and roll up in a cowering stance, responding to her sudden threatening hiss. "Easy! Easy!" The male yelped, signaling a



surrender. "It's just me from-"

"Who are you!?" She shouted, not recognizing such a form.

"R-remember last night!" He took a step back, watching her neck curl as that mind recalled. The storm, the darkness, nearly falling victim to the vines until... Realization finally shown in her eyes, piecing it together as well: it was so dark last night that it was no wonder the wyvern didn't look familiar. "I'm your friend."

"The one who freed me..." The light blue one nodded slowly as she attempted to sit down, only to feel a warning from her body not to do that.

"Gar'sinn." He stated, introducing himself. "And you are...?"

"...Xato. You can call me that."

"The Earthbound word for dark?" A slight whimper from her, causing the drake to freeze in place for a moment. "T-that's okay, it's something for an identity. You don't have to give me your real name-"

"It's not... That." The brown one mumbled, feeling her middle growl again. "I need to find something to eat." She started to walk towards the door, though her hind legs were moving a bit funny. Catching the male's cyan eyes as he noticed her swollen folds.

"Wait." Gar suggested, waddling towards her back end and lifting a paw to stop when she began turning about. Knowing immediately what he was doing and prematurely growling at the wyvern before he even rested a paw on her. Granted, it didn't stop him from observing. "How long were you in that Bardius Trap?"

"That what?" The drake spoke before thinking, shaking her head when she pieced it together; the vines from last night. "Not too long."

"But long enough for them to begin planting their seed, I take it?" A grumble from her and a glare from those amber eyes. "We should get this out of you-"

"It's fine." Xato growled at him, attempting to flick her tail away. Only to feel that soreness as a warning and sigh at it. Attempting to gently sit down out of frustration, but even that simple task was

difficult like this.

Those small paws started moving up her sides as the winged one waddled into the drake's view, this time without any vocal warning. Nearly studying her very dark brown scales, close to that of an old tree log which made those cyan discs rather curious. However, once they reached her face, the wyvern was found frowning at her frustration and pride. "I know this... Can't be easy for you, Xato." He mumbled. "And you... Can likely get it out on your own, but it will be extremely painful and possibly damaging."

"And you can magically fix it?"

"I know how to, yes." Those large frilled ears of his fell and tinted a deep purple. "T-though, I've never actually done so. I just understand how the plant works." A look from the female, one of slight worry. "But please, trust me?"

A near frown in anger along with a heated exhale through that brown muzzle, but she nodded. "What do you need?"

"Just for you to stay still. It may be easier if you lay on your back though-"

"No." A double take at such a command, actually making him freeze at the anger behind it.

"...Okay. Standing works." The wyvern nearly whimpered, walking awkwardly towards her heavy tail and ducking under it. "Try to lift this as high as you can." She did so, though battling with the sore warning signs made it more difficult. Grumbling before shifting her position enough so that her hindquarters were lifted higher while her chest and shoulders were resting on the stone floor.

The winged one studied her presented area; a rather light tanned near-metallic underside that nearly looked plated. Something that would've done quite well to hide such a vent if it wasn't swollen, scratches and small little cuts seemed to be scattered all over the armor. Likely meaning that it was often a target point into possibly taking such a beast down, if he recalled correctly.

Carefully he studied the folds, using his small paws and claws to gently scan the density of it. The slightest touch made her growl, however. "It's quite normal for such things to be sensitive. Means its barbs have likely spread out."

"So, it's too late?"

"Not at all, it just means your body was trying to get rid of it in your sleep. But the small thorns are what keeps the seed from trying to do so." He gently placed both his paws together in a clap and started to rotate them back and forth; placing their 'tip' towards her sex and began slowly entering it. Expecting the growls and slowing down to Xato's breaths. "I say it's a seed, but it's more like a pinecone of sorts, if you've ever seen one of those."

"I can't-" A louder growl. "Say that I have-!"

"That's okay, let out your vocals if it helps. But I can feel the tip of it." He patiently stated, sliding his paws in slow shifting rotations as they began to part around the 'cone'. "Okay, I'm going to have to push it in a little-"

"What!?"

"But I promise you it will make things easier." A near snarl from the drake, knowing she didn't have a say in it. Just starting to make out the denseness of his winged paws within the warmth of her insides. Feeling the seed be slightly pushed in further and the warnings of such things made her gasp- yet... It almost felt good in a way. A lot of the little pricks that were felt within nearly disappeared as those paws went in further and further. Nearly causing her to pant at the sensitivity. Still detecting some pain due to the swelling, but it was already starting to feel much better.

Deeper those claws, and the blankets that they were attached to, went. Still in constant rotation as they began to grab hold of the vine's offspring. Keeping it's barbs from extending again as those wings wrapped around it and his thin claws reached its top. Now feeling it begin to pull back, adding more pressure to the already swollen areas as the female whined. Digging her own claws into the ground and raking it as the wyvern pulled the thing out near painlessly.

Heavy breath after breath left her while that weighted tail dropped and pinned the male down. Feeling significantly better now that the damn thing was out of her, though needing to deal with the swelling for a bit longer. Feeling something leak from her vent but nothing of concern, if anything it was relieving.

Though, some struggles were felt under her tail, making her look behind and almost smile. Watching the wyvern attempt to slide from her tail's weight and eventually squirming out of it. Walking up to her front with both winged paws sheltering the thing that caused her such discomfort and slowly revealing... Something barely bigger than her largest fang. "...What!?" She hissed in a frustrated whisper.

"This was it." Gar chuckled at her surprised expression. "Such a small thing, isn't it?"

"But...!"

"It felt so much bigger?" She barely nodded, nearly blushing that such a diminutive thing weakened her that much. Watching him brush against the flowing side to reveal it nearly fold out into a series of thorns. "They have their own irritants, helping prevent the hosts from just pushing them out easily. Especially the bigger ones." The male looked at it with wonder as he smiled gently. "Fascinating up close. It can't be a pleasant experience, I know, but it's interesting how they function."

"You mean how it nearly raped me?" She scowled.

"N-no- well... Kind of. More just how the Bardius functions: planting a seed to a host and letting them mature and spread their young to different locations." He met the drake's rather worried look. "I know, you must have different feelings towards it. I would likely as well if I was the victim of such a thing." A growl from her midsection broke the silence between them, following his own. "I suppose we should gather something to eat then, yes?"

"We?" Xato curled her neck, almost shattering something inside those cyan eyes. "I... Didn't mean it like that. More that... Don't you have a home to get back to?" The wyvern's gaze fell slightly.

"...No. No I do not, and if I did... It would be days away from here." He mumbled sadly, causing her own expression to turn sour as she empathized with the smaller one. Curling her tail to comfort him shyly, but it was interrupted with another growl. "It's okay, I'll... I'll manage somehow-"

"No. I'll... I can try to hunt for both of us." The brown dragon eagerly. "I need to thank you for this and last night anyway."

"I would very much appreciate it, I'm afraid I can't do much hunting myself." Gar sadly smiled. "But what I can do is search for something to help your wounds."

"Wounds?"

"You are covered in scratches, my dear." The drake tilted her head at him, looking over her side and not seeing nor feeling anything considered such. "Do you not feel them?"

"Nothing concerning enough to be called such."

"I suppose you may just be used to such things. Regardless, I do see blood and that can lead to infections. If you don't mind..." Another puzzled stare from her. "Treating you, I mean. Just in case." All she really did was grumble at the suggestion, not really understanding what he was on about. "N-nevermind it, I'll just search the other buildings to see if I can find something-"

"You can't-!" She nearly hissed, taking a breath. "You can't go exploring in these places! They're..." A noise in question from the wyvern. "They're not safe. I've lost nestmates in such ruins."

"I appreciate the concern, Xato. But rest assured: I'll be fine." A narrow amber gaze as he waddled towards the door. Tossing her brown snout, she snorted and took a hold of one of the handles with her jaws. Pulling the old door as the ancient wood creaked and nearly snapped. Already starting to feel the warm sunlight that her body missed so dearly. "I'll be here when you return. Good luck."

The drake expected him to fly, but once again he just waddled into the sunlight. Finally giving Xato a good look at the one she sheltered the storm with: light blue scales covering his entire back, thin and near glossy. Reminding her of a wyrmling. White along the underside that even slid under his tail, head covered in a nearly pitch black. Red markings in very odd places and some odd detail along his side-

It struck her, realizing what it just was. Explaining the lack of flight attempts: his wing was torn. Letting the membrane drift loosely when a breeze swept across as he continued to waddle through the overgrown grass. Still heading towards what she considered to be a dangerous area without his best advantage to escape: flight. Such a thought made her snort and move on, if he wanted to venture in there and disappear for good, then so be it. It was none of the drake's concern.

"I don't like this place." The small drake nearly whimpered, walking across what felt like unnatural grounds covered in thin vines. Leaves and bright sunlight were hovering overhead, but separated by invisible walls. Creating a distance between the group of wyrmlings and the outside. "Can we go back?"

"Why are you so afraid, Vati?" The second largest one snorted, looking over the many objects left behind: scattered chairs and tables that were welded together within the large space. All beside a railing that led to a dark drop below. "This place is amazing! I wonder what it was for."

"I heard it was a meadow for the old ones to gather and frolic." The largest drake stated proudly, her silver underside nearly mirroring the pattern on the floor whenever she walked across a bare patch. Only further sending shivers of nervousness through the tan one's scales. "They would find the most gorgeous objects to give to their mates and propose there and then. Likely using one of these dozens of rooms to court, after a meal I imagine. Hence the name: Foodcourt."

"That's not what that says, Thivara'h." Vati snorted.

"Is too! My mother said so! She can read the old languages, you know!" The larger female snorted back.

"What's that?" The young male interrupted, grabbing the attention of the other two as he scampered forwards.

"What is what, Dei'waal?"

"I swear I seen something sparkle ahead." The two followed in deeper where the shade loomed over, coming up to a set of metal sliding doors that lead to a very very small room. No bigger than maybe a single drake.

"What... What was this for?"

"One of those courting rooms, I imagine. Likely for the less fortunate or perhaps performers. Judging by the see-through walls above." Thivara'h said slyly, raising her head proudly and looking over, causing one of the sunrays to reflect off her silver chest and gleam within the old elevator. Creating a sparkle within the mess.

"There!" The male shouted, bolting inside and digging through it to find a necklace of sorts. Struggling

to get it free. "I can't get it. Vati, come help me!"

"What? Why?" She curled her neck in response, only to feel the larger one's head lean closer.

"Because he wants to give it to you in public, isn't it obvious?" The tanned drake just blushed and looked away shyly, only to hear Thivara'h snort again and toss her snout. "Fine, I'll help him then, if you're going to be a little hatchling." She slapped the smaller female with her thick tail, though not enough to knock her down. More like a shove that Vati just shrugged off. "You'll never find a mate acting like that, Vati."

The smaller one didn't reply, only inching herself backwards towards the warm light. Watching from afar as the Silver drake squeezed into the small area, though too big to fit her entire length inside the elevator. Hearing it groan slightly in warning but they paid no attention to it. "Grab here." Dei'waal instructed and she did so. Each tugging on the metal lace with their muzzle as some of the debris started to move, and it suddenly jerked loose. Causing the 'room' to goan again.

"There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" The larger female looked over at the smaller one, nearly mocking her until a loud snap above was heard. The car dipped, causing them to brace and slide against the grounds as hundreds of thin vines barely held it up. Gripping the heavy elevator just long enough for those amber eyes to make contact with the two within, and those ears heard that awful sound. The bones and scales crunching loudly, the female's screams in pain and Dei's cries in fear before a loud impact-

She'll never forget that day. The heavy silence afterwards, that limb still twitching in the darkness. Even when the drake was leaving her eyes open, she could still see it all through the shade of the forest. Keeping completely still as her body became one with her surroundings.

It was hard to keep her aching heart still during the deceptions, hearing some critters get close but eventually wander away from the drake. Wondering how she even made it out of that ruin alive, straying away from them at all costs until... Last night. Just thinking about going back there after hunting something made her uncomfortable, trying to force away that shiver through her scales as something came close.

But she couldn't, letting it flow down her dark brown 'shell' and ruin her disguise while the large

rabbit was staring at the dragon. Scampering away as Xato gave pursuit, attempting a desperate diving swipe that barely connected enough to knock it off balance. Sliding against the wet grounds and having difficulties escaping, reaching one of it's retreating holes in the ground but those brown jaws caught it's rear enough to throw it out and do some serious damage to it's backside before the coup.

A growl from her stomach as she could detect the blood from her fangs, signaling that it was nearly time to eat and growing very impatient. The drake wanted to cook and devour the meal right then and there, but during her inhale and pressing against the roof of her maw to release the combustible liquids... She saw the wyvern's face.

His dumb, long, thin head, looking behind himself with kind eyes. It was a look that stunned her as Xato froze in place, staring at her breakfast. The fluids leaking from her maw and igniting into a green-yellow flame as it fell into the cool moist air of the shade, landing on the brown fur coat of the small critter but not quite enough to set it ablaze. Even though several other drops were spread around it.

...She couldn't do it. Just devour this meal for herself and leave him hungry. But why? They just recently met, not even half a day ago. The drake could scarcely recall his name, and had no reason to be around him any longer. Was it because...?

A grumble from the brown scaled one, mentally making a list of all the things he's done for her. Was he trying to court her for some reason? Such a thought caused her to slightly whimper and blush, shaking her head of the thought. No! That's just all in her mind. But then... What was he after?

What did Gar really want? The drake has heard stories about the winged ones, their murders being spotted in the skies from afar. Perched high and looking down at their kind, scheming and plotting. Possibly hunting, waiting for a time to strike. Remembering discovering the body of one for the first time, within a tree and spending quite some time getting it down. But to see one alive and up close...

Yet, Xato still felt something towards this one, unable to really explain it. Taking a deep sigh before taking the rabbit in her jaws and carrying it back to the shelter. Still half puzzled as to why she was doing this; the drake didn't need the wyvern to survive any longer... Did she? He wasn't her mate or a potential one- and there's that thought again.

Once again shaking it out of her head as she made her way out of the forest, spotting the buildings across the field. The one they stayed the night in seemed so much larger than the other, still giving her an uncomfortable feeling gazing upon such ruins. Worried that the longer she remained around them, the more at risk she would be putting herself. Her and...



There was no sign of the winged one from afar, once again sending shivers through her body. Causing all her scales to raise up and snap loudly in one long wave from neck to tail. Was it already too late? Have what evil spirits that lurked within these places taken the life of the only wyvern she's-?

The sounds of something metal falling within the old barn caused her ears to perk up as she approached, once more causing those spooky feelings to emerge within her until a sigh of relief came from within the stone barn. "Good..." The male spoke under his breath, flicking a large frilled ear and looking at the doorway by the time Xato was seen entering. "It didn't break."

"What?" She asked with a mawful, watching him hold up and observe a metal bowl.

"I heard such things were very durable, but I do fret due to their age." He gave it a rub, actually seeing his warped reflection. Mimicking the rather fascinated gaze of those cyan eyes, soon returning to the drake and meeting her own worried one. "Is something wrong?"

She looked back at the farmhouse not far from the barn, then set the rabbit down and slowly back at him. "...You shouldn't be handling these things." His head tilted. "There's something... Wrong with them."

"I assure you that they are safe to hold and use." Gar lightly chuckled. "They are quite alluring artifacts, aren't they?"

"You mean cursed. They're made to draw your attention and lower your guard." The drake said with a grumble, taking a breath and moving the meal closer to him. However, unable to look at the object in his winged paws herself. "...What is it?"

"This? Just a simple object they used for everyday life. I believe they called it a bowl, a plate, or a pot. I'm not entirely certain." A noise in question from her. "They used to eat out of them, sometimes store things like water."

"Eat...?"

"Indeed. Their stomachs are a lot like your kind's: needing to cook food or else it may make them ill." He set the bowl down, clearing off the... Not-deformed hay bale and placed a large tray onto it. Gesturing the rabbit would go on. "It's quite interesting, really. Studying how they used to eat."

"How...?" The wyvern double taked, now recognizing the rather puzzled stare from her amber discs.  
"How do you know so much?"

"We're Observers, my dear." Her neck curled in response, but she did place the rabbit on the plate.  
"We've gathered knowledge from all kinds of sources and passed them on from generation to generation. Both modern and ancient, including those who have passed." He gestured towards the farmhouse. "As well as the present."

"The present?"

"As in your kind, my dear. As well as the rabbits, the trees, the weather, everything. We-"

"Wait-! What!?" Xato nearly hissed at him, actually causing the smaller dragon to step back with perked ears. "THAT'S what you've been doing from higher up!?"

"Y-yes?"

"Not stalking us? Trying to hunt us?"

"Hunt you? Goodness, no! It's quite clear, Xato, that we have no physical advantage over the Earthbounds in terms of actual combat. We don't eat other dragons anyway, they're very bad for our health-"

"Then...?" She took a breath. "You've just been...?"

"Watching. Gathering information purely for entertainment purposes. Nothing more." The drake studied him for quite some time as he looked over the rabbit. Her eyes soon drifting down to his torn wing. "Good, this seems quite healthy."

"What happened to you?" It got Gar's attention, following her gesture to his side. Making him sigh in response as he continued his study while talking.

"I... I met that same storm on my way here. I was thinking I could fly above it but I'm afraid I overestimated my endurance." A breath through his muzzle. "I'm not really sure what did it; the wind, the landing, some debris maybe during midair, but I was lucky enough to land in a ditch after I passed out, one that a tree fell into as well, nearly trapping me inside."

"The same storm?"

"I believe it was. It appears that it went out to sea and returned after following the jetstream. I couldn't fly around, but I could walk. Finding some edible plants along the way until the storm returned following my path." He struggled skinning the critter, getting a little irked at the task until the drake placed a large paw on it. Letting her take what the wyvern had loosened with her jaws, and ripping it nearly clean off in one swoop. "...Oh my."

"I don't care for the skin either." She mumbled, tossing it aside. "I usually just burn it off."

"I'm glad you didn't because I would like to try something, if you don't mind." A noise in question from the large one, that is until he attempted to pick up the tray and waddle outside. Causing her to follow in curiosity and move towards the farmhouse.

"No..." She nearly whimpered, causing one of those large frilled ears to perk up. Completely halting his progress towards the farmhouse. "No! We can't go in there-!"

"Xato, please. Relax. There is nothing inside besides objects."

"And spirits! Angry ones!" She hissed.

"What ever do you mean, dear?" Gar'sinn watched as the drake moved in front of him, her body acting like a barricade. Taking a heated breath as she shook her head, feeling the tray suddenly on her back while a winged paw fell on her shoulder gently. "What is troubling you?"

A quiet exhale left the large one as she gathered her thoughts. "...These things are all over the place. Sometimes in the middle of forests, other times there are jungles of them."

"I'm quite aware-"

"When I was... When I was a wyrmling, two nestlings convinced me to go exploring with them."

"The two you mentioned earlier, I know. But that doesn't mean-"

"I saw them, Gar!" The female growled. "With my own two eyes! I've heard their screams of pain and

fright! Some... **Thing** got them in the low light and I...!" She looked over the multiple story house. "No one knows what happened to them, but these ruins... They are graves. They should not be tampered with, let alone explored."

"That sounds terrible." He responded softly. "But Xato, I assure you. There is nothing to worry about."

"We can't go inside, Gar."

"And we will not, do not fret. Let me show you something." A worried look as the tray was lifted off her back, still feeling uncomfortable about such a place. However, her stomach still was not fed, and her meal was waddling off. With a deep breath, the drake followed the small one around the house. Still going through some of the taller grass to find...

Some sort of built in small pit, and within it: A large rack of sorts. One that stood upwards about half the wyvern's height, a flat roof holding up what looked to be a frying pan of sorts. "What is this?" Xato questioned, overlooking the area and objects with caution. "It looks like..."

"A totem of sorts?" Worry shined in those amber eyes. "I thought so too, but the foundation did not make sense. They used to make such things out of broken trees, ones with many symbols and such. But this... I believe this is an outside station they used to cook food with."

"Outside...?"

"Yes, while I was within that shelter I discovered an entire room dedicated to the art of meals. That's where I found this thing, which..." He studied the frying pan. "I think is made for cooking. Seems like it should be."

"We put the fire on this? Won't it burn?"

"This is actually a special type of material that they made to resist such things. However, I believe we place the fire at the bottom of this stand." He pointed down below. "Though, the drawings I was shown of such things made sure that the grass was removed first. If one such flame was created now, it would likely spread through the field. As you may likely foresee, being a flame user yourself."

"I suppose. I just remember my parents telling me to put out all extra fires before moving on. I never really stopped to question why, other than it would possibly put me in danger." The drake tilted her

head in a shrug.

"Meaning it would likely cause a large forest fire. I'm surprised it doesn't seem to happen more often, but that is more of a compliment to your kind then." With a few grunts, he tried pulling out some of the grass. Only to really lack the strength for digging. "Hmm, this may be harder than I thought."

"What are you trying to do, exactly?"

"Just remove the grass as much as I can. What the old ones used to do is add some logs at the base of this... Wired tower thing, and set the fire there." He gestured at the bottom and then upwards. "The heat from the flames would raise up to the bowl here with our meal in it, and it would heat it up for us at a reduced temperature."

"So, tear up the ground? Like this?" Xato took her long claws and nearly raked through the ground with ease, bringing up the dirt underneath that nearly matched her scales.

"Perfect! Yes! I swear, my dear, you were made to use such things." Such a statement worried her as he looked about. "I seen some tree parts over there somewheres. Do you mind continuing to dig out a large circle?" A concerned look from those amber eyes and he lightly sighed, lifting those winged paws in surrender. "I promise, if something goes wrong, then we will never attempt something like this again. But just this once? Please?"

It took some time for her to respond with a heavy sigh and snout toss. "If I get killed, I'm haunting you and anyone else who comes around this area."

"Deal." He said playfully, waddling off as she started digging. Only to come back a moment later. "J-just to be clear, my response was a joke-"

"I know it was a joke, Gar." She grumbled.

"Okay." He waddled away, then returned. "And your whole thing about haunting me was too, right-?"

"Get the damn tree pieces-"

"Yes, ma'am."

## Chapter 4

A few minutes later, the wyvern returned with a couple of... less of a block of wood, and more like 1/4th of one. Dropping them nearby and inspecting her work. "Very well done, Xato. That should be enough."

"So, run this by me again: You want me to... Not set the rabbit on fire, but the wood?"

"That is correct!" Gar started setting the pile underneath the campfire stand. "We're not using the fire to cook our food, but just the heat it generates."

"Seems..." The drake let out an uncomfortable grumble at the idea, not quite able to understand. "Alright, just tell me what to do next." After the last "'log'" was placed, the male stepped back.

"Okay, ignite the wood." Another groan of discomfort from her, but Xato did. Taking a faint inhale while pressing against the roof of her maw, letting the fluids gather under her tongue before blowing it over the wood pile. Let it catch fire as soon as it made significant contact with the air and spraying across the old tree pieces. The wave of heat it created made the wyvern step back and stumble, making her double take at him. "T-that's hotter than I expected."

"Now what?" She asked, watching him retrieve the frying pan and putting the skinned rabbit on it. Placing it back onto the flat top of the rack and letting it sit there, her eyes shifting between the fascinated male and the dinner.

"Remarkable, isn't it?"

"...Sure." The drake mumbled sitting down and beginning to become impatient. Starting to hear the

pan hiss a little and perk her ears a bit. "...I could've cooked it by now."

"It's less about the speed of which and more about the preparation, if I recall." Gar pondered, scratching his chin with a single claw. "There was just... So much they discovered about their art that I can only grasp the basics. I've always wanted to try this though, but I..." A noise in question from the drake. "I lack a certain ability, I'm afraid."

"And that is?"

"To create flame." Those amber eyes studied him for a moment. "No one of my kind is able to do that."

"But the old ones were not able to either, correct?"

"That is true, or at least... To my understanding. There have been reports of a select few breathing flames from their maws. However... Some part of me wants to say it was a trick. A performance of sorts, whereas they were never reported using such things in a practical use."

"I suppose that's a relief." Xato grumbled, soon hearing her stomach doing the same. "Last thing I want is a fire-breathing spirit-"

"However, they did make a variety of objects that could create flames." A slight whimper from her as he continued, not noticing it. "Everything from portable torches and lanterns, to large devices made specifically for this process. I recall them making even pure blue flames before using such things. They have one inside if you're intere-"

"No." She snapped, getting him to chuckle.

"It's safe, I promise. But alright, I can't force you." The wyvern smiled gently, still watching the meat cook. Not quite hearing Xato sigh and look away for a moment, watching the sky from afar; where the storm came from.

"Where did you come from?" A noise in question from the male. "You said you met the storm on your way here, right?"

"Yes. I came in from the northeast, where I grew up." There was a bit of sadness in his cyan eyes as he

kept an eye on the cooking meal. "It feels quite warmer there on ground, but about this in terms of higher ground where we tended to nest and live." A slight breath in reminisce. "Not nearly as many forests, let alone as dense, but the place was still beautiful..."

"Why did you leave?"

"Oh..." Gar'sinn mumbled, half shrugging. "You don't want to hear that old story." That strong snout of the drake's nudged him, followed by a rather... Defiant look from her. Making the smaller male sigh. "Something that's always bothered me about our kind; Skybounds we nicknamed ourselves... We're observers, often leaving our homes to go out and collect a vast amount of knowledge for our hatchlings to absorb. Details of the world, the landscapes, cultures both in the past and present..." A heavy sigh nearly deflated him. "...Yet, sometimes I see our nature as so barbaric."

"What do you mean?"

"Specifically how they treat the... Let's just say; those who are not hatched gifted with physical prowess, and..." A long pause as he turned his head to shield those homesick eyes. "I prefer to live, I suppose, than to become our clan's next meal."

"Meal...?" The brown one repeated under her breath. "You can't mean...?"

"Even if we had no troubles gathering food... If you're not doing enough, you'll be lucky to be exiled." Some smoke started to be seen from the meat, and Gar attempted to flip it with his paws, only to stop at the wall of heat. Let alone, the drake's own large paw to motion for him to stop. Taking her jaws without so much of a flinch and flipping it with ease. "You have quite the gift, my dear." He smiled sadly at the female.

"I'm just used to the heat. Heavy protection, I guess." She motioned her thicker scales. "Go on." A half hearted shrug left the wyvern.

"There's not much else to say. I decided that I would rather live than to be torn apart by my siblings, so a few nights ago I wrote my farewells and left them behind. I took off under the veil of night and headed westward..."

"But the storm..."

"It blew me to you, it seems." A strange cross between a head tilt and a neck curl from the drake,



even making Gar double take and blush a bit at such a reaction. "N-nevermind, I probably should not have said such a thing. Forget I said that."

"It was just..." She started, but dropped it. Letting a strange awkward silence sink in. "So, you ran away."

"I... Did, yes."

"I... I Left home recently as well." She felt an empathetic gaze from those cyan circles. "How much do you know about... What did you call us?"

"Your species? Earthbound?"

"Yeah."

"W-well..." The wyvern rubbed the back of his neck as his ears lowered. "Possibly more than I should."

"Do you know about our courtship?"

"-Your 'Coming Of Age' correct? Where females approach a line of males to see who would be worthy of their carry?" A strange stare at him for a few moments and his blush nearly invaded his entire muzzle.

"...Yes." Xato cleared her throat. "Well... Go figure that my first year for it, we had more males than usual; enough for nearly every female. A thing that rarely happens. And it's pretty obvious that everyone found a mate but..."

"You...?" The drake's ears went flat against her head as she looked away. "Xato... For what it's worth-"

"You know what the worst part about it is? The last thing my wrymhood role model said to me was 'You'll Never Find A Mate Acting Like A Kresskre.' ...Kresskre meaning-" She stopped herself, half glancing at his curious stare. Only to raise an eyebrow when the male didn't interrupt her, instead just shrugging and shaking his head. Snorting at the definition as it came to her head. "It means Big Softie in our language, to put it... Politely. A wuss, a scared little hatchling that was just so damn worried about being hurt-"

The drake exhaled a wall of heat as she forced her muzzle shut. Feeling the small winged paw on her strong shoulder. "That must've been hard for you." Gar mumbled sadly. "I'm guessing she passed...?"

"When..." The dark brown head tossed towards the farmhouse ruins, seeing him piece it together. "...I hated being that scared. And for some reason, I kept thinking in the back of my mind that if I were the one to step forwards instead of being frozen there that... Maybe I could've saved him. Maybe it would've saved her."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, but I will not pry for the details." A faint noise in confirmation from the female as she fell silent. Gar soon checking the meat but once again getting halted by the wall of heat it produced. Instead gathering the frying pan by the handle and pulling it off of the tower, only to look around and have nowhere else to put it. "I did not think this through."

She glanced at the situation and nearly tossed her snout. "Put the thing you're holding back and bring back the other thing. The larger one." Xato snorted before grabbing the meat with her jaws, holding it with ease and letting its... Strange feeling fall over her tongue while the wyvern followed her instructions, setting the now cooked rabbit on the tray and now noticing that some of the inner skin remained on the bottom of the frying pan.

Setting the tray down on the grass, the wyvern turned about to find an old knife. "Now to cut it in half, just like they used to-" A frustrated grumble with a snout toss from Xato as she held the cooked meat down with one paw and bit into the other side. Tearing it in half in one fluid motion and making the smaller dragon whimper as she chewed. Barely taking the time to taste it before swallowing it down her gullet. "...O-or you can do that, that's fine." He mumbled as the drake pushed the tray towards him a little; along with his half of the rabbit. Watching him study it for some time as her ears flicked in irritation.

"What is it." The drake barely asked.

"It is something the old ones used to do to test if the meat was dangerous." That time her head tilted. "Their stomachs were likely much weaker than ours, but I do recall something about checking if it was pink within the middle." The wyvern bit into it, chewing and testing the flavor. "Interesting."

"You never had rabbit before?"

"I more mean the taste of it." A strange look from those amber eyes. "Which is why we cooked it the way we did; to try a different taste."

"Taste...?"

"Flavor, my dear." Xato raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Do... Do you not have a sense of taste? A sense along your tongue?"

"I can feel things with it, if that's what you mean."

"But have you ever tried anything, say... Inedible before? Perhaps unhealthy like certain plants?"

"I don't eat plants, Gar." She snorted, though smirking a little. "I thought you would know that."

"But you've never tried putting one in your mouth?" Her ears spaded as the smaller one took another bite. "Try the grass. You don't need to swallow, but just take some of it with your maw." A snort from her made Gar chuckle.

"I've tried that before, it didn't do much. Same with dirt."

"Hmm, perhaps you just have a very dulled sense of taste? Did you burn your tongue when you were younger?"

"We all do when we start growing up. It's just a part of adolescence and learning how to control it." Xato mumbled, looking back in the direction of her homelands. "I never really thought about what it might do to our tongues."

"Well, that may aid to my request later-" A noise in question made him lightly yelp.

"Hmm?" No response as he continued to eat. "What request?" Those large frilled ears started blushing deeply. "Gar." She grumbled thickly, and his head lowered.

"W-well..." The smaller male took a step back. "I... Ran into a problem." A motion for him to go on. "Y-you recall, before you left to hunt for a meal that I wanted to... Dress our wounds?"

"Dress...?"

"To help them heal." Her head tilted and those dark brown ears perked. "It prevents them from

getting infected. It's something that the old ones used to do." The drake tossed her snout and the wyvern sighed quietly. "I-it's alright. I'll just dress my own." The statement still puzzled her, but she didn't need to be taken care of. Not to mention, if the process of 'dressing wounds' was lengthy like it was to cook them, then it probably wasn't worth it. Besides, the male only really had the one wound... Right?

## Chapter 5

As Gar continued eating, she couldn't help but try to observe the torn wing in secret, only for those dark red stripes to lightly reflect in the sunlight. Triggering a sudden realization, not even noticing his double take for a few moments until they caught each other's eyes. "...Those aren't stripes." Xato mumbled.

The smaller one followed her stare to the backs of his wing, then nodded a bit sadly. "Yes, I'm afraid the storm and terrible landing did more damage to me than expected."

"So, this wasn't for me then?" The drake barely asked.

"W-well... I was going to offer regardless, but your... Hide seems much thicker than mine. There doesn't seem to be significant blood drawn from your scratches, but I could bind them to prevent anything else getting within. As for the vine and the seed... The swelling should go down in time. There should be no infection from that."

"Thanks to you." She mumbled quietly and a bit uncomfortably, sighing afterwards. "What did you need then?" That blush returned in his ears.

"While... I was searching within the ruins, I did find nearly everything I need, but I am lacking an adhesive." Xato's head tilted. "Think of it as a substance that will help keep things together; something sticky. Like sap, for example."

"Okay."

"And, w-well..." Those dark brown ears flicked a bit in irritation. "T-the thing is..."

"Out with it, Gar." A loud swallow from him.

"I know of a replacement." The light blue one whimpered. "But it is difficult for me to obtain alone."

"And you need my help to do so." The drake nodded, following along but still not knowing why the blush. "Where do we find this... Ad-whatever?"

"That's the easy part, I'm... Carrying it." She raised an eyebrow. "O-our... Seed, or release as some call it, can be used to do such a thing in a pinch-"

"Seed...?" He whimpered at Xato's question, until a little torch lit up in her eyes. "Oh."

"I-I'm sorry, it was rude of me to even think of such a thing." The winged one turned about and lowered his head in embarrassment. "I'll... Just make due with what-" Her heavy step forwards made him uncomfortable as he was nearly caught in the drake's shadow. Turning to look at her and meeting with that dark brown snout so close spooked him enough to stumble back. Tripping and landing up against a nearby log. Yet, once again the larger one stepped forwards and lowered her snout to Gar's belly. "X-Xato-!?"

"It's in the same place, right?" A sharp whimper from the blushing male, feeling his entire muzzle burn with a deep purple. "Anything I should know?"

"Y-you're actually considering this?"

"You were serious about the suggestion, correct?" Another whine. "That you can use it as a... Sticky thing?"

"A-adhesive, y-yes."

"So, is there anything I should know about your kind?" The male almost couldn't look at those amber eyes, actually just closing his own and shaking his head.

"J-just... Be gentle? Please-?" A strong lick against his slit interrupted Gar as he gasped loudly. Instinctively grasping her armored head as Xato continued, paying no mind to such holds and just focusing on running her tongue against his swelling folds. Soon feeling a peak come out as Gar's whimpers grew a little louder and almost... Painful.

(Gentle it is then.) She thought, taking a breath and really relaxing her rougher appendage as she licked upwards. Starting from the bottom of that vent and sliding up with the pink thorn's progression, hearing his pants become more pleasurable in response. Though a few shifts from his body did make her pause, it was only for adjustment and she gave that growing tool a... Well, attempted nudge. Never knowing just how lightweight this dragon was until now, which made her wonder if she could...?

With more length sprouting from Gar's swelling slit, the drake could start trying different strokes of the tongue. Starting with a few straight up and twisting at the tip, some coming from the side instead of the bottom, and one from the back. Curling her tongue backwards around the fleshy spire and giving it a soft squeeze as Xato could feel it pulse. Twitching with it's growth while the muscle slid up and down the pink tower.

All the while the wyvern was singing songs in his pants, finding himself pawing and kneading at the drake's armor while his tail thrashed under her. His still pulsing tool reaching up closer and closer to that dark brown snout while being wrapped in her tongue. Slowly breaking her gentle grip until it was finally large enough, retreating that muscle and letting the pink spire and the dragon it belonged to to breathe for a moment.

Only for the drake to open those jaws and encase Gar's weapon within them, making the male yelp when those ivory spikes were felt; but not biting down. At least not hard. Instead, just keeping the still forming tool secure while that tongue continued to slather it with her own juices. Occasionally opening her bottom jaw and pressing that tongue against his slit, lightly causing it to spread opened a little more each time while stimulating the wyvern.

Perhaps a little too much, whereas he soon released a sharp straining whimper and felt a squirt against the roof of her maw. Causing Xato to stop and let the winged one catch his breath. "S-sorry." He whined as she waited patiently. "Y-you're... Much better than I expected, b-but-" She started up again, that tongue progressively getting stronger while Gar attempted to collect the words in his mind. "W-wait! Please, X-Xato!"

A noise in question from her as he panted then continued. "I... F-forgot something." A couple of blinks while she stared at him to go on. "Inside the ruins where we stayed, I left... something to help catch it." A faint snort from her as she continued to muzzle him off, as if ignoring such a statement. Causing the

smaller one to whine for a number of reasons, then more when she started nudging against his middle while that tongue continued.

That concern of his grew when she kept nudging him, almost practicing firm grips with her teeth against Gar's tool as it grew more and more stiff. Letting out whimpering questions as he started to adjust himself to sit onto the log, only for those motions of the drake's head to get progressively stronger. Finally getting his haunches on top of the log, Xato's fangs grasped and locked that twitching weapon in place!

"X-Xato!?" A sudden push against his middle with that armored snout as it lifted upwards! Carrying the wyvern with the motion and lifting him off the ground with tool still in maw. Making the smaller one panic and grasp her curved horns like handlebars while his hind legs scrambled to anchor themselves against her. Gar's long tail wrapping around her plated neck and yelping when she started turning towards the old barn.

Walking towards it while still lapping at his tool, head held high and pointed upwards a little with the wyvern riding her snout. Still whimpering and singing songs of concern for his tool, hoping she didn't accidentally step down into a hole and bite it off. Such thoughts were competing against that skilled muscle, sliding along his length and stimulating the male into releasing another jolt of pre against her tongue then feeling a deep rumble from the large one...

Her... Purrs? They sounded much more intimidating than intimate as she washed his tool with that substance, only to lap at it more eagerly while she trekked across the field. Once in a while stopping to look sideways through the male's ripped wing to make sure she was going in the right direction. "A-a little do the left." He attempted to guide her, only for her to turn the wrong way and make him yelp. "S-sorry, that was my left! Move-" A sharp gasp and a whimper from him as another jolt passed through that pink spire. "M-move this way." He tapped the side of that large brown head.

Soon enough the two made it to the doorway, gently pressing his back against the old doorway to open it, but it wasn't budging. Hearing Gar whine as she grumbled, took a step back, turned around quickly as the male was taken for a ride while that thick tail of hers slammed against the doorway. Causing to swing open nearly upon impact while those cyan eyes stared at it before releasing another jolt into Xato's muzzle. Lightly turned on by such a display as she entered the old building.

Not bothering to close the door, the drake entered and headed towards the hay bale they spent the night on. Only to feel another few taps towards a direction and releasing a noise in question, only to feel him reach for something. Lowering her head, hearing him struggle still, lowering a bit more until Gar finally grabbed a hold of the old metal bowl. Then moving to the back of the barn and lightly tossed the smaller male onto the hay bale. Taking the bowl after looking it over for a moment and barely paying

attention to what he said. "I-it's for... To hold the- m-my-"

But Xato hardly cared. Just wanting to get some more of that strange... Exotic experience again. Is this what he meant by taste? Lapping at that smooth pink length a few times, barely noticing the small little spines that peppered it before. Soon going back to completely muzzling the male hard, pressing him down into the dry 'bedding' that has seen better days. Paying close attention to his songs, easing up whenever there was more of a pain in the vocals while getting as much as that flavor as possible. Sucking it hard when it started to squirt more and more often, nearly making the wyvern cry out in bliss. Not to mention her constant deep purrs, adding a heavy vibration that seemed to travel up her throat, muzzle, and bridge into his crotch.

His grasps grew tighter against her head, those claws instinctively attempt to pierce her armor but held no threat to her. It only told the drake that he was getting close while she gathered sample after sample of that... Oddly addictive pre. A flavor that seemed to only grow in intensity as she continued her task; sliding that tongue around his tower. Coiling around it and squeezing it gently as she started to pull on it gently. Enough to actually lift and 'dribble' the male over the makeshift bedding as his vocals climbed higher and higher.

"X-Xato...!" Gar attempted to warn her, but it seemed nothing was getting through. "Xa-Ahhh! Xat-to...!" The drake was just too set in her ways, enjoying the foreign sensation over her muzzle as it nearly filled it, letting the excess pre leak from her maw. A pleasurable feeling fell over her tongue the more she did it, and her instincts wanted more of it. Desired more. *Demanded* more-!

To the point where the wyvern shifted his body a little bit, and those very instincts took it as a struggle to escape. "X-Xa-!! R-rememb-!" Placing a heavy paw against his chest to pin the male in place, then sucked on him harder and harder! His whines growing in pitch as that long thin tail thrashed under her! Those hind claws raked her armored shoulders and neck! Several jolts were fired into her muzzle as the female draws became increasingly stronger! Chaining squirts together as that spire thickened! "I-!!"

A very long straining whimper snapped the drake back to reality, now realizing how hard she was pressing against his chest. Only for him to suddenly curl forwards and thrust into her muzzle. "D-don't...!" He panted rapidly, pleading. "S-stop...! Please...!!" So Xato continued to suck that tool harder, squeezing and lapping at it with her tongue roughly. Until the male cried out loudly and a heavy torrent filled her muzzle, leaking out of the cracks of her maw as Xato swallowed the delicious cream. Never feeling so hungry for such a thing that she could barely stop herself from drinking every mawful. "X-Xa-!!" Right! The drake was supposed to save some.

Sliding her muzzle back but keeping a firm hold on the tip, letting it flood her muzzle before sealing it



and moving to the bowl. Letting Gar launch the white ropes into the air and rain over himself while she dropped her bounty in the dish. Snatching the still cumming tool for a refill until that bowl was overfilled, then going back to her own desires to swallow the male's warm milk. Gulp after gulp the torrents kept coming, along with the light blue wyvern's strained whimpers. Though it didn't help that the drake kept drawing them from that pink fleshy 'straw', losing track of the amount of sprays and going until she felt full.

But soon after that feeling, the torrents died down. Still working her movements until the male felt overstimulated, leaving his body into twitching spasms as she took one last draw and swallow before releasing that grip from that weapon. Lapping at it as the wyvern panted, eyes completely unfocused and on the verge of passing out. "Just..." Gar attempted to speak, feeling the female rest her entire head on that white belly and smirk at him. Watching that deep blush return to those large frilled ears. "T-thank... You." She nodded, a bit prideful. "I-if you'll... Give me a few..."

"Sleep." Xato playfully demanded. "You look like you're ready to pass out anyway- there you go."

## Chapter 6

She almost fell asleep, resting on the same bale as the wyvern. Clearly out of it from the loud snoozing from that wedge-shape snout, once in a while giving a faint snort. Expecting him to suddenly jump awake and panic, Gar seemed the type to. But all he would do is release a faint grumble and perhaps flick his tongue before drifting back to sleep.

It was cute to her, honestly. The faint movements of the male half her size, the little sounds that made her smile; something that was barely seen along her dark brown scales. Her snout over his neck and those strong arms shielding him from the sunlight peeking from the tattered roofing. Letting the smaller one rest after... Well, she just expects the muzzlejob of his life. Images of his surprised expression still danced in her calm mind, almost making her chuckle as she pondered what was going

through the wyvern's head at the time.

But why did Vati do such a thing? And why was she caring for a male that wasn't even her species? There wasn't really a reason behind it in terms of survival, it also wasn't for her benefit; during or post session. It's not like this small male could be a mate to her or something-

The drake suddenly froze at such a thought, almost bracing the wyvern in place as he murmured. Releasing her pent up breath quietly to relax those muscles, but she couldn't shake off that thought... And how warm it made her chest feel.

But it wasn't possible... Was it? The drakes from her nest would frown upon such a thing if they knew. Oh how the others would laugh at pitiful Vati; rejected from all the males available where she grew up only to leave the damn place. Get chased away from several others and caught in a damn storm where she finally met one that would help. Granted, one about half her size and a quarter of her weight at best. Small, unthreatening, spleeny and frail. Yet... Kind, thoughtful, curious, open minded, empathetic...

With every word that came up from the dark brown skull, her heart felt like it grew. Slowly breaking out of that hardened shell she encased it in, to the point where she found herself just smiling and staring at the back of his head. Her exhales fogging up those soft light blue scales that her brown muzzle was pressed up against. Giving him a faint lick to see what it was like to show affection-

Only for the male to make a mumbling noise in question as he started to stretch, then suddenly realized he was bound. Releasing a whimper as he attempted to struggle against the heavy arm, making the drake instantly release him and step off the flattened bale of hay. Letting their eyes meet once again as Gar looked at her in surprise, then released a sigh of relief. Covering his eyes and snout with those wings as those ears fell. "I-I apologize. I didn't... Recognize where I was, Xato."

"Oh." The large one replied, a little embarrassed herself. Looking off to the side as she gave the wyvern a moment. Only for him to suddenly whimper sharply and blush. Getting her to instantly piece together what it was and toss her snout. "Don't-"

"I-I'm sorry! I don't know why such an idea came to mind-!"

"Gar!" She growled, making him whimper. "It's alright."

"But-?" The brown one took a step forwards, nearly towering over the male.

"It's. All. Right." She said a bit sternly. "It wasn't my first time doing it."

"It... Wasn't?" The question caused her to glance off to the side.

"Well... First time to a different species, but." She lightly tilted her head in a shrug, turning to the larger space and laying down. Wondering just how much she should really tell the wyvern. "But it's not a big deal to me, which is why I did it. So don't make it as such."

Those puzzled cyan eyes could be felt over her, but to Xato's surprise, he didn't dwell on it. Instead just getting up and waddled around the bedding. Looking over the bowl to test the substance within before observing the sun. "How long was I out?"

"Not too long."

"And you...?" A noise in question from the drake. "Protected me?"

"Kept you warm, yes." She attempted to hide the blush from her ears by sending them flat against her head, as if she were irritated. Though, Xato knew she wasn't fooling anyone. "Has it been too long for the...?"

"It should be alright. Though I do have to prep the gauze."

"The what?" He waddled over to another old bale of hay and pulled out several other objects from the ruins. Making the drake suddenly uncomfortable. "How much did you take from that place?"

"Quite a bit still seemed useful." A groan from the large one, making him smile. "But I assure you that these 'evil spirits' are just all in your head. You will not be haunted for using some of these items."

A heavy sigh from her as she watched him take out a strip of the white cloth and bite in the middle of it... A few times, in order to make it rip and tear it into a section. Taking a large bottle and pulling the lid off of it with his maw, though not without a struggle. Hearing it pop loudly as some of the fluids flowed out in bubbles before he rubbed the cloth within the small flow. Sniffing it and snorting at the strong scent that even the drake could detect from several feet away, he took a deep breath and placed the soaked cloth on one of his side scratches in an intense flinch.

...Only for him to stop in place then look at it with curiosity, tilting his head before looking at the

bottle again. Hearing the female sigh in slight irritation. "Fine, I'll bite: What are you doing?"

"Normally these are supposed to sting something fierce, but all I feel is a faint numbness." Gar thought aloud before gesturing to the bottle. "I recall that it's something the old ones would do with their wounds; which is what I meant earlier as 'Dressing' them. Within this container is what they call Spirits-"

"You've gotta be kidding me..." The brown one groaned in discomfort, making the wyvern chuckle.

"Just a similar word, I'm sure. Not actually liquid souls or ghosts, but... Something they used to make. It would help clean wounds of any infections or illnesses."

"And they required these with every injury...?" Xato barely asked, snorting at the idea.

"Some form of it, I believe."

"No wonder they died off." Another chuckle from the male as he continued, taking another section of the gauze and waddling towards the bowl of his release. Dipping it in and placing it off-center over the 'spirited' stripe. Testing to see if it will hold. "That's...? What you needed it for?"

"To stay on, y-yes." Gar blushed. "I-it's a bit of a strange concept, I know. But it's something I learned during my juvenile years."

"That it sticks to everything?"

"Once a little dried, unfortunately. Or, in this case, fortunately." He replied nervously. "It... Works in a pinch. It can just be difficult to access from time to time." He waddled over with the bowl and tore off another section of cloth.

"Yeah, I know." Xato mumbled, taking a breath and sighing through her muzzle, only to feel that curious gaze again. Making her look over the wyvern stuck in mid-operation of holding one of the weaved strips and just study her.

"...Oh." He mumbled quietly, making the large one tilt her head. "Your males don't have any... I suppose 'posable paws' or such, do they?"

"None of our kind does, no. Not like what you're doing there."

"That's why-" A shy whimper from him, instantly causing those dark brown ears to spade.

"Gar." She half scolded.

"R-right; don't make it a big deal. I'm just..."

"Is it really that embarrassing from your view?" His deep blush nearly answered her question. Getting a louder sigh from the drake's muzzle as she rested it on her crossed paws. "But yes. Our males don't have any way to entertain themselves, aside from being lucky enough to find a smooth tree, so."

"The females... Erm."

"Muzzle them off once in a while. Occasionally other males do to-" A sharper whimper from the light blue one but she ignored it. "I-" That time, she stopped herself, kind of hoping that the wyvern didn't hear. But with ears like that...

A glance at him, and they were very much perked. Still placing another soaked strip across his first bandage before working on another, a process that looked ridiculous to her. "Go on."

"I... Nevermind."

"No no, I'm willing to listen, Xato." Her ears spaded at that. "Please, share."

"It's nothing, Gar." But that curious gaze never lifted, even after some silence. Soon hearing the small male waddle over to her and place a hand on the drake's armored shoulder.

"It can stay between us." That got her attention, though it also brought a slight frown to her expression. "I promise." (Am I that easy to read?)

Her head returned to those brown paws, taking a deep breath and remaining silent. Almost deflating the male as he returned to the makeshift table. "...I hate being alone." Xato admitted, almost a little heavily but instantly getting the attention of the wyvern. "Ever since the day of that..."

"The ruins...?"

"Yes." She swallowed loudly. "...You make this look so easy." Xato snorted, letting a sad smile form on the smaller one's black muzzle.

"Just take your time."

"Ever since that day I've... I'm terrified of being alone. Not specifically in the sense of solitary for an evening, but... In life."

"You mean, finding a mate?"

"Yes... Especially when coming of age, I realized just how fewer males we had at the next come my time." A heavy, near angry sigh from her. "I got this... Stupid idea that maybe I could earn some affection from some of the males who were longing for some relief. That's how I learned..." A gesture towards Gar, and he nodded in understanding. "I was so damn foolish..."

"You were not, Xato." A grumble in response. "From what I know, the old ones used a barter system quite like that as well."

"Yeah... Something that led to their downfall, no doubt." Another snort. "Because come time to decide on a mate, I was the only one left alone. People don't have the empathy to return favors, I'm not sure why my naive head thought of it..."

"And so... You left your lands?"

"...Yes. After being chased out of a few others, I came here to find my own territory. Though, before I could even claim a shelter, that storm hit. I had nowhere to go, no place to hide from it." Another sigh from her.

"...I'm sorry if my suggestion earlier brought-"

"It was never the act of doing it, Gar. I..." A heavy breath. "I'm just happy that I could..."

"Help?"

"Return the favor. For earlier." She mumbled a bit, making him a little quiet. "It's funny, now that I

think about it; you've done more for me in less than a day than they have ever done. Excluding my parents."

"Of course." The wyvern smiled sadly at her. "And you've done quite a bit for me lately as well. Let alone indulge in my-"

"Silly ideas?"

"Experiments, yes." He chuckled, almost seeing a faint smirk from that brown muzzle as he continued to bandage himself. "I... Know you do see the relics as I do, especially since your introduction of such a thing was so tragic. But..."

"But...?"

"You're... Looking for territory, yes?" The drake looked at the light blue one puzzled. "Why not here-?"

"Are you joking?" Her ears flicked, flat against her head.

"I am not. You already have a sturdy shelter here-"

"In a graveyard! This place isn't meant to dwell in!" The drake hissed, watching the smaller dragon's winged paws go up in surrender.

"Please, calm down." A growl from her as he spoke gently. "Xato... There is nothing left behind here, not in the sense that frightens you."

"I'm not frightened!" She snorted, but even she knew it was obvious. Getting the drake's gaze to fall and sigh in defeat. "I just... Can't."

"But you are now. And I'll be right here with you." A strange look from those amber eyes slightly shocked the wyvern, opening up his more injured wing as a gesture; the membrane of it still torn. "I'm... Not going anywhere in terms of long distances for a while. Though I do not fear these ruins like you may, I..."

"...You can't survive out here alone." A sad slow nod from that black head.

"And I do not want to be alone." Gar exhaled remorsefully. "These past few days have been... Terrifying to me. And I'm sorry if that doesn't appeal-"

"You need to stop doing that." The drake grumbled, making his frilled ears fall. "Apologizing. You've done nothing that requires forgiveness."

"But I-?"

"Gar." The dark brown one took a breath and got up, taking just a step towards him and locking onto those frightened cyan eyes. "What are you going to say when you really mess up?" No response, but those smaller eyes did shift. Causing her to release her lock and stare out through the doorway. "Maybe it's just the differences in how we do things."

"Culture?"

"...Yeah." Xato mumbled. "But everytime you say those two words together: I'm Sorry, I'm expecting something truly devastating to follow. Instead... It's just how you've been feeling towards something? I'm not fragile, Gar. I can take indifference." He nodded faintly as she exhaled. "...I guess if we're going to be living together, we should make some compromises."

A large double take from the wyvern. "W-what? Y-you'll...?"

"I've..." The drake grumbled, attempting to hide her blush. "Enjoyed your company enough to stick around. And..." Another sigh from her. "Being with you would benefit my survival." The blunt statement made the wyvern smile. "Even if it means we have to live in a graveyard- but do keep in mind what I said earlier about it."

"Said earlier...?" Gar watched the brown snout toss.

"That if I die here, I AM Haunting You." That made him chuckle. "Now, I don't know about you, but I'm getting hungry again. I better catch something while we still have daylight."

"Then allow me this time." The drake curled her neck, watching the wyvern waddle towards the door. "I seen a lake not too far from here, I'm certain there's fish swimming within!"

"Annnnd...?"



"I'm going to catch a few." He bluntly stated, a little puzzled by her questionable gaze as it shifted from his head to his damaged wing. "By swimming, not by flight."

"You can swim?"

"I can, yes. Though it isn't my strength, it shouldn't be too much of a bother." He looked at the torn membrane. "...I hope."

"Well, don't drown yourself. We still have plenty of time, if you need me to catch something." Gar nodded at her, watching another exhale leave that muzzle. "I may regret this, but... What should I do in the meantime?" His face lit up. "Yeahhh, I regret asking-"

"Do you know where I got the firewood?" Xato's ears spaded, but she nodded. "What if we brought the fire we made earlier inside?"

"I regret asking soooo much." She nearly whimpered. "Fine. I'll... Work on that. Don't die out there."

"I won't." The small light blue male hugged her chest tightly, actually getting the drake to step back in surprise and embarrassment. Not really knowing what to do and slowly lifting a paw to return the gesture, but found herself stopping midway. Second guessing herself as he broke the hug and didn't even notice. "I'll be back soon. And when I come back, I'll dress you up as well."

"Great." She grumbled sarcastically. Watching the wyvern waddle into the fields, bandaged and scraped. Yet... Happy. Excited, and with a really dumb grin on his face. Turning back to look at her and giving a faint wave before disappearing into the tall grass.

## Chapter 7

*Three Years Later...*

She smelled them somewhere around here, scouring the dense forest grounds as she trotted. Constantly scanning the surrounding scents that littered the area, but only following a specific one. Taken in sections, as if they were bread crumbs sprinkled along the dark grounds.

Going further into the forest, the dark brown one started recognizing some of the trees and fallen logs scattered about. Still following that scent and picking it up closer and closer, to the point where it was nearly right under her snout. Just beside that fallen tree.

Digging into it for a few moments, danger suddenly echoed through her hide. Getting her to squeal just as that tree came to life with a set of claws and a terrifying maw! Pouncing at the boar with an impressive speed and wounding it! Not enough to put it down as it attempted to scamper away!

Yet, the drake lunged wildly! Swinging a paw through an old tree to knock the large pig off balance, the smaller one's hind leg slipping into a crack and snaring it! Just long enough for the dragon to get on top of her and bite into the back of the boar's neck! Twisting those jaws and hearing a loud snap through the dense muscle as the bounty went limp.

Vati kept her brace for a few moments, adrenaline still rushing through her body and keeping her instincts in high alert. As if it were ready to chase the pig further into the forest, but even when she let

go it remained unmoving.

It took a moment to calm down before dragging the large bounty back home, one that would likely feed the drake for several days. Making her rather pleased, despite the rough morning she had. Recalling waking up to very little water in her bucket. Needing to take the long trip out with said bucket to the nearby lake and refill it, only to accidentally drop it midway back and needing to repeat the process.

Just thinking about it made her snort in irritation, as she soon came out of the clearing in the woods. Still dragging the heavy boar with relative ease, Vati overlooked the area from the path she often took. Not much has changed through the seasons. The ruins still looked as gloomy as ever, but it's fright had worn down significantly since the first time she gazed along it. Though it still didn't stop the memory of the wyvern from returning.

A gaze above in the sky and she saw one flying across in the distance, in some ways hoping it was Gar'sinn returning from disappearance. What would she say to him now if he did suddenly appear? Some part of the drake, likely the more aggressive side, would sass him harshly. Growl that he was so damn stupid for trying to catch some damn fish with a torn wing, all because of what? That he's done enough and just let her hunt while the small male could just rest for the remainder of the day.

...That memory forced her to stop and take a breath, even after all these years she's never had an old wound that hurt so much. Not even losing those two nestmates, though that was a close second. The drake let herself open up once more only for the wyvern to disappear, left to wonder if maybe...

Vati shook her head nearly violently, snorting and resuming her task. Not wanting to think about it again, but it came back heavy as tropical rain. Waiting with the warm fire as it turned dark, wondering what was taking Gar so long. Before the sun set, she sought out to follow his trail, an easy scent to follow. All the way out to that lake and... Nothing. Unable to see anything in the dark.

...She spent the night in the grassy fields, unable to find her way back just yet. Finding herself traveling in circles attempting to follow the scent of wood burning. When daybreak came, the drake scoured the shores as it led to the river and only ever found his bandages floating in the waters. Something she couldn't even obtain due to the dangers of the rougher currents.

Just like that, the dragon lost another companion. Never wanting so much to walk into the waters and just let them take her. Another dark thought that caused her present self to stop and take a breath. Not really understanding what she was still doing out here besides the one thing the drake was taught: Survive.

Yet, like a wyrming, her imagination and memory gave her false hope. Opening the door and nearly seeing the wyvern's outline resting on the hay bale, but only for a split second. Like a sharp warm blade into her chest, giving her a pulse of warmth only to realize just how cold it really felt.

It stunned the drake for a moment, as it always did. Further increasing her suspicions about the ruins being haunted, yet she remained there. Taking a heavy breath and pulling the bounty away from the burnable grass and setting it ablaze to burn the fur and hide off. Staring at the small flames as it licked the air, wondering why she's been thinking about Gar more and more lately. As if some little voice in her head was telling Vati that he was still alive.

...No. The truth was that the wyvern disappeared into the river and... Would never return. Too often she's listened to that voice assuring her that it'll be any day now. Any season now. That he would return, looking for her. And like a gullible old wyrm, the drake remained here. Waiting. Waiting for a spirit to comfort her, nothing more than a fantasy.

Maybe it was about time that she moved on. Leave this place to find a new territory, or battle for dominance of another. Perhaps even finding another drake that would take her, start a family and maybe someday correct that stigma of the skybounds. That they're not watching for a perfect opportunity to strike you down, but instead... Observing. Gathering information from afar because they were just so naturally curious-

Through the faint flames she heard nothing, but at that moment she felt a stare at her back. Double taking and preparing to guard herself at the doorway, only to see that small winged outline again. The blue cyan eyes looking at her with wonder, and all Vati could do is just stare at them- never blinking. For if she did, those eyes would disappear at the first chance they got.

But the heat from the fire was unforgiving, forcing those amber eyes to shield themselves only for a moment despite her command to never flinch. Yet, when they returned... He was still there, raising a winged paw faintly as if to wave at the drake. "Gar...?" She softly spoke, seeing that long head smile.

"Hello again, Xato." A name she abandoned so long ago, one that nearly made her furious- but not at him. However, that didn't stop that large titanic body of the female's to lunge at the wyvern. Making him yelp loudly as the wind was knocked out of him and become embraced so tightly he could barely breathe. "X-Xato!?"

**"What The *Taath!*?"** She roared, letting it echo violently through the fields and landscape. Such a display of power nearly paralyzing the small male, finally feeling the warmth of his body and light blue scales against her own armor.

"L-language, dear-!"

"Shut your snout!!" The drake growled, still holding him tightly. Finally feeling those stoic walls crumble as if they were fractured by his very voice. Unable to even breathe properly as tears rolled down her dark brown face. "You disappear for- Taath knows how long!"

"A-about a thousand or so sunsets-"

"No!" Vati nearly sobbed. "No! You Died! You had to! That's the only thing that makes sense!"

"Please...!" The light blue wyvern wheezed. "Xato, please... I can't breathe too well."

"I can't do that, Gar..." She nearly hissed in desperation. "If I let you go, you'll disappear on me again. And I can't..." Those armored arms slowly felt the small one squirm out of their grip, but they did nothing to stop him. The gentle strokes against her horns and the sides of her face, leading up to those watered shellshocked eyes that could do nothing but blink and stare straight forwards. "I'm dreaming again, aren't I? I have to be."

"You are not." Gar spoke to her gently, nearly breaking her apart as her body collapsed on the ground. Her head resting on his middle as those light blue winged paws comforted Vati, regardless of being pinned to the soft grass. Washing those scales with tears.

"You..." He spoke up to what felt like an hour of resting there, not moving even when his body felt numb. "You waited here all this time?" A nod was felt. "Even though you thought I was...?"

"I..." The drake released a quivering breath. "...Foolishly believed that I was wrong. For so long." A heavy breath then a chuckle from her.

"What?" Gar questioned, not quite getting an answer and petting that snout as those walls were slowly being rebuilt.

"It's... Strange. I always threatened that I would haunt you if something happened to me, when we first met."

"Oh yes, I remember quite vividly." That made her smile.

"Yet... I found myself being haunted by you instead." And that made the wyvern smile brightly.

"You missed me that much?" No response for several moments, then a faint nod. Finally making eye contact with him again, something that nearly shattered her with joy. Yet, she frowned and exhaled heavily. "What is the matter?"

"I hate it..." A noise in question. "How... I've endured so much, Gar. I've grown up knowing almost nothing but survival. Shrugged off wounds, bruises, cuts. Even a dislocated joint in my tail..." A heated exhale from that dark brown muzzle. "I've felt like I have endured it all. Yet... You, with nothing more than your presence, can just... Fracture me. Break me down into... This mess and make me so weak-"

"You're not weak, Xato." Those ears bark-like spaded. "Please, don't think of yourself that way."

"I'm not..." She held her tongue.

"You are strong enough, for both of us." The wyvern smiled sadly. "The rest of the world doesn't see you that way, I promise." A sad look from those amber eyes. "And if you feel like they ever do..." He placed those small winged paws on top of her head, letting the membranes stretch over it and create a shaded shelter. "I will hide it from them."

A slightly quivering breath from her as Xato rested that head against the black middle. "Shh..." Gar coaxed. "Take your time, I'm not going anywhere. Take all the time you need- but... I-is something

burning?" The drake's head suddenly shot upwards.

"Taath!"

The water splashed and hissed at the dragons while the large one made sure all the little sparks were put out. Stomping on them while Gar put down the now empty water bucket and overlooking the now... Rather charred looking 'roast pig'. "That's..." He awkwardly whimpered. "Quite the catch." Making Xato gaze over it in irritation and disappointment.

"Yeah... You don't see too many of them come around, but I spotted this a few days ago. Mushroom season, I imagine. They seem to be digging holes around this time of year-"

"Oh, for truffles?" A double take at the wyvern. "They can sense them through the ground, since they usually grow around tree roots..." The male looked back at the forest from the doorway. "W-were...?" She raised an eyebrow at the winged one. "You expecting someone? I don't want to intrude-"

"No." Xato cleared her throat. "No, this was just... A lucky hunt is all."

"So, you've...?" Gar gazed around the old barn as it brought back memories, spotting old bones and a few objects still around. Including that old metal bowl licked clean, that tray off in the corner. His scan soon resting on her slightly guilty eyes. "You've never found a mate? Or anyone else?"

"...No." She sadly replied. "I just... Waited."

"You... Paused your life? Your entire life, waiting for me?" Those amber discs fell off to the side as the drake didn't reply. But she didn't have to. Waddling towards her and placing a small winged paw on her shoulder made her sigh.

"I never looked at it that way."

"Why, though? Especially after you thought I was...?" (Because I like you.) Xato thought to herself,

wishing she could say it out loud. (Because I needed to believe that you would come back...)

"I don't know." She finally answered. (Taath... You are such a coward.) A heavy sigh from the large one as the brown one curled her neck around the small one in a show of affection. "Gar..."

"Yes?"

"What the Taath." That made him chuckle. "I'm just... Having a hard time to believe that you're still here."

"I am, though. You can feel me, can't you?" A nod was felt.

"...What happened to you?" A deep sigh that ended in a small whistle from the wyvern, nearly feeling him burn up in embarrassment.

"I'd... Prefer not to tell you when you're this close to me."

"Why." Less of a question and more of a demand from the much larger female.

"Because..." Gar chuckled nervously. "I'm afraid that you might swat me across this entire field, perhaps across the entire lake as well-"

"I'm considering it." She grumbled, hearing that whimper again. "...I've missed that noise so much."

"B-but, okay. You... Deserve to know." Another breath from the small male. "O-okay... So, that day..."

"Yes?"

"I went to go fishing."

"...And?"

"I... Kind of under-estimated."



"...Under-estimated what-?"

"Everything." He whimpered, feeling her toss her snout. "Including my bad luck."

"Oh, this is going to be a fun story, isn't it?" The drake nearly growled. "Just give me the short version for now."

"O-oh, okay." The wyvern whined. "I-in my hatchling years, we used to go fishing at the beach. Back then, we only really had to worry about the undertow-"

"Short. Version."

"I tried fishing, and got caught by the water currents." A frustrated groan from her. "That led down to the river." Another one. "That may have led to a waterfall or three." A louder one. "That eventually led to the ocean, where I was swallowed by some giant... Fish thing." Another louder one. "Which was hunted by a large wyrm, who didn't realize that I was stuck inside." A straining growl. "Who came from an entirely different land on the other side of the ocean."

"I'm not even sure what an Ocean is." Xato grumbled in frustration. "So you were kidnapped by another dragon?"

"M-more rescued than kidnapped. But with no way to get back, and considering I wasn't sure how to find this place..."

"You never asked them? To maybe even carry you-?"

"I did." The wyvern whispered to her, exhaling a deep guilt. "I really did try, but it felt like such a lost cause. Every year it was harder and harder to convince them to try, especially since I was still in the process of healing..." He opened that damaged wing, and that tear that Xato remembered so vividly was replaced by a series of metal piercings and foreign fabrics. "This took years, I'm afraid. And even then, they tried to convince me to give it more time. That the journey was not an easy one, considering..."

"Considering what?"

"The distance." Her ears perked a little. "If you've never seen the ocean... Hmm. Have you ever climbed at a higher point of a hill or mountain? And seen the land over the horizon?"

"Yes?"

"Think of that, but... All Water. For days on end sometimes; nothing but blue waves with nowhere to rest." A deep breath from Gar. "The... Wyrms who carried me across to find this place, they were built for such journeys; able to take supplies and reach what small sections of land that could be landed upon safely. Ones that the waters wouldn't swallow up." A near quivering breath from him as he hugged the drake. "I... Wanted to return so badly, but it seemed impossible for someone of my..."

"Size? Strength? Endurance?"

"Physique, yes." He lightly chuckled. "...I'm afraid I am not like you, Xato-"

"Gar..."

"But I've grown to accept that. As much as I admire your strengths and abilities... I wouldn't want them for myself." A puzzled look from her, though she couldn't quite make eye contact.

"Why?"

"It is... Difficult to explain. I can try later, but..."

"But you've... Must've had a life there, yes? Isn't that what you've wanted?"

"Yes..." The wyvern mumbled a bit sadly. "I... Did make quite the life there. Found a few nests of wyverns, possible mates..." That hurt her chest. "But there was always something missing."

"What?"

"...You." A heavy exhale that brought back a tear in her eyes again. "And I..."

"Stupidly took the risk." The drake nearly growled. "You're such a damn fool..."

"I know." A light chuckle.

"A stupid... Idiotic..."

"Naive? Brainless? Dimwitted, Moronic, Dense, Dummy?"

"Simple-minded." A scoff from him.

"That one hurts, dear." A sad chuckle as the drake shook her head. Gently embracing him until he whimpered at the tightness.

"Thank you." A few taps along the side of her neck. "I don't deserve you, but-"

"You've earned me." A slightly tighter embrace. "E-easy my, dear. No need to break me." For a few moments they just held each other. "I'm... I detest to ask such a thing of you, but I'm a bit parched from the flight."

"Yeah, I'll..." A breath to compose herself. "I'll have to refill the bucket for the third time today." She finally let go after a few more moments and exhaled through her muzzle. "Are you hungry now?"

"I am getting quite famished, yes." The light blue one replied with a smile, ignoring the wet eyes while not attempting to hide his own. "I see you brought over the outdoor cooking device." He gestured over to the side, making her grumble a little. "Have you been practicing?"

"Occasionally..." She answered a bit evasively, lighting the wood underneath.

"Then may I try? I have found a few chefs along my travels." A puzzled look from her. "A chef is someone who cooks as a profession."

"...Profession?"

"Job." Her head tilted, making the wyvern chuckle. "I'll explain later. Don't worry." Gar waddled outside a little ways, finding a small pack he left on the ground and bringing it inside as she stared at him. "Is something the matter?"

"...No." The drake snapped out of her thoughts and playfully snorting as she took the bucket handle. "Just thinking."

"About what?"

"What I'm going to do to you if you're gone by the time I get back." A sharp whimper from the male.  
"Another little sound I missed so dearly."

## Chapter 9

The cool water felt unreal along her tongue and throat. So relieving that the drake dunked her entire head into the waters for a few moments to make sure Vati wasn't dreaming. Worried that maybe she'll wake up at any given moment, the instant something doesn't make sense. But she held wyvern, touched him. Felt his heartbeat again, heard his voice- seen his dumb lovable smile...

Gar was finally back, and it wasn't a dream. It was... Surreal. Completely surreal, after so many sunsets where she convinced herself that the smaller male had passed on. And if he were somehow alive, he would've moved on. (Face it...) She thought to herself, staring at that reflection of her. (You didn't do anything special for him besides give him a muzzlejob. HE followed you through the storm. HE rescued you from those vines. HE led you out of the dark and into shelter. What did you do? Hunt him a simple rabbit? Exhaled to make a fire?)

She exhaled heavily, looking away from the judging reflection. "...Maybe I can't change the past, but I've been... Given a second chance." Vati mumbled quietly to herself. "I'll do better. I don't deserve his kindness, but I can do better." Taking the old bucket and filling it with water. "This is a start." And the drake trotted back, wishing she could go faster without spilling the water.

The small smoke signal in the distance could be seen, pointing her in the right direction around the tall grass fields. Swearing she could smell the cooking meats just like the day the two met, bringing back a flood of memories that could now be replayed without remorse. He was back. Such a phrase fluttered the drake's heart the more she thought it. He was back. He was back!

It began to put a stupid grin on her muzzle, like an excited little hatchling witnessing their parent return from a hunt. He was back! Gar-whatever the second part of his taathing name was, was back! And he was staying!

But was he staying? Maybe he was just stopping by in between destinations? A trot to a stop as the roofing of the barn could be seen. Looking over the quiet fields as a warm breeze passed over it. The old ruins, the dense forests, the lake and the mountains beyond... If the wyvern was planning to move on, she would gladly leave this place for him. Leave behind her territory.

The drake scampered along again, abandoning some of the cool waters that lunged out of the pail and made her way to the barn. The snaps of the fires were heard as she moved through the doorway. "Gar? I'm back." She spoke her best with such a thing in her maw, setting it down off to the side and-

Scanning the area. The shadows for him, but nothing. "Gar...?" It struck her chest nearly to the point of making her heart stop. Was it...? Was it all in her head? Her gaze sharply moved to the ground, instantly spotting the wyvern's strange pack leaned up against a hay bale. Giving her a sense of relief, but where was he?

Those dark brown ears flicked at the sound of something... Dragging outside? Turning about and looking off to the side to find just that: the wyvern groaning and squirming, attempting to pull a large branch out of the woods almost comically. Not even noticing her approach until the small male needed to stop for a break, panting loudly. "What are you doing-?"

A loud yelp at her question as he stumbled into the branch, clutching his chest. "Oh... You came back much faster than I expected." The drake stared at him, then looked at the branch which made him whimper. "I-I... It's been a while since I read up on the rituals, but-"

"Rituals?" Another whimper from that black muzzle, causing her ears to flick.

"A-as in... Proposals. For Earthbounds." (Proposal?) "T-the male would find the biggest log or rock he could find, a-and..." Her neck slowly curled, actually getting her to blush. Trying to keep her composure as Gar stumbled over his words, more so when she gazed over the 'log'. "I... Couldn't- didn't have... A lot of time, o-or-"

"And."

"W-what?" She smirked brightly at him, almost proudly too. "And?"

"Log **and** rock." The winged one froze completely, staring at those amber eyes that was slowly breaking into chuckles.

"...AND Rock...!?" He nearly hissed, morphing her chuckles into laughs. "For what purpose do you need both of them!?" Gar snorted in near frustration, looking at his surroundings as the brown drake struggled to compose herself and spotting a small stone within arm's reach. Taking it and presenting it to the towering female, slowly breaking her smirk into a grin and shaking her head. "Ma'am? May I have your-?"

A loud yelp as the drake snatched his open muzzle with hers, kissing him deeply but also a bit aggressively. Pressing him into the soft grass and onto the few twigs attached to the branch, still nervous about such a thing at first. But soon holding onto her head and neck as their tongues wrestled, hers clearly overpowering the smaller one's as it lapped. An action of acceptance that lasted quite some time before she finally broke it, letting Gar catch his breath. "I-I'll take that as a yes?" He questioned.

"Yes, Gar." She smirked, letting him have his breath of relief for a moment. "And now we fight for dominance." A very sharp whimper as his eyes widened drastically. Making his ears droop and nearly his whole body slim down in fright as she nuzzled his middle. "But... We can skip that and go straight to the fun part."

A breath of relief from the light blue one as his muzzle was once again caught by Xato's, leading to another long kiss that was interrupted by a deep growl from his midsection. Actually causing her to half look down at it before back at him. "I..." He muffled, not really breaking the kiss. "It may have also been a while before I last ate." The drake rolled her eyes but continued the muzzlelock for a few more moments before breaking it.

"Alright." She took a breath through her muzzle. "Let's get you rested up." Another quick kiss and she pulled the wyvern up to his hind paws by his muzzle, but not without a yelp. Letting go to let him catch his balance before curling that dark brown neck around his small frame. "...Thank you." She nearly whispered, putting a smile on the male's face. Waiting a moment before giving that shoulder a tap.

"You are very welcome. I just... Hope I'm good enough for you, Xato." A heavy exhale from the large one that nearly deflated her. Something that was not subtle. "R-right, I should have more confidence in myself."

"It's not that, Gar..." The drake released her hold and half hid her amber eyes from his puzzled look. "I... Xato isn't my real name." That cyan gaze intensified. "It's Vati."

"Oh... So, what you're saying is..." (Way to go, Vati. You found a mate and you messed it up before the first sun even set.) "I've earned your real name?" A sudden double take from the drake, accidentally batting her snout against Gar's, making him yelp and whimper. Getting her to flinch, less about the impact and more the idea of her hurting the wyvern.

"What?"

"You use aliases when meeting new people. The wyrms did the very same thing." Such a coincidence stunned Vati for a few moments as the smaller one's middle growled again. "Let me start prepping, but you would really enjoy their culture!" He waddled around her, oblivious to her shocked expression.

It took a moment for the drake to become relaxed enough to move again, almost certain the wyvern would've reacted with insult. Any other dragon she knew would have, but that's when it really hit Vati; all those fears and expectations within her society... They didn't apply to him. They didn't apply to them. Such a relationship was unheard of to her that... There was no normal to this. "Vati?" Gar's voice broke her thoughts. "Is something the matter?"

Those amber eyes studied the light blue wyvern from afar, standing next to the door's edge. "No." She lightly replied, smiling. "I was just thinking."

"You've been lost in your thoughts quite a bit lately, haven't you?" Her gaze fell at that, making his ears perk up a little. "Not good ones I take it? They should be."

"I'm not so sure about that." She mumbled, barely catching his soft beckon. Taking a breath before the drake moved towards the small one, resting her head into his opened wings for a small hug.

"This is about deserving, isn't it?" A sigh in defeat from Vati, cupped in those wings where her eyes were hidden. "I've felt the very same way."

"...What?"

"I felt... Still feel undeserving of you." Gar'sinn admitted with a bit of a quivering breath, he just wasn't afraid to hide his own tears. "I mentally prepared myself, to find this area empty. To find that you moved on and found yourself a mate, one I had no chance to compare to. To find that you had your own life, one I would be happy about but... Sad I couldn't really be a part of it."

"Gar..."

"I'm not one you would call... 'Attractive', Xato." That disappointed grumble returned. "S-sorry, Vati. That's going to take some getting used to." He took a quick breath. "I've mentioned I'm a runt out of my clutch."

"I remember."

"I'm not strong, tough, able to hunt-"

"Gar."

"Stoic, or intimidating. I'm the definition of a Kresskre, if I'm recalling correctly." A soft chuckle from her. "I don't have the qualifications to be a good mate according to your society-"

"Gar-"

"But you do not deserve to be lonely." He softly spoke, muzzle just behind that dark brown ear and gripping her head a little tighter. "And I want to be with you if I can." Vati nodded a little, nearly lifting the light dragon up in the process. "And if the day ever comes that you find another mate-"

"Oh, shut up." She nearly growled, almost tossing her snout with the wyvern on it.

"I was going to say, I will fight him to the death."

"Or her?" A sharp whimper from the small one as she walked the both of them inside the barn. The drake tilting her head in a shrug before setting Gar down. "Come on, let's get you fed."

"Alright. I'll show you what I've learned another time." The light blue one took a deep breath and let go, getting a drink before waddling over to his knapsack and pulling out a few things, a set of them being notebooks of sorts. "Hopefully the wait will be worth it. Though I'm not sure how well it will work with boar meat, it's always interesting to see the result." He gazed over the charred meal. "...Even if it is a little well done."

"Which was my mistake-" She mumbled, looking over it before attempting to carve some slices of



meat, only to be divided away from the male.

"We don't make mistakes, my dear. We only have happy little accidents." He smiled at her neck curl. "Someone from the old world wrote that down, I remember reading it a while ago and I tried to keep it in mind. But please, you've done enough for tonight hunting. Allow me to prep."

"Didn't you just get done moving a stick out of the woods?"

"I-it was... Supposed to be a log."

"And fly like...?"

"F-for a few days, yes."

"And you still have the energy to...?" A sigh from him. "Gar... You can if you want, but don't think you need to impress me."

"I'm just excited to show you what I've learned while I was away." He looked over his old book. "Tell you what, you do the heavy lifting, and the rest is very easy. I just need to find..." He dug through the sack for a few small containers while the drake laid down. Overlooking a different book on top of the pile, not looking like it had the same markings as the others.

"What is this one?" Gar looked over, then blushed. Causing her to perk an ear.

"That..." He mumbled, gathering some spice racks and motioning her to start cutting while he grabbed the frying pan in the corner. "That was a pastime of mine while I was healing over there. I was given a journal of sorts to help write my thoughts and keep my... Mental stability in check."

"What?"

"The dragons there were very intelligent, and have shared a lot of my kind's own observations. I believe they had a lot more remains of the ancient world, as well as ways to... Decipher their knowledge easier." A breath from the wyvern as he continued to prep, instructing her with some motions as he took the slabs of meat over to the fire tower. Requesting a light, but still flinching at the wall of heat it created. "I... Forgot about that."

"You mean there's more ruins out there?"

"There are... Fields of them. Jungles and towering monuments of their power. Splinters of metal that attempted to reach the sky, only to crumble and fall." The blue one's own scales clicked loudly in a shiver. "I... May have brushed aside your fears when we first met, my dear. But now..." He glanced out at a distance from where he came from. "Walking among such areas, I... Felt very uneasy. Much how you did."

A worried look from Vati as the male shook himself and returned his gaze at the journal. "Anyway, I... I knew how to write, was taught at my nest. And the wyrms really enjoy such a thing as a pastime, so their young offered me such a thing." He picked up the book and overlooked it sadly, the small stains of water droplets could still be seen on the cover as he opened it up. Letting the amber eyes glance over it.

"What does it say?" The question pried his attention, letting him piece together that the Earthbounds were likely never taught such things. Making him smile sadly as he rested against a hay bale and waited for the meal to cook. Inviting her closer to observe as he pointed at the words.

"Entry #1

This is technically day four since I arrived here, nearly becoming a giant fish's lunch. Or, as one of the wyrm's here put it, a snack at best." That made her chuckle. "But they... As surprised as they were to see me still alive (as well as I), they were familiar with my kind. Not my nest specifically, but they knew quite a bit from my culture. Let alone have been on good terms with the nests out here." Gar paused for a few moments, looking over the following paragraphs before she nudged him.

"Go on." He took a quiet breath.

"...I'm not going to jest, Journal. I've been... Bashing myself for what happened. Once again I made a mistake that made my life worse off, and this time... I can't help but think about what Xato must be feeling; the one friend I had that seemed to really care about me. So much so that she was concerned about my very safety for what felt like several times during the short day we spent together. Someone who kept me warm after the cold rain drenched me, sheltered me from the sky's roars and warned me time and time again to not go into a dangerous place... Maybe that last one was more for her benefit than mine; for if something happened, then she would've been left alone. But she is alone right now. I can't sleep knowing that she thought I abandoned her, worrying that maybe I left Xato because I thought ill of her. When really, it is me that is just so... Terrible. At hunting, at survival. At being a good friend. I'm not even worthy of a giant fish's meal."

The wyvern stopped reading for a moment when he felt that dark brown snout slide between him and the book. Resting her head against his white underside and belly, though shaking a bit in disapproval, it was a sign of affection that lifted his saddened expression.

"Entry #2. Day 5.

I'm recovering well, doing what I can to help out around here but I'm not terribly useful. The wyrms here, especially Kaltorria, state I don't need to do anything but rest. She's a good mother, one that I honestly wished I had. Half protecting me as if I were a hatchling, even from her own wyrmlings. Energetic little devils, but they are naturally curious about the world and its species. They never cease to put a smile on my face, when they're not trying to 'play-fight' with me that is. I'm afraid my smaller frame is something foreign to them, unable to quite understand my lack of durability.

...Xato would put them in their place though. I could picture her being a good mother, steady and strong. I often wonder what she would think of if such sights were before her; the landscapes and ocean views. The structures in the distance, how these wyrms have made their homes in a strange mix between our two cultures: midway between the earth and the skies. Even their species is a cross; having durability, endurance, and flight. Though not quite as steady as an Earthbound nor as agile as a Sky... I miss her terribly."

A few sniffs into the air and the wyvern set the book down. Giving Vati a gentle few pets before getting up, when she allowed such a thing that is. Watching him waddle over to the pan and attempting to use one of the old tools to flip the steaks, her gaze returned to the book. Trying to follow some sort of pattern with the symbols but it was beyond her. "How... Can you read?"

"It took a lot of practice, but it was much easier to learn when I was young." He stated after a few grunts. "Y-you cut these... Quite thick."

"I cut them like I usually do."

"It just may take a little longer for them to be done." She lightly chuckled, getting up to help him flip the next one with ease. "Thank you."

"Can you...?" A noise in question as she looked away shyly. "...Teach me how to read?"

"Of course. Though we might want a bit more material to work with." She looked back at the book with a tilt to her head. "I've... Pretty much filled that journal with my thoughts. And to do that, we may

have to barter."

"Barter...?"

"A word from the old world, think of it as a concept of trade. 'You do something for me, I'll do something for you' type of thing." (It... Has a word?) The drake thought to herself, though such an interaction did worry her. Likely being able to be read from her expression as Gar smiled at her. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it. In the meantime, we can attempt other means."

"Like what?"

"Drawing on the dirt, perhaps. Or carving into wood, just to teach you the basics first." He waddled over and once again embraced her head, something Vati leaned into. "It's something we can do together."

"Yes." She couldn't help but smile brightly at the thought. "Together."

## Chapter 10

Sighs of relief filled the barn as the two laid side by side on their backs, resting on a haybale that's seen better days. Rubbing their stuffed undersides as they purred in satisfaction. "That was..." The drake mumbled, stretching her body and nearly pawing at the air for a few moments. "Wonderful..."

"It was quite alright for such a short prep time." Gar mumbled with a bright smile on his face. "But I am glad to hear you enjoyed it."

"If you can make it somehow better..." Another deep purr from the large one. "I've been starting to see what you mean about a sense of taste, while..."

"I was away?" A noise in confirmation as the wyvern looked at the corner where the fire was resting, just below the several holes in the ceiling. "Is that why you moved it inside...?"

"...It also gets a bit cold in the darker seasons. But..." She didn't finish her sentence, instead just rolled towards the smaller male and curled herself into a crescent around him. Getting Gar to chuckle a little and hold her back. "I still can't believe that you're here with me." Vati mumbled. "Even when I'm holding you, I'm waiting for the moment that I'll wake up." A soft stroke along the top of her snout from that small paw, resting on the end of her nose.

"From now on, whenever you wake up..." A small kiss from the smaller one. "I'll be here. I promise." That large tongue gave him a lick. "Within a certain proximity, of course. I'm not a terribly heavy sleeper-" A half snout toss from the drake as she interrupted him with a deeper kiss, pulling his smaller frame closer to her titanic one in comparison. Feeling that tarp around her head to add to the embrace.

Their breaths grew heavier, purrs started to harmonize as those tongue laps grew stronger and stronger. Though a bit one sided, to the point where Vati shifted her weight over the wyvern, pinning him to the squished bedding of old hay. Sliding that maw muzzle of hers along his and up the roof of his longer mouth, detecting each little ripple along it. Sliding along the wyvern's fangs and up along his snout, making him chuckle as if the drake was bathing him.

But she started to lick lower and lower, giving him a small smooch before lapping under his jaw. Finding a few little spots where his purrs felt loudest, but when that tongue started lowering below his collarbone, he lightly whimpered. His scales starting to heat up with blush but Vati didn't stop her climb down. Washing that white belly with the heat of the room and almost still being able to scent the salty waters of the ocean from them, a smell foreign to the drake.

The whimpers didn't cease, but only grew louder from within the sea of purrs. His paws resting just above the brown one's eyes, unsure if he wanted to stop her or push her towards his swelling slit. The light blue tail thrashing underneath as that tongue swooped down in arks, nearly feeling the tip of that muscle touch his own as it peeked out of it's protection.

Only for that large muzzle to rest just above that shy tool, exhaling a heated breath against it and forcing the owner to pant. "V-Vati..." Her eyebrows raised but didn't get the attention of those amber eyes until a sharp whimper left Gar. Nearly making him squirm in indecision as the end of that dark brown snout rested against his slit; though not taking all of her weight. "I-I..."

"You remember our courtship rituals, yes?" Another sharp whimper from him, and a shaky nod to answer. "Good. I remember that afternoon vividly... You should have enough." Another whine as he

attempted to speak up, but the sudden contact of that skillful tongue made him gasp for breath. Her tip pressing up against that slit and gently prying it opened, getting the smaller male to gasp loudly at the sensitivity as the drake's purr vibrations seemed to echo through it. Stimulating the pink tool to grow steadily upwards, towards that heated maw.

A thought occurred of just how much she could possibly squeeze that tongue inside Gar's white protection, but it was getting a little too late to attempt it now. That spire pulsing larger and larger with every lap of hers as it reached for her snout, being greeted with nudges when it got big enough to muzzle. Parting that maw and gently, letting those sharp fangs make out that spined tower of flesh and guide it inside with that tongue. Pressing that snout against his lower belly and crotch as she purred, detecting a jolt into her muzzle of pre.

Vati missed such a taste dearly, lapping at the tool tenderly until another sample leaked out. Getting her to nearly whimper in satisfaction and wash that weapon with it. "D-do you like that... T-taste?" Gar'sinn panted and shyly asked, feeling her nod and the purrs intensify. "I-it's very... Close to a fruit that grows on some of the islands to the east called Kiwi." It actually got the attention of those amber eyes, pausing all motions for a moment as he whimper. "I'll... Try to get you some sometime. Though not for a while-"

The wyvern gasped loudly at the draw, making him grip her head with his claws. An act that held no threat against the drake, but instead just made Vati smile. Encouraging her to continue lapping around that spire, curling that red muscle around its form and giving it a few squeezes as the leaks continued. Lightly pulling on it to help the tower slip through the slit a little faster, tickling those soft spines by sliding against them. Making that small lower end squirm as the hind paws attempted to find something to grasp onto.

Eventually finding the drake's plated chest and grasping a hold of it, along with his tail wrapping around her neck. But once again, no mind was taken from the large one, just continuing to muzzle her mate off... Mate. It was a fitting term for the wyvern in Vati's mind, pressing his lower end into the soft straw and kissing his crotch. Giving a gentle draw that nearly made him sing, barely grasping any restraint he had left.

A fun thing that she would like to playfully break, honestly. Giving that member several small squeezes with the coiled muscle while it slid up and down its walls. Forcing Gar to release heavy pants and whimpers while his own limbs started getting a little stronger. "S-sorry-" He whined between gasps, once again making the dark brown one smile a bit slyly. Turning her head to show him such a thing while those amber eyes remained calm, occasionally glazing at that black head. One that was nearly painted with blush.

Another delightful squirt made the drake purr even harder, transferring those vibrations through his tail, hind legs, and directly against his weapon. Echoing waves of bliss that traveled up his soft-scaled body in shivering ripples. Each one like a battering ram against his willpower to hold his whimpers down, steadily impacting it as she pressed him into the bedding when her muzzle dropped down to take his full length.

Eventually taking hold of that leaking tool with care and lifting the wyvern up with ease, letting him squirm between drops as sucks became part of the routine. Each one making Gar huff louder and louder, breaking his hold on his voice like light through a cracked wall. Higher and higher that pitch became until the large one concentrated on a long draw that finally made him cry out loud in bliss. Sending through a heavy spray of his release into Vati's maw.

A lovely dose of that exotic flavor was enough to get that tongue to finally uncoil. Lapping it up so she could enjoy it before washing that pink tool with it, scrubbing the sensitive flesh with that strong appendage as it twitched in response. Constantly leaking droplets with every pulse that were quickly collected and used as a lubricant.

But that muzzle didn't stop it's movements, still bobbing slowly up and down. Jaws gently gripping Gar's tool as she pulled up, lifting up his lower end before pressing him back into the bedding. Trying to get as much of that length into her maw as possible while spreading his slit just a little wider. As if preparing for something much later down the line...

The wyvern's song grew louder and louder the closer he got to the edge, nearly approaching it only for Vati to completely stop and let the male catch his breath. Though, not without a smirk on her muzzle. Starting up again with twists to her muzzle motions, that tongue adding slides and prods against his tip. Squeezes and coils that nearly raced the smaller one to finally release.

Yet, another edge that left him stalled, the brown muzzle pinning him down as that ecstasy buildup sank. Unable to even thrust into her maw to reach past that point of no return, a pleasure that seemed so heavily to Gar as he desperately whimpered for release. Feeling it build up within his lower self as he gripped the drake's horns, attempting to sneak in a few motions when her muzzle was raising up.

Another strain was heard from the male as another large squirt left that spire, followed by another one. Yet, those whines didn't subside like they usually did, instead starting to become more rapid. Oh well, the drake had her fun. Muzzling his tool hard as the wyvern sung his final chorus, building up as much of that orgasm as she could possibly can as he flew over the edge!

Only for Vati to suddenly pick his entire body up and roll onto her back, letting his smaller frame

continue to hump it using that coiled tail around her neck as leverage. Those hind legs clawing at her neck straining and flexing, barely providing a scratch against her armor. Feeding the drake sprays of his pre as the first big torrent was launched within, causing a fountain flow from the openings of her muzzle.

That tail had a hard time to let go during the climax, but with the brown paw's help it lost its grip. Feeling the strong female near effortlessly lift Gar up and let him shower her smiling face with the next spray. Tilting her head upwards so it would do her underjaw next, then down her neck and chest. Lowering him down to coat her armored belly with the dense white fluids, letting it run down her sides.

Since the wyvern could not move himself during such a release, Vati just tilted him for the rest of the ritual. Allowing that pink spire to shoot out ropes down her pelvis and soak her own sex. Doing their best to aim the torrents to splash against her undertail and getting close enough. Returning the rest of the torrents around her midsection as she brought that black muzzle close to her dark brown one for a deep kiss. Letting him whimper out pants, stroking his back to help him through the last few.

A couple of pants left them before the drake rolled back to her paws, letting the male down gently and licking his face of the dripping seed. Taking a few steps forwards to line her own vent with that still twitching spire and the wyvern yelped. Pressing his paws against her belly. "W-w-wait!" A noise in question from Vati as she tilted her head at him. "Y-you're going to crush me like that."

Those amber eyes studied the situation for a moment, and... Yeah, he was 100% right. The thought never occurred how they would actually do this if the time came. "What if I...?" She looked around a bit. "Laid on my back?"

"We can try it." Onto her back it was, rolling again and letting the wyvern mount her spreading hind legs. Resting on that plated belly that was coated with a sheen, reflecting the fire in the corner. Sitting on the base of her tail; a position he couldn't raise himself quite enough with his hind legs. "L-lift your tail." A noise in question, but she did so the best she could, feeling that slender one coil around hers and she dropped it. Only to cause Gar to yelp out loud and whine, making her lift again and detect it quickly release her much larger, and apparently much heavier, appendage. "Ow... That didn't work."

"How did your kind do it?" A shy whimper from him, causing Vati's ears to spade.

"W-well... We mated in the air." A pause of questionable silence from her.

"...*What*." She barely asked.



"T-they... Well, would raise up as high as they could before engaging and locking... Bits. Then freefall down while..." The drake's head slowly tilted. "Hoping the male would release before they hit the ground and break the embrace before..."

"...Skybounds are weird." A remark that made the smaller male chuckle.

"Says the drakes who have their females oiled before the finish." A playful snort from her, but she paid no mind to it. Instead just thinking about how they would perform such a thing together. Vati certainly couldn't fly or suspend herself in the air-

The brown head shot upwards towards the stone pillars and the wooden beams above that held the roofing of the barn. "What if...?" She nearly purred, getting an idea as the wyvern attempted to follow her sight while sliding off her body. Watching her roll up and 'walk' her upper half up the pillar, able to reach the beam above with her fores and shimmying across; keeping her hind legs rooted on the ground to support her own weight. Looking like she was balancing herself upright, lower legs able to spread freely. "What about this?"

The smaller dragon looked over her with surprise and intrigue; attempting to climb the half-standing drake. Taking a few tries but he wrapped his wings around her middle, tail once coiled up around the base of hers; now no longer punished by its weight. Able to easily slide himself around as Gar suspended himself on her rooted body, looking at her and finding that brown snout nearly in the perfect position for a boop. "You are a genius!"

"I have my moments." She chuckled, giving him a small kiss as a pink spire was detected sliding against her folds. Sending warm shutters up her body as the wyvern slid himself up and down, low enough to finally get that tip inside. Actually getting the mountain of a dragon (compared to him) to huff at her very first... Well, tool penetration. Those lower folds contracting and getting the light blue one to whimper in bliss at the strength.

It was a brand new experience for the both of them, an intense warmth that throbbed inside her. Causing that heavy tail to sway back and forth while not disturbing Gar'sinn's grip, allowing him to use his own as a flexible appendage of sorts. Swinging the male a little while his hind legs did very little outside keeping him lined up. His claws around her sides gripping that bark-like armor around the drake's outer scales, giving him a firm hold while not bothering her in the slightest.

It was... Perfect. As if they were made to lock in this way, sealing such a thing with a kiss as he thrust. Causing them both to whimper in bliss as he continued, not taking too long to regain his momentum. Allowing that fleshy spire to slide within her sex with ease, the smaller spines scraping

against her armored walls and washing them with steady squirts. Though far from a tight fit, she could still feel him in the spots that mattered most.

Heated breaths left her snout, fogging up the wyvern's scales to the point where he put on his flight membranes over his eyes. Hoping that the female didn't lose control and send a torrent of flame his way while the muzzle-lock help support them. That large tongue still not exhausted as it lapped away at his; able to taste his own release within that muzzle. The strange, exotic flavor of that beach-native fruit that made her purr so, and the male as well.

Gar thrust in deeper and deeper with a steady swing, edging them both closer as those contractions continued. Holding that weapon tightly as it pulled out, causing those spines to tickle the sensitive folds and sending a heavy shiver up her body. Increasing her vocals but also sending in small whimpers out Vati's occupied muzzle. Becoming quite close as she steadily leaked over his white crotch.

The wyvern started thrusting faster and faster as the large one swayed her body. Allowing the spire within to reach other spots, scratching an itch that nearly hypnotized the drake as she kept moving. Shifting against the smaller one's movements and receiving a steady wave of enthralling bliss, so much so that she completely shut out the snap of the old wooden beam she was holding onto. The second one as well, not becoming conscious of it until it forced her body to jerk forwards and the two double taked at the noise.

...Just before it finally gave out and sent the two downwards, Gar yelping in a panic as he prepared himself to be flattened by the massive female. Shutting his eyes and hugging her underside tightly, not expecting it to end this way. To be crushed under the weight of his mate during their first session... Only to hear those paws impact the ground heavily, but absorb most of the shock with her dense limbs. Allowing the male to slowly open his eyes and see the flexing biceps, keeping still and firm to make sure the wyvern was safe if the building did collapse.

However, it remained upright. And the straining whimper from Gar staring at her muscles caused that tool to twitch and vibrate. In turn, pushing her over the edge as well as she tightly grasped it, getting those final few thrusts into her sex before a heavy torrent was launched within. Soaking her inner tunnel to the edge, and detecting it reach deep within her before leak out of that clenching vent. Lowering her shoulders and raising those hindquarters up, making out Gar's whimper as his head was pressed against the floor and her chest. Not hard enough to warrant pain, just concern as he pumped the last few shots of his cum into the drake.

Once his body started to relax, those winged arms let go and that tail unraveled, allowing the wyvern to rest as Vati carefully stepped backwards. Once again sharing a deep kiss as the male nearly passed out. Nudging the back of his neck to get a firm hold and carry him to the bedding to cuddle around his

exhausted body. Finally, after years of being alone, spending a night with someone in her embrace.

## Entry #637

This is it... My last night here. The day was a bit hard to get through, whereas I'm not very good at goodbyes. Regardless that I reassured them that maybe someday I will return here, to see how all the wyrmlings and hatchlings have grown. Gaze over the new faces and tell them I used to care for them as eggs. Tell all the wyverns of my travels across the ocean... If I survive it, that is.

It'll be hard, I know that. And there is a good chance that I won't make it, especially if Mar'veirr had a hard time with it. He's the best flier that I know, one of the fastest as well. The one that had the best chance to reach the other side... I still can't believe that we actually made it, and I still have the old maps I used: ones for the lands and others for the stars.

...That's why I have to try it now. It'll be another year before my charts will be aligned properly again, and even then, the weather may force me to postpone it. The winds are in my favor now as well, it's like the world is telling me... Pulling me towards that direction and I... I have to follow the signs.

The others here are worried about me, Ol'vdaia especially. I will miss our nights in the skies together, and told her to remember them fondly. She doesn't approve of such an idea, and I can understand why. Beneath the once playful insults and letdowns... She has every right to call me such names, because this is a foolish idea. A foolish dream of mine...

...Maybe it's jealousy, a thought that has crossed my mind before. The idea to risk everything I have; my friends, family, own existence in order to cross the vast waters for days. All to find a female that is not even of my species, in a place that likely has been abandoned for what has felt like years...

I am a fool, I know I am. But I just have this... Feeling that it's something I need to do, a place I need to go. The nests here, I am grateful for everything they have done for me. Given me shelter and food. Health, returned my gift of flight...! Social acceptance and... Okay, Most of them didn't try to eat me. A few did, it seems to be a staple for nearly every nest that someone wants to know what I taste like.

The thing is... I am wanted here, and I do really cherish that. It's a wonderful feeling that I have expressed with gratitude greatly, so much so that it still brings me to tears just thinking about it. Such overwhelming feelings in my chest that I swear if it swells anymore I could burst...

But I'm only wanted here, not needed. Again: I do appreciate it vastly, but... I still wake up during the nights thinking about that drake. Wondering what she's up to, what life she has now... Wondering if she's still alive. I get this feeling that... Xato needs me, and I'm half a world away.

It's foolish, I know. It's risky, it's dumb to try to cross this place alone. But... I have faith in myself. I'm frightened that I may fail, or something will go horribly wrong and with any luck I'll be back here. Or worse yet... The ocean takes me.

It's a heavy burden to leave all this behind, but most of them understand it as a form of Calling... I wonder what Kaltorria would think of this? Me, my silly decision... I miss her dearly and her advice, which would likely be something along the lines of 'Follow your heart, dear. Keep your faith close and it will guide you.' This journey will not be easy in the slightest. It will likely be the hardest thing I'll ever have to do in my life... But I need to try. I have to find out if Xato is still alive, that she's well and she knows that I didn't abandon her. And I have to believe that there is some reward...

*For Those Who Wait.*

Please Endure, my dearest drake. Just a little longer... I'm coming.