

Somewhere Out There - Love You To Death

By Dextor

The Polar Bear was resting in the small apartment, one furnished quite well for a visitor to the planet. However, even since the day he arrived, he noticed how familiar everything looked. Not necessarily the placement and color of such a thing, nor in a strange sense of Deja vu. But instead in design choice. Everything made looked like the things back home where he grew up. The model of the couches, though now made with a single armrest for the dragons to comfortably lie down without feeling cramped, was made nearly the same way as the humans did it.

Normally, this wouldn't really be an issue of concern. But here, the human species was a myth for eons. Speculation after speculation, many dragons and historians attempted to prove that such creatures ever existed, but were never given any proof. At least until a couple of weeks ago.

Regardless, that's the last thing the bear wanted to think about. He was just sent as an ambassador for... Well, too many things to list. And his mind just wanted to relax after probably the several most stressful days in his life. Stressful, yes, but exciting nonetheless.

Perhaps it was anxiety that was getting to him to attempt to think about work. Knowing something was neither right, or that he needed to fix something in the now. So restless that he couldn't even enjoy the paperback novel that he was attempting to occupy himself with. A story titled Draconic Desires. The sappy romantic novel about dragons would probably turn off eighty percent of the people here, but for someone who admired such creatures...

Yet, he couldn't get into it due to his mind constantly racing. If it wasn't about the recent murders, linked with his missing partner, it was the painful stories he's had to witness recently. Ones that really showed that this species, Dragon, were just as Humane as others. Let alone, vulnerable to the pains of life and existence.

A few knocks echoed through the living room where the white bear was restlessly resting. Instantly getting his attention and accidentally closing the book, losing his place and almost grumbling at his jumpy reflexes. Walking up to the door and almost expecting the light brown runner on the other side telling him to meet with the Chief or at the Station again.

Instead, there was a small dragon about half the polar one's size. Giving a delightful, yet someone confused smile that made the bear release a sigh of relief. "I was really hoping you weren't Sebastian." He said, half greeting the Cyan male while inviting him inside. Still being able to hear a lot of commotion from a nearby festival that the bear just didn't want to go to.

"Hey Bartan." The smaller one said as the door closed behind him, then seeing the bear lock it as

per usual. Likely being requested to do so by the brown officer. "Everything okay? I thought we were going to meet up for the big finale tomorrow."

"Y-yeah, I'm still planning on that." He led the light blue one towards the pair of couches, each adjacent to a single coffee table. Seeing the younger one hop onto the far one and almost double take at the book before tossing his snout.

"Don't tell me you actually enjoy that stuff." He jokingly chuckled, but didn't expect the bear to sit beside him. Usually, they each took one of the makeshift beds for themselves.

"Eh, if it were humans I'd probably feel the same way as you do about it." A bit of a sad look from those yellow draconic eyes. "Sorry, I know you like them, but-"

"Your misanthropy, yeah. I remember." A faint nod from the white one. "But I appreciate you being very patient with me and my..."

"Fascination of such things? It's fine. I just found things I didn't like about them, and..." A faint sigh from the white one as one of those smaller paws rested on the bear's knee. "It's a poison, Lorem. Something I hope you don't implement into your game."

"I might for the sake of it. I want it to be realistic, showing everyone the truth about humanity. Warts and all." Another nod. "Not everything can be positive, even our society has its differences."

"I see that. Especially with the hatchlings." A strange look from the dragon, and the white one pondered for a moment. "I swear someone called them hatchlings, maybe it was Bryce. But you call them kids, correct?"

"Isn't that what they are?"

"Well, a Kid is a baby goat."

"A what?" A light chuckle from Bartan. "Type of... animal?"

"Kinda. Something you could keep in a farm. Or a lawn mower, if you were desperate."

"What's that?"

"A motored device that cuts up grass for you."

"For people to eat?" Another chuckle, this time louder.

"Hardly. Back then, humans just liked to keep their grass short in cities and stuff." A puzzled look from those yellow eyes and the white one shrugged. "I donno, I think the grass here doesn't grow nearly as high. No one really does yard work over at Tatsu Park or anything, right?"

"Aside from raking the seasonal leaves, I've never seen anyone do it."

"Not even in the winter?" A shake of his head and the bear took a deep breath. "Anyway, I

didn't just call you here for..." A bit of a worried look from the smaller dragon as those brown eyes studied him a bit. Though smaller in size, Lorem was fully grown.

"Bartan?" He didn't really answer, but seen something missing in those cinnamon discs. "What's wrong?"

"...I've been doing a lot of thinking yesterday, about that night before." The cyan one's heart sank a bit, almost knowing where this was going. Instantly, that regret was in control of those ears and wings. Causing them to slowly droop lower. "Yes. About that..."

A near heartbreaking sigh from Lorem as his gaze fell to the floor. Doing everything he can to just hold back that tear. "And you... Don't-"

"Do." He corrected the smaller one, seeing the double take, but still sensed there was something wrong. "Lorem, I meant what I said about not minding that you were a hermaphrodite. I stand by that, but... Things somewhat change."

"What do you mean?" Though his expression's entropy lessened, the dragon was still wondering where he was going with this.

"You're not the only one who was hiding something when we first met." A moment to glance at those slightly curious yellow eyes. "That first day here, when you delivered that letter to me, I was..." A breath. "Attracted to you."

"Attracted...?"

"Which isn't really saying much, considering I find most dragons attractive." The bear blushed a bit. "Your... Well, technically, the first dragon I actually hanged out with was Adine. But only because A: I was hungry and ordered take out."

"And she delivered." A nod from the white one.

"B: it was raining out, and I really didn't want her to fly in that weather. There was no need of it."

"And C?"

"...She gave me a look I couldn't refuse." A questionable perk from that blue ear. "Back home, we called them puppy dog eyes. A gaze that unwillingly tugs at our heartstrings and nearly manipulates us in to submitting into... Whatever."

"Puppy dog...?"

"Give me a minute." The bear covered each one of his eyes with a separate paw, keeping them there for a bit of a while as the dragon just looked at him a bit. "Alright, look at my eyes." When he removed the white shelters, Bartan's pupils were enlarged. Getting the smaller dragon to chuckle. "See what I mean?"

"Yes, I had no idea humans could do that." A slight clearing of the white one's throat. "R-right. You're not human."

"A mistake you love to make." The larger one teased, but took a breath. "Humans can't do it so drastically, let alone willingly. However..."

"Go on. Adine tricked you into...?"

"Just staying here and keeping me company while we waited out the storm. Nothing special, but..."

"She is a good person."

"I know, I know... But the first time I had a break since I got here... I called you before any other of the numbers I've been given."

"Me?"

"And it wasn't due to your... Curiosity." That worried look again, but at least this time the fear was fading more and more. Nearly transferring over to the bear instead. "The feelings I got around you were... Strange to me. I'm not a pedophile, I'm not attracted to youth specifically, and was more interested in your species over that. So when you told me that you were actually fully mature, that was honestly a wave of relief for me."

"So my game...?"

"It's still interesting to me, but it's not the reason why I stayed. Why I came over to your place while you took sketches of me. Showing you what humans would actually look like where I came from." A breath as Bartan continued. "But there's something along the social aspect among humans that falls into the Misanthropic category. They tend to fall in love with a gender over everything else it seems."

"A gender?"

"As in, only preferring Males, Females... Sometimes both. I've always felt disconnected from that society due to that, because I never seen it as such."

"What do you mean?"

"You're not supposed to fall in love with a gender, you're supposed to fall in love with a Person." A moment of silence as those words sunk in. "Lorem, the concept of a hermaphrodite is nothing new to me. They are as rare here as they are on the human side of the spectrum, but I've never met one. Let alone, felt anything for the actual concept of one." The dragon's gaze fell down, but a white paw caught it. "...Until I met you." At least that one made him sadly smile at the bear.

"Why... Explain this to me though?"

"Because I am... Curious. As I said, I've never met another one before, let alone had any interest

before this visit to your world. Before you. And I like you, Lorem... A lot." Again with that sad smile over that blue muzzle. "But I don't know how dragons do things here. I have theories, stories of my own. However, as you seen with many tales, they are rarely correct." A white arm wrapped around the small dragon as the bear held him close, not getting any resistance other than the standard strangling warnings. "Lorem." A noise in question. "I need you to be completely honest with me. If you decline, it will not hurt me in the slightest, let alone our relationship at this point. Do you understand?"

"Bartan...?" His small hear was racing a bit as they gazed into each other's eyes. Nearly muzzle to muzzle. "I-I understand." A few moments past as they were lost into those colorful pools.

"Would you like to have a session? With me, tonight?" Those ears perked a bit, not really knowing at first what he meant by Session, but it eventually clicked. Getting a bit of a whimper from the blue one as he blushed. The bright pink color invading his ears and muzzle as the white one patiently waited for an answer.

"I..." The dragon stuttered.

"Do your customs restrict you from anything?" No response. "Do you need a mate? Is Ipsum-?"

"N-no. He's just a friend..." Lorem looked away a bit, still blushing. "...With..."

"Benefits?" A sharp whimper from the smaller one. "I know a couple when I see one."

"Just... Answer me one thing, Bartan." A slight nudge from that white muzzle, gesturing to go on and Lorem looked into those brown eyes again. "Why are you... Suggesting this? Because of my condition?" He asked, almost hurt by the idea of calling it such a thing. Let alone, hearing such an answer.

"The herm thing is... I'm not going to lie; adventurous. But I ask because... I love you. And I would like this before I have to leave your world. However, only if you're completely sure of it." A sad look from those yellow circles, and the bear released a breath. Looking off to the side a bit. "You feel it too. That pain you get when someone shows interest in yourself." A faint double take from those yellow eyes as a clear hurt was reflected in the bear's own. Taking cyan paw was felt on his chest, almost digging into the forest of white beneath the casual maroon shirt he was wearing, he barely made out a black collar that seemed to stain that white fur around his neck. "You're not the only one that was torn apart by others. Especially when you were younger."

A sudden electric bolt of empathy was felt between the two and that blue paw moved up to the bear's muzzle. Clearly seeing an identical torment that the young dragon was plagued with nearly his entire life. Several relationships; some just friends, some more, broken up by one little fact. A method of identity that the blue one could not control. The one creature who was not disturbed by such a thing at first tell, ironically was alien to his own world, and it wanted to explore the status that caused him so much pain? Something he almost loathed?

The dragon took that chance one last time. Only letting a few seconds pass before Lorem

latched onto that white snout. Getting a bit of a yelp from the white one, but didn't resist that pink tongue slipping inside. Instead, greeting it with his own red one as they lapped at one another.

Nearly several minutes passed as they just studied each other's maws from the inside. All the while those white paws were stroking the blue one, inviting the dragon to move on top of his lap where he could properly hug the smaller one. Taking his time to really observe his structure through his sense of touch. At long last, the bear slowly broke the kiss. "Do I have your consent then?" Another small kiss from Lorem. "I'll take that as a yes."

Still in a supportive half-hug, Bartan got up. Carrying the smaller wyrm across the room to another with a rather large bed. A blue paw reached over towards the wall as they were still locking muzzles, letting Lorem half claw at something before the lights came on. Making it much easier to see where they were going, and laying the cyan dragon on his back.

It was no surprise that he was ready, a surprisingly thick member nearly demanding the bear's attention. Finally freed from its white scaled protection, the same contrast as Lorem's underside up to his jaw. A bit lighter than the white paw that was stroking that torso in circles. Slowly inching down and letting the blue one exhale excited breaths. That tail wagging a bit as it dropped over the edge of the bed.

It was an image that was stuck inside Bartan's head, ever since that little treasure hunt the two did earlier this week. Studying the walls of the school buildings for a specific X, the white one found it, while the dragon trailed the mark down below. Finding the next clue, but not without getting on all fours and lightly lifting his tail. Accidentally flashing the bear with a sight that his eyes couldn't take off of, and his mind taking a memorable photograph. One that appeared in his dreams from time to time.

But now, at last, he could get a very pleasant view of it. Not even noticing the slit below the dragon's sheath, possibly where a mammal's sac would be. Such a gaze from those brown eyes was almost as warm as the very breaths from his muzzle. One that was smiling with excitement, and making Lorem do the same. Though still a bit embarrassed, it was less of a fear than he would expect it would be. That glow wasn't the study of someone thinking the dragon was a freak, it was one of Astonishment. Adventure. Admiration.

Slowly those paws started to lower towards the wyrm's hind legs. The bear's eyes meeting up with the dragon's from time to time to as for confirmation, and of course getting it. A slight stroke along the tip of his pink weapon and the spines that seemed to line the entire bottom side of it. Though firm, they were soft, much like the ones that spread around the member's flare. And at the sides towards the sheath, several faint folds of extra flesh. A simple gentle brush caused a rush of excitement through Lorem. Making his scales click loudly as the shiver ran up his body and forced him to gasp a bit.

"Just like my stories." Bartan almost whispered, getting a noise in question at first, but the blue one caught on. As the paws explored lower, the bear actually expected his small friend to be more nervous about this. The worry was there, yes, along with a mix of excitement and embarrassment about such a thing, but he could tell that the dragon was somewhat calm about it.

The sheath for the fleshy weapon was where the differences seemed to start. It wasn't a faint bulge of soft scales that seemed to stick out, but instead another slit within the smooth underside. Nearly identical to the one just below it, and making sense why Bartan didn't think twice about that flash a few days before near the school. Still, it was somewhat sensitive, and a bit less protective than he was expecting. However, it functioned for its task, though he wasn't sure what he could really do with it. Perhaps something would come up another time.

Regardless, he moved on. Slowly stroking the wyrm's hind legs and hamstrings to get that tail moving again. Placing a single paw over Lorem's lower slit and once again looking for confirmation. Meeting those yellow eyes with curious discs and receiving a faint nod after a deep breath. Carefully he traced a single finger, minding the claw within, down the middle of it. Separating those white lips and displaying the pink flesh within.

Again the dragon released deep heated breaths as that white furred finger brushed inside that tunnel. Studying it carefully as if to search for something, going in quite a ways before realizing he passed that small barrier. Already stretched and flexible to the intruder's commands. "I'm guessing Ipsum?" Bartan asked.

"W-what?"

"Your hymen is stretched quite wide, and there doesn't seem to be any signs of actual tearing." A faint whimper from the blue one as the bear brushed around the pink barrier's opening. "Do you feel this?"

"Y-yes."

"That's your hymen. Humans have it too, as well as a few other mammals. It's there to help keep things out and prevent infection, as well as keep it somewhat clean. But it usually tears when someone first has sex." A bit of a shy look from Lorem, and the white one went back to exploring. Carefully opening those white and pink lips as far as they could go and become rather surprised at its resistance. Easily fitting three fingers wide within, impressive considering the wyrm's size. "That's quite the girth... Is he...?"

Lorem's blush only intensified as he half sighed. Still trying to compose himself from the excitement. "You... Weren't wrong about him, at least not completely."

"Go on." A bit of a sad look from those yellow circles and the bear pulled out. Reaching up to hold one of his blue paws in a gesture of comfort.

"...Growing up, I started to have... Urges. Ones that were difficult to keep secret. I tried..."

"Using toys." Another whimper and Bartan chuckled. "It's alright Lorem. I'm no stranger to the acts of intercourse. I'm kinda glad you've at least got some experience under your belt."

"I-I'm not wearing a belt." Another chuckle from the white one. "Oh, figure of speech. Right." A

gesture to go on as the larger one listened to him. "Yeah, I tried using... Objects. Starting small and working my way up when I felt like they couldn't satisfy me." Another breath. "Even just tending to..." A gesture to his own weapon.

"Your tool?" Another whimper. "It wasn't enough. I understand."

"Yeah... One night, when I thought Ipsum was working late, I was... Having a session, as you put it. Apparently he came home early and was concerned about the noises." Another whimper caused his wings to cave in. Wrapping around the dragon's head to hide his embarrassment, getting the bear to chuckle and move up the bed beside him. Embracing the blue one with a few licks. "And so began the most awkward week of my life."

"But he didn't leave." Those wings slumped down a bit in sorrow.

"I was sure he was going to." The cyan one murmured. "At the time he was my only friend, and I couldn't afford to run the apartment by myself. But I couldn't just leave those urges out. They..."

"They build up and stress you out." A peek out of that organic tent and Bartan nodded at him. "It's understandable. Perfectly reasonable to use such a thing to relieve tension." A nudge from that white muzzle. "Go on. You stayed together."

"Probably because he was in the same boat, financially." A deep breath as those wings started to uncover. "If there's one thing I love about Ipsum is that he's a thinker... He's damn smart, and he..."

"Had the time to process everything." A few nods as he moved closer into the bear's chest. "So you told him."

"...Yes. He wasn't the first, but the last person I told before him was..." A few strokes to signal he didn't have to get into it. "But Ipsum took it well, not as good as you did, but..." A few licks of comfort, and a bit of a grumble when they teased the dragon's ear. "Regardless, during his processing, Ipsum... Came up with a helpful solution: if I was willing to, and needed help... Relieving those urges."

"He would assist."

"At first I thought it was him either designing a specific toy or even just using my small collection. T-that was until he came home one day with a package of condoms." Bartan chuckled at that. "He said it would work better than any toy, according to the science of it."

"He does seem like the type that would spend an afternoon calculating the most optimal ways to obtain pleasure." A blue paw covered the dragon's eyes, trying to hide that blush again. "But again, I have to ask, is he that wide?"

"A-actually... He has two-"

"Oh, like a snake." A double take from the smaller one. "Biologist. I know these things. That also make a lot more sense according to my observations." The white one smiled, giving the dragon a small

kiss. "He's a good friend."

"He just talks alot." A snout toss from Bartan.

"You've got that right." They shared a chuckle. "So you're okay with...?"

"Just... No butt stuff. It doesn't feel right, and I don't really like it."

"Understood. Might do some prodding for effect, but no penetration." He said, moving Lorem into the same position again. "Do dragons have seasons?" The bear questioned, giving that pink tool a few soft strokes and licking at those lower lips a bit. Getting a heavy reaction out of the smaller one as he struggled to think of what he meant.

"Y-you mean mating-?" A sudden deep breath as that red tongue pressed inside the fleshy tunnel. Teasing the barrier a bit as one paw slipped up and down his member, while the other worked on a haunch. It was nearly too much for Lorem to even think clearly enough to answer such a question. Instead just give into the waves of pleasure, reaching down to only meet that white paw and nearly brace it as he started thrusting his weapon against it. "Y-yes-!"

"Is that a yes for mating season, or?" Bartan stopped to allow the smaller dragon to catch his breath. Chuckling how long it took, and how his lower half spasmed. Wanting more of such attention, desiring it and nearly melting against the white fur. "I don't think the motel provides condoms."

"It's okay... I'm not..." Another chuckle as that white muzzle went back in. Hearing Lorem fight with himself to stay quiet while the bear and his tongue did its work. Slipping deep inside and painting those inner walls with a soft, yet stern brush. That white paw stroking under his member and eventually curling around his flare as the dragon thrusting into it. And finally, those hind claws raking the air as the other paw massaged his haunch, all while that blue tail thrashed at the end of the bed.

Minutes passed as the bear played the wyrm, making him sing songs loudly into the room. Breaking his will to keep quiet, not like many people were around anyway with the event to be tending to. Slowly that lower paw started to move down, Lorem making out its location towards the base of his tail, and he knew what it was up to.

A simple press into that taut tailhole just below that white muzzle was enough for the blue one's instincts to almost fight back. Taking a hind claw against the bear's shirted shoulder and digging into it as his cyan self howled loudly. Getting Bartan to chuckle and withdraw for a bit. "Okay, okay." That claw released as the white one got up for a bit.

"Sorry..." The dragon apologized, seeing a tiny bit of red along that shoulder as the bear took his shirt off.

"Don't worry about it. I just only have so many of them with me. Don't want them ruined." Once again, he got into position and starting with a few licks on those lower lips. Getting a bit of a surprise as that tongue started climbing up instead of venturing inside. Feeling those laps cover his white scaly

sheath then his lower member. Whimpering loudly when it touched a few ridges, and releasing a bit of a thick squirt out of that tip. Letting the white substance drip down on his equally white belly as that furry muzzle worked its way up. Alternating between laps and kisses on the pink tower and giving that top a few moments of attention.

Worry half flooded the dragon's mind, never seeing Ipsum ever doing something like this. But Bartan seemed to be one with experiences, so he put his trust in the bear for now. Feeling those white furred lips kiss that flare a bit before parting. Those teeth lightly grazing the pink flesh and getting the small wyrm to release a whimper of worry. Putting a blue paw on the bear's head for protection, even though Lorem wasn't sure how he would get out of this if he decided to bite down.

Though the sharp fangs were felt, they were not hurting him yet. Instead feeling that red appendage inside tend to his near devoured flare. Pressing it against that maw that the dragon explored earlier with his own tongue. The excitement of such a thing was enough to release a few faint streams out of the pink weapon, immediately getting lapped up and used for the bear's own use.

A few minutes with just the top area was enough to get Lorem to somewhat relax over Bartan's instincts. That is until he started moving lower down the fleshy tower, resetting the whole process of the dragon whimpering and putting his other paw on the white head. Nearly digging his claws into it as that maw took more of his own length. "Bartan...!"

But the bear only stroked the blue one's haunches in comfort. Hinting with signals that there was nothing to be afraid of if the dragon just relaxed, so Lorem put all his trust in his white friend. Letting him have his way with the small dragon, but still not letting go of that forest of white. Almost guiding it up and down, then a bit of a rotation once the wyrm was used to such movements.

Eventually, those white paws started to move inward, almost knowing where this was ending up. Feeling one tend to his lower slit and carefully work two fingers into the already wet inside. Making out the small hole that was releasing occasional fluids along with the pink weapon currently inside the bear's maw. All while the other paw rested on that tail's underside. A single finger pointing directly towards his vulnerable tailhole, nearly brushing against it whenever the tail thrashed from side to side.

A few more careful moments and the pair of fingers ventured deeper into that tunnel, reaching back as far as they could go, but still didn't find the dragon's limit. Instead, just tending to what he could reach. That tailhole got a few prods that made the younger one's body jerk in reflex, it's sensitivity rising with every little touch. And finally that muzzle, going lower and lower towards the tower's base.

But Bartan didn't stop his decent. Carefully lapping ahead with that tongue and painting those ridges that banished the dragon's breath. Those lips brushing over every fold of flesh, forcing that weapon to leak out jolts that ran down the sides. Hearing Lorem's whimpers get progressively louder until that nose touched his sheath. A familiar pressure started rising quickly within the dragon's pelvis and those blue paws held that white head still. Unable to resist the constant laps of that red appendage along with those prods.

With a loud roar from such a small dragon, that pink weapon thickened. Spraying it's white streams into that red muzzle and down his throat. All the while squirting against that paw in his tunnel, the contractions squeezing the intruder as he arched his body against such an orgasm. Eventually unable to keep that bear's head still as it started slipping up and down to support such a feeling, sucking the torrents out of it and letting quite a bit leak out of his muzzle.

After some time, Lorem started to slow down. His breaths, his squeezes, and his jolts started taking longer and longer pauses until he was spent. Finally releasing his clawed grip off Bartan's head and feel him slowly slip the pink tool out of his muzzle, giving it a few licks before moving up the blue dragon with the natural white underside. Meeting that smiling muzzle with his own furry one with a few licks, and then a deep kiss.

Suddenly, Lorem yelped at the wetness in the bear's maw. Almost instantly recognizing such a salty taste and attempt to escape it, yet he was too tired to. Eventually just submitting and taking a portion of his own seed as the two shared a lengthy kiss. Still breathing heavily when it was broken, and letting the connecting strands between the two muzzles drip off to the sides. "I think I now know why Pantoli's Pizza tastes so bad." It actually got Bartan to chuckle a bit loudly.

"I've had worse, and I think that's against health regulations. If you have that sort of thing here." A nod from the dragon, but he still couldn't help but smile at such a thing. "Enjoy yourself?" The bear asked, moving off to Lorem's side and just comforting his still somewhat twitching body.

"That was..." A shivering breath. "An experience."

"I'm sure it was."

"An unexpected one." He lightly purred, then broke into faint chuckles. "I wasn't sure what to expect on my flight over here, but it definitely wasn't this." A few moments and the wyrm still felt like something was wrong on his lower end. "Something's... Not right." A noise in question from the bear as a scaly paw reached down his own pelvis area. Getting a bit of soreness and hypersensitivity while releasing a whimper. "I don't know..."

"I think I do." Carefully, the larger furred one adjusted the dragon to be carried easily. Taking him to the rest room and setting him on the toilet that was almost as big as the blue one was. "I guess they have to accommodate all sizes, don't they?" A whimper from Lorem, as he tried to relax. The pressure was still there, and the bear just helping the younger one keep his balance.

"How embarrassing..." He almost whispered, getting a few pets from those white paws.

"It's fine. Happens from time to time, at least you didn't wet yourself in public." A groan that said it didn't help the dragon much, but eventually the sounds of water on water were heard. "I am curious if it actually does come out of both...?"

"It... Can. Usually goes through the male first." A nod in understanding as the blue one just blushed through it. "...Thank you." A nod and another few pets. "I mean, not only for helping me, but..."

Accepting me as well."

"In my own strange, pervy way?" A shrug from those wings.

"What's... Pervy?" A chuckle from the white one.

"It's like being obsessed with sexual acts and subjects. Often profoundly bringing it up or even acting out in public."

"Public...?" A glance as if to look around the entire apartment where he sat.

"Well, here, almost everyone is naked. Not that I mind." A chuckle from Lorem. "But humans and other kin of the sort..." A slight pull on those black pants the bear was wearing, as if to gesture it.

"You all wear clothing?"

"Almost all the time. Society there is extremely Genophobic." Those blue ears perked in question, making Bartan smile. "Fear of sex in general. They don't want anyone seeing anything they deem Mature or whatnot, to the point where there's laws against it."

"You can break the law by... Being naked?"

"Mhmm. Seems strange when you put it into words, huh?" A nod from the wyrm. "In some places and timelines, it was even considered 'Indecent' to show some skin. As in legs, chest, or even the face in some cases."

"That makes no sense. How...?" A shrug from the white one.

"You can't question the society of others without nearly being frowned upon or worse. There's a lot of dumb things that they do that serve no purpose, but..." Another shrug.

"I'm starting to see why you're Misanthropic. I just..."

"You want to keep the magic alive, and there's nothing wrong with that. Just know that they are equally as stupid as they are astounding. Some could say they're astoundingly stupid." A few laughs. "All done?"

"I... Think so. It's never done that before."

"Perhaps I was a bit too rough then." Bartan helped the dragon off just in case and tended to the bathroom needs. Of course, washing paws. "Too bad I don't have a TV here. Did you want to call Ipsum and spend the night here?"

"That's... Probably a good idea. Just in case." A deep breath from the blue one. "I don't know why, but I almost feel drained."

"It happens from time to time."

"O-or you were just that good, I honestly can't tell." A small laugh. "That reminds..." A noise in question. "N-nevermind. Let me call Ipsum and I'll ask after." A nod as the dragon left the room. Taking his time to rest on the somewhat messy bed, the bear relaxed. Not used to the amount of room such large beddings had, let alone the plush of a cloud. In a few moments, Lorem climbed on beside the white one. "So..."

"How'd he take the news?"

"News?" A double take. "O-oh, I didn't tell him."

"But?" A sigh from the wyrm.

"I think he knew. Or is expecting us to do something tonight. At least he seemed happy about it."

"Just another reason why I like dragons." Bartan almost whispered, getting a puzzled look from those yellow eyes before making out what he said. Granted, that look didn't let up, instead just studied the white one for a bit. "What're you thinking about?" He smiled at the younger one.

"...What..." A deep breath as Lorem tried not to be so hesitant about this. "What do... *You* look like?"

"You mean, a bear?"

"N-not that, but..." A sly look from those brown eyes to say that he was just tormenting the dragon. Getting a smile back.

"I'm not going to stop you. Go for it." Keeping his own paws on the back of his furred head, Bartan gave the young one permission. Though still shy about such things, Lorem was also very curious. Not only of the bear, but also the strange idea of clothing as well. Stepping over the shirtless torso and studying the belt buckle a bit before realizing how it works, he undid it to find a small button that looked a little strange. Almost high tech.

A few taps clearly was not activating anything, so instead it called for some traditional barbaric tactics. Aside from shredding the pants entirely. But instead, a simple pull up made the button naturally snap off. Yet, doing so revealed another line of defense: the zipper. Actually hearing Lorem growl a bit made the bear chuckle. "Please tell me there isn't anything else past this."

"Other than getting them off, no." A half snort from the dragon as he undid the strange zipper and folded out the side. Bringing light to a canine like sheath with a red tip peering out of it. Nearly greeting the young wyrm with a pulse as it started moving out of the sheath, revealing a spear-like tip that was very canine inspired. Yet there were signs of draconica along its thicker flesh.

"This is..." A noise in question as those yellow eyes couldn't look away from it. "This is what a human's mating tool-?"

"No!" Bartan half hissed, nearly insulted but half laughing at the same time. Getting Lorem to do the same. "Trust me when I say that the sexual package of a human is incredibly bland and boring. This is..." A noise in question as the dragon attempted to look at the brown circles. "It's hard to explain, but it's not natural. I'll say that."

"Is it a mutation or condition of sorts?"

"No, it's intentional." A perked blue ear. "Think of it as being... Modified."

"Humans can do that in your world?"

"No-well, yes. I guess they could a while ago. Even now if they had the resources, but that's not where this came from." Another puzzled look. "It's just a really complicated story. I'll tell you tomorrow, after the show." A nod as the wyrm started focusing on the bear's equipment again, but a glance at that black collar got his attention first.

"...Can I ask...?" A noise in question. "About your neck. That black..."

"Marking?" A nod.

"It doesn't look completely natural."

"Think of it as a tattoo for fur. Permanent markings you can almost paint onto your... I'm actually not sure if you can do it on scales."

"I've seen a few, but I heard it was painful." Lorem got up to take a closer look at the pattern; a single thick line tracing all around the bear's collar, two rings locked together just above Bartan's chest. Rings that reminded the dragon of Shackles, cuffed together to weigh over an already heavy heart. "Most markings like this have a special meaning." The white one took a breath, giving the wyrm a bit of a wistful look.

"Lorem..." Another breath. "I trust in you, so it's not about that. But I don't want to disillusion you."

"You mean, 'Break The Magic'?" A nod from Bartan, and the smaller one just traced the black markings with his eyes. Eventually giving the bear a look as if to ask him again.

"It's a reminder." A blue ear perked up. "To never trust one again."

"Even Reza?"

"Especially humans like Reza." A bit of a worried look from those yellow eyes, but Lorem half knew it from experience. Ever since he attempted to deliver that first letter to the human, he got this strange vibe from him. Untrustworthy, Dark, almost Dangerous or that his very life was threatened. A few nudges from that white paw, and the larger one gave him a smile. "Let's not let that ruin the night, shall we?"

"R-right." The smaller one blushed, looking down towards the red spear within the field of white and feeling that curiosity spark once again. Seeing the bear adjust slightly and reach behind his lower back for a moment, fiddling with something before his leg clothing suddenly slacked a bit.

With a gesture to wait a moment, Bartan got up to let his pants fall. Stepping out of one pant leg, he lightly kicked forwards with his ankle caught in the other. Forcing the pair of slacks into the air a bit, only to be caught by one of his white hands, quickly folded, and dropped near where his shirt remained on the floor. Giving the rather stunned dragon a good look at the white tail, oddly more wolfish in length and fur style.

Granted, the dragon wasn't even sure what a Bear was. According to the white one, Polar Bears specifically lived in the far northern areas of where he came from. Areas that were much colder and were covered in blankets of ice. Though, a colder climate would explain Bartan's complaints about the dragon's world being a tad warm, Lorem still wasn't sure exactly how much of this furred creature was Unmodified. Something that seemed to be a sensitive subject towards his recent friend, enough for the smaller one to try not to pry too much about it.

Regardless, if the bear's promises were true, the dragon would find out all about him tomorrow evening. For now, this was a night to relieve stress and anxiety. Something they both needed after such a week. As the white one laid back onto the bed, greeting the dragon with a smile, he gestured himself to Lorem. "I'm all yours."

The blue wyrm released a nervous chuckle, but resumed his studies. Almost wondering how jealous Ipsum would be, proposing the idea when the bear came to visit the smaller one on their second 'Date'. Inching towards that red weapon, once in a while pulsing and feeding off of the excitement within the rented room. Growing ever so slightly and losing its more flexible form with nearly every breath the two took.

It was rather similar to all the dragon ever knew, yet different. Normally, a draconic tool held a small bone within, and the blood would flood the flesh around it during such times. The bear's, on the other hand, seemed to lack that stiffness at first. A little worried about touching it at first, due to the many small thorns that seemed to protect the flesh, but the cyan one examined the red tool with his paws.

Regardless of its look, such spines were rather flexible and bent easily. Remaining stiff enough to keep its shape, and possibly giving pleasure in the process, just like his very kin's design. The thought came to mind, how many species of male were equipped with such a thing? All of them? Regardless, it was a question for another time. After a bit more studying, the dragon had to ask. "Is it still getting bigger...?"

"Yeah, it'll do that."

"But it does stop eventually... Right?" A nod from the white one as Lorem intently watched it as the spear slowly continued to leave its sheath. Getting help from those blue paws, and nearly controlling

the bear's breath as he became more and more ready. Slipping out of that protection, several folds of flesh nearly circled around the base of the tower. "You have these too?" He asked, lightly brushing around the sheath and hearing Bartan release a deep breath. The dragon almost feeling the same reaction from the session before, getting him to smile.

"Yeah, and they work the same way."

"I can see that." Another moment to resume his studies, the cyan one suddenly felt those furry paws occupying themselves with the dragon's tail. Stroking up and down near his scaled haunches as they were pulled slightly closer. A slight whimper of pleasure left the smaller one, but was interrupted with a noise in question. Now spotting this strange pouch between the bear's legs. "What is this?" A few touches seemed to reveal a large amount of swelling within the furry area.

"Right, this was something that puzzled me. Do you know Remy?"

"Yes. Quite often, the Library tends to many documents and reports. Then there's days when people send back signed out books for me to carry." A grumbling sigh from the cyan one. "I hate book day." Bartan chuckled at that.

"I'll come back to that postal thing in a moment, but anyway." A perked set of ears from Lorem, but he listened to the white one for now. "Before delivering the PDAs I came here with, me and Remy had a bit of a talk about both our species. I remember him saying that dragons are actually warm-blooded reptiles."

"We are, yes."

"And I find that very strange."

"Why?"

"Because I've yet to see a set of balls under anyone's tail since I got here." The smaller one's head tilted a bit as the bear gestured his own lower package. "Those are my testacies." A bit of a blushing whimper from the wyrm as he looked over the furry area again. "And I think I can safely bet that yours are internal."

"Y-yes. All males I thought were, just like all of a female's..."

"Well, humans and my kind alike are endothermic as well, but that temperature is often too much for our swimmers to take." A bit of a whimper from the dragon, and it didn't help that Bartan was still tending to his tail. "So, when the stones get too hot, they lower to get away from the main body's heat and cool off. That's what that package is."

"I-I see..."

"My only guess is that your kind's sperm are more heat resistant, and never need such a thing. I'm slightly envious and disappointed at the same time."

"Why exactly?" Lorem mumbled.

"Well, disappointed because I wouldn't mind seeing how well-endowed everyone is. Granted, if that were the case, I wouldn't be able to take my eyes off of anyone's undertail." A nervous chuckle from the smaller one as he shook that scaly muzzle. "And envious because... Getting hit in that area hurts." A laugh that time. "A lot. I mean, A Lot. If you ever needed to take Reza down, just hit him there. Your small size won't matter when you knock the wind out of him with one attack. It's a dirty way to fight, but don't abandon your best weapons when your life's on the line."

"I'll... Keep that in mind." Another whimper as he shyly looked at the bear. "W-what was that...?"

"Hmm?"

"You were going to ask something about the postal service area that I work at?"

"Oh, right. Are you able to take out your uniform?" A puzzled look from the smaller wyrm. "As in, keep it out overnight or something."

"I'm not following."

"Was thinking maybe we could have some fun sometime."

"With a hat and a bag?"

"More like a little roleplaying, but something we'll talk about later." The dragon chuckled a bit before resuming his studies. Looking past the sensitive furry bag and seeing a tailhole between it and the bushy appendage. Nothing else exciting to report lower, but something told him there was more surprises to be found.

Regardless, he first wanted to see the bear's weapon at full length. Using his paws to try to mimic what the white ones were doing to his own haunches, but being mindful of the lower ridges. Examining the flesh closely, and recognizing it to not be so different. Just a little tougher as it grew little by little. Finally getting a much more dense feeling as it remained as one strong shape. Even the little spines were a bit more defiant than before, let alone the dragon's own. "Bartan?"

"Mhmm?"

"That... Thing you did with your mouth. Is it safe...?"

"Never got a muzzlejob before, huh?" A shy head shake. "It's perfectly fine. I'm actually surprised that you've never heard of it."

"I haven't really... Seen much, in terms of variety, when it comes to..."

"And Ipsum never did it? Not even suggested?"

"N-no. I barely got to see his, to be honest. I was just thankful he was helping me out, let alone Accepted my..." A more comforting stroke from the bear's paws as he got up closer to the dragon. Letting the two lock eyes once again and feel that shyness eventually melt away from the smaller one.

"Then I will teach you. There's really nothing to it, other than watching your fangs. How sharp are your teeth, Lorem?" Those blue ears fell a bit in embarrassment. "I know you file down your claws, but your teeth-?"

"Are... Not that sharp. That's one reason why I tend to feed towards the veggie side of the food pyramid." A faint chuckle from the white one.

"Then you're perfect for this." A slight double take from the wyrm. "You won't have to worry about it so much, it's 80% tongue work anyway. Just start off how I did it: a few licks and kisses along the outside, then take it in slowly. Don't worry about donning the entire thing on your first try, alright?" A nervous nod.

"S-sorry in advance..." A few taps on his back as the bear relaxed a bit. Once again motioning the dragon's haunches closer to that white maw, making Lorem a bit nervous about what his friend was planning, but obeyed regardless. Taking a few heated breaths over the red weapon before closing his eyes. Parting his jaw a bit so that pink muscle could slither through and slowly make contact with that warm flesh.

It was that first step that felt so hard in theory, when really it was so easy. The instant contact was something his heart warned him about, like his society claimed it was an absolute taboo and it would be the end of the small dragon if such a thing was ever done. But such a thing was harmless, the complete opposite of the imaginary propaganda which flooded his mind. And the red weapon that was less than an inch away from his muzzle remained peaceful. Docile and unthreatening.

It was silly, the worries that developed within the young wyrm's head. Nearly getting him to faintly chuckle at the very idea before giving the tower a few more licks. Slowly working around it in a small spiral, studying how the single row of thicker spines seemed trail the top side. Then two lines on the bottom, trailing all the way down to the very sheath, all coming from the very tip of the weapon's flare.

The dragon took a few moments to just look over everything before him, releasing a few heated breaths when that bear's tongue started licking at his own lower lips. Separating them a bit slowly while those paws stroked those smaller haunches. Lorem's own pink member spearing the white fur that covered over Bartan's chest, all working together to distract the wyrm from those second thoughts and embarrassment.

Regardless of how much those frilled ears were blushing, the blue one pushed forward. Parting his jaws a bit for a small kiss on the red tower's tip, then giving it a soft lick and expecting the worst of tastes. Yet, it was... Almost tangy. A bit sharp, but not nearly identical to the dragon's own, aside from texture. Such a strange flavor was literally on the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't think of it.

Though, he currently did have access to more samples, and a muzzle directly on the tap. The curiosity overpowered those self-conscious thoughts, driving him forward and taking the foreign shaft into his smaller muzzle. Getting a good feel of those fleshy spines nearly flossing between his fangs the further he went down before remembering what the bear suggested. Tongue work. Something that was going to take some getting used to.

Though, to be fair, it was a bit harder to concentrate with another tongue at work stationed at his lower end. But he started using it as a guide, memorizing it's placement and pathing while attempting to mimic it on the very weapon before the blue one. Lapping around those spines and flare while slowly pulling it out and taking it in again. Hearing a familiar purr from behind the dragon that got the cyan one to start as well.

The constant paws and strokes was nearly making the young adult wyrm drunk with pleasure, lost at sea from such movements while he was tending to the bear's own session. During the several minute massage that strange taste returned from time to time, but not enough to snap the dragon out of his trance. Not enough until the white one's tongue found a certain spot that got Lorem to whimper and almost gasp after it was touched a few times. Then the red appendage's focus was on that spot, getting the wyrm to take in a bit too much of that shaft. His lips almost squeezing those ridges and hear a large reaction out of Bartan.

Then a heavy squirt of what the blue one could only describe as a thick juice, almost overpowering his tastebuds and shock the dragon out of his blissful trance. Taking a few moments to study it while the bear took a small rest. "Is that...?" Lorem started to say, unable to really pin it. However, the picture of a round yellow-orange fruit came to mind.

"It's not normal, if that's what you're wondering." A perked frilled ear from the smaller one.

"You can... Modify... *That*?" Bartan chuckled at him. "What does a human normally taste like then?"

"About as bland as their package looks." He grumbled in reply, getting a nervous laugh from the wyrm. "It's close to your own, but a dragon's is a bit sweeter." A whimper from Lorem as pink invaded his muzzle and ears. "What's wrong?"

"You... Didn't specify me specifically..." A shrug from the bear. "Have you...?" A nod that made the dragon whimper. "*Really*? You've only been here for about a week!"

"Doesn't mean I haven't encountered other dragons." The bear smirked, eyebrows bouncing a bit. "Not to make you feel manipulated, but the humans chose me as an ambassador for a reason."

"Things are... Starting to make sense now." A half whimper that time, as well as something off within the blue wyrm's heart. Feeling a few strokes from those white paws that got his attention.

"That doesn't change how I feel about you, Lorem." A few moments of looking into those brown eyes, and he did feel better about it. "Do you wish to continue?" The question echoed in his head a few

times, looking back and forth between the white bear and his fleshy weapon. Nearly battling with his own morals and words within his mind that Bartan could clearly see. Giving another few strokes. "Out with it, what're you thinking about?"

"I..." A loud swallow and a few breaths. "Can I...?" A gesture to go on. "It's just-I've never..." He stumbled over his words, until a furry paw was placed on his shoulder.

"I know what you want." Those frilled ears fell. "And sure. Go for it." A double take that time, and the white one nodded in confirmation.

"Even if I didn't...?"

"You need to feel ready to receive in that sense. If you don't like it, you don't like it. No worries. But I'm fine with it, if you want to mount me." Bartan said, nearly getting the younger dragon almost envy such confidence. "It's probably easier for you if I'm lying down like this, yes?"

"I..." A gesture to get into position to try it, and those yellow eyes glazed over the bear with worry. Even after the seventh confirmation, his answer was still Yes. Climbing off the white torso before almost nesting between those humanoid legs. Once again looking at Bartan and getting him to chuckle. Raising up to place a furry paw under Lorem's jaw to guide his muzzle closer for another deep kiss.

"Convinced now?" The larger one half teased, getting a slight sigh from the wyrm before a nervous nod. Lying down once again to feel those white and blue scales rest on top of his lower body, and that pink member over that fluffy tail. Carving its way through the forest of white strands before venturing closer to that slightly closed in cave. All while those white paws were just stroking the dragon's head and neck.

Half a step closer caused the two to make contact, making the cyan one release a whimper for a moment and almost rethinking this entire event once again. But those white pads and black only comforted him though those struggles, caressing around those two white horns that flowed around. All while those blue paws were almost kneading that soft belly, following the patterns that the bear's soft hands were composing.

The dragon's breaths were getting deeper, nearly in sync with Bartan's as he started prodding that lower area. Lubricating it with the wetness he was slightly releasing during the entire session. Another half step forward and the weapon was nearly inside, the flare pushing the opening outward a bit and causing both contenders to gasp a bit. Several rough strokes forwards and Lorem pressed in deeper.

The two whimpered slightly before that tailhole gave in, allowing pink weapon slip inside quite far. The smaller one panted for several moments as his member twitched a bit within the warm area. Almost hot, as it sent a wave up his spine and through his scaly body. Losing control of those cyan paws as they grasped the furry body with filed claws. Giving the white chest a few licks and nearly biting into a large patch of fur near the dragon's maw as those white ones stroked him into comfort. "Enjoying yourself-?"

Bartan was interrupted by a sudden thrust, nearly getting him to whimper in surprise. Then a few more as they started getting faster while Lorem hissed. Forcing himself to slow down and be mindful of his partner, that is until one of those white paws lead his muzzle to look towards the bear's. "No need to hold back, Lorem. I'm not made of paper." Another questionable and worried look at those calm brown discs, and his own gaze fell a bit. But gave into those urges, taking another half step forward and almost pushing the bear up the bed a bit.

The dragon's weapon ventured deep into the bear, regardless of their size difference. Getting both of them to gasp and moan loudly as many fireworks could be heard outside the building. A few quick jabs caused a slightly heavy squirt to be felt inside Bartan before the smaller one really started thrusting into the white body. Those blue paws attempting to dig deeper with dull claws, and those fangs trying to find something to bite into. Giving into that primal instinct while those white hands encouraged such a thing.

A few minutes passed, impressing the bear with the smaller one's endurance. Even after getting a few more heavy squirts inside, as well as a couple of his own painting between the two. But the wyrm's breaths were constantly rising, growls growing louder with every breath and several thrusts. Signaling Lorem's incoming barrage was very close as the muscles in his pelvis started to strain. Getting him to stiffen those hind legs after one more thrust and dig as far as he could inside the bear's tailhole.

A whimpering roar was stretched out over several seconds before that first hefty spray, both within the white one and over his furry tail. The murky white liquids squirting out several times per breath and grunt, accumulating into a puddle over the bedding and filling up Bartan's lower belly. After nearly a minute of such a straining event of instincts, the smaller dragon collapsed on top of his current furry mattress.

Panting loudly as those white paws stroked him into relaxation, Lorem tried to catch his breath. Feeling almost completely drained like he just ran several laps around a city block straight. His muscles and lungs nearly burned as they twitched a bit, still conducted with a spike of energy. At least that lower pressure wasn't there this time, all he felt was a warm glow and those brown eyes looking over him. Meeting them with the brightest smile the wyrm could muster.

With a bit of effort the cyan one pulled out his weapon, releasing the plug and allowed such lubricants to join its counterpart already on the bedding. All while Lorem struggled to climb up the bear and lock lips with him once again. Nearly taking all his energy, but it was slightly returning after that short rest. Enough for him to...

A glance back at that red tower closer to his blue haunches, still erect and leaking a bit like it hasn't released yet. With another deep kiss, the dragon started moving backwards towards its tip. Getting a noise in question from Bartan as he attempted to ask if the smaller wyrm was sure about such actions, but before he got a verbal answer, his own weapon was grinding against those lips.

Finding the stiff tip of the spear and lining it up towards his slit's center, the smaller dragon pushed back into it. Still in a deep kiss with the bear as that strange tool slipped inside him, sending a

new rush of energy through the scaly body. Already wet from both sides, it's strange shape slid within very easily. Able to feel every little fleshy spine as they scraped against his inner walls.

However, the sounds of the bear's breaths told Lorem that his partner was nearly ready. Getting embraced a bit harder by those white paws and feeling the larger one's hips start to thrust in deeper through instinct. Though, only getting so far into the smaller one, finding that tunnel's limit quite quickly while only taking in a few of Bartan's ridges. A harsh squeeze that the cyan one couldn't hold back made the bear hiss within his maw and release a few heavy squirts, one of them going in far deeper than the dragon has ever felt.

But soon the two couldn't keep breathing through their nostrils, being forced to break the kiss just to catch their own breaths, but doing their best to keep their muzzles touching. Another harsh squeeze and the bear braced the smaller one, trying to do his best not to hurt the wyrm or hold onto his wings, but it was getting much harder with every venture over those sensitive areas.

One more was enough to hold the dragon down in a near lock, still not able to take the entire length of that weapon, but it was very close. Feeling that thick rod pulse within his slit, Lorem swore it was getting bigger. A few moments later, his lower lips started receiving a strange pressure as the red tool's lower girth started to increase. Being braced down by the bear, all he could do was whimper in bliss as it grew little by little.

When it started to become too much, the smaller one let out a bit of a painful cry. Almost instantly, Bartan reached down and pulled up, fighting against the few squeezes and pulled the dragon above his knot. Then set him back down as it continued to thicken up, at least now no longer getting the risk of tying the wyrm with it.

But those breaths were rising up again and again, nearly in sync as a near constant leak started to form more and more pressure. Turning those jolts into sprays of orange juices that ventured deep into the dragon. Washing his insides with a thick liquid and nearly flooding that entire tunnel as that slit contracted over and over. Releasing its own juices once again as his pink member jolted out what it could gather in such a short time.

Once again, Bartan braced the dragon over his weapon, pressing down over that knot until it could no longer leak out those fluids. Letting the orange sprays gather more and more, stimulating the smaller dragon as he whimpered loudly in bliss. That pressure rising within him, first within that tunnel and lower lips, then gathering deep within his lower belly. A thick force that was pushing against his lower walls as his belly scales started to groan and warp a bit to fit it all in. Reaching a paw down there to feel his own lower area start to round out a bit.

One more thick pressure and another painful whimper, then the bear pulled up again. Completely withdrawing his red tower from those lower lips during mid spray and just painted the dragon's lower end with the rest of his release. The two helping each other through their last orgasm before finally ending with a deep kiss.

Breath after breath, Lorem drew closer to a coma. Those yellow eyes, glazing over and unable to focus as his body could no longer hold itself up. His muscles, sore yet relaxed when Bartan moved him into a more comfortable position on the bed. Stroking the smaller one until his deep breaths became loud purrs as he went unconscious, getting the bear to smile and start to feel drowsy himself.

Taking the bedsheets on his side and folding them over to cover the dragon, he was thankful they cleaned up the place while the ambassador was on duty. Granted, such stains would probably raise some questions, but odds are they won't be asked to the bear directly. Cuddling with the blue wyrm and giving his younger head a few licks, the white one sighed deeply.

He knew by now. Been through this so many times that he started to remember everytime he's stepped through that portal. Sometimes after seeing this very dragon's end, but often enough leaving without a chance to say goodbye. It ate at him when Bartan could finally recall it, always knowing something was off everytime he seen those golden yellow eyes after opening that door.

There was a bit of pain, yes, as well as guilt that reflected in his own mind. Even though the cyan one could never recall such events. Or could he? Is that why Lorem gave his consent tonight? His instincts finally telling him that only after several visits and encounters, that the bear was trustworthy enough for such a gift? Such secrets that the young wyrm held deep within his heart?

But he would make things change this time, now being able to remember the order of such events. Bartan would make the right decisions to at least spend a lifetime with this dragon, much like he did with a few others. Regardless of what The Admin suggested, the bear deserved this one. But first thing was first; he had to save the dragons by stopping Reza, and he would do so without taking any chances.

With a tight embrace, the dragon in his arms half fought through the blankets to hold him back. Murmuring something in his sleep as the lights within the room dimmed. As the fireworks outside stopped. As the night before the festival's end came to a close. With another few strokes over Lorem's body and head, Bartan gave him a few licks before slumbering off. For tomorrow...

Tomorrow he would save this dragon at all costs.