

Somewhere Out There - Boys Will Be Boys

By Dexdor

The sun was beginning to set over another long, almost tense day for the whole town. With the festival finally at an early end, the townsfolk were still somewhat on edge over what took place the past couple of weeks. Even after the police force and Emera ensured everyone was now safe, the truth was, they weren't. Safe from the murderer, yes. Safe from the humans and the other aliens from the portal, most likely. But from impending danger? No. Not just yet.

That's what the polar bear was up to. Still back in the same old apartment, going through stacks upon stacks of notes and information left behind by Izumi. Trying to make sense of them all once again, this time with her absence, and it was stressing the white one out. Once again just putting the several sheets of paper down on the coffee table and rubbing his eyes to relieve some of said frustration. Yet, he could still see all the programming stanzas and formulas in his mind when those brown eyes were closed.

A knock came from the door after several heavier pawsteps. "It's unlocked." Bartan grumbled, his back towards the door as the visitor clawed at the levered doorknob.

"What do you mean It's Unlocked?" The familiar earth dragon grumbled while entering, slapping the door with his tail to shut it, perhaps a little too heavily. "You shouldn't be so careless, even if Reza's gone."

"I'm positive that his threat is gone with him." The bear half waved at the larger one.

"That doesn't mean your life isn't in danger."

"Well, right now, I'm the only one who can save your lives."

"But not everyone knows that." A sigh from the white one and a nod, knowing where he was going with this. "If they now know how much damage a single human can do..."

"They probably won't feel safe until I leave, one way or another." Another breath. "I know, Bryce. I know. But I'm almost to the point where I just don't care. If I suddenly get murdered, it means I won't have to look at this junk anymore." The brown dragon's face went cross as Bartan tended to his Nasion once again. "That was a poor attempt at a joke."

"You've told better." A noise in confirmation as the feral one took a faraway look at some of the documents. "No wonder you're in a bad mood, just glancing at this makes my head hurt."

"Yeah, I've been quite busy these past few days." Another crossed look from those golden eyes

as the bear almost tossed his muzzle. "Not that no one else wasn't, I'm just... Sick of this. At least doing something like cleaning up after that explosion was easy enough to do. Easy enough to figure out how to do. This is just a god damn mess of riddles set in a different language, then scrambled in eight different ways." A grumble from the dragon as he looked over at the documents again. "...Then turned sideways."

"Is that why you took them out of the station?"

"I didn't take all of them, but most. I'm the only one who half knows what Izumi did and how she set up everything to divert that meteor. Yet everyone at the station-

"Wanted to help out."

"Yeah... I appreciate it, Bryce, I really do. But it'll take longer to explain everything than for me to..."

"Figure it out on your own. I get it, Bartan." A nudge from the larger one as he climb on the back of the couch with his upper half. "I don't suppose you're in the mood for some bad news then." A heavy breath as the white one's head fell in near frustration. "That's a No. I think you need a drink."

"That's really not a good idea."

"Well, I need one. They wouldn't let me drink in the hospital." The brown wyrm moved into the kitchen.

"...Was it Maverick?"

"Maverick is fine. He seems to be recovering faster than I did."

"He was only shot I think three or four times this month."

"Verses my one, are you commenting on my metabolism?"

"Blame the papers, they made me do it." A chuckle from the other room as a bottle was suddenly crushed. "Be thankful they restocked recently."

"Oh, I'm *very* thankful. Trust me." The drake half replied with his mouth full. Holding onto the large bowl with his jaws as he laid down on the other couch. "But seriously, stop looking at them for a change, won't you? You can't help them if you don't get your rest." A mumble from that white muzzle. "Not to mention, it's been rough for you. I know what it's like to lose a partner."

"To be completely honest with you, Bryce; I don't give a damn about Reza. If Maverick didn't get to him first, I would've."

"Even after he was proven innocent, how would you feel then?"

"I wouldn't care. The one time he didn't commit those murders, it would not have been worth the risk." A brown eyebrow raised over Bryce's right eye.

"The hell are you talking about-Right. Time traveler."

"Another thing that makes that head of yours hurt."

"Blame the hospital for making me stay sober for this long."

"Yeah, forget the fact that you shrugged off a building falling on top of you after getting shot, then nearly drowned. It's words that can only hurt you."

"I'm going to let that one slide because of these little bastards," A gesture towards the buried coffee table. "And you get one more of those this week." A grumble from the bear as he mumbled apologies. "You need to get out. Have some fun, Bartan, and get your mind off of the world and the rock in the sky."

A few moments of silence and the white one sighed. "You're right. What do you have in mind?" A large swig from the earth dragon as he finished his bowl.

"I got a few ideas." Bryce gave a wink. "Considering our last date was interrupted by work."

"Well, I did sneak in a few kisses while you were underwater."

"I wouldn't really count those." A snout toss from the bear.

"You didn't count the first one either."

"No, because that was weird!" The brown wyrm snorted, getting a chuckle from the other side. "I'm not sure how you do it over on the other side of the portal, but here you don't force feed another male their own...!"

"You liked it."

"I liked everything up until that point, yes. But not... No! I can still taste it."

"You'll get used to it." The white one had a bright smile, trying to hold back his laughter.

"You won't be so smug about it once I do it to you."

"Oh? Is that what you had in store for me that night?" A bit of a blush from the drake, but a large smirk was over that scarred muzzle.

"Maybe. Maybe something else, but..." A bit of a somewhat remorseful sigh left the dragon which concerned the bear.

"What is it?"

"You know when I said I had bad news?" A nod from the white one. "...The Fun Basket was stolen."

A very long pause filled the room as the bear slowly started to chuckle. Soon growing into loud laughter along with Bryce that lasted several minutes. "What!?" Bartan half asked, nearly falling backwards out of his couch.

"Somebody Stole It...!" The brown one could barely keep himself composed, tears forming in the corners of his eyes. "Just...! Just imagine! The looks on their faces when they opened it...!"

"I can't...! I don't even know what was in it!"

"I'll give you a few guesses." Another several long moments as the two controlled themselves. "Now, I'll never get it back."

"Unless someone turns it into the station for returning." Another few chuckles. "Did you at least clean it?"

"Of course I did!" A playful glare. "To the best of my ability. It's not like I could ask Zhong or Sebastian to do it." Several more small laughs as they shook their heads. Eventually seeing the bear's slightly guilty look. "What?"

"...I'm the one who told him." A noise in question. "Sebastian. I'm the one who told him to leave his post to watch the fireworks." That eyebrow raised again.

"...He said the same thing, to be honest."

"Please tell me you're not going to punish him." A breath from the earth dragon. "I convinced him, Bryce."

"The fact that he was convinced regardless is the reason why I was going to." A slightly sad look from those brown eyes. "...What would've happened?" No response. "Bartan, tell me."

"...He would've been shot. Once in the side, and once in the throat. There wouldn't be any way of saving him."

"And by the time we found him?" A heavy breath from the bear.

"...He would've still been warm."

"So that's why..." A faint nod as the white one looked off into space. "...How much do you know?" A slow noise in question. "You're a Time traveler. How often has that happened?" No verbal response, but there was a lot of hurt in the bear's eyes. "***I've Probably Seen Worse***. That's what you said to me before. Now would be a good time to explain what you meant by that."

"...Are you sure you want to hear this, Bryce?" He gave the bear a solid nod. With a very heavy breath, Bartan laid down on the couch. Staring at the ceiling. "Name someone."

"What?"

"Name someone you know." Another crossed expression, but the wyrm could see where he was going with this.

"Alright. Zhong."

"You sure you want to start with him?" That time the two locked eyes, getting another solid nod for the bear to continue. "He lives until the meteor falls. But doesn't get enough money to take that trip with his son. Never gets to find his old mate, to see his real mother again, never gets to sack that bastard of a father he had." A very slight neck curl from the drake. "You always knew what happened there, you were in the front yard."

"How do you know that? You went to visit him?"

"I've meet Zhong a few times, even outside of work." A deep breath. "He kinda smells like fresh grass, to be honest. Tastes a little bit on the bitter side though."

"What are you talking about?" That time the white one gave him an eyebrow as if to follow his thought. Taking a moment before Bryce blushed slightly and chuckled in disbelief. "Are you serious? He let you...?"

"I've been here for a while, Bryce." The brown one shook his muzzle to refocus his mind. "Emera lives until the meteor. Lorem ends up going on a treasure hunt by himself and drowns, a large shelf traps him underwater. Anna either dies from Reza, be it the third murder victim in place of Damion or was shot by him. If she survives, the Cancer would get her in a few years."

"Cancer?" A slow and faint nod of that white muzzle, still staring at the ceiling. "I know she was working with it or something but never knew..."

"Well, Remy was the one who reported her to the police. Causing her a major setback in her research." Another crossed look. "I'm not blaming the force. Even when I convinced Remy not to do it, Anna still didn't figure it out in time."

"So, you're saying she's doomed then."

"Not entirely." He defeatedly replied to the dragon. "...The humans had the cure for Cancer."

"But without juice to run the portal..."

"On both sides at that..." An even heavier breath. "Remy..." A long pause got Bryce to get up a bit.

"You don't have to Barten-" A paw motioned him to stop.

"Remy survives the meteor, but dies alone. In a world of emptiness... I had to leave him there, because the portal wasn't programed to work for anyone but me. Other than that-" Another breath as he struggled to stay strong. "He hangs himself. His depression getting the better of him when he loses his one last hope for a friendship."

"Being who? You?" A shaky breath as a few tears leaked out.

"Yes. He was the first dragon I met here. He begged and overworked himself just to meet me."

"Is that why you've been hanging around with him a lot?" An easier nod that time. "So is what we've got going on...?"

The bear shook his head. "It's not getting in the way of that. I... I make sure I have time enough to set him on the right path."

"What path exactly?"

"...The path towards his daughter, Amely."

"He has a hatchling?"

"Remy doesn't know it's his." A deep breath. "You can see it though. White and pink, a bit patchy but she has her father's horns." The drake looked over the white one for a few moments before getting up. Walking around the occupied coffee table and dragging the couch away from the documents a ways before half climbing over the bear. "What are you doing?"

"You need it kid." Bryce said, digging his claws around the white one and giving him a tight hug. Hearing the furry muzzle exhale, but embracing the dragon back. "You gotta take something to ease the pain. If you're not drinking, or doing anything else-"

"Like having sex with strangers?"

"Like having sex with strangers," The larger one chuckled, continuing. "Then it's only going to bottle up inside of you. It's not healthy." He felt a nod against his brown scales and broke the hug a bit. Feeling one of those furry paws go around and on those thicker beige chestplates, studying the two scars against Bryce's throat. "Right, I never told you about those."

"Miles." A double take and a strange look from those golden eyes. "Maverick's brother. Grey like him, Cyan eyes. I know."

"...Time traveler?" A nod. "How then?"

"Anna." The drake curled his neck.

"How did she-?"

"Her and Maverick used to date." A slight head tilt, and then something clicked in his durable skill.

"Riiiiight, I remember now." The two shared a sad smile before the brown one slightly sighed. "I'm going to regret this, but tell me... What about me." He expected the heavy breath and look, taking the gesture to hold the dragon's head in his shirted torso.

"Remember that farmhouse?"

"Yeah."

"...You went in first." It was a bit of a hard thing to hear, especially since that's what the dragon was expecting to do at the time. Recalling the rigged generator, set to explode after the tripwire was triggered. Of course the dragon wouldn't even think that such a device could even be set to do such a thing. But by the sounds of the bear's warnings and reports, humans were rather talented at weaponizing things. "If it wasn't that, it was when the building caved in. You took most of the generator blast to save me and Maverick."

"That..." A heavy breath from the drake as he struggled out of the bear's grasp. Breaking it rather easily as he half looked away. "That sounds like something I would do." The two were quiet, but a soft paw was stroking his forearm and shoulder. "So that means, You... And Me..."

"Have been through this multiple times?" Bryce nodded, getting another in return to answer him. "This is the best one so far. Everyone lived, aside from those who were murdered."

"And that human?"

"It's not uncommon for her to... But she doesn't always."

"Is she the mastermind behind all of this then?" The larger one's tone thickened. "Did she drag you into this?"

"Not intentionally, no. She's only trying to save you guys."

"Save us from what? The meteor?" A half shrug, but a nod. "But why though?"

"Izumi half created you." That eyebrow again. "Well, not specifically you, but your kind."

"Isn't that just a myth?" Bartan shook his head. "So we really did come from humans..."

"Your intelligence did, as well as strange instincts and habits." An eyebrow raised over that golden eye. "You ever question why some of your chairs look stupid?"

"Stupid?"

"As in, they don't accommodate your tails very well." Bryce looked over at a nearby dining set, observing the backrests of the chairs. Supporting the cushions with two beams and keeping an empty space otherwise, like any normal chair.

"I'm not seeing it."

"Well, you don't use them, so I don't blame you. Earth dragons and larger fliers like Maverick and Remy are tall enough not to need a seat by it. But have you ever seen, say, Sebastian use one?" Another questionable look. "I know there's others like Lorem that are small enough to get comfortable

in such a thing, but in order for a Runner to get into a chair... They would have to pull it out, move far enough in front of the chair to get their tails into that hole, back up, then attempt the feat to adjust the chair to the table properly to use it."

"Sounds like a pain in the tail."

"It is, very much so. But has anyone ever questioned why they design them this way? For less than a quarter of the species around?" The drake half grumbled but basically just tilted his head in a shrug. "This design works fine for humans and more upright species, because-

"They don't have tails, I remember you saying that." A nod from the white one. "So, what you're saying is we've gotten bad habits from humans?"

"Just that you've inherited the natural instincts of them, and were basically told not to question against it. Not even against your will, like propaganda, it's just programmed into your brains."

"You're losing me." A chuckle from the two. "It's just the way things are done here."

"Yet, it could be done easier. For you, for other earth dragons. For... Remy. You can manage, yes, but you guys have remarkable technology. It would take nothing to increase your quality of life a little." A faint noise in confirmation, and the bear gestured an empty white paw as the drake gave him a questionable look. "Can I see your paw?"

That stare didn't let up, but offered one anyway. Letting Bartan look over the dense brown scales that near suddenly morph into grey claws. Dull from near constant use, but still very powerful. Slightly faded on the underside with its own sets of creases and possible scars from past use. "No wonder you don't like stairs." The bear grumbled.

"Stairs are stupid." Bryce snorted.

"Exactly. Yet they design them like that anyway, when they could just use a long ramp instead. Making it ten times easier for everyone." A deep exhale through that white muzzle. "Don't get me wrong, these are... Powerful. Durable. But..." Another moment of study over that brown paw. "It's no wonder you often seek someone who can stroke you off."

Another snort. "I'm not completely hopeless, but it is much easier with a few... Trinkets." He gave Bartan a wink. "But if that's what you want to do to relieve some stress, I believe the Chief of police does owe you quite a few favors."

"Isn't Sebastian the chief while you're on sick leave?"

"Don't ruin this for me, Bartan." A series of chuckles, as those furry paws traced up the dragon's forearm.

"He doesn't have your muscles anyway."

"Oh, you enjoyed that, did you?" Another sly smirk from the brown one. "I thought I made out a

whimper when I showed you." A bit of a shy breath as those brown discs couldn't look away from those scales. Slowly being stretched out to reveal the dense muscle underneath and finally releasing a whine from the bear. "There it is. I knew you couldn't hide it forever." He got no response from the smaller one other than the intense studies of those white paws. Only releasing Bartan of the mental lockdown when Bryce needed to rest that arm, hearing a few pants from that muzzle that made the drake smirk again. Giving him a nudge. "Welcome back."

"Y-yeah..."

"Who says you can only persuade others with a brain or a tongue?" Another nudge and those paws met under the dragon's chin. "Ready to give in, then?" The next playful nudge was interrupted by the bear's own muzzle, attaching itself towards the end of the dragon's as their inner appendages started to wrestle a bit. Nearly getting a yelp of surprise from the brown one at the sudden change.

The two were lost in a small trance as the larger one fought to compose his instincts. Nearly wondering to himself if that Bryce went a little too far with some of his own suggestions in the past. From encouraging the bear to join him for an afterwork drink that ended in a contest, even when the white one really didn't want to. To displaying his draconic underself in a state of surprise when Bartan left the room.

But each time only drew the bear closer to his protected heart, nearly accepting such a thing and playing along. At first, he questioned Bartan's motives being tied to his position, even after they confided within each other. But when it was the furred one that saved the drake's life a few times, that's when Bryce really started to see that it wasn't a ruse or a mask. Even if the bear has done this with many different others within this world on different timelines or whatever, truth be told... Bryce would probably attempt the same. Especially if he knew the end was coming.

But those dark and desperate thoughts were banished away by such impressive tongueplay. Though weaker than the dragons, it was still impressively able to do more than he expected. Nearly turning the long muzzle entrapment into a competition to whoever could force the other to break first, one that the bear started by pressing deeper into that brown maw. Stroking that thick jaw roughly with white paws and nearly forcing the larger one to purr loudly through the room.

But Bryce's instincts got the better of him, pressing deeper into the smaller one and backing him into the couch. Climbing on top of it with his forearms to almost pin the bear into submission. Pushing the furry creature he's grown attached to over the last few weeks into that back rest in pulses as their tongues lapped at each other. Scouting out further and further as those clawed paws started to brace the back of the furniture. Getting completely lost in the near full-body movements before that couch started to tip backwards with a playful mauling, making the two yelp as it crashed on the floor.

With the sudden shift the lock was broken, and the bear found himself pinned below the earth dragon. One trying to regain his balance, as his haunches were stuck in the air a bit. Worried that he might be hurting the smaller one, but Bartan just chuckled. Wrapping those white arms around the drake's thick neck the best he could while giving another small kiss. "Now that's worthy of a first kiss."

Bryce smirked, giving the bear a few licks.

"I still say the first one was fine."

"The first one was horrible and you know it. Ruined by you just not simply swallowing." He snorted, trying to adjust himself a bit only to accidentally stroke his fleshy weapon on the furniture and release a heavy breath. "You comfortable? Because I think I'm stuck."

"Just don't swing your tail, I don't want those documents out of order." A faint embarrassed grumble from the larger one and those brown eyes glared at him. Hearing another one as the drake started to look uncomfortable. "*Don't*."

"Then you better get me unstuck because I feel a twitch coming on." That time the bear grumbled, climbing out the pin and seeing those hind claws, just barely half a foot above the ground. Dangling helplessly, though attempting to get a steady grip from the underside from time to time. When Bryce didn't hear any movement for a bit, he looked back at the slightly stunned bear. "What are you thinking about?"

"Just how much I like this position you're in."

"Well, you better decide between that and those documents about which is more important." A few moments of silence and those brown hinds attempted freedom again. Getting a growl from the dragon eventually as that urge to just flail his rear appendage grew.

"...I'm thinking." Bartan half teased, knowing that the short time pleasure wasn't worth the pain of attempting to reorganize Izumi's instructions. Lowering his paws to support one of those legs and grant the earth drake freedom from the furniture. Finally giving into that instinct to just swing that tail around a bit, scratching the bookcase with the several blades at the end. "Hope they don't blame me for that."

"I'm blaming you for that. Telling a dragon not to swing his tail is like asking him to do it."

"Here I was thinking you were just expressing your love for books." Bryce snorted at the statement, catching those brown eyes staring at a certain red member that was feeling a little left out. "How long has it been since?"

"Since what?"

"Since you were last released." The dragon curled his neck at the bear.

"The first time with the wine bottle."

"Bottles." Bartan corrected him. "Nearly a week, that's a shame. They didn't tend to you while at the hospital?" That eyebrow again.

"The hell kind of hospitals have you been to?"

"The best kind, apparently." The white one slyly grinned, still looking at the red weapon on display.

"I don't like that look."

"You remember how you owed me for that first date?"

"You mean the drinking contest? Because that didn't happen."

"Of course it didn't, but you still owe me for that." A grumbling sigh from the drake.

"What are you thinking." It was barely a question.

"I'm thinking of playing a little game." A faint smirk over that brown muzzle.

"I'm listening."

"Rules are simple: last as long as you can, and I only get a total *paw time* of five seconds on your ridges."

"What do I get if I win?"

"Aside from being stroked off? We'll see about that when it happens." A moment of near serious study from Bryce.

"One condition:" A nod from the bear. "No feeding me it again. That's going to be a thing from now on out." Bartan tossed his snout.

"Kresskre."

"What?"

"Nevermind. Just a playful insult."

"How playful?" He grumbled.

"Means 'Big Softie' in another language." A snort from the dragon, but he let it slide. Lifting his hind leg to invite the furry one in and watched as the bear took off his shirt. Throwing it on the couch before sitting down under the wyrm, touching the impressively long weapon softly, leaving the biggest smirk on the drake's muzzle. Just waiting for that tongue.

There it was, licking just under the flare and teasing those spines. Thick, almost thorny for such a large shaft, to the point where it was nearly hard at the tips. Making Bartan wonder exactly how painful such a thing might be to anything else besides another Earth Dragon. Sadly, not something he could do without consequences, and the bear needed to be able to walk for the next week.

It didn't take long for those purrs to fill the room again, all while that white muzzle was nearly gnawing at those small bits of flesh. Gently grasping and pulling them with his fangs, all while that red

appendage cleaned the area. Slowly working around its larger flare while a paw tended to the main body.

It's length allowed enough room for that furry hand to stroke well before hitting a ridge, already getting Bryce to almost growl deep breaths. Tracing and studying it's equipped side and the several larger spines that seemed to flow off of the flare, reminding the bear of the shields of a triceratops' skull.

That feeling returned, something the drake nearly longed for ever since that first night that muzzle touched him. Never expecting an outsider to be so good at this, as if the bear had eons to practice. Then again, *Time traveler*. The more Bryce thought about it, the more it made sense to him. But he couldn't hold those thoughts for too long as that tongue scouted out familiar territory.

For several minutes he was lost in a world of involuntary focus, barely keeping himself up to make sure that he didn't flatten the bear. But if this carried on for much longer, the larger one was sure to lose his balance. Even during their first session, Bryce was on his back. Laying on a couch closer to the window. He didn't have to worry about balance or where his tail flayed, even being able to make out the dents and scratches from where he stood.

Regardless, it was clear Bartan wasn't going to stop. Focused on the challenge to release the dragon until... Wait. What were the rules again? How long could Bryce last? How was the drake supposed to win against such a thing? Perhaps he meant until the bear released instead, as a form of success. If that were the case, the brown one was not off to a good start, let alone in a good position.

Now that the table was occupied, continuing this in the living quarters would be a bad idea. Slowly and carefully staggering towards the bedroom, the white one underneath him moved slightly, but was never interrupted from his work. If anything, he was more into it, as that furry muzzle started devouring his tip and flare. That red appendage focusing on the lower side and that paw still in the middle.

Damn thing was too good at it, and the dragon too focused on wanting such a thing for the past few days that he couldn't think straight. With the loss of his toys, and unable to really tend to himself the night before, Bryce felt almost backed up. Suppressed since he got out of that hospital. Signing himself out, granted not without a struggle. It was only a piercing wound that damaged some of his shoulder muscles, he barely felt it to be honest.

Those strokes were getting tighter and heavier, digging into the thick flesh of his weapon in order to get a heavy reaction out of the drake. Nearly getting him to growl then take a deep breath when the pre fluids were suddenly sucked out. Lapped around his tower as if it were a toy and nearly putting the titan into a trance for several long minutes. Really getting into the movements. That is, until the doorbell rang.

It snapped Bryce back to reality, but didn't seem to faze the one under him. A few knocks that time as those golden eyes searched for the bear's, but there was still no response. No interrupting his

work. "Bartan? Are you there?" Sebastian's voice came from the other side of the door, barely dividing the drake with the runner as it started to unlock.

Thinking quickly, Bryce opened it a crack and made his face visible. "Sebastian, good to see you." A double take nearly spooked the beige runner.

"Bryce? Everything okay?"

"Everything's fine. The bear just has his muzzle full at the moment."

"Is he eating?" A blank stare from the brown dragon for a moment as he forced the whimper of pleasure down his chest.

"You could say that."

"I see. Well, I'm only here to pick up a few documents. Apparently a few are missing from the station that we're hoping are here. They're at least getting some progress done on the decipher-" A harder gnaw against his weapon made the large dragon's muzzle struggle to compose. Trying to shake off the wave of bliss with a low grunt while the beige dragon studied him seriously. "Something wrong?"

"Just the idea of it. Nothing more."

"Right, you just got out of the hospital last night. You in any pain?"

"No, I'm fine-" Another grunt when the white one stroked those ridges for a quick moment. Getting a large reaction out of Bryce. "...Okay, shoulder hurts a little bit when I put weight on it."

"I see." Sebastian studied him for a moment. "What about Maverick?"

"He's fine too. Think he left a day earlier than I did."

"Considering that you almost drowned, and nearly got caved in..." When those fangs were starting to gnaw that red weapon, it made the earth drake's face cross a bit. Struggling to stay composed. "I'm sorry I wasn't there, Bryce-"

"It's fine, Sebastian."

"No, it isn't. I should not have left my post, especially that night of all-"

"It's **Fine**, Sebastian." The brown one said a little thicker. "...You're alive, that's all that matters."

"You guys nearly died-" Bryce suddenly hissed inside the room.

"**Damnit bear! It's not a Chewtoy!**" The outburst startled the runner, as he looked over his friend currently blushing. Taking a few moments to think about what Bartan was occupied with, and nearly trailing down the drake's body on the other side of the door before whimpering himself.

"I-I... I should... I'll just come back later."

"-Tomorrow."

"-Tomorrow." The two males shared an awkward nod before slowly closing the door. Nearly growling at the bear between his legs, still not stopping his movements, but with a large grin on his white muzzle.

"Think that's funny, do you?" A nod with the fleshy weapon still in his muzzle, and the dragon put a paw on his back. Thrusting the weapon deep into that maw as far as it could go and hearing a blissful whimper from the bear. "Now, I want to continue this in the bedroom. Mind getting out from under me so we can move?" A noise in agreement, though he was still stroking the shaft. "Good." He allowed the bear to get out.

"Why didn't you invite Sebastian to join?" A double take from Bryce, as he was actually caught off guard.

"S-serious...ly?" He whimpered, getting those white ears to flick at the door for a moment. Making the dragon study it with him for a bit, but heard nothing else.

"Thought I heard something, and yes. Would that be too awkward for you guys?" A few seconds of study as their eyes locked onto each other, finally seeing a bit of shyness from the larger dragon.

"I... Think so. I mean, if he was..." Another look at the door, almost being able to detect the runner still on the other side. Laying in the grass, blushing uncontrollably with both paws clenching his muzzle shut.

"I'll ask him sometime then. Probably won't be as awkward if I'm the one to offer, Outsider and all." Bartan lead the way towards the bedroom, not even noticing that the earth dragon was still nearly paralyzed with discomfort at the idea of doing such a thing with a close friend. They rarely went drinking together, knowing very well what Bryce was often up to, even as a rookie. "You okay?"

The drake double took and stared at him for a moment, not really knowing what to say. "Interesting how everyone seems to go through that." The bear continued, getting a silent question from the dragon. "I know you were basically his mentor the past three years, but you've never thought about him that way? Even if it was just for fun?" Bryce's expression was slightly sour at that.

"We... Try to keep the workplace professional-"

"You're starting to sound like a human." A grumble at that, knowing it was likely in a negative connotation. "I never understood why. I mean, humans constantly wear clothing" A gesture towards his own black pants. "but you guys are always naked. It's bound to show up from time to time, isn't it?"

"Not often. Though I guess it depends on your line of work." The brown one mumbled.

"What's the big deal then?" No response, but those golden eyes stared into space, deep in thought. "Bryce, there's no guarantee that I can stop this thing. If you want to have fun with him, do it as soon as you can."

"I never thought of Sebastian in that way though-"

"Why not?" A grumble from the drake.

"I feel like we're running in circles." A shrug from the bear as he gestured inside the bedroom. Getting a faint breath from the dragon before taking the bear's offer of walking inside first. Climbing into bed and laying on his back, only to see the white one nearly on top of him. Touching noses in a gesture of affection and getting the larger one to blush a bit.

"I'll drop it, but it's only awkward if you make it awkward." A slight roll of those golden eyes as they took a deep kiss. Feeling those white paws stroke his jaw and broad neck. Tracing down to those powerful shoulders and arms, skipping the claws that were half attempting to follow the same movements as the two shared a few more dances of tongues.

But Bartan started pulling away, marking his way back to the brown muzzle with streaks of licks down the wyrm's chest. Getting that loud purr; a noise reminding the bear of small rocks rolling down a hollow tree, as he ventured lower and lower. Touching the tip of that red weapon with a brush of fur as he climbed over those spread hind legs.

Several brushes with that furry snout against the rod of flesh was only teasing the dragon, but he loved it. Besides, the longer Bryce could last, the greater of a chance he had of winning. Nearly encouraging the white one to continue as that thick tail wagged between his black jeans. Nuzzles turned into licks. Licks into kisses. And soon those paws started to join in as well; one on the shaft as normal, and one under the dragon's hamstring.

After all this time, one would think the earth drake would be tired of being on his back, but this was a whole new level of hospitality. One that he wished would be the start of a franchise. Got wounded? Get Stroked off. Not the greatest of slogans, but it was difficult to concentrate with the bear's performance. Forget being an ambassador, Bartan should open a school of pleasure for the drake's new line of hospitals.

The thoughts of others possibly being in the build left his thick skull, vocally telling of his experiences with loud murr and purrs, as that muzzle started resuming its work. Nearly right where it left off, withdrawing all the substance building up during their pause and making the dragon almost hiss at its strength.

Those teeth started up again as that maw nearly devoured that flare. Letting the thicker spines press against the inners of his mouth, but start to bend when pressure was added. Granted, not without a few dozen prods. Some a little thicker than others, but none too sharp to cause enough pain or wounds. Same couldn't really be said for those fangs though, nearly digging into the fleshy shaft as if to carve a signature within.

Taking a bit more of that tower every so often, to the point where the paw tending to the mid-section was forced to move. Very slightly brushing up against that first pair of ridges and receiving a few premature squirts. So, instead it relocated down below. Playing with the slit that acted as the

weapon's protection. Now wishing the dragon had a pair of stones to perhaps occupy itself with.

But the folds would have to do for now, venturing down to the other haunch from time to time and feeling them claw the air a bit. But it didn't last long, with Bartan's current position, he couldn't advance very much further. Soon pulling out completely and just licking at the tool a bit while he walked around the bed. Kneeling down on the floor beside the dragon before donning the weapon once again. "Careful you..." Bryce muttered, nearly enthralled by such a thing, let alone devotion the white one was taking.

It half reminded the dragon of that drinking contest again. Though the bear disliked the idea of competition, stating so himself, Bartan was at least a good sport about it. As adorable as it was to see the bear attempt to swallow the dragon's entire shaft whole, his safety was more important than the drake's pride. Nearly trying to hold the white one back a little bit.

But the white muzzle persisted, taking it in slowly as that flare started to slide past his jaws. Really concerning the brown one, who was half trying to think of what he should do, especially if the bear started choking. But the soft strokes of white paws on his belly only told of the furry one's control of the situation. Granted, it didn't relieve the dragon of concern completely. "Bartan... That's enough." Bryce almost growled.

Yet the bear pushed forward more. Now feeling that flare enter his throat and those lips touch that first ridge, making the drake hiss a bit and shoot a jolt or two down that neck. But enough was enough, and with a bit more teasing and feeling another squirt coming on, Bartan withdrew the shaft. Keeping the head in his maw until that small torrent of pre was sucked out completely.

Giving the tip a few licks, the bear started up to the dragon's head again. Only to get two brown paws to blade grasp his muzzle and whimper in surprise, holding it still and shut. "Swallow." Bryce grumbled, getting the bear to do the same. "*Swallow*." He demanded, and Bartan rolled his brown eyes. Swallowing loudly and seeing his throat do the motions, but the drake wasn't convinced. "Again." Another grumble and the bear did it, those brown eyes glaring at him. "Good."

Those paws let go, and the white one kissed Bryce. Only to get another taste of his own seed and almost hiss at the furry one. Taking his frustrations out with a bit of a violent kiss, really digging his fangs into that white muzzle while those grey claws held him in place. Until the dragon broke it. "**Why!?**" Bryce hissed, making a face and trying to scrape off such a strange substance from his tongue. "And what did I say beforehand!?"

"You said no feeding you. Nothing about giving you a sample. Last I checked, you didn't completely release yet." Bartan teased, getting a heavy growl from the larger one. "You want to do it to me for a change?" The drake's neck curled, all that anger nearly turning into a bit of embarrassment.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Bartan. Usually whatever goes into my mouth gets eaten, besides baskets."

"Just don't bite down on it-"

"Or treat it like a chewtoy?" Bryce grumbled, glaring at the bear tossing his snout.

"My teeth aren't as sharp as yours, and I know what I'm doing. It felt good, didn't it?" Another grumble, but the wyrm didn't answer. Instead, nearly lost in a trance watching the white one take off his pants rather quickly and overlooking his bare form. "But I won't force you if you don't want to Bryce. Just thought if you wanted to experiment..."

The dragon studied him with a crossed face for several moments, feeling that furry package that was still strange to him over his own member. "Alright, answer me one thing first:" A noise in question. "...Have you done this with me before?"

"Mhmm."

"And no accidents?"

"Nothing horrible. You did bite down once before when I was tending to you at the same time, but that was my fault." An eyebrow in question. "But you liked it, that's why I asked. Let alone..." That white muzzle kissed him, licking that thicker draconic tongue a few times. "That muscle of yours does rather well."

"You're not pulling my tail, are you?" Bartan shook his head from side to side. Another few moments of study and the drake sighed. "Damnit, I can't say no to you, bear. But if you get hurt, don't say I didn't warn you." A solid nod with an equally sly smile across the white one's muzzle as the bear climbed up the dragon, bringing his member closer to Bryce. However, he didn't expect the larger one to grab hold of his middle and wrestle the furry one on the other side of the bed, now on top of him and purring. "You really thought I was going to leave you in control?"

A bit of a purr left Bartan's throat as he kissed that scared snout, letting the weight of the drake sink them into the mattress and nearly feel his larger weapon prod the base of his tail. Though, that bitter taste was still covering the white one's tongue, Bryce thought it was time enough for a little revenge. Climbing down that furry body until a very distinct red tool greeted him.

Canine in style, but that was something entirely new to the dragon. However, what wasn't new was the many small spines along the sides and the ridges. Granted, not nearly as long or large as the drake's, it was still exciting in a way. Then he spotted the strange pouch below it, but before Bryce could speak- "It holds our seed."

"What?"

"Your testicals are internal, ours are external. I can explain possibly why, but you never did really want to hear it-"

"Yeah, it'll probably go over my head anyway. I'm not a biologist." A chuckle from the white one. "So...?"

"Just don't hit, squeeze, or bite them. Well, unless you want to punish me. They're very

sensitive."

"I'll keep that in mind." A sly smirk as the earth dragon took a deep breath. Leaning in close to the alien red weapon and nudging it a bit to test a couple of reactions, but nothing much. Then, after another breath, that pink tongue withdrew from that muzzle and gave it a very soft lick. From the sheath to the very tip and hear the bear purr loudly.

"I've missed that..." It made Bryce smile a bit as he continued, adding a few more laps before going towards the sides. Making out the spines on the underside that were much weaker than his own, but considering the size difference, it made sense. At least they didn't hurt in the slightest. Really... They gave an interesting feeling on the appendage. "Just... Watch the ridges."

"You mean..." A harder lick towards the base of the weapon sent the bear into a few faint whimpers. "These things?" All he got for replies were just deep breaths and a paw on his scaly head as the dragon teased him a bit. "I'm pretty sure I could win our little game just by doing this."

"It would be cheap, but..." Bartan grumbled, seeing the drake smirk at him, but leaving it at that. Lapping the red canine weapon's top half with that strong tongue, only visiting the lower area occasionally from time to time. Getting a good feel for such a strange tool before giving the tip a few kisses.

One more breath before that jaw separated, that appendage scouting ahead and guiding the weapon safely inside the maw. Watching his fangs closely, to the point where he looked like he was trying to bite into something eight times the size of the weapon, just to be safe. Making the bear chuckle a bit at the sight. "It's not made of paper."

A faint growl from the brown one as he started to relax a bit, carefully closing his jaws until he felt his fangs make contact. Nearly getting a breath of warm relief over the fleshy shaft as it felt rather comfortable in his mouth. Letting it almost set in there, while his tongue scouted the area.

The bear purred loudly as that paw encouraged the dragon's head to keep going. Only gasping or whimpering when that appendage looked into the first few ridges. Lapping its focus on the upper area, letting the large pink appendage to constantly wrap around it. Massaging its walls and letting the tool inside throb and jerk from such attention. Another few minutes of work, and the dragon felt rather natural doing this. Enough to let his guard down a bit more.

But one lick down a little too far and the bear whimpered, getting a sudden tangy squirt on his tongue and down his thick throat. Nearly making Bryce yelp and pull out from its warmth. Overlooking the area for any wounds, but all he seen was a faint orange liquid, giving the drake a sigh of relief. "I thought I bit you."

"Not enough to do damage." Bartan said, rather calmly. Watching the earth dragon half study the taste in his mouth. "What do you think?" A slight tilt of his brown head as he attempted to identify the flavor, until he quickly shook it.

"Why does your...!?" Bryce half hissed, getting a loud chuckle from the bear. "Is that even normal!?"

"No, no it isn't. It's modified." Half a grumble as those golden eyes looked over the caninish tool. "Even that's modified."

"Why?" A shrug from those white shoulders.

"Wasn't exactly my choice, but it was better than what I had." The brown one raised an eyebrow. "Long story. I'll tell you later."

"I see..." He looked down over the package again. "...What does it normally look like then?"

"You mean a bear's?" A shrug but a nod. "It's usually long and rather skinny. Maybe about twice the length, but half the girth. It wasn't very satisfying, nor practical. Not to mention, there was a risk of it breaking."

A look in disbelief from the drake. "...Breaking?" He repeated, barely a question.

"Sometimes the bones got rather brittle. And well... In the middle of mating..." Another blank stare from Bryce.

"...Breaking?"

"Breaking." Another few moments of staring and the brown one sighed in disbelief. Getting the other to chuckle. "You can see why-"

"Yes, yes." Those yellow eyes looked over the package again, wanting another sample of the taste he couldn't quite place. Licking over the red weapon instantly got the bear to purr again and nearly move into the brown muzzle. Letting the dragon have his way with that red shaft. Licking, stroking with that tongue, pulling out the faint substance within and nearly demanding more. All while leaving the bear nearly breathless.

"Damn... You are so good at this..." The white one murred loudly, barely being able to contain himself. Let alone keep his paws still, constantly petting that muzzle and head. Sometimes pulling those dark grey horns forwards and down to take more of his mating tool. "I don't care if I lose at this rate..." That made the drake smile as he continued.

It came so natural to Bryce, wonder why he never thought of this beforehand-right. Usually such liquids tasted horrible. But this, he still couldn't describe it. Picturing a round fruit of the same color as the juices, thick and flavorful. Plump as the very pouch below, which at a glance, he swore got a little bigger.

But the more the dragon did the same motions; pressing that muzzle down to that sheath then back up, twisting that snout once in a while as that tongue thrashed wildly, the more his instincts kicked in. Wanting to bite a little harder, pull upward like it was a piece of delicious meat-regardless if it was or

not. Nearly lost in a trance and ignoring the bear's whimpers of pleasure. Even after they grew higher and higher in pitch.

The drake half knew what that meant, granted didn't expect the sudden spray so soon. Surprising the brown one with a half yelp while his maw was flooded with orange liquids. Trying to keep as much as he could in it, but a large portion of the release still leaked out between his lips.

Regardless, the sprays didn't last too long. Almost disappointing in a way, but Bryce was finally in position. Stepping over Bartan to almost overpower him and lock the white one down over the bedding, he attached that muzzle to his own. Feeling those furry paws grasp his lower jaw and enjoy the exchange of his own seed for several long minutes. Eventually getting the brown dragon to sigh a bit. "It's no fun if you don't struggle with it." He grumbled.

"That's your fault for not liking your own taste." A snout toss.

"I can't see how *you* do."

"I like you." A kiss on that brown muzzle. "And I'm content with whatever gifts you're willing to part with." It made Bryce grin.

"Even after you lost your little game?" A chuckle from the bear. "I suppose there's no use in letting all your hard work completely expire."

"What was it you told me that night with the wine bottles...?" Another deep kiss between the two, still loving the taste of oranges in the dragon's maw. "You dragons don't let anything go to waste?" A playful purr from the larger one as those white arms wrapped around that broad neck. Licking at the side of his head, and slightly disappointed at the lack of ears to torment.

But that was almost short-lived, as those grey claws reached behind the white one's back and rolled both of them over, returning to the other side of the bed. Nearly falling off of it while chuckling and sharing a few kisses. Feeling that furry pouch and strange weapon over the dragon's member while they locked lips, constantly grinding up and down the thick tool and getting a rather pleasant reaction out of the drake.

The two let the weapons rub against each other for several minutes while their maws were occupied. Noticing the bear was slowly moving downward towards the end of their tongue wrestling. Loving the feeling of that full sack morphing over his ridges and purring loudly into a near growl as the white one tormented the earth dragon a little bit. "Bryce, buddy..." A noise in question as Bartan took another step back. "Can I confess something?" The drake closed his eyes, just enjoying every movement while nodding slowly. His tongue starting to hang out as that smaller weapon's tip traced down his own, and past his protective slit. "That was all pre."

Another noise in question, nearly too drunk to understand what Bartan meant. "I haven't released just yet." That time he opened those golden eyes, trying to focus on the bear's devious smirk. But before he could decipher it any further, that tip started to prod against the dragon's tailhole. Getting

a sharp breath and a growl as it started to slip inside.

Bryce hissed loudly as he attempted to get up, but the reflexes in his lower body forced him back down. Near helpless to take in the smaller weapon, but not like it was the very first thing to ever enter there. Just unexpected, let alone knowing that the little game is still ongoing, and the bear's current spot was nearly a weakpoint for the brown titan.

But the constant growls from the dragon were not of pain, just of pleasure and threatened pride. Nearly squirting a heavy jolt when Bartan's tool slipped into its fullest. Getting heavy breaths from both of them and those brown paws to finally grab a hold of the bear's shoulders. Pulling him close, and feeling the stiff tower inside his rear start to wedge, pressing against the walls harshly as it sprayed.

The males shared a few deep breaths before a thick kiss, stuck in a stalemate. The rest of this would have to be a match of endurance, the two nearly being neck and neck to releasing. Or so the dragon hoped, considering how little he knew about the bear, vs how much Bartan knew about him...

Regardless, it was the drake's move, and the only option he had was to release the bear's shoulders and attempt to hold back for as long as possible. Doing so and getting a deep kiss from that white muzzle as that weapon in Bryce's rear started to withdraw. Slipping in and out of his tailpipe with a playful aggression, really pressing into the dragon's kinks and nearly getting the brown one to curse him. Curse Time Traveling for having such an advantage.

Every little movement in that area sent ripples of bliss through his heavy body. Every little spine along that strange mating tool was felt as it brushed up against his walls and started making the dragon squirm a bit. His tail thrash wildly between Bartan's legs and those hind claws just dying to rake into something. With every squirt of his larger weapon, he felt one inside. The two still so very close to each other, and Bryce just trying to hold out a little longer. Trying not to pay attention to the constant brushing against his tower, how wonderful the bear's lower shaft felt against his tailhole. How that bloated sack beneath those white furry cheeks bobbed against the base of his tail.

The larger one was lost within a sea of lust. Blushing uncontrollably with his thick tongue lolling out, completely overwhelmed by such a feeling. Something he longed for ever since that first night when the two shared his couch, nearly wanting to mount the bear all night, to the point where he got next to no sleep. Though, his desire to still existed, it was severely overpower by the current motions.

Bryce soon found himself whimpering back into reality, as a pressure started to be felt around the base of his tailhole. As if the bear's weapon was thickening up more and more. Stretching his hole a bit more per thrust, and increase the amount of pre that was flowing through both weapons. Nearly a spray every movement and a half, feeling that warmth so deep within his body, and it leaking out of that hole. Let alone, his own stains all over his body and chest. Nearly evaporating from the sheer contact of his plated scales, or so it felt.

But the bear's shaft didn't stop growing, pressing outward more and more. Making the drake growl into a deep whimper. And there it was, the point of no return. His body throwing in the towel

against the challenge, unable to take anymore. Feeling it rise more and more with the bear's motions as Bartan nearly roared with the dragon.

A very thick spray was felt within his tailpipe *just* as Bryce unleashed his first torrent into the air. Spraying it all over the wall above the bed as orange sprays flooded his insides. The bear's paw holding onto the dragon's weapon and helping him through such a harsh orgasm that nearly reached the ceiling. Coating the blue painted walls with a glaze of translucent white, and knocking down a few of the framed pictures from the pressure alone.

But that pressure was also starting to be felt within the brown drake's body, as that warmth traveled deeper and deeper inside him. Nearly feeling it run through his lower belly, feeling those inner walls fight against the hose still locked into his rear. Constantly spraying it's seed through the dragon as he endured, still trying to power through his own fading orgasm. Those white sprays showering his face and muzzle with its last few shots.

Soon after, the bear's stopped as well. Bryce never feeling so full after something like that. Let alone, something of Bartan's size. Half wondering if it had something to do with that external pouch, but the dragon was not in the mood for biology. Just feeling the white one carefully lay over his bloated belly, one that actually didn't look any different but sure felt it. Hearing the white one take a few breaths and sigh. "...Damnit."

"What?"

"I lost." Bartan admitted, getting a laugh from the prideful dragon. The largest grin over his face was enough to make the bear smile as well. Starting to pull out of his sore tailhole with a thick plop and the pressure soon started to fade. The white one then carefully climbed on the 'other white one', licking the glaze off his muzzle and hearing the drake growl a bit. Knowing what was coming, but took the initiative this time. Kissing him deeply, regardless of the strange taste and just enjoying his company for a few moments. Then... When Bartan least expected it, a prod was felt under that furry tail. "-Bryce!? N-!"

A heavy press down on those white shoulders as his still stiff member rammed between the bear's tail and pouch. Making him howl loudly as the greased weapon struggled to slip into such a tight space. Hiss after hiss and growl for the earth dragon to stop, the flare eventually slipped in. Getting the white bear to growl a bit against the sudden stun and thickness. "Damnit Bryce...!" Bartan growled at the drake's chuckle, even feeling a few more late sprays enter his tailhole. "You might've just doomed this timeline by nearly paralyzing me!"

"Worth it." The brown dragon said, giving a sly smirk. Holding the bear against his now messy form as his weapon twitched inside the furred one. Getting ready to release another few sprays inside. Listening closely to his breaths and whimpers as the two got some rest.

Not even realizing or hearing the whimpers of the beige runner, still looking through the bedroom window from outside.