

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 disappeared. Hearing the front door opening suddenly.

"You want at stroking, Sebastian?" Bartan's question got two loud yelps in question from both dragons; the one in the bedroom that could still be heard, and the one still sitting in the grass.

"W-what!?"

"Would you like to join in on our session? Bryce needs a release, and after this week, I can imagine you need one too." Those faint purple eyes stared at the bear in near fright, as he couldn't muster anything else but a whimper. Only imagining that the larger dragon was making the same face on the bedding. Staring through the wall towards the front door. "I don't mind in the slightest." Bartan offered a white paw to the runner, not only to help him up, but to invite him inside.

Eventually, the beige dragon half cleared his throat. "Bartan, I-I'm still on Duty. I can't-"

"Could just take the evening off." A bit of a sour look from the runner.

"That wouldn't look very good to take the third day-"

"Afternoon. Your shift should be over in an hour or so anyway." The bear tossed his snout. Walking inside but leaving the door opened. The two hearing the phone pick up and several buttons being pushed. "Kalinth? It's Bartan. I'm calling in a favor, or repayment or whatever... I want Sebastian to have the afternoon off... Mhmm. That'll do. I can almost guarantee that he'll be up early in the morning anyway... Use your imagination... I can bring those in tomorrow. He's already come by to tell me, I was just in the middle of something... Thanks love."

When the bear returned, Sebastian still hadn't moved. Just staring at the door and nearly turning pale as the white fur came into view. "There." The bear stated. "You have the afternoon off. No duty today. Now, would you like to join us?" Another whimper was all the response he got. "If you don't say no, I will press you. But if you don't want to participate, tell me."

"...What... E-exactly...?"

"Do I want from you? Was just thinking of being the receiver of a pawjob." A noise in question. "I mean, if you want to go for more, I don't mind."

"And... Bryce?" Bartan turned inside for a moment again.

"Bryce! You got any objection to this yet?" Not even a pin drop could be heard from the other room, and the bear returned to Sebastian. "I'm taking that as a No."

"I-I don't think that was a Yes either."

"My game, my rules. He'll deal with it." That white paw offered again, eventually getting those amethyst eyes to relax a bit. "Someone's going to have to take care of that thorn." A gesture to a pink peek that was coming out of a white slit.

"And you're... Doing this because-?"

"I like you." It left the beige one stunned. "Have for a long time, including when we first met. Now are you going to leave me hanging? I'm pretty sure all the work I did on Bryce is now lost. Least you can do is help me get it back." A loud grunt from the bedroom could be heard. "Is that a No, big guy?" No response from inside. "If you're not saying anything, you're not against it." Still nothing and the white one re-gestured his paw.

It was a solid several moments before Sebastian slowly started lifting up a clawed forearm, placing it into the bear's hand and then accepting his help being pulled up. Allowing his near raptor-like form to be lead inside the apartment before the door closed. Catching several sharp damages with his keen eyes, as well as the toppled over couch before the door was even shut. "What happened-?"

A sudden paw under his muzzle as the two locked eyes for a moment. Nearly yelping when Bartan went in for a kiss, and almost getting some resistance at first, but soon submitted. Even allowing his draconic body to be pressed up against the doorway, enthralled by such complex tonguework. Barely noticing that those white paws 'undressed' him of his police force hat and the black strap around his neck, now being worn by the bear instead.

But there was someone else who should not remain left out. Once again taking that beige paw and leading the runner into the bedroom, he got a bit of resistance as that dragon muzzle blushed. A deep pink invading the pigments of light brown as he was pulled into the doorframe.

Those light purple eyes made the mistake of gazing into the larger drake's golden ones, then trailing down to see his member. Though a little bored from a lack of attention, but still on display and enough to make Sebastian whimper. Creating a chain of draconic whines, back and forth. "Stop it, you two." Bartan grumbled, getting their attention. "It's only awkward if you make it awkward. And that's only going to make things worse. Understood?" A couple of faint nods.

The bear continued. "You two know the situation, and I think you guys owe me more than enough." The two co-workers glanced at each other and agreed with that. "I'm not asking for much, and I could make it a lot worse if you like."

"I'm going to regret asking this..." Bryce started. "But... How exactly?"

A shrug from the white one. "Could ask Maverick to join us." A loud uncomfortable whimper from both of them. "Maybe Emera. She owes me quite a bit as well."

"Point taken, bear." The drake tossed his muzzle. "Just answer me one thing: Have you done it

with Sebastian before?" A very loud noise in question that made the runner double take and wait for Bartan's answer.

"Yep. Several times." An even louder noise in question that nearly left the beige one speechless.

"W-... What-?"

"He's a Time Traveler, Sebastian." A whimper that ended in uptalk. "He's been through this timeline multiple times or something. It's half over my head."

"Meaning... We've...?" A nod from the bear as those light amethyst eyes gazed at him. "And...?" The runner looked over the earth dragon.

"Yep." A look in confirmation from both scaly males, and the furred one nodded. "And yes, you've enjoyed yourselves." A moment for the words to sink in, and the tension they were feeling faded rather quickly. Though the two were still blushing a bit, they could look at each other without the fear. Now nearly replaced with excitement. "Content?"

That didn't get the attention from either dragon, but they nodded in agreement. Both in casual acceptance and admitting it wasn't such a hard request, especially if they've done this before in separate timelines. With a slow blink, they looked at Bartan once again for instructions and leadership. Paying witness to that white paw asking for the runner's once again and bringing him closer to the bedside. "Break the ice first, or else you'll be uncomfortable the entire time."

Though they didn't really like the idea of crossing that road just yet, the bear was already helping Sebastian's leg over the drake's body before either of them could object. The two whimpering loudly when they noticed their members were touching, and Bryce supporting the smaller dragon from falling off. Getting the two to look into each other's eyes for a moment.

Their minds raced, wondering if they should be saying anything, making any gestures or moves. Contemplating if one would do something that the other wouldn't approve of, a stalemate that Bryce was all too familiar with during his one night stands. And he knew just the thing to break free from such poisons, seeing an opportunity when a certain set of furry paws were stroking both draconic weapons and witnessing those purple eyes start to look down.

That's when that scarred muzzle made its move, snatching Sebastian's and forcing that large pink tongue into the runner's mouth. Expecting such a yelp at first, and a slight struggle, but a very quick submission. Enough to even start participating and practice such tongueplay for a few moments before those smaller claws started up that plated neck. Tracing around the scars that Maverick's brother gave him so long ago, before the beige one was even on the force.

But they quickly moved up to the earth dragon's jaw and lower head, really motioning into the deep kiss of his superior as Sebastian started grinding over that weapon. One that was quickly thickening up thanks to the help of multiple sources. Though it was never going to reach the length of the drake's, the runner's equipment was still rather impressive for his smaller size. A rather thick set of

flesh with very little spines along its shaft. A speartip flare that was more shaped like an arrow, and a bulge at the base that was still creeping out of his slit. Being welcomed warmly with the strokes of soft fur.

However, Sebastian was far too enthralled with the drake's motions, let alone his own. Barely even noticing what the bear was doing below them, aside from Bryce feeling that maw take his flare once again. Getting him to purr loudly, and the runner to do the same while grinding over his slit. Finally realizing that there was nothing to feel awkward about anylonger, though forming an actual relationship itself could be tricky with one being a higher position of power.

At the moment, according to who was wearing the badge, Bartan was in charge. And the only one who wasn't undressed still, but that would change later. For now, they just wanted to stay in this moment. The two of them equals, just attached to a metaphorical leash and using that as an excuse to treat each other with the most sexual of desires. Completely lost in a trance until the bear's muzzle was suddenly taking in the runner's tool for a change. Snapping Sebastian back to reality and yelping while moving down the bed away from Bartan. Leaving the drake rather confused for a few moments, looking back and forth between the two. "W-where you...!?"

"Was he what?"

"Trying to... Eat me!?" Bryce's head tilted, then it suddenly clicked.

"Ohhhh. He does that. Don't worry." A noise in question.

"I find it so strange that no one here knows what a muzzlejob is."

"Muzzle... Job...?" The other two males nodded at the runner. Making him whimper when Bartan got a little closer, but only in paw stroking length. Giving the longer draconic weapon a little more attention for a demonstration. Taking the earth dragon's tool in the muzzle again while stroking Sebastian's a bit more and let him witness Bryce's expression. A deep purr left him as that red tongue went to work, openingly lapping at the flesh and half gnawing at it a bit to show how resilient such a thing could be.

Eventually pulling out a bit and easing up towards the runner's. Still making him whimper a bit, then yelp when those large, dark brown arms held him close to Bryce. Nearly pinning the raptor-like dragon still while that white muzzle started licking and kissing at his mating tool. Though those legs and hinds were twitching a little, Sebastian tried to remain perfectly still. "Relax, it doesn't hurt. He knows what he's doing." A slight lean forward as if to address the bear. "Just don't treat it like a chewtoy." The large one snorted, making the runner worry again.

But soon he could feel those lips brush against his speartip, kissing the point a few times before using such a design to separate that maw. Exhaling a wall of nervous heat before a thick pull was felt, sapping the pre within his shaft out and using that as a lubricant. Gathering it with that red appendage before spreading it around the outer flesh and down the shaft. Taking more of it in the bear's muzzle in the process and finally getting the dragon to relax a bit.

An overwhelming sense of relief and pleasure flowed through the runner's body, giving the beige theropod a growing drunken smile over his muzzle. In turn, making Bryce do the same as a white paw still worked on him, stroking the meaty length of that weapon as if to draw out the liquids inside that were filling it. Once in a while, that muzzle switching back and forth between the two shafts.

Still, that drake's tongue had to do something in the meantime. Once again entering that smaller maw as the white outsider stroked the two males for several minutes. Doing their best to not release just yet, though it was getting rather close. Deep breaths and purrs morphed into constant growls of pleasure as that furry set was getting faster and harder. Specifically on Bryce's equipment, nearly taking the full length and a ridge before hissing into Sebastian's mouth. Spraying that white muzzle with a torrent or two of pre as if to ward it off.

It did the trick, gladly accepting such an offer and withdrawing with a few licks. Climbing up to the two scaly muzzles, the brown one knew where this was going. Getting ready to stop the trancing kiss and stop the bear, but to Bryce's surprise, Bartan locked lips with the smaller dragon. Hearing him yelp loudly at the sudden change, let alone liquids he was forced to down. Bitter ones that made those fangs retaliate a little bit, and smaller claws brace against the furred chest.

Yet, Sebastian still didn't break the kiss. Actually going in deeper when the white bear attempted to pull away and almost wrestle Bartan to the bedding, inbetween the two dragons. But he still had work to do, working with the runner a bit to satisfy him, then breaking the kiss with a few down his neck. Motioning he would be back, but wanted to tend to that throbbing tower of flesh below.

But his pink appendage in that raptor-like muzzle wasn't content. Licking at Bryce's muzzle a bit, across his scars with a glaze of translucent white, the larger drake tossed his snout. "I hate this damn taste." He grumbled, but locked lips with Sebastian rather roughly. Nearly hissing at the bitterness, but wrestling with his long time student. All while that furry maw tormented his mating tool, taking the entire thing in his muzzle and not even realizing there was near invisible ridges towards its base.

Yet, several whimpers of warning were taken in heed, that maw retreating a bit before getting a rather impressive spray. Gathering it before heading back up to meet with the two, once again putting the earth dragon in defense, but lowered it when that white muzzle was leaning towards the runner. Not expecting the sudden change and latch onto that dark brown muzzle and attack that tongue with a much sweeter taste.

Still, the action provoked Bryce. Bracing the bear and wrestling him into the bed, nearly in the drake's spot while climbing in top of him. Growling loudly as the two kissed rather aggressively, getting out a few curses and "Damnit, Bear!" -like sayings inbetween breaths. "Seb." Bryce growled, getting his attention while those thicker arms pinned down Bartan. "Undress him."

A solid nod from the beige one as he honed in after those black jeans, double taking at the thick piece hovering inbetween the drake and bear. Making the runner whimper a bit while undoing those pants the best he could, yet couldn't take his eyes off of his mentor's shaft. The questions popped up; what did it taste like? How tough was it? Was it painful, harmful to do what the bear was doing?

After getting the zipper, Sebastian took a breath before touching Bryce's weapon, getting a growl in question from the earth one as those smaller claws studied such a thing. Enthralled how large and differently designed it was from his own. Greeting the theropod with a heavy droplet of pre that was just begging to be licked off. He took a moment to question such a thing, but if the bear did it then it should be safe, yes?

The drake was still focused on fighting the white one to even notice at first, trying to get Bartan to submit with his tongue and display of muscles. It was working, hearing the resisting whimpers from that furry muzzle, until Bryce felt another maw over his weapon. Making him yelp in question and try to pry his tongue out of the bear's mouth, then whimper when he put it together.

But the waves were even too much for him to do anything about it, his body completely occupied by both smaller males. Hypnotized by the constant strokes and gropes of all four paws, be it on his shoulders and arms or his weapon. Throwing more and more energy down below him and make his tool throb with every few heartbeats. Proving too much for him, even for Sebastian's first time doing such a thing with his smaller tongue. Too much of this, and it was game over for the dark brown one.

With a heavy grunt, a large squirt of pre was shot into the runner's muzzle. As if to warn it of what was to come if he continued and giving the earth dragon a breather. Enough to gather his strength to fight against Bartan's grasp and take a step back, nearly falling off the bed. Getting those ridges stroked, and a heavy reaction out of Bryce and forcing him to release several shaky pants with his pre shots. "You okay?" The white bear asked rather smugly, getting the larger dragon to growl. "Looks like you're about ready to give up."

"Like hell..." The drake growled, getting a bit of a confused look from Sebastian. Almost looking towards Bartan for an answer.

"You did nothing wrong, I would honestly treat that as a good sign." Another growl from Bryce. "We were starting a little game before you showed up, Sebby. Seeing who would last the longest."

"I see, another competition? At least this time no drinks were involved." A bit of a whimper from the larger one as those golden eyes tried to look a little innocent. Making the runner sigh. "You're hopeless, Bryce."

"Guy runs on alcohol, what can we say?" The bear said, reaching behind him and undoing the tail button on his pants. Trying to get them off while the titan rested on his lower half, nearly panting over the red weapon before taking notice at its design. Canine in style, yet half inspired by draconica it seemed whereas it was covered in spines. Thinner than Bryce's thorns, but much bigger than Sebastian's.

What was really different was the line style of them, usually a dragon's tool had two rows on the top and one at the bottom center. This had the opposite, nearly looking like a classic Peace Symbol when looking directly from the tip down. "It's different, but somewhat the same."

"I guess we were created from humans." The runner double taked at Bryce's statement.

"W... What?" A bit of an awkward grumble left that plated throat.

"I'll explain it later, Sebastian. Let alone the lower pouch." The two dragons tilted their heads for a moment then looked down, pulling the clothing down to find the furry bag. Taking a moment to just look at it, then look back at the bear in question. Making his round ears go back a bit and repeat himself. "I'll explain later, just no hitting it or squeezing. It's very sensitive."

"Noted." The beige one said, getting a bit closer and studying the red flesh with his own paws. All while Bryce worked on getting those jeans completely off. "It's... Rather hard, but not really." Those smaller claws trekked around the many spines and folds while those golden eyes nearly waited for a report. "Flexible, nothing harmful in the slightest."

"And the ridges?" The dark brown one asked, hearing Bartan whimper a bit and making that scarred muzzle smirk. "Nevermind, I'll see for myself."

"Just remember, we had you ready to paint these walls-" A yelp interrupted that furry muzzle as the earth drake's strong tongue roughly stroked a set of ridges. Making the bear hiss loudly and grunt at such treatment, regardless of how soft that appendage really was. "Easy you..." Another sly smile from Bryce as the runner took a motion back. Letting him take lead explorer in such a campaign.

But soon after, a white paw touched his beige one, nearly touching those dark caramel stripes just over those scaly forearms and leading Sebastian closer to the white muzzle. Knowing where it was going and greeting it with a deep kiss, all while letting the drake take his time getting used to the idea of a muzzlejob. If the runner could do it so easily, it shouldn't be that hard to do.

But Sebastian was occupied at the moment, from both that red tongue onto his smaller pink one, to lightly chasing down what those white paws were leading him to do. Going down further and further below that white scaly belly to where the pink member was and greeting it with a few strokes. But not for long, still motioning the raptor-like creature to come closer.

In order to do so, they had to break the kiss. Making eye contact for a few moments and sharing a few licks, Sebastian climbed over Bartan's upper half. Taking back his hat and trying not to disturb the earth dragon's work in the process. Again, he got the tell to get closer, as that furry muzzle eyed such a smooth spear of flesh. Finally understanding what the bear desired.

Another step and that maw nearly devoured such a weapon, almost losing his balance over the white outsider as he lapped at the runner's shaft. Breathing to the very motions Bryce and Bartan were taking, and starting to move his hips towards the white muzzle. Slipping that member in and out of the bear's mouth as his tongue lapped at it with gratitude. All while those paws were encouraging such a thing.

Using the wall to balance himself, Sebastian was nearly clawing at it through instinct. The sudden draws of his inner fluids only amplified his pleasure while the drake was doing the same. Telling from the very noises the furry one was making and being mindful of his theropodic tail. Though, the runner couldn't help but wag it slowly with the rhythm of the two.

The only one that seemed to be somewhat clear-headed was the earth dragon. Looking up from time to time to see how they were doing, and getting a rather interesting view of his friend, let alone of something gold and shiny. Instantly recognizing the baggy strapped badge that Bryce normally wore, still attached around the bear's neck. Carefully reaching up with one of his thicker claws and snagging it, the drake pulled the black strap towards him and forced Barton to take everything Sebastian had to offer. Getting a rather large reaction out of the smaller dragon.

Feeling that black nose against his slit was enough to push the runner a bit over the edge and start to let go of his more passive nature. Pushing the bear's head towards the headboard and start thrusting into that willing muzzle much faster. All while hearing the white one whimper in pleasure. Granted, those motions were not helping his case, let alone Bryce's motions; now getting much better at his work.

The pre jolts were near constant out of Sebastian's weapon, sliding down the bear's throat when that tongue couldn't retrieve it in time. His hind claws started to dig into the pillows as an energy was rising up in his pelvis. Pressing his fleshy tower deep into that muzzle, and even forcing that against the headboard. Thrusting it as deep as he could go, as one of those paws were teasing his tailhole and slit. Quickly that energy seemed to disperse as the runner hissed loudly. Thrashing his tail just above the drake's head and shoulders before pouring all his work into that furry throat.

The weapon thickened with every torrent that passed through it, pressing against Barton's fangs and teeth as that tongue helped work him through the experience. Even keeping the dragon balanced as he stressed to release his pent up seed. Feeling it get drawn out by the white muzzle and nearly take in every drop before Sebastian started panting heavily. Taking a careful step backwards with the bear's guidance, and resting on the other side of the bed. Receiving a few friendly licks before the white one nearly did the same, hearing Bryce half help at first, then make a loud noise in question.

The other two looked at him a little puzzled, seeing the earth drake withdraw the strange mating tool from his muzzle and lap at his own tongue a few times. "Why...!?" The dark brown one half hissed, getting Barton to chuckle and still confuse the theropod further. "His...!" A grunting snout toss from Bryce as he took a step forward. Locking lips with Sebastian rather aggressively once again and making the smaller one yelp in surprise. Then detect what he was talking about.

"...Why!?" Those purple eyes glared at the furry creature, once again chuckling kind of loudly. "That is what I think it is, yes?" He asked the larger males, unable to really identify the orange taste.

"That's what came out of his..." A gesture towards the canine weapon. "But that can't be normal, can it?"

"No. It's modified." A pair of strict looks in question, and Barton tossed his muzzle. "I'll explain later. You have no idea how tired I get explaining this everytime, so enjoy the highlights. No, it's not normal. Yes, it's safe to ingest and drink. No, it won't do anything funny to you like get you pregnant or transform you in any way." Their heads tilted, making the bear rub the back of his neck. "Anna, mostly..."

"It does sound like something she would ask, according to Maverick." Bryce stated, getting the other one to nod.

"Considering she's been wanting to study him and Reza ever since they were discovered." The runner added, finally catching his breath a bit. "Still, I didn't even think it was possible to..."

"I can't say it'll make sense, but I'll tell you how I got it." A couple of nudges at the drake on top of the furry legs. "Content with your sample? Because I still have work to do." A snout toss from Bryce.

"Fine." He snorted getting off and taking the bear's place when he got out of the bed. "Maybe I can just get some rest in the meantime." The larger one grumbled, laying on his side. Yelping when that furry muzzle went after his weapon again, getting him to hiss at the sudden gnawing. "This isn't the type of work I was thinking of!"

"That's your fault, not mine." A growl from the earth dragon as his tool was stroked heavily, reclaiming that energy that was nearly released earlier. Stuck in the conflict of wanting the bear to stop, yet keep going and finally release all that pent up desire. Feeling him stop for a bit, and get Bryce's attention as his hind legs were spread apart. Making him grunt against his pride, whereas if he allowed this, the game would be over.

But his body just begged for it, even relaxing that tailhole when the red weapon prodded against it a few times and nearly melt any resistance the drake once had. Feeling such a lubricated tool slip inside quite easily and force that larger tower of flesh spray a heavy load of pre against his belly and the sheets. Those dark grey claws nearly kneading the blankets at the slow rhythm Bartan was starting out with.

It was almost pure bliss, even for such a smaller weapon than the dragon was used to. Making out every spine his pink tongue now knew by heart, the very shape as it ventured further and further into his body. Occasionally squirting that warm juice and making the earth dragon's maw hang opened to exhale such heat. No longer caring about the substances leaking out onto the pillow, nor trying to keep that appendage from hanging out of his scarred muzzle.

He was nearly drunk from pleasure, more so than what the hard drinks would possibly do for him. It was this feeling that Bryce ventured through the bars at night, nirvana to help him forget the troubles and loss of his job. Not simply just making him numb, but to feel nothing but pure bliss, even for a few minutes. So much so, that he couldn't feel his pride gnawing against his ego, finally able to let go and submit against his instincts.

The bear could see it in his eyes and expression, making him smile as well. Carefully slipping in his own tool into that tailhole to just make it last. After everything, the drake deserved a break like this. Him and Sebastian both, really- A double take at the empty space on the other side of the bed, making Bartan wonder where the runner went. Only to detect a presence behind him, catching and lifting up that wolfish tail. Embracing the bear from behind and making him half yelp at a prod between his buns.

A whimper, but he didn't resist. Just surprised at how quickly the theropod recovered as that

pink spear slipped inside the white one. All while, he was penetrating the drake on the bed, throwing a heavy echo of pleasure through his furry body and squirting into the plated tailhole. Trying to keep himself from releasing so quickly, but the constant thrusts from the beige dragon was only aiding against such a cause. Whimpering a bit to signal Sebastian to slow down, but it was nearly overpowered by Bryce's own vocals.

Soon, it was felt; the point of no return deep inside the white one. Getting stuck in the middle between two dragons only raced him towards the finish. However, by the sounds of it, the drake reached that point as well, especially after Bartan's weapon started to thicken up. Pressing against those inner walls as that knot started to swell, being rushed by the slightly aggressive action in his tailpipe, which was feeling the same thing. A more dense form, possibly getting a bit bigger with the constant jolts of preseed that was releasing into the bear's rear.

Deep breaths turned into grunts, grunts into heavy growls. Longer growls morphed into roars from all three, as each weapon throbbed quickly. Trying to hold back as they all became more and more dense, until a thick stream of white was released from Bryce's tip. Reaching up to the wall above the headboard before Bartan's was next. The two constantly spraying, the bear trying to help the larger dragon through his own while Sebastian was aiding the furry one. The liquid ropes painting the walls and knocking down a few framed pictures that were hung up there, all while Bryce's lower area was constantly flooding with orange juices.

Soon enough, the raptor's flow was felt. Giving off a decent amount of pressure for being his second load so quickly, and only persuading the bear to give the earth dragon more sprays. The pressure within the dark brown one starting to add up as the liquids reached new depths than he was used to. Making him whimper and grunt as it almost began to get discomforting. Trying to squirm that dense knot out of his tailhole a little bit, and only getting a few more sprays in the process. But it started to slow down as the dragon's own started to fade, now completely soaked with his own release.

A few more torrents inside the bear, and the three collapsed on each other. Breathing heavily and not caring about the massive mess they made. "That..." Bryce grumbled between breaths. "Doesn't... Count."

"It..." The bear started. "Totally..." A loud growl from the larger one interrupted him, and Bartan chuckled a bit before whimpering. Feeling a sudden snug and pull before a whine of relief as Sebastian staggered towards the bed once again. Giving the white one some relief, as well as get a white paw stroke that beige neck. "That was a good first three-way, wouldn't you say?"

"You mean, first for us." Bryce grumbled, not getting a response, let alone any movement from the bear. "...Right?"

"...Sure."

"You paused there for a minute." The drake grumbled, and those brown circles were a bit guilty. Making the larger dragon growl a bit. "Why?"

"N-no reason." A grumble from the earth dragon, but he didn't push past that. Regardless of being somewhat lied too, Sebastian just couldn't muster the sour feelings to care. Still smiling like a goof and purring at the constant strokes against his neck. "You okay?" The theropod nodded slowly, a large smile over his muzzle. The two sharing a kiss while the bear pulled out of Bryce. "Good. Because now it's your turn." A noise in question turned into a yelp of surprise when the furry body got on top of the raptor-like dragon. A few prods between those hind legs made Sebastian whimper a bit, but was too exhausted to fight back.

It took nearly no effort at all for that red weapon to slip inside. Though a bit snug and tight compared to the larger dragon, it made sense and was still somewhat comfortable. Stroking his smaller structure as it twitched from an overload of pleasure, nearly overstimulating both of them. Granted, only for a bit. At least, that was the plan at first. Soon the drake got up, thinking he was just going to the restroom, but instead getting behind the bear. "No. No you don't-!" Bartan growled, feeling the heavy one get on top of the two and that thick member prod his white tailhole. "Bryce-!" A heavy thrust interrupted him. "Don't-!" Another made him whimper, unable to struggle against such a massive flare. One more cut off the furry one before he could even speak.

One more brace and press inside stretched that tailpipe widely, making Bartan yelp loudly as his own weapon was pressing against Sebastian's. Being already penetrated and greased up, that thick flare slipped inside. Getting the bear to growl loudly and almost hiss breaths as it stretched him a bit further. "Damnit, Bryce! I was planning to walk the rest of this week-!" Another deeper press made the white one whimper, as well as the runner beneath the two. "Easy!" Another hiss, but they couldn't stand up against the earth dragon's heavy weight. Pressing the red weapon against the white scaled underside, one that was already sunk into the bedding as far as he could go. Forcing that greased knot to slowly slip inside the smaller dragon and get him to whimper several times in pleasure.

Those whines stretched out like his tailhole, and soon several more sprays were felt through Bartan's fur. Releasing everything the runner could muster before nearly passing out. Yet, between the fleshy spiked club in his rear and the tight tailpipe against his ridges, the bear couldn't hold out much longer either. Soon adding several large sprays into the smaller dragon before receiving his own. Thick torrents from the drake rushed and mixed in with Sebastian's, making Bartan grunt through the pressure as his belly started to feel more and more full. But stopped shortly after when Bryce let out a deep sigh of relief. Flopping on top of the other males and nuzzling against their overstimulated faces.

*"...You guys are **really** heavy."*