

Somewhere Out There - Short Story Of A Lonely Guy

By Dextor

A thick light slowly crept into the room. Invading the once again messy apartment minute by minute. The glow climbing up the bedding that was accompanied by two, sleeping soundly in this weird pretzel of attempting to lay on top of each other. Almost lop-siding the now broken bed, the boxspring now minus a few legs and touching the floor.

The warmth was nice at first, but was getting overwhelming for the bear. Well, a cross between that, the brown dragon's growling purrs, and his constant salivating. Getting the white one to groan awake little by little, until his primal instincts kicked in. Sending warnings that they were being watched from afar.

His white fur raised up, those brown eyes opened wide and scouted around. Quickly spotting an orange runner wearing a cleaning apron almost growling at the sight. Red eyes like fire, glaring at the two as if attempting to ignite the pests sleeping in the once again 'Repainted' room. "Bryce..." Bartan whimpered a little bit, getting a grumble from the larger earth dragon. "Bryce...!"

"M'what is it, bear?" He sleepishly yawned in response, then got those same primal instincts. Instantly looking towards the doorway with his little 'wings' extended like they were spines. Nearly growling at the presence, but it morphed into a whimper as soon as those eyes locked. "...We can explain-"

The earth drake was thrown out the front door of the apartment. Landing into the hard pavement and flipping onto his back heavily. Soon feeling the naked white bear fall onto his plated underside, getting both males to whimper at the sudden landings. "You okay?" Bartan asked.

"I'm fine-"

"What Is Wrong With You Two!?" The cleaner hissed at them loudly, making both almost hide their heads like wyrmlings in trouble. Slamming the front door when she didn't get an answer.

"H-hey! Can I at least get some clothes first?" Bartan grumbled loudly, only to see the door fly open and some of his clothing take to the air. Landing on Bryce's head while he was trying to get up. "And some shower utilities?" More objects flew out the door, raining on the dragon. "Maybe some breakfast-?"

"Don't you dare!" Bryce hissed at the bear. "She might throw the refrigerator at us!"

"...Maybe some reading material-" A loud dragging sound of a shelf was suddenly heard, making the two yelp and scamper off. Stopping around the corner. "Honestly, I think we deserve that."

"You maybe." The brown one snorted in a tease. "I wanted to release in a more contained area-"

"You know the agreement; until we're safe-" A snout toss interrupted the bear, as he was getting dressed.

"Yes, yes. No mounting you. I never thought it would be this much of a chore." Another snort.

"Yeah, well, I didn't expect you to be that big."

"I'll take that as a compliment." The drake smirked, even getting the bear to chuckle. "I should get home anyway. I need to buy some things for the apartment. Where are you heading to?"

"Not sure yet. I doubt there's any public showers anywhere?" A head shake from that scarred muzzle.

"Nah. And bathing in public is fine-worthy."

"Figures. But I'll find something, maybe I can borrow one from Zhong if he's home."

"He's heading out to work soon, for sure. I doubt you'll make it there to even ask." A bit of a grumble from the white one. "I mean, I could try licking you clean."

"You did enough licking last night, I'm pretty sure that tongue of yours is ready to fall off." A chuckle from the dragon. "I'll think of someone, don't worry. Besides, I guess I could always just trip into a lake."

"Sounds like a plan." The two shared a nuzzle kiss that turned into a deeper one. "Mmm... Oranges."

"Not so weird now is it?" The earth drake snorted at him. "I'll call you later. I'm milking this Mandatory Sick Leave for all it's worth."

"That's not the only thing you've been milking lately." The brown one purred, nearly getting a laugh from the bear. "See what you're turning me into?" A few playful nudges, and they shared another small kiss.

"I'll see you later." The two nodded and went their separate ways. The morning streets were still quite pleasant, especially the air. Very fresh and almost cool for not being around a large body of water, the type of atmosphere the bear missed really. Even if there were others around to witness him a bit ungroomed. About the closest thing to a Walk Of Shame there was around here, he'd expect.

A problem he would soon have to fix. Pondering who might be home during the mornings, or

even just have the day off. Adine and Lorem would be working, same with Ipsum. Maverick has yet to invite Bartan into his den, so that would be very unlikely. Bryce's really didn't work that well regardless, that's why he was off the list. Anna's place was still a mess.

Walking by a large white house nearly got the bear to grunt at the light it was reflecting off. But noticed it over all the others, taking a moment to study it while shielding his eyes. Why not Remy? The Library was closed until at least another two hours, and he did live rather near here. Granted, the bear hasn't really seen him since that night Bryce came around.

He recalled spending the afternoon with the white dragon as the furry one headed towards his home. Thinking that today was Remy's day off regardless, and it would be a good time to check up on him. As much as Bartan wanted to earlier, too many factors were getting in the way, including the one looming overhead. Not to mention...

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"Here we are again." The bear said, leading the way into the apartment. Shutting the door behind the white dragon and nearly getting blinded by the dusk. "I swear that's brighter here."

"It does seem to shine a bit more lately. For most, that wouldn't be a bad thing."

"Not unless you're driving towards it."

"Driving...?" Remy asked, only faintly familiar with the term. "Oh, like your many vehicles."

"Yeah, that's still something I'm getting used to here." A smile from the wyrm that made Bartan do the same. "Did you want to clean out my bathroom cabinet as well while you're here?"

A chuckle from the scaly one. "That's a good one." He took a deep sigh, looking out through one of the windows from across the room. "You know how I feel. I guess I just wanted to make the most of this day."

A nod in reply. "And you know how I do things, Remy. It's different from here, I get it-"

"And from humans in general, apparently." A snout toss from that furry muzzle.

"*Completely* different. I think that's the reason why I'm so frustrated with the idea of being forced to only have one mate." Those wavy ears fell a little bit. "But you guys don't seem to discriminate against it just yet. I understand why you're this way when it comes to relationships, but just because I'm with Bryce doesn't mean I'm Taken, Remy." Those blue eyes stared into space, but he eventually nodded. Probably still feeling a little awkward from the idea.

Regardless, Bartan moved the conversation along. "It's funny, I don't think I've ever seen you

without your tie." That brought those curious eyes back to life.

"Well, actually..." He turned around, covering his front area with large wings for a moment. Turning back with the red clothing in his paws. "How about now?" The bear chuckled at him.

"You are just too cute, you know that?"

"Is that just a term of endearment, or are you actually serious?"

"100% serious." It made the dragon smile, and there was a little bit of shyness in those sapphire eyes. Taking a step forward and moving his head closer towards the bear, perking his lips just a little bit with those blues closed. Just waiting for the furry one to accept such a gesture.

Soft chuckles only grew over the few seconds, only invading the wyrm's face with a red hue as he looked away awkwardly. Feeling his heart sink once again with the weight of rejection. "Absolutely adorable, you know that?" Remy's head lowered with the bear's words, but perked up a bit when the furry one stepped forwards. Placing a paw under that draconic jaw and gently lifting it up to muzzle level once again, getting a slight resistance at first.

Then those lips connected, sending a new energy through the dragon that he hasn't felt in months. Recognizing the taste of a grilled cheese and sharing it with those meatballs from dinner, taking a moment to study him before fully trusting the bear. Then really pressing that pink appendage into the furry muzzle, hearing him chuckle a bit between the kiss.

But something triggered in the white one, getting him to step forward and add a bit more assertiveness into the motions. Feeling a grip onto the collar around his neck, the one that usually held up that red tie, but Bartan still didn't resist the motions. Once again feeling that wave of energy as they started to breathe deeper into each other's maw. This time, the bear added his own pressure towards the wyrm.

Yet, it happened again. A strange instinct within Remy to step forward towards the Outsider, though a little too much. Causing the furry one to lose balance and slip on the hardwood floors, sliding down and swinging from the grip on the dragon's collar. Accidentally hitting a hind foot with a yelp, and causing even the wyrm to fall on top of the bear. Snapping the scaly one out of the trance, and whimpering when Bartan chuckled. Still trying to continue the kiss.

"I... I should go." The dragon said, his muzzle nearly red with blush and getting off of the bear. "Sorry Bartan." He nearly whimpered before closing the door. Leaving the furry one staring at it, dumbfounded as to what just happened. Almost being able to still see the dragon on the other side of the door, just leaning on it petrified.

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It was a strange memory indeed, one that replayed in the Outsider's mind multiple times.

Sometimes during the worst of events. He still hasn't seen the dragon since, but it's been at least a week by now. Perhaps the white wyrm is alright, and ready to talk about it. Regardless, Bartan would soon find out as he approached the door. Ringing the bell next to it and hearing pawsteps inside, a good sign. Hearing the knob unlock and see the librarian with a smile on his face. "Oh, Bartan! It's been a while."

"Yeah, I've been a little busy this past week. As you've probably heard."

"Very much so. I think everyone knows by now what happened on the night of the festival. Were..." He paused for a moment, overlooking the bear. "Were you attacked on your way over here?"

"What-? N-no. I was just..." Bartan rubbed the back of his neck. "I was kicked out of my apartment temporarily for cleaning. Before I could shower."

"...Literally kicked?" Half a shrug from the furry one.

"More like thrown out. Long story. I was wondering if I could borrow a shower here?"

"Oh, sure. It might be a little big for you, but." Remy invited him in.

"I'll take big over small any day. I detest showers that make me feel like Godzilla playing Twister inside the Empire State Building." A strange look from the dragon as his wavy ears perked.

"Godzilla being... A Kaiju?" A double take from the bear.

"I'm surprised you remembered that."

"Twister was also something you called a Tornado, yes?"

"Also a party game."

"And that building was a landmark in your world?"

"Reza's world, yes."

"Something significantly smaller than a Kaiju, hence the reference! I understand now." Bartan chuckled with him as the dragon lead the way into the master bedroom and bath.

"At least somebody here is starting to get them. Thanks for this, Remy."

"Not a problem! Just try to clean it when you're done."

"Will do." He closed the door and the bear locked it from the inside. Just as his ears flicked, picking up another set of pawsteps in another room nearby. Thinking that perhaps his white friend had company, but they lacked a significant amount of weight with each step. Either it was a smaller one like Lorem, or it was perhaps Vara visiting the white wyrm.

At least Remy didn't feel awkward, the bear thought as he started up the shower. Let alone awkward about that last meeting. Perhaps he still did, and the dragon was just wearing his public mask

once again. The furred one has caught it before from time to time, regardless of how much the dragon was hurting on the inside, Remy always let on that he was doing fine. Only opening up to the bear when trust was established.

But he didn't want to take too long in the baths, quickly cleaning and drying himself the best he could. Fur always seemed to take a long time to dry out normally, and hopefully he didn't carry a strange smell with him. One that Bartan was so used to that he barely noticed it anymore.

Dressing his bottom half, but using his shirt to hold his belongings, the bear left the room. Overlooking the rather large bedding that's likely only had one dragon sleeping on it for several months. It almost made him uneasy looking at it, knowing they probably spent some of their happiest nights there.

Bartan left the room soon after, opening the doorway to the bedroom and feel his wet fur nearly raise up against the extra weight of moisture. Spotting the small pink and light green dragon staring at him from inside the kitchen, not saying a word. Let alone, without a sign of Remy anywhere.

But it wasn't a stare of fear or intimidation, more of recognition. Identification. Taking a few pawsteps forward towards the white one and watch him kneel down. Set his shirt and belongings down on the floor towards the side and wait for the wyrmling to approach him. The pink one did so cautiously, as if making sure she was reading signals correctly before climbing on Bartan's jeans and hugging the bear.

Those white arms holding her back while supporting the smaller one. Feeling Vara nuzzle his wet fur a bit before whispering. "...Thank you..." The bear nodded in response soon after, rocking the dragon back and forth a bit.

"You're welcome." He whispered back, a little louder. Not getting any resistance, even when another door was opened towards the second restroom. Letting Remy gaze upon the tender sight and smile brightly. "Watch the claws there, love." He teased a bit, feeling her start to back up and get support until she was back on the floor.

"I'll need to return her soon, I'm afraid. She still isn't comfortable going out at night, and it did seem to get dark out rather early last evening." A nod from Bartan. "You are planning to stay, yes? I'll only be a few minutes."

"You sure? I don't have anything planned for the next while, but I don't want to intrude-" A white paw interrupted him.

"Nonsense, Bartan. I've wanted to spend some more time with you anyways, going over some of the categories within the PDAs." A little nudge towards the wyrmling. "Did you need anything before we go?" She nodded and scampered off towards the restroom herself, once again making the white one smile. "They're so adorable."

"They can be. They can also be little nightmares from time to time."

"Yes indeed." The wyrm's voice was a little heavy, and the bear placed a paw on his shoulder. "She's... Been through a lot lately." Remy said a bit quietly.

"I know. Lost her mother due to lack of medication. Her father murdered-"

"Murdered!?" The dragon asked, a bit louder than he meant. His blue eyes saddening to the bear's nod.

"He was the second victim the force found since my arrival. He worked on maintenance on the nearby areas." A frown from the larger one, one he quickly tried to hide as the door started to unlock. "I'm the one who found Vara."

"You...?" That mask was quickly put back on when the wyrmling opened the door. Greeting her with a smile, though she did sense something a little off. Something familiar. "Ready to go, Vara?" A nod from her, as Bartan and the small one exchanged looks once again. "I'll return soon. Feel free to help yourself with anything."

"Take your time." The adult dragon smiled at him in reply and left. Taking a heavy breath after he heard them take off, and feel a little uncomfortable in the hollow home. At the moment, his throat felt dry from the walk over. Heading into the kitchen in search for a glass, he seen several plastic bowls that were set nearby. Probably in reach for one of the wyrmlings to access when they were visiting.

It made the bear smirk. Good ol' Remy; always planning ahead and thinking of others. The poor guy deserved so much more than what was given to him. Granted, Bartan supposed the wyrm did have enough; a very nice home. Running water. A good job, kinda. Probably better for someone with hands, as the dragon stated before himself.

Still, such things always came with stress, and the white dragon seemed to have enough of it. Taking a drink from the bowl and returning to the living quarters with the plastic object in his paw, the bear just wanted to relax for a little bit. Turning corner against the dusk light to see the white body hanging from the ceiling above, stiff and unmoving.

His heart stopped, the bowl lost balance in his hand and felt to the floor. Slapping the polished wood and demanding the attention from those brown eyes. Even for a second, but it was long enough for the body to disappear. For the light to shift back to normal, and for his heart to start feeling again. Much like it was crushed under a weight until it felt numb, then relieved to feel a whole new world of pain.

It was a fear response that he couldn't quite get a hold of. Unable to even move from his position for nearly a minute, until that door opened. Proving to his mind that the white one still lived here. That Remy still lived here. "Are you okay, Bartan?" His voice came with a strange feedback, lowering those round ears with a bit of pain and finally free the bear's body from its petrification. "Bartan?"

"Y-yeah... Sorry."

"You look like you seen a ghost." The dragon stated, sounding normal now. Here, in the present. Yet the bear's mind wasn't convinced until that scaly paw touched his shoulder. Instinctively causing his own paw to hold over it. "Are you sure...?" That other draconic paw carefully swept under those brown eyes, still in shock and picking up a tear. Though he didn't quite understand what happened, the wyrm motioned for the furred one to come in.

The bear took it without resistance, holding onto the librarian like Bartan really did lose him. Continuing the embrace until he could no longer hear that irregular heartbeat. After a minute or so, the bear nodded a bit. "I'm... Okay."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes... Sorry." The two broke the hug and look at each other, and the furred one let out a deep breath.

"I think perhaps these weeks are finally catching up with you."

"Maybe..." Those brown eyes still looking over the large windows of the wyrm's living area. Almost swearing he could still see the body.

"What did you see?" Bartan didn't answer him. "Hey, you can tell me."

"...No. I can't. I'm sorry."

"What do you mean?" No response, and a white scaled paw was felt over that furred chest. "You can talk to me, Bartan." The bear took a breath.

"I seen... Arguably the worst thing I've done since I've been here."

"So, Reza?" No reply once again, and the dragon just hugged him again. "I know what it's like to lose a partner, bear. You've probably been so busy that you haven't had time to morn." A bit of a grumble from Bartan.

"...It wasn't Reza. I wish I could tell you Remy, but I just..."

"Is everyone else alright? I haven't heard much from that evening."

"All the dragons are alright. Can't say so much for..." A nod from the librarian as he lead the bear towards a sofa. Taking care of the spill soon after. "...Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. I'm used to cleaning up things from this floor." A deep breath from the bear. "At least you only used a plastic one and not a glass."

"Yeah, was the only thing I could find." Another breath, and Bartan pushed the event past them. "It's a wonder you keep with wooden flooring."

"Well, I was thinking about carpet, but it's also much harder to clean."

"But you would have better grip, so less accidents."

"Accidents caused by slipping, I suppose. But not balance related ones." The dragon returned out with a smile, starting to head towards the second couch, but was invited to the same one the bear was on. Smiling a bit brighter and joining him, giving the furred one a nuzzle and an arm wrapped around his scaly white neck. One rubbing around that collar, as if to relieve it of some chaffing.

"Can... We talk about last time?" A heavy sigh from the wyrm as those ears fell. "Did I go too far-?"

"N-no. Please don't think that. I..." Another paw under Remy's jaw, not forcing those blue eyes to look at the bear, but more of a gesture of comfort. "Perhaps I just misunderstood what I was asking for. Let alone..."

"What were you asking for?" The dragon whimpered at him a bit, but didn't say anything. "Is it the opened relationship thing?"

"O-oh no. It's got nothing to do with you, Bartan. It's just..."

"Please don't say it's because of you." A bit of a frown was felt with that jaw. "Because I like you, Remy. And if you want to, I'm more than for it."

"It's not as simple as that, I'm afraid."

"Why not?" No response. "...Do you remember the first time I came into your home? When you invited me for dinner?" A noise in confirmation. "When the... 'Cake' event happened-" A breath of self-disappointment left the wyrm. "Hey, it's alright."

"You keep saying that-"

"That's because it's alright. You're not the only one who's a little clumsy. I honestly think it's a bit cute, in a non-demeaning sort of way." A grumble of embarrassment from the scaled one. "Anyway, I... Can I confess something?" Silence. "When I seen you there, chest touching the floor... Haunches up..." A loud whimper of embarrassment that time, as Remy got off the sofa and covered his face with his paws. Looking away from the bear.

"Please stop."

"But I didn't finish-"

"I think you should leave, Bartan."

"Remy-"

"Please." Another whimper as that red invaded his entire muzzle, only getting worse when the furred one got up and hugged the dragon from behind.

"I wanted to be under you-"

"Just lea-" The wyrm held his breath, almost in question. "...What?"

"I wanted to be under you, right then. And I do have a hard time not to think about it when I'm around you." No response, not even some movement. "That's why I was pressing for it that last night." Still no reply, and the bear sighed. "But if you want me to leave, I'll go." He gave the dragon a kiss on the neck and headed towards his belongings.

"It's not you, Bartan..." Remy eventually said.

"Then what is it?" No response, and those wings were still covering those blue eyes. "...I seen you." The white blinds opened up a bit, looking at the bear overlooking the windows area once again.

"...What?"

"You want to know what I seen? I seen you, Remy. Hanging there. After I said you could be stronger if you just gave into that anger a little bit, take control of your life more. Gathering the courage to stand up to Emera and finally find something to help you enjoy life, thinking that if you did it on your own, you wouldn't need me."

"What are you talking about, Bartan?"

"I'm... A time traveler, Remy. I've been reliving these past three or four weeks over and over. Ever since I stepped through that portal, it's been bringing me back everytime. I've been through all this so many times, I can't even keep track anymore..." A heavy sigh from the bear. "Some things... They haven't gone so well, and I keep getting haunted by them from time to time. Pushing you to..." A deep breath to keep himself composed.

"...So you've been hanging out with me because-?"

"I like you." Their eyes met, those brown ones slightly angry. "And you're damn worth it. But that's not to say everyone else isn't. You needed me, and you knew it. Even before I arrived, you told me the efforts you went through just to greet me. To be the very first dragon I seen, and that's still a cherished memory of mine." A deep breath from Bartan. "I know it sounds farfetched, and maybe it just sounds like I'm making up excuses. But time and time again, you've never let me in this way, and I've never understood why." A guilty look from the dragon. "I have a theory though, if you'll hear me out." Bartan asked gently, getting a nod from him.

"I think you believe you're too aggressive during intercourse." A whimper from the wyrm, as the bear continued. "You play some videogames, but they're nothing that would help you relieve stress. Considering your tragedies, losses, your job and what you think of yourself-regardless of how wrong you are about that last one... You have nothing to let yourself go in that aspect. So it comes out during a time that you can't keep yourself tied down." No response, and the bear came back. Once again hugging the dragon. "I don't care if I'm right or wrong, but know that it doesn't matter to me. However, this isn't

healthy for you, Remy. As stupid and desperate as it might sound, I think you need a session. And I'm willing to have one with you, but you need to agree with it yourself."

A long silence, but Remy only wrapped those wings around the bear. "How did you...?"

"Know? I pay attention to things I like, Remy." A soft smile from the bear. "The signs are not plain as day, but I know how to read them. Just know that this is how I help people heal."

"Hence the more opened relationship..." A sigh from the scaled one. "And Bryce?"

"Understands how I work. I've done the same with him, just haven't taken him in the tail." A whimper from Remy. "Well, not willingly. But I assume you're going to be smaller than him, so that shouldn't be an issue." A bit of a frown from the dragon, and that furry muzzle nudged him. "I've done aggressive before, Remy. You won't be my first."

"And you really think...?"

"I know it will help. But if you keep this bottled up, it's only going to affect you more." A look into those blue eyes, even though they were still trying to hide. Carefully taking off the wyrm's glasses and gazing deep into those organic windows. "Do I have your consent?"

"I... I don't want to hurt you, Bartan."

"If you do, I'll tell you." The dragon didn't like that answer. "This is beneficial to me as well." An awkward whimper, but those wavy ears perked.

"H-how... Exactly?"

"Well, Bryce has been after my tail for a while, and I'm not sure if I can take him without some sort of medium." Another whimper. "But if you really think you're alright, we don't have to. I just found it very strange how, even through all my innuendos, you still push away from this." A defeated sigh from the dragon as the bear gave him a lick.

"...I don't want to hurt you. I'm not sure what I would do if I ever did-"

"I'm not made of paper, Remy. I'm more durable than you think." A gentle push on those wings to put them back, and a light pull on his collar. One with some resistance. "If you don't want to do this, I need you to tell me." No response, but he still got some resistance. "Please, Remy. Tell me. Raise your voice if you need to." Another deep sigh, as those blue eyes looked over the furred one.

"...This is your doing."

"It is."

"And your responsibility if you get hurt."

"I'll accept that." Bartan answered quickly, seeing the dragon sigh a third time then take a step

forward, following the bear inside the bedroom. "You were not expecting anymore guests today, right?"

"No. I was just planning to go through that PDA some more." Remy nervously said, watching the bear take off his collar and move it to the nightstand, along with his glasses. Then study the wyrm's white neck with those paws.

"Amazing how such a little change can make a large difference." A nervous frown about all this painted the scaly muzzle. Making him blush a bit. "You really are beautiful, you know that?"

"You've already stripped me naked and got me into the bedroom, Bartan. You don't need to keep flattering me." The librarian grumbled, getting a loud chuckle from the Outsider.

"I'm serious, Remy. You really do look wonderful." A quiet sigh from that muzzle was interrupted by the bear's sudden kiss. Letting that red tongue invade the wyrm's inner mouth as the furred one got undressed once again. Being able to pick out a faded citrus taste from that appendage, yet the dragon was still holding back. "Just let go, Remy. I'll be fine." Another slight frown as he locked onto those brown circles. Detecting nothing but confidence and certainty from the bear.

With one more deep breath, that scaly muzzle pushed forward a bit. Getting a bit of playful resistance from Bartan while that pink tongue wrestled with the other. Causing the dragon to release a bit of a growl at the provoking action, and press in deeper. Giving into those instincts a little more and placing a draconic paw on the bear's chest. Forcing him to lay down on the bed while climbing over him.

Their breaths increased in frequency and volume, as they nearly gnawed at each other's muzzles. The scaled one still winning over in dominance, but not without a playful struggle, feeding into Remy's pent up instincts as his member began to ready. Alongside Bartan's own tool, as white paws started groping each other. Almost clawing into those scales or fur, as the breaths turned into growls.

A sudden heavy pin from the wyrm, as he nearly tried to devour that furred maw. Presenting a very deep kiss along with his own snarl, pressing Bartan deeper into his mattress as those wings spread. Making the dragon appear nearly twice the size as the bear, grinding his draconic weapon against his. Somewhat gentle at first, but started to get rougher the longer the dragon was in control.

A few moments later, Remy took a step back. Letting that tip carve a thin line against the canine tool and pouch, dividing the stones within before pressing just under it. Making the furred one yelp a bit and adjust his body sideways. Not getting too far as the dragon had him by the shoulders, nearly growling at the resistance. Another deep prod and Bartan yelped before tapping on the white scaled shoulder, managing to get one leg between their bellies during another prod and almost being sideways under the wyrm.

A furred arm between the two male's chest parried one of those paws off the bear's shoulder, wrapping it around Remy's neck. Using it to brace when the dragon thrust his tip under Bartan's tail. Getting him to whimper at the near penetration, as it went for another one. This time with a step forward, bracing the bear in place as that flare drilled into that tailhole. Widening it with a slow strength that the furred one didn't expect the librarian to have.

But by this point the dragon was lost to his instincts, forcing the bear to just take the thick tower. Stretching him out a bit before a sudden give, allowing the scaled one over him to roar in victory almost in Bartan's maw. Pressing that shaft deeper and deeper into that tail, and nearly paralyzing them with the sudden rush of pleasure. Yet, the outsider was still trying to rotate himself a bit, causing the wyrm to snarl at what his instincts read was resistance. Thrusting more into his prey, and amplifying that wave of bliss when a ridge was touched.

Remy hissed against the furred neck, bearing his teeth against it, but not biting it. Just concentrating on keeping the Outsider still while sliding his weapon in and out of that tailpipe. Making the bear sing loudly in blissful whimpers as a few jolts left his canine shaft. Another one every few thrust into his rear, slowly turning himself around to get on all fours.

The dragon's instincts finally understood, nearly forcing the furry body to continue before Remy climbed on the bed with his hind legs. Shoving that weapon fully inside the bear and pressing his chest into the blankets. Another roar as a few jolts were felt inside as the rod jerked a bit, getting squeezed right on the ridges and releasing the claws. Tearing into the bedding and digging into those furred shoulders a bit, to the point of drawing blood.

A few quick jerks into that tail before the wyrm started to go in full length motions. Quite quickly at first before putting his whole body into it. Creating a heavy force from his upper side, and reinforcing it with the whipping of that white scaled tail. Nearly breaking the sound barrier with every flick. Growling with the constant waves as the energy was just building up more and more with every movement.

The leaks inside were constant, and the sprays outside were nearly continuous. Staining the navy bedding with streaks of orange as that draconic weapon drilled into him. Being able to make out every spine on that weapon as it roughly scrubbed the inside of his rear. Painting it with translucent white that was flowing out of that pink tower. Moving faster and faster as that energy started to reach an overflow within the draconic pelvis.

But Bartan knew what was coming. Quickly reaching up for a pillow, just barely within grasp and causing the scaled one to hiss at such provoking action. Folding it in half before the wyrm could bite at that furred neck and force the dragon to bite that instead. Sinking those fangs into that thick pillow as his lower half was nearly paralyzed at the sudden buildup.

It was almost overstimulating for Remy, forcing him to almost trip over his instincts to keep going. With one more full thrust, the thick sprays released inside. Even after the wyrm was still trying to push the weapon in deeper, growing thicker as those torrents flooded the furred one's insides. Releasing his own orange barrage soon after, and feeling a bit of pressure begin to start building. Let alone, a large amount of that white seed leak down just under his tailhole, tickling a very sensitive spot for the bear.

Bartan whimpered with every spray and his own release. Feeling his body become a little heavy by the time the dragon's orgasm started to slow down. Yet, the scaled one's breaths didn't. Still nearly

growling through the pillow in his maw as those instincts gave him control of his body again. "Remy-?" A sudden thrust interrupted the bear, making him whimper at how forceful it was. Then another, pushing the Outsider forward a step. Then another, as the two started climbing up the bed.

But all Bartan could do was whimper in question. Everytime he tried to speak, the dragon only banished those words. As if he wasn't going to listen regardless, so focused on pushing the bear forward towards the headboard. Climbing up it with his own scaled paws first, before forcing the furred one to do the same. Then pressing up against the wall, digging his own white claws into the wall and let the gravity aid in the penetration.

It was almost too much for the bear, holding onto one of Remy's arms and placing a leg against the headboard to help support him. Feeling himself being bounced on top of the wyrm's now thicker weapon, right over the ridges and those growls within the pillow becoming louder and louder. The throbbing and sprays were getting more frequent, building up that hidden energy that was nearly radiating through the dragon's pelvis.

That pink weapon within erupted with the dragon's roar. Increasing that pressure once again and forcing the bear's own orgasm against the wall. Though leaking out over the bedding, it was still building up a little too fast. Feeling the white fluids travel deep into Bartan's belly and start to bulge it out little by little. Pushing out further with one final roar of the dragon before finally dropping the pillow out of his maw.

Deep breath after deep breath, the wyrm's instincts faded. Allowing Remy to return back into control as the two panted. Leaning both of them up against the now orange wall until they were able to speak again. "Remember... You... Asked for this." The scaled one grumbled.

"Oh yeah... And it was wonderful..." Bartan licked under his jaw a bit. "But... Bathroom. Unless you want to unplug this over your bed."

"G-good point." Remy almost whimpered, working together with the bear and traveling there on all fours until they got into the shower. Carefully pulling out the fleshy shaft and giving the furred one some much needed relief. But several red dots caught the attention of those blue eyes, getting him to carefully examine them up close and discover how identical they were to the very tip of his own claws. "...Sorry."

"For what? I'm the one that pushed you to it-"

"I hurt you."

"And?" The dragon looked away from the bear. Getting Bartan to sigh and turn around, pulling the wyrm gently towards him as they leaned against the wall. "How do you feel?" A bit of a frown from the scaly one. "-And do not say guilty."

"...A little tired."

"But relieved?" Another deep sigh from the larger one, avoiding those brown circles even after a paw was trying to pull at his muzzle. In the end, giving up and just holding the dragon. "You can't keep neglecting this part of you, Remy. I know you don't like it, but it's only going to get worse if you keep pushing it down."

No response for a long time. "...I hurt her, too."

"Her? Amelia?" A near whimper in surprise from Remy.

"You... Remembered her name?"

"Of course I did. She's important to you." A heavy sigh from the dragon as those furry paws stroked his back. "Go on."

"There's... Not much else to say about it. I didn't mean to-"

"Did she forgive you?" No response. "I'm thinking she did."

"I'm not sure how. The bite wasn't easy to hide, and nearly embarrassing for her."

"How so?" Again, silence. "Stop being a sourpuss, Remy. You can talk to me."

"It's just... I was never a violent person, Bartan. And that was the first time I remember feeling that. Unable to control myself. I used to have nightmares about such a thing, so I..."

"Force yourself to become overly passive and 'Hold The Door Opened For Everyone Else While Standing In The Rain.' So to speak." A bit of a noise in agreement. "Funny... My wife said the same thing about me."

"What...? Wife?"

"Opened relationship, remember?"

"Y-yes, but I didn't know you were mated."

"Does that matter?" No response. "Remy, I wouldn't have suggested this if I didn't know what to prepare for. I wouldn't have pressed you if I wasn't accepting of such consequences. Maybe Amelia didn't know about it, but then again, you said she was very smart, yes?" A heavy exhale from the wyrm. "It's possible she knew. It's possible she felt the same way, let alone not actually embarrassed that you left a mark on her."

"It was nothing territorial-"

"Believe me, I know. It's just an instinct that many dragons have. Feral or intelligent. Even some humans and many other species do it, it's *Natural*. Giving into it doesn't demean your intelligence in the slightest. In fact, a lot of people like it, myself included." A furred paw took one of the dragon's to inspect it. Wiping off the faint red marks from the tips. "These aren't wounds of lesson or discipline."

They aren't marks of branding, they're signs of affection. Scratches and bites of love. There's nothing wrong with that, and there's nothing wrong with you."

When there was no response after a few minutes, Bartan started adjusting the dragon to lay on his back. Getting a bit of resistance. "No more. No right now." The scaled one half grumbled.

"I know, don't worry. I just need to get off my tail." Though he didn't really like the position, Remy gave in. Allowing the furred Outsider to rest on his underside. Almost studying him with those bear paws. "You are wonderful, you know that?" A heavy exhale from the wyrm. "You need to stop disbelieving that, Remy. Say it for me; you are beautiful."

Another deep breath. "You are beautiful."

The bear grumbled. "Okay, now say I Am Beautiful."

"You are beautiful-" A snout toss from that furry muzzle made Remy half chuckle. "I am Beautiful."

"Now believe it. Because you really are, Remy."

"I just wish I could be better..."

"Then **be** Better." A frown from the dragon. "Time spent Wishing is time *Wasted*. You're perfect the way you are."

"Hardly. I'm not nearly as brave as..." The wyrm stopped himself, getting a nudge from the furred one to continue. "...As you."

"Yes you are."

"Name one brave thing I've done." Remy grumbled, getting a sad smile from the bear and curling his neck a little.

"...Do you know why I suggested you go with Adine and the girls to the firework show?" A faint head shake.

"I know something happened there... If you're really a time traveler, you probably wanted someone more reliable watching your-" The bear slapped the dragon's side for bashing himself once again. Seeing a bit of anger in those brown circles and making those wavy ears fall a bit.

"Because taking you usually ended in two ways... One, Reza got away, causing the meteor to fall. Leaving us two and..." A puzzled look from those sapphire eyes. "There was another human living among you guys, even before we arrived."

"There was?"

"Her name was Izumi, and I'll tell you about her afterword. Let alone what happed that night in

this timeline, but in yours..." A breath from Bartan. "We were the only ones that survived the meteor. And the portal still functioned, but only for me." A sad look from the dragon. "You told me to go, leaving you alone in a dead world. I mean, you were with Izumi, but I'm not sure what she would've done. Odds are killed you both out of mercy, but..."

"...What about the other one?"

"...Vara dies." It was nearly heartbreaking for the wyrm to hear such tragedies, including the one before their session. "You survive, but she sneaked out to find you. Attacking Reza, who was injured, but was eventually killed by him."

"Where were we then?"

"We were shot by him as well. Again, we lived, but..." A tear fell from the corner of his blue eyes, getting licked up by the red tongue. Barely noticing the bear slightly chuckling. "You even raised your voice at me during those times. You were brave enough to tell me to find help while leaving you behind."

"So, the way things turned out now...?"

"They're the best they've ever been, really. I just hope my foolish plans actually work." A long silence as the two just held each other, allowing the wyrm to process what he just heard. Now realizing how good things turned out, considering...

"Bartan?" A noise in question. "What do you plan on doing after...?"

"The meteor? Make the exchange of the generators, in return for a cure for cancer-"

"For...? Really?" A sharp stare from those brown circles. "I-I know you're still convinced that Anna isn't as bad-"

"Because she isn't." A bit of an awkward frown. "You said so yourself, you understood why she did the things she's done. Hell, if it mean curing both you and the entire future of your kind, wouldn't you take the risk?" Silence as the bear sighed. "She did a great thing for you-" A bit of a yelp as the furred one interrupted himself.

"What do you mean?" A faint whimper, then a breath in defeat. "Bartan...?"

"...Remy..." Another breath as they looked into each other's eyes. "You are going to hate, possibly both me and her. Then love me, and possibly her." Those ears perked while a scaled eyebrow raised. "That first event she was accused of, do you know what that was?"

"Not really, aside from the fact she got away with it."

"Anna did an autopsy on a recent corpse to help her with her cancer research." His heart ached, putting a few things together. "...Yes."

"Amelia?" Watching that Outsider's head nod slowly filled the dragon with rage. "No...!"

"Remy-"

"You cannot be serious!" He growled, almost trying to get up, but the bear pinned him down. Nearly roaring at him. "Let me up!"

"**Stop!**" Bartan roared back, nearly shaking the glass shower. "Let me finish." Almost a snarl from Remy, but he exhaled the gathered heat from his chest. "Remy... Amelia was pregnant." A double take from the dragon, nearly stunned with shock. "And Anna made sure that egg survived."

"Are... You...?" The scaled one barely whispered, feeling that brace ease up and hold the wyrm tightly.

"Remy... Amely is yours." It nearly stopped the dragon's heart for several moments, looking past those brown circles that spoke only truths.

"She's...?" A gentle nod. "How...?"

"I'm pretty sure you're old enough to know how these things work." The bear teased, trying to ease the tension of the moment. "She looks just like you-"

"She looks like..." A moment of thought, and then that anger clicked into those blue eyes once again. Slightly stunned still, but the fire was still there. "Like Anna."

"Remy, the reason why she kept the egg was-"

"For her personal gain."

"Let me finish." The furred one growled a bit. "Yes, it was for herself. She ended up splicing her own DNA into the egg as well-"

"So she's part hers too!?"

"Amely is your daughter, as well as Amelia's. To Anna, she's a clone." Slowly, the dragon started to calm down a bit. "She's yours, Remy. Anna wouldn't be able to have custody. The egg didn't come from her, and I'm almost positive that DNA isn't enough to claim such."

"...Then why do this? Why would Anna...?"

"You were not wrong about her own personal gain. Amelia didn't have any next of Kins, because your relationship was private. To Anna, it was a lonely egg that was going to die without a host. There was nothing wrong with attempting a cure if it meant the hatchling could have a life."

"Then why does she have Anna's DNA?"

"Because Anna wanted to make sure that if there was something she could extract from Amely, it wouldn't be rejected from her own body."

"Which only means Anna will do anything she can to get Amely back-!" A couple of paws under that white scaly muzzle interrupted the wyrm, as they looked deep into each other's eyes.

"Not if I can cure her, Remy. If I can cure Anna by getting that treatment from the humans, she will have no reason to come after Amely." The worried look in those blue eyes slowly grew into hope.

"...And if you can't?"

"Then we're going to get sacked by a meteor anyway. The cure of cancer is a very small price to pay for some generators, they'll be idiotic not to take it."

"And if you can't reach them again? If you can't get the portal running?"

"Then Amely is still not the answer. I studied a few things as a biologist, I can get them on the correct track. But I need your help for something." A bit of a worried look from Remy. "I'm going to try to prove that Anna is innocent, or that she shouldn't be punished."

"What!?"

"I need to-"

"Why would you do that!?"

"Because I Care For Her Too!" Bartan growled, making those wavy ears fall a bit. "I understand she has flaws, I know of them. But that doesn't mean she's undeserving as a person!" Those furred arms held the dragon tightly in an embrace, burying his head inbetween the floor and that scaly neck. "You need to understand that I've spent the rest of her existence with her, until this cancer took her life. I've the same thing with Bryce, Lorem, Adine, Sebastian, Zhong, -You! And Multiple Times at that...!" A few wet spots were felt on Remy's neck as a defeated sigh left his thick chest. Holding onto the bear as well. "You can't just say no to someone when you've spent so much time with them... Enjoyable time at that."

Another breath from the wyrm, and he nodded. "You really believe she's worth saving from this fate, don't you?"

"I can't see how you cannot." That sank the dragon's heart a little. "Someone who's lost..."

"...I guess I just never expected anyone to like her. Or for her to like anyone."

"Can you really blame Anna?" Silence. "She was given a death sentence, no one should have to be there with them for just a few years, then go through what hell you've been forced into after she's deceased."

"...What do you want me to do?" Remy asked, after a bit of thought. Finally getting a deep breath from the bear and look each other into the eyes. "If you believe that I was worth saving, maybe she is worth it as well."

"Thank you." They shared a small kiss. "I'm going to need two things: A list of your laws, and a

record of her cases. Both the one you talked about before, and what she's currently being accused of."

"The laws are easy enough, but I don't know how I'm going to be able to get her most recent record."

"You work for Emera, almost everyone knows that by now. No one should question making a copy for her." A frown from the dragon. "If you don't feel up to it, that's fine. Just the book of your laws will be enough, I can get the rest-

"No. I want to get it." A bit of a worried look from those brown eyes, as the dragon took a breath. "I'm... I'm strong enough to do it. To go against Emera, even if it's not confronting her directly." A sad smile from Bartan. "I'll do what I can over the next few days, but first you need to make sure we're safe."

"I can do that... I will do that." Another small kiss in thanks that grew a little deeper. Eventually causing the dragon to pull out and tilt his head while studying his own mouth.

"What is that flavor?"

"Oranges." Bartan smirked.

"A... Fruit in your world?"

"Yeah, they're not around just yet I don't think, but they'll appear sometime." That white head tilted the other way, getting the bear to chuckle. "Time traveler. Reza's world is actually this one's future."

"Future...?" He asked, a bit worried. Recalling about such destruction.

"It's only in danger because of how humans treated it. Aside from the meteor, there's no global threat for a long time."

"Just how long exactly?" A half shrug from the furred one.

"65 Million years, give or take." An exhale of relief, and Bartan chuckled at the wyrm.

"So we'll be okay after this, that's a relief." He smiled at the furred one. "I think I've been through enough close encounters for one lifetime."

"But enough to enjoy life a little?" A faint nod from the dragon, probably knowing where the bear was going with this. "How are you feeling?"

"A-alright. Why?"

"Not drowsy?" A shy shake of his head. "That's impressive for someone who's recently released twice in a row. Seriously, Remy, you are a sexual beast. You should be more proud of that." A whimper from the scaled one. "Feel like another session?"

"A-already? I-I mean..." That draconic muzzle blushing again, seeing those brown eyes almost ready to scold any self-bashing. "I'm... Not going to argue with your thoughts again. But I've never done it this much..."

"Because of the suppression, yes?" A whimper, but a nod regardless. "Well, your bed is already a mess. Want a muzzlejob and just nap until the afternoon?"

"That's not... Harmful, is it?" The furred one shook his head, and the wyrm whimpered in defeat. "Alright. I'll... Try something new, just to prove to you that I'll be more comfortable about who I am." It made the bear smile brightly and kiss Remy.

"Thank you." He helped the dragon up and took him to the bedroom, just now realizing how much damage was done to it.

"You were not kidding about my..."

"I'm guessing it's more of a blackout style of things?"

"M-more of just very very focused. I barely remember much besides the motions..."

"That's a shame. Maybe we'll record a session together sometime." A loud whimper from the larger one as he was motioned to lay down on his back again. Revealing a certain pink bit that was starting to peek out, and that furry muzzle leaning towards it. "This won't hurt a bit, just relax and enjoy it. Okay, Remy?"

"Okay..." He almost whimpered, watching intently as the bear started to lick his slit. The soft texture already sending out faint waves through that feral body, making those white scales click loudly every so often. Letting that member within grow at its own pace, but get encouragement from that red appendage.

It was exciting enough for the librarian without the constant tongueplay, just having those brown eyes watch with such focus as that tower pulsed upwards with every second heartbeat. Letting those thick spines along its sides branch out once it's basic shape was complete. Allowing it to harden in other areas, becoming more steady against the constant licks.

Those soft paws were also helping out along outer areas. Pressing around the dragon's haunches and tailhole from time to time, making Remy sing in whimpers as he struggled to contain himself. That tail having a mind of its own, thrashing from time to time against the waves that crashed through it. Especially when that tongue started toying with that protective slit.

When the draconic weapon was ready, that black nose ventured upwards. Nuzzling against its form and brushing the white fur against its spines. Nearly using it as a comb while returning the affection with kisses and licks. All the way up to that tip. "Bartan...?" The wyrm whimpered, seeing where this was going. His worrying song growing louder when those jaws parted more, bracing himself with sheer trust.

The fangs were felt, oh yes. But there was no pain. Just the faint scrapes and the constant scouting of that red appendage. Letting the motions slowly morph from playful gnaws to kisses and licks, as Remy's heart thundered in his chest. Of course getting those same flutters as well, while his own lower horn was slowly being devoured by the bear's maw. Unable to see through the veil of a white muzzle, but make out every tooth. Every brush and movement of that inner appendage as it slid through his spines.

They were thicker than normal, while the shaft's girth seemed less. Spreading outwards to make up for it, and nearly giving the illusion of actually being slightly larger than average. The taste of the dragon's seed still lingered between such areas, almost reminding the bear of very light peppermint. So fine that he swore it was all in his head, masked behind the standard bitterness that he was used to by now.

Still, a concentration of freshness was starting to be detected. Returning that tongue's focus towards the tower's peak, as those paws focused on the dragon's hamstrings. Feeling that playful gnawing again before a sudden slow draw of that substance outwards, causing Remy to growl in pleasure and start to obey those instincts a little bit. That substance wash around his flesh soon after as the bear continued down the shaft.

Those white foreclaws desperately desired to latch into something, choosing the already ripped bedding for now as he let Bartan continue undisturbed. Allowing the dragon to just enjoy such a strange thing for the first time. Doing his best to keep his body still, but it refused when another inner pull was felt. Nearly thrusting into that muzzle without the use of his hind legs and growling loudly in bliss. "Harder..." The wyrm gasped, almost seeing that bear grin at it.

But he obeyed regardless. Giving a few more licks, and putting more effort into that draw. Getting a larger reaction out of the dragon, as that white tail thrashed wildly underneath Bartan. A few licks on those ridges to summon more of that pre fluid, and Remy growled again. "Harder..." A faint chuckle was barely detected under the scaled one's constant purrs and breaths. Getting another thick pull from inside that maw and the fluids sucked out, stimulating the dragon massively. To the point of a thicker jolt.

It was time to take more of that weapon, but difficult to in such a current position. So the bear started to move up a bit, those paws moving up to the dragon's smooth sides. Constantly vibrating from the thick growls, as that maw started to take in more flesh. Yelping when two strong paws were felt on his furry head. Feeling the dragon thrash a little bit from side to side before rolling both of them over on the bed. Forcing the bear to be on his back this time, and the wyrm on top.

A near full thrust into that maw as Remy hissed loudly. "Harder...!" Feeling a slight draw before he thrust into the bear's muzzle a few times. Then a thicker one that was much more satisfying. Pulling out those juices that his weapon was starting to constantly release. Those haunches starting with slow motions at first, then gradually turn into thrusts as another load was in the works. Waiting until it was nearly ready to release before a full penetration and a near roar. "Harder!"

The draw was magnificent, amplifying that energy gathering into the dragon's pelvis. Doubling it... Tripling it after a few pulls and consumptions of such liquids. Nearly forcing Remy to release then and there, but it died down after a few breaths. Still, his instincts wanted that back. So began the heavy thrusts again, directly into Bartan's maw. Pressing his head deep into the mattress while those white claws dug into the blankets again. Ripping more and more holes with every motion.

It was starting to build up with every press into that furry body. Throwing his tail into the motions and losing all other forms of perception. Slowly feeling it fill up like a bucket collecting water, overflowing when that point of no return was so close. Reaching down with his forepaws once again and finding that furred head. Gripping it harshly and pressing it against his weapon, battling against his own thrust to insure the weapon is in as deep as physically possible. "**Harder!**"

The dragon's command was soon felt, finally pushing him over the edge and trying to thrust in place. That weapon thickened against that tongue, teeth, and maw. Remy's muzzle snarled and roared loudly. Those claws gripped everything they could, that tail arced backwards as far as it could go. All before the flood of white exploded within Bartan's muzzle. Forcing him to take in everything that came out of that shaft, not caring that half of it leaked out over the bedding.

After nearly a minute of constant sprays, control was given back to the dragon. Nearly stunned by his heavy breathing and clumsily stepping backwards to give Bartan some breathing room. Feeling a few licks against his scaled belly that put a smile over Remy's face before he tripped. Instantly feeling a thick prod under his tail and making him whimper loudly.

The two, almost muzzle to muzzle, shared a glance while a bit of worry painted those blue eyes. But only for a moment. Getting a shimmer of bravery once again before pushing against that red canine weapon. Already greased up, probably from the bear's own pre, and slipping inside the wyrm's tailhole quite easily. Granted, not without a loud gasp and a bit of a shocked look over the librarian's face. The very first time he's taken anything in that area.

"H-how do you...!?" Remy almost hissed, nearly paralyzed but such an intrusion. Only getting a gesture from those white paws to meet the bear muzzle to muzzle. Leaning down without a second thought and instantly get that tongue... Along with a very bitter taste that made the wyrm pull out and spit the substance nearly across the room. "What The Hell!?" He hissed at the Outsider, only hearing him laugh. "I mean... I should've expected it before, but...!?"

"Call it my signature move." Bartan chuckled, stroking that scaled belly a little bit for encouragement. "You've got this, Remy. Just take it slow." A shy nod as the dragon slowly pulled the bear's weapon out of him, then back in. Just doing small movements as his own tool brushed against that fur. Feeling the motions and sudden tightness become loosened over time, to the point of a nice smooth ride. Those spines scraping against his inner walls, stimulating far more than he expected it would.

The constant purrs of the furred one were heard, as the wyrm composed himself. Feeling that energy within him start to rise again with the constant brushes against his ridges. Soft, so not to

completely overstimulate him, and more focused on his tailhole more than anything.

But it slowly started to become much more enjoyable. Enough to slowly move his body with it, adding small twists and rotations. Waves and grinds against the red weapon, then the warmth it was giving off. "Alright, Remy..." Bartan gasped during his purrs. "You don't have canines in this world yet." A noise in question. "I have what's called-" A whimper as those ridges were brushed. "called a Knot. The base will swell and thicken up to about-" A deep breath. "About double size. It's up to you if you want to take it, but you'll be alright either way." A faint nod from the dragon as he started moving a bit faster.

Though worried about such a strange description, at least the bear warned him about it. Regardless, those worries and thoughts were almost lost in the motions. In one wavy ear and out the other, so focused on just riding that alien weapon and the soothing warmth it gave off from time to time. He didn't even notice it start to grow until it was almost too late.

As brave as Remy was trying to be, his warnings were going off constantly. And soon those survival instincts kicked in, telling him to flee the danger of the constant growing tool. However, trying to get up, he slipped back down in almost a scamper. Another thick pulse from inside, and he attempted again, only to once more slip.

Another thick pulse and it was too late. Sending him into slight whimpers of fright as the red knot pressed against his tailhole. Feeling that furry paw meet his own and calm the dragon. "It's okay, Remy. You'll be okay, you'll be alright. It doesn't hurt much, just discomfort at most-" Another whimper as the bear groaned. Detecting the warm fluids start to become more common and Bartan stress a breath.

Then the sprays, flowing deep inside the wyrm's lower region and making him whimper. Yet, so warm that it felt pleasurable. The fear still lingered, yes, but the thick warmth was just so calming as it ventured deeper. Deeper. Feeling it follow the very paw that was on the dragon's lower belly. Slowly petting it as it nearly glowed with an orange tint. Eventually causing the wyrm's own release again, painting the bear with translucent white fluids.

Then the discomfort as that weapon still continued to release inside Remy's body. Pushing that belly out very faintly over time, and making the dragon whimper with nearly every pulse. In sync with the bear that was releasing. The two watching with amazement as it started to round out a bit. Then a bit more. A little more. And finally one more grunt from Bartan.

Though the pressure wasn't released, it did stop increasing. Leaving the two to just catch their breaths. Sharing a few kisses and smiles. "Like a champ. You have a real gift, Remy."

"I-I don't..." That look again and the dragon sighed. "Thank you, Bartan. I'm glad you can enjoy me... My more aggressive fashion-"

"Rough Librarian Sex. Just call it that." The bear grumbled playfully, getting a shy smile from the wyrm. "Alright, fold in your wing." He did so, following instructions to roll the dragon back onto his back before pulling out that knot. The sudden pressure giving out and strange bright orange liquids left him.

Unable to keep his blue eyes off of it, let alone enough to care about the mess it was making. "Seriously, how are you still up?"

"Up...?" Remy questioned, instantly thinking Bartan meant erect.

"Four releases today, and you're still functioning normally. Bryce practically passes out after one." A whimper as those wavy ears fell. "It's a good thing, Remy. A compliment on your endurance."

"I-I'm not sure. I just don't feel tired."

"Well, that makes one of us." He went over towards the nightstand, picking up the dragon's glasses and the PDA. Handing the device over to Remy, while placing those spectacles on that white scaly muzzle. Giving it a kiss soon after before cuddling next to him. "Where did you leave off?"

A look at the PDA, then back into those brown eyes. "Actually... Can we talk about the varieties of intercourse?" A chuckle from the bear.

"Of course, Remy. I'd love to."