

Somewhere Out There - Brave New World

By Bartan Tirix

The morning was rather dark for being so late, nearly mimicking the atmosphere of winter in the very end of summer. Not that very many of them minded, especially the amount that were hungover from the past few days. Having a cloudy morning was more than a blessing for almost everyone. This was also very true with the bear and the drake, now sleeping on a fully broken bed. One that the landlords just refused to repair. Not that the two minded, however... They were now required to clean any messes the two made from here on out.

The strong smell of cinnamon started to fill the air, getting the two to pleasantly groan awake. The bear once again on bottom and licking at those plates along the dragon's neck. Over the two scars that at least didn't bother him. Intending to stroke them with his paws, but they were kind of bound at the moment. "You're the one that set the alarm." Bartan mumbled during a yawn, nudging at the dragon that just wanted time to stop.

"M'I know..." The yawn was contagious, getting the brown drake to snap his jaws a bit and just nuzzle the large living pillow. "M'on't make me go back to work."

"I'm sure it won't be that bad from here on out." A grumble from Bryce made the bear smile. "Besides, you can always call me if you need any help."

"M'Il just end up calling you anyway." A large lick from that pink tongue, leading up to a kiss between the two. Eventually leading to something a little more, but once a furry paw was released, it gave the dragon a few taps. "Don't ruin this for me, bear."

"Well too bad. It's your first day back as chief, and you shouldn't go in drowsy. Let alone spent. Save it for tonight."

"Can I mount you again?"

"Considering I didn't explode and can still walk, maybe. But we should invest in a spare set of sheets." A nuzzle. "Or several."

"Perhaps a plastic tarp to save the mattress."

"Seriously, how are you not empty yet? I'm pretty sure you unloaded your entire body weight these past few nights." Bartan snorted, getting a bright grin across that scarred muzzle.

"You just know how to compliment me, bear." Another kiss. "Even during complaints. That's probably why I'm falling for you."

"Still not ready to say the L word, huh?" A blush from Bryce, but the white one didn't take it

poorly. Showing his affection with a small kiss and a few more taps. "Alright, time to get up." A snout toss of epic proportions from the drake as he rose. Sniffing around the several bowls to find one with some warm leftovers. Flat as ever, but something drink besides water. Watching the bear closely as he went into the shower, and following the furred one inside. "You are just determined this morning, aren't you?"

"I can't help it. These last few days have been amazing." Bryce purred, turning on the waters and washing the white fur with his thick grey claws. Hoping to perhaps persuade the Outsider with a bit of tongueplay in the correct places. "I think I just don't want the party to end."

"Well, it needs to eventually. Considering this is the outcome we were hoping for." A large nod as that brown snout nuzzled lower and lower. "You are just not going to stop, are you?" A whimper from the dragon as he tried to show the bear a pair of large golden saucers. Bartan eventually sighed, rolling his own eyes and tapping that scaly muzzle. "You can't be released, not until you're off work."

"That doesn't mean I can't have a little fun." Another rather fake whimper to play on the bear's sympathy. "And you're not doing anything today."

"I was planning to look for a job, and was hoping to have a clear mind in case I got an interview."

"Do you really need one? I mean... *Really* need one?" Bryce grinned, giving that growing red rod a few licks. Knowing the white one couldn't resist much longer.

"C-considering... That's how your kind does things around here..." A few deep breaths, and those paws slowly went from trying to resist the dragon's attention to nearly beg for it.

"Not really what I was talking about." A few licks, as he tried to shelter the bear's weapon from the water. Not wanting to dilute the taste. "You just got done saving our species' haunches, if not several times."

"Only by dumb luc-" A whimper as that muzzle took in the shaft. Slowly pushing the furred one to the floor and continuing his work. "And it's... Not like you guys... Didn't do..." A much louder whine that time, and the white one lost his train of thought. "You're getting a lot better..."

"I wike ho whink fo." Bryce grinned with his muzzle occupied, now getting the bear to completely submit and surrender as the dragon's plaything for a while. Licking at those smaller spines along that canine tool while washing that belly and chest with his dull claws. Wondering how such a thing could take so much punishment and still look about the same, even after attempting it twice. Then again, a single term defined it quite well: Outsider.

However, time was still an issue. And it wouldn't look too great for the chief to be late on his day of returning. Focusing on those ridges got the bear to hiss and grip the drake's horns tightly. Growls grew in pitch as that flavor could be detected, wanting a large taste of it so he could savor it for the rest of the day. Reminding him what to look forward to tonight, and finally get his own tool deep into this furball.

It really didn't take long for those sprays to start jolting out into a near steady stream. Painting that muzzle and throat with warmth as Bartan sang loudly. Overpowering those purrs and now orange tongue as it started cleaning up. Journeying towards the bear's muzzle to share such a gift, learning to love how he just accepts it. Though the idea of a struggle is nice, there was still something better about this in the end.

Several heavy pants later, the two kissed once again. "Satisfied?"

"Almost." A few prods under that pouch while those brown eyebrows bounced a bit. Getting a growl from the bear.

"No." A clever smirk across that scarred muzzle, as he nearly had the white one pinned to the floor. "I'm warning you, you'll regret it at work."

"I know, but damn. I want you so bad right now." A bit of a rough kiss. "Damn work."

"It's almost as bad as stairs." A loud snort from the dragon made Bartan laugh.

"**Nothing** is as bad as stairs." Bryce grumbled. "**Nothing**." A near heated breath, nearly gnawing at that wet furred neck. "...*Damn* work."

"Be strong, Bryce. You can have me later tonight. Just keep that in mind." A grumble from the larger one. "Want me to help?"

"As long as you don't injure me." A noise in agreement, and the dragon exhaled.

"Close your eyes." A bit of a grumble, but Bryce did so. Feeling those white paws over his muzzle and that black nose touch inbetween his own nostrils. Every little bristle could be told apart from the very drops that showered over them. Concentrating on them, as those furred lips kissed a single snouthole, only to then quickly blow into it and send the earth drake into a sneezing fit.

"**Why!?**"

"I didn't blow that hard-"

"That doesn't explain **Why!**" The dragon hissed, making several faces to the bear's amusement. "I swear sometimes, you just do these things to be punished for them later."

"I won't argue against that, but how's your lust?" A few rubs on his own snout to get the tickling feeling out of it before studying himself. "Better?"

"...Yeahhh..." Bryce almost growled, feeling his own weapon retreat into its protection. "You're a vandal sometimes, Bartan."

"I know how to get things done, yes. Maybe not the best of ways, but effective nonetheless." A snort from the dragon as Bartan turned off the waters. Getting a towel to dry off the dragon, nearly provoking that fleshy tower to come back out again.

"Don't you start unless you're willing to finish it."

"I know, I know." Another few rubs against his brown muzzle as that towel come close. Sheltering over it, and meeting it with his own furry one from the other end. Sharing a hidden kiss under the makeshift tent.

"You are just too adorable to stay mad at."

"I could've fed you soap instead." A snort resulted in a taste of Bartan's own medicine, getting the bear to curse against the sudden wind and make the same face.

"I don't care if that wasn't intentional, you deserve it."

"Can't argue against karma." The two chuckled, as the dragon dried off the wet fur.

"I'm starting to adore this smell too."

"You didn't care for it in the beginning."

"Only because you smelled like a certain other foggy liquid instead." A few licks to mess with the white flow. "Even tastes better when it goes inside you."

"Look you..." The white one playfully purred. "You already got a good taste this morning. That should hold you for the day."

"Alright, alright. Just know that I am going to ruin that hole of yours when I return. Not even time for a beer, I'm tracking you down and double your current weight." A laugh from the furred one as he started getting dressed. Getting a few nudges from that muzzle. "Seriously, look at what you've done to me. Not even going out for a beer, instead coming home for a bear."

"Just replacing one vice for another, and a bit of a virtue." Another nuzzle and almost a hug as Bryce pushed him down to the bed again. "Are we going to have to put in an Orgasm Denial Jar in the bedroom?"

"A what?"

"Probably the wrong word, but a jar we have to put money in everytime one of us starts a session when we clearly shouldn't be having one. There was a similar concept humans had before."

"What did they call theirs then?"

"The Stupid Jar." The dragon burst into laughs, enough for the white one to squeeze out and into the kitchen. "Are you serious?"

"Yep, everytime someone did something stupid, they had to put money in. And it was often."

"What was the money used for?"

"Well, different for every place, but usually for beer or drinks."

"And what would ours be used for?" Bryce purred at him, nudging a loaf of melon bread to be put in the toaster. Licking when the bear did the request.

"Our cleaning bill, that's what."

"I'm not sure if that would be a good idea. I'm still on the lookout from that orange runner everytime I go outside."

"I'm still not sure how she even threw you out the door. Must've been pure adrenaline and rage."

"Hence the lingering feeling she's going to murder us with an axe in our sleep."

"Nah, that would be too easy. She would just castrate you."

"She would what?" The drake's head tilted, getting the white one to double take.

"Oh, right. Castrate, means to cut off one's pouch."

"...Pouch... As in..." A glance down below the bear's waist.

"Yeeeeep." A faint whimper from the dragon that was nearly overpowered by the sounds of popping toast. Quickly spreading their slices with peanut butter and brown sugar.

"What the hell are you...?"

"Just try it." The bear mumbled almost optimistically, taking a bite out of his own. "Tastes better with plain bread, but not bad." A look of discomfort from the drake and the white one tossed his muzzle. "Quit being a Kresskre."

"There's that word again." The larger one grumbled. "I like to keep my physique this way, you know."

"It's a little bit of sugar, it won't kill you or make you fat." Another grumble, and Bryce slowly took a bite out of it... Very slowly. The point of concern. Let alone, hardly a bite, more like a nibble. The nibble of all nibbles, and getting a thick glare from those brown eyes.

"...I don't like it-"

"I swear, I will shove this thing into your maw." A snout toss before an actual bite, getting a few strange faces, but overall straightening out afterword. "Like it?"

"It's... Alright."

"Again, melon bread. It makes it weird."

"You're the one putting brown sugar on peanut butter." The drake snorted, as they moved out to the living rooms. Gazing at the door and sighing. "Damn work."

"Don't start this again, mate. You'll get through it. So, out with you, or I'll double your weight and ruin your figure."

"I'd call your bluff, but I don't believe you actually are." They shared a small kiss. "Now where's that bag you wanted me to take back to the station?"

"Should be in the bedroom, I'll-" The doorbell rang, getting both of their attentions.

"I'll go get it. You deal with that." The two smirked, and the bear answered the door. Only to meet a familiar white dragon.

"Oh, hey Remy."

"Good morning, Bartan. I hope I didn't get you at a bad time." The librarian took the invitation inside, taking off his own bag and kissing the furred one hello.

"Not at all."

"There's that orange taste again. Did you finally find some of those fruits nearby?" A loud laughter from the bedroom made those wavy ears perk as Bryce passed through.

"Nevermind me. You're bound to find out sooner or later, Remy." His head tilted at the earth drake a bit, watching that brown muzzle nudge the bear. "I'll see you after work."

"I should be around here. If not, I'll leave a note." A solid nod towards both of them and Bryce left the apartment. Still getting a puzzled look from the white wyrm while he carefully shut the door. "Like he said, you'll find out eventually. Nothing from your expense."

"Alright, then I look forward to such an experience." Almost a chuckle from the furred one. "I... I got what you requested of me. The trial will be tomorrow at the courthouse. It's near the Hall."

"Really? Thank you, Remy." Another kiss as he accepted the bag.

"It's not a lot of time to study such things, I'm afraid. But I can give you a rundown of the basics if you like. I can only afford about an hour before heading out though."

"That would be amazing. Let's hit it."

"Just let me use the little wyrmling's room real quick." A quick nod from Bartan as his sights were nearly glued to the books and files, then suddenly pondered if he should warn the dragon about the mess- "Oh... Wow...!" Too late. "I thought my bedroom was bad after..."

"Y-yeah, I didn't get around to cleaning just yet-"

"I-it's... Even on the ceiling!?" A chuckle from the bear.

It was the smell of cinnamon again that woke the bear up. Very strong this time, almost too strong like it wasn't shut off via snooze button. He felt drunk, hazy as he followed such a thick scent. Noticing the extreme emptiness in his bed, but not thinking much of it until he seen the time. Nearly 11 am, and almost stopping the bear's heart.

Getting up in a hurry and ignoring the soaked sheets, Bartan quickly ran into the shower. It was just like that drake to mount the bear into a sex coma, probably letting him sleep while Bryce got up for work. Barely recalling that deep voice purring in whispers and likely responding to it without thought. A quick jump out, and getting half dry before putting on some unwashed clothing. There was no time to find something clean, not like *anything* was going to be clean in that room until it was basically on fire.

The furred one bolted outside in a blur of white. Slamming his door and not caring if it was locked or not. Jumping the wall and sprinting towards the Hall. Just hoping that the trial wasn't done yet. Considering he didn't know how things were done in this society, it's possible that trials like this were rare occasions. Perhaps unrushed, looked into more thoroughly.

Racing up the ramps and through the slightly opened doors, seeing a few dragons staring at the bear for a moment as he caught his breath. "Anna's trial?" They pointed down a hall and he raced down the halls, barely picking out her name through the walls, then the word Guilty. Instantly getting the white one angry and bursting through a set of doors. "**Stop!**" He roared into the... Empty courtroom.

Granted, loud enough for everyone in the correct room to just stare at the door blankly for a few moments. Except for Maverick, instantly picking out the bear's voice and covering his eyes with a paw. Quickly piecing together what happened. A few steps were heard, and the door opened slightly. Bartan's head poking in, looking around the crowded area for a moment, and behind the door before closing it once again. Then retrying his dramatic entrance. "Stop!" He called a little easier this time.

"And you are...?" The center of several judges asked, not fond of such boorish behavior. Likely from Anna herself. "The Ambassador?"

"Yes, the one that's spent the last three weeks of your species' existence *saving* it. I'm pretty sure that's enough to convince you to hear me out." The furred one nearly growled, walking up towards them and standing beside the pink runner. "What exactly are you accusing her of?" An annoyed sigh from the dragon.

"Of illegally conducting experiments-"

"Define that! 'Illegally!'" The teal wyrm grumbled at Bartan's interruption. "I gave her my consent to do whatever the hell she wanted with my blood."

"But not with our permission, let alone the other human's-" Another judge started.

"Who is now dead, due to his own rash actions and going against peaceful claims! What would be the difference between getting his DNA then or from a corpse!?" Another grumble at the bear.
"You're looking at this the wrong way, through Law instead of Reason."

"This is how things are done here, Outsider."

"And how things were done in the human's world too, until it got so damn messy that they only ended up punishing the innocent and the poor! Do *Not* Fall Into That Same Fate!"

"You do realize that Anna does have a history of such actions-" Another interruption from a different judge.

"You cannot use that point against her. Her last conviction was closed due to lack of evidence. According to your own laws, she cannot be trialed for the same 'Crime' twice, the one of attempting to save her own damn life!"

"She was conducting experiments without permission-"

"Because your applications take so damn long to get said permission that-"

"Another interruption like that, Ambassador, and you will be sent to jail-"

"I *Don't Care!*" A snarl from the teal dragon in the center. "If it means proving that Anna doesn't deserve this, then I'll spend a fucking year in jail!"

"Security!" The judge called for the grey one to come forth, meeting those brown circles against Maverick's red ones. Walking up behind Bartan and taking a moment of study before sitting back down.

"Say your piece bear."

"Maverick!" But the larger dragon remained stoic against such orders, nearly giving the judge a cold stare as if to say Listen.

The bear took a breath. "Jury Nullification." A noise in question from the others while the teal one stressed his jaw against such a suggestion. "Anna isn't innocent, but she doesn't deserve to be punished for this-"

"Which will only prove to others that they can get away from such things!"

"Define What She Did Wrong!" Another growl at the furred one. "She was researching ways to help save her own life! Possibly the lives of anyone who got the same death sentence! If her intent was to make it into a weapon, then yes! She would deserve such a punishment, but she's attempting to save lives! You're Slowing Her Down! Holding Her Back!"

"You cannot argue against the traditions of others! Not as an Ambassador!"

"Then don't listen to me as an Ambassador! Instead: a Voice of Reason! I'm not here to

represent *anyone* any longer! I'm here to warn you of a fucking mistake!" Another growl. "Tradition is the death of invention! Why write your laws with a pen when you can *easily* carve them into rock!?"

"Maverick!" The judge called again, but the dragon didn't listen. Just receiving an equally thick stare, from the bear as well. Those brown eyes looking over the panel that would determine the pink female's fate.

"...You say that permission is required to make decisions like this. Why? What makes your set of decision making better than someone with clearly better knowledge of a subject?" A series of almost growls from the judges. "That last trial she had, what exactly was Anna accused of? -Without looking at your files!" Full growls that time. "Yet, you're responsible with the decision of her own future? Does that make you somehow better than her? Should everyone send in applications asking permission to simply *breathe* from now on!?"

Silence. More from the fact they knew any statement was simply going to be interrupted. "Your System. Is Not. Perfect."

"No system is perfect-"

"Then Stop Worshiping It Like It Is!" Bartan growled. "You have *Intelligent Minds*. You don't need these damn rules that clash against your reason and morality! You're better than this! You're better than Humans!" Another thick stare at the row of dragons. "Ask yourself, what is the purpose of this? Why waste your precious time, resources, and power over someone who was only trying to make your species *Better*. Who was only trying to *Save Lives*? What if it was your life on the line? Your wyrmling's future? Would you let it slide if she could promise a cure? Because she can find it, if you give her the resources. But it will come at a price; mostly dealing with her Pride and Arrogance-"

"Like you?" The younger judge muttered, almost enjoying the show.

"*Exactly* like me." Another look, this time softer and spreading around the entire room. "**Think**. That's the best gift anyone has ever given you." A glance at Maverick behind him. "I'm done."

"You do realize I need to drag you out of here to say I've done my job."

"I know, I know." A slight bite on the back of Bartan's clothing as he was pulled back. "Come on, Mav. Not the shirt. I only have so many of these."

"Maybe you should've thought of that before confronting a court of judges without permission. And why does it smell like oranges?" The grey one grumbled, as he dragged the bear into the hallway.

"You *really* don't want to know."

The iron bars closed after the bear walked inside peacefully. Looking around the room for a moment. "Y'know, the sad part is; I think this place is cleaner than my apartment."

"I can't imagine why." The grey wyrm half grumbled, sighing through his nostrils and looking down the hall to make sure they were alone. "...Thank you."

"For attempting to save her?" A faint nod. "You think I was convincing enough?"

"Maybe. I'm guessing you know what elders are like."

"Some of those judges are pretty young looking though." Another faint nod, as Bartan casually leaned up on the bars. Overlooking Maverick for a moment and noticing his new badge. A nice silver chain and crisp lettering, all with a crimson trim to it. "That looks great on you."

The larger one glanced down at where those brown eyes were staring, and almost shyly nodded. "Yeah... Bryce gave it to me yesterday. Called me into his office and asked for my previous badge. I thought he was going to let me go, and I..."

"Instantly blamed me?" Half a frown as those red eyes looked away. Not denying it, but not claiming it was the truth.

"But in return, he gave me this. Saying that he never got a real chance to say thanks to the effort I put into that case. Here I was thinking that no one realized what I..." A white paw lightly reached through the bars, and the dragon took another glance back and forth before pressing his head towards it.

"This is about the closest thing I can do to hugging you, I hope you realize that." Another glance down the hall.

"...You can do better." He almost whispered, taking the key and carefully opening the door enough for him to step through. Still keeping his back half through the bars in order to make sure Maverick wouldn't be locked inside. But the bear didn't try to pull anything, instead just embrace the wyrm tightly for a few moments. Then study the new badge up close.

"You really do deserve this, Maverick. I detest the way people think that I somehow saved everyone here, when really I didn't. I barely took lead, if anything, and even then. You guys did a lot of the heavy lifting. Helping out with getting those backup systems up and running. Remy accidentally tripping over some cables and somehow fixing it."

"Saved by dumb luck. That was too close for comfort..." Maverick snorted, once again trailing those brown eyes to the badge. "Was this your idea?"

"Kinda. Me and Bryce both wanted to do something for you. I always questioned why only the chief had some kind of badge. But then..."

"Sebastian's is on his hat." A nod from Bartan. "And mine, well..."

"By the time I arrived, you were appointed as Reza's body guard. No longer an officer for the time being." A soft pet under that grey jaw. "I'm glad you're back on the force. People will feel safer now that you're back on the job."

"And clear headed." A faint smile and a playful nudge from the dragon as he stepped back into the hallway, looking down while closing the bars again. "That..." An awkward throat clear. "Reminds me..." He started, shyly.

"You want another one?" One of those larger paws rubbed the back of his scaly neck. "Sure thing, whenever I get out of here we can schedule a session. I should really think about opening a brothel here or something."

"We do encourage our young to do what they're good at... And you are..."

"I'll take that as a compliment. Thank you, Maverick."

"Just no more... 'Feeding' others." A loud chuckle from the bear. "Do you want me to get Bryce?"

"No rush. I'm sure he'll find out sooner or later. Just tell him when you see him." A solid nod from the grey dragon. "I'll be here, Maverick. No more law breaking, don't worry."

"I somehow highly doubt that. Trouble tends to follow you around." A smirk as the wyrm walked down the hallway. Letting the silence finally set in and Bartan to just take a breath before laying down. Resting for nearly an hour before those doors opened once again, and hearing familiar heavy footsteps. Disappointed sighs exhaling after every few until the brown drake barely came into view and leaned his side against the bars.

"Bearrrr..." He half grumbled.

"Bryce, deary." Bartan playfully whimpered. "I have to confess something, and I want you to hear it from me first." A long silence as those golden eyes stared at the white one in almost disappointment. "...I may have pissed someone off."

"That's an understatement, Bartan. You pissed off a regional judge."

"By defending someone who needed-"

"You don't need to explain yourself to me, bear. I know what and why." Another sigh. "I'm just disappointed that I only got to fill you once this week."

"Well, technically there was Sunday-"

"I mean, this work week."

"Yeah... It might be a while before we can do that again." The white one got up and did his best to nuzzle Bryce through the bars. "Well, do it while getting away with it. It's hard to hide the mess in

here."

"It's hard enough to hide the mess in the bathroom, let alone the bedroom."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've never attempted to hide the mess in the bedroom."

"Well, it shows, doesn't it?" The two chuckled as the dragon sighed again.

"Sorry, Bryce."

"It's alright, bear. And this won't last anymore than a day, I'm sure of it."

"Really?"

"You're one of this region's heroes, and you were defending someone famous. Granted, famously rude, but famous."

"I'm pretty sure that's borderline infamous."

"Still, it would be bad for his image to take anything out on you, especially if you were in the right. I only wish I could've heard the speech." A smirk from the bear.

"I'm pretty sure you've heard bits and pieces of it by now." Another nuzzle, and that furred belly growled loudly. "Right, I never got any breakfast. I ended up waking up late."

"Even after I told you that I reset the alarm for the trial?"

"It doesn't seem to wake me like it does you. Scented alarm clocks don't have the same effect as normal ones."

"That is the normal here, though."

"Where I came from they were all noise based. Well, most of them anyway."

"Like what? Doorbells?"

"Sometimes. Some would play music or the radio. Some would just annoy you with endless beeping until you threw it across the room. And some would run off and require you to chase it down to shut it up." Bartan grumbled, getting a few chuckles out of the drake. "Not fun times."

"And now you have to remind me of Fun Times again." An overdramatic sigh from the earth dragon. "I might have to hit the bar scene."

"You could always ask Sebastian-"

"Don't start with that again. We're just getting to the point where we can make eye contact." A chuckle from the white one. "I'll order you some food. With any luck, you'll be out of here by

tomorrow."

"Thanks, love." A smirk from Bryce as he kissed the bear the best he could through the bars.

"I... Love you too." He said a bit awkwardly. "I don't love what you did here, but." A smile and another kiss. "Don't starve just yet."

"I'd eat my shoe, but I'm not wearing any."

"Could try eating your pants."

"Doesn't really work that way."

"Don't ruin this for me, bear." The brown one teased, giving another playful nuzzle and heading off. Trying his best to lift his tail and flash Bartan, but not much was shown.

"It works better when you have a set of balls to show off."

"I'm trying, damnit!" A laugh from the two as he laid down once again. Resting for about a half hour before those doors opened again. Hearing a much lighter set of pawsteps this time, still putting a smile on that white muzzle.

"I spy with my little eye... Something yellow and green." A bit of a giggle from the hallway. "Slightly and adorably striped as well, even if she doesn't like it too much."

"Who told you that?" The wyvern almost teased.

"An Angel, if you can believe that." Another giggle as the thick yellow dragon came into view. "It's nice to see you again, Adine."

"It's a wonder you remember my name, after meeting so many of us this past month."

"I remember those I like." Another giggle from the female.

"Oh you." She opened a smaller door towards the bottom of the bars, sliding the takeout package underneath. "I hope it's more to your liking. I know the fish last time wasn't up to expectations, especially for a first meal in your visit."

"As long as you cooked it, I'm positive that it'll be great." She blushed at it, giggling when the bear's stomach growled a bit at the small talk. Nearly demanding Bartan to tear through the package and devour everything within. Even the reusable cardboard that could be used as a makeshift plate. "That fish wasn't so bad either, really. Different, but I've had stranger."

"Oh, you have?"

"Ever heard of meatball popsicles?" She burst into laughter. "One of my husbands ended up trying them before. Strange, but not as bad as you might think."

"Husbands, as in plural? Oh my..." Another chuckle from Adine as the bear started eating. Nearly purring at the taste. "I'm glad you like it."

"Much better than other takeouts. Especially that pizza place."

"Ugh, Pantoli's?" She tossed her snout while asking. "I hate their food."

"It's not the greatest, but it does remind me of someone here."

"Oh? Someone I know?"

"Lorem, actually."

"The small delivery boy? Blue?" A large nod from the white one. "You've met him?"

"A few times, yes. I was actually wondering if he might deliver this as well, but I'm glad to see you too." Another bite and a loud purr. "Especially after tasting this. I don't think Lorem can cook too well."

"I'm not sure myself. Our jobs are similar, but aside from that, I don't think we've really met."

"You should, you'd like him. Just know that he's older than he looks."

"Oh, I know." Another giggle. "I suppose I've just been so busy with the orphanage that I don't really get to make friends."

"I understand. But do know that he and his roomie make amazing tea." They shared a chuckle. "I mean, *Amazing*. How is Amely, by the way?"

"You know Amely?"

"And Vara a bit, yes. I know she really likes you." A slightly sad look from those hot pink eyes. "Something wrong?"

"Not really, no. She's just been hanging out with Remy a lot. I'm glad that he's gotten around to helping out there, they really need the help, but..."

"You should talk to him about it, I'm sure he'll tell you why." A bit of a puzzled look from the dragon, as those frilled ears perked.

"I get the feeling you had something to do with it. Remy has mentioned you a few times."

"Only the good things, I hope."

"Well, some of it was complaints about some innuendo when you two first met." A chuckle from the two. "But mostly good." A nod and a bit of silence.

"Just talk to him about it, it will make sense but I don't want to spoil it." She smiled at the bear.

"Okay. I'll bring it up next time I see him." A solid nod from the bear. "I shouldn't stay too much longer, I'm still on the clock, actually."

"No worries. We should schedule a meet sometime, Adine. I'd love to hang out with you." Another smile from the wyvern.

"I'd like that. Hopefully in a different environment, though."

"I donno, there's just something romantic about iron bars, takeout food, and an empty jail cell." A giggle from her. "Could use a scented candle or two though."

"Oh you." Another chuckle. "Enjoy the food, I'll see you around Bartan."

"You too, Adine. Thanks."

The lights turning on made the bear grumble awake, as footsteps were coming down the hall. Dozing off, the bear lost track of time. Having a hard time to identify those softer steps being a bit drowsy, let alone his eyes adjusting to the light. Eventually seeing the beige runner come into view. "Sebastian?"

"They decided to release you a bit early. Technically, they stated 'Tomorrow' but didn't specify any specific time." A noise in question as Bartan rubbed his eyes a bit. "It's 12:03 am. Thought you might enjoy the rest of the night in your own bed." The runner smirked.

"Really?" A nod from the dragon. "Thanks, Sebastian. I mean it, this thing feels like sleeping on a rock."

"I'm sure your own bed would be an improvement." He chuckled a bit, sliding the bars opened. "My shift is ending as well, so I'll escort you home."

"Thank you." The bear hugged the runner, making him almost whimper at the sudden affection, let alone groping towards his lower back. "I really do mean it, Seb."

"N-no problem. Just..." A chuckle from Bartan.

"Still feeling a bit awkward from the last time?" The white one asked, releasing the hug and following the runner out.

"A little..." He almost whispered, rubbing the back of his neck. "Me and Bryce haven't really talked about it yet."

"It's only awkward if you m-"

"Make it awkward, I know." An exhale from Sebastian. "I guess neither

of us has really done anything like this before, and we're not really sure how to react to the aftermath."

"There's nothing wrong with it, but if you don't have that first conversation about it, you might regret it." A noise in confirmation. "I can referee, if you like."

"It might be for the better."

"It is better if one of you talk about it though. Or else a small bit of that awkwardness will only linger." A sigh from the dragon. "I know, but you got to admit that it was fun."

"It was..." He cleared his throat. "Definitely a night to remember."

"One of many, perhaps." A whimper from the dragon, making the bear smile a bit. "Were we your first? You never told me."

"...Is it bad if I say yes?"

"Not at all. I just hope we made a good first impression."

"M-more like set the standards unusually high." A bit of laughter from the white one.

"I'm sure that'll just mean you'll have much to teach new partners." A loud whimper from Sebastian. "Don't give me that, according to Bryce, you did very well with that muzzlejob."

"Well, I-" Another awkward neck rub, one that was greeted by a furry paw and a look to say Stop Acting Like This. Causing the beige one to sigh a bit. "I learn fast. Paying attention to what you were doing."

"A great skill to have. Seriously, you did wonderful for a first time, and in every timeline. I would love to have another session, but at the moment I'm booked for a while."

"T-that's fine. Especially for tonight. It's been a long day."

"Reports backed up over the celebration?"

"And a massive amount of littering tickets to go through. I almost just want to pardon them all."

"Yet someone's going to have to clean it up, and be paid for doing so." A noise in question as they came to a stop a bit away from the apartment.

"Bartan."

"I know." They glanced at each other a bit seriously, then back at the bear's apartment. The light clearly on.

"Bryce said he was going home, not to your place."

"It's not him. I know who it is." A bit of a worried look from those slightly faded amethyst eyes.

"I'll be fine, Sebastian. Thank you for the escort."

"You sure?" A solid nod was a response he didn't like, but the dragon just sighed. "If I hear anything, I'll come running."

"She's not hostile." A noise in question, still not recognizing that scent. "I'll be alright." Bartan smiled at him, hugging the runner tightly and almost squeezing a whimper from him.

"Now you're worrying me even more."

"I mean, if you want to spend the night with me, I don't mind." Another whimper. "Rest well, Sebastian. I'll see you tomorrow, likely." Another exhale and the dragon nodded. Watching carefully as the bear approached his door and went inside.

Those instincts were almost everywhere, putting every fiber of his coat on full alert as he closed the door. Round ears barely picking out the careful set of a glass bottle, one rather full and coming from the kitchen. Taking a few steps before- "You're out of frozen yogurt." A female voice said, maw half full as if she just took a bite.

"Good, I was worried that it might spoil while I'm here." Bartan replied, leaning up on the kitchen doorway and overlooking the pink runner from the courtroom. "Bryce doesn't like the stuff either."

"I can't imagine why. It's basically tastes like ice cream."

"That's probably a reason why I don't like it." He gave a faint smirk, watching Anna eat like it was her own home. Overlooking the large bottle that looked somewhat freshly opened as well. "I had another one of those left?"

"Apparently. It was hidden in the back."

"The... Back of the cupboard?"

"The back of the fridge. In the adult compartment." A noise in question from the bear and she tossed her snout. Getting up and tapping the side of the refrigerator, revealing a hidden compartment, only big enough for a few bottles. "Most of the newer models have it."

"That's new to me."

"Of course they wouldn't bother telling you about it." She half grumbled. "The people who stalked this place were probably hoping you would've never noticed it, and take it when you finally left, or while they restocked." The runner took a small drink, right from the spout. "Not that great anyway, but at least it's chilled."

"I'm hoping that was the only bottle."

"I don't drink that much. But after today, I think I deserve one." Anna grumbled, still eating at the cold treat. Once again, directly out of the container. "You're an idiot, you know that?"

"I've been called worse."

"You interrupt a trial that was going about as flawless as they come against me, ironically setting me free and locking you up in jail. Possibly prison, given your attitude towards Karshel. To top it all off, you left your front door unlocked. All for someone to steal your food and wreck your bedroom, out of all things."

"Actually, that's how I left it. Got a little carried away the past couple of days and never got a good chance to clean it."

"Who didn't get carried away during the celebration? Oh, that's right. Me. Because I was worried about spending the rest of my life in prison the entire time." A bit of a sad look from the bear, and she sighed. Rolling her green eyes and shaking her head. "What the hell, Bartan?"

"Can you be a little more specific on which subject?"

"You left your door unlocked." She grumbled sarcastically.

"I'm Canadian-"

"That's not what I was actually-!" A paw over her eyes made him smirk a bit. "You know what I'm talking about. Why!?"

"I don't need a reason."

"Yes." The female growled a bit. "Yes, you do. Or at least, a Sane person does. I'm beginning to think due to your habits that you're not quite all there. I'm guessing the chief has been ramming your skull into that headboard a little too hard."

"Not that hard." Another facepalm from Anna.

"And you can't even tell when I'm insulting you. How did you ever become an ambassador? Are their standards that low?"

"Nah, I can just present myself that well. Not to mention, everybody likes bears." A blank look from her. "See, that one was a joke. Your sense of humor is just as bad as mine."

"Hardly. We just don't have many bears here, let alone a fondness for them."

"The joke was actually how I present myself." A moment of silence and she started chuckling a bit.

"Idiot fits." A smirk from the white one. "Are you actually going to give me a real answer, Bartan?"

"Who says I need one?"

"I do." A light shrug from those furred shoulders. "People don't just do things without some alternative motive. So why?" Just another shrug. "Is it because of my fame? My position? You got someone who needs my help?"

"Nope."

"Money? Bribery?" A head shake from the white one. "It better not be pity." The female growled.

"Nope."

"Have you been stalking me?"

"Not really."

"-Then **What!?**" Anna roared loudly. "First your damn blood, not hardly caring what I was using it for!"

"I know what you were using it for, you told me."

"Then the Cancer cure! The Trial! Now I'm in your damn home, eating your food and drinking your expensive champagne, and you don't seem to care why!"

"I know why." A snarl from the female at the response. "The Force totaled your place. Not to mention, you were probably there all week." A grumble that time. "You don't want to return to that place, and running out into the woods is probably not going to look good in your current image."

"Yet, breaking and entering does?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, I invited you in." A bit of a smirk only irritated her further. Forcing her to just stop and take a breath. Then a drink. And a second one.

"As much as I hate to admit it, I just can't read *Idiot*." A chuckle from the bear. "Some argue that it's simplistic, but I argue it's secretly complicated."

"And that bothers you?"

"No, I'm only pissed that they had raspberry flavor." She grumbled, lightly tapping at the frozen yogurt. "I'm actually serious, I wanted cherry."

"I'm not a fan of raspberry either. More of a vanilla, myself."

"Yet, you're far from Black and White, aren't you?" Another heated exhale from her, and some silence.

"...I like you." A sharp glare from those green eyes. "Is that enough of a reason?"

"You barely know me."

"Is that it? Or is it that you barely know me?" A growl from her. "You're assuming I'm like everyone else, and it's bothering you that I'm not following that pattern." Another growl. "Truth be told, we're a lot alike. We don't like being around a lot of people, due to the bitter nature we've grown up with. Granted, yours might be more towards your dragon kin, whereas mine is mostly towards humans. I probably look like I'm enjoying myself a lot more here because of that, but if that scenario switched places, so would we." A breath from Bartan. "I actually wonder if you would be the one saving me from a confined fate then."

"That doesn't explain why. A lot of people are bitter, that doesn't get them to nearly risk their lives for someone else if they were just in a different place."

"I wouldn't say 'nearly' but..."

"You were planning on your heroism granting you immunity in that courtroom, right?" A shy look away as a furred paw rubbed the back of his neck. "...You're an idiot."

"I wasn't really planning on anything."

"The *why* the hell do it!? Especially if...?" She trailed off. "Nobody likes me, bear. They like what I've done, and what I've accomplished. They care about my performance, not who I am as a person."

"And I should fit into those people, because everyone else does?" No response from her. "What about Maverick?"

"What do you mean?" She grumbled, almost piecing things together. "Did he...?"

"He didn't tell me anything, really."

"Then what? I'm easy to read?"

"Hardly." A frustrated growl from her, and Bartan looked out towards a painting. One of a forest. "...Why did you come back? From that vacation you took?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You know, the one that lasted about a week. It was your most 'Recent' one. You picked a random direction and just left. Spent several days just out in the wild, happy. Why return from that?"

"I've... Never told anyone about that."

"It was back before you knew about your cancer, so that didn't bring you back." A contained snarl from her. "You could've lived the rest of your life, away from the idiocy of others. Away from the stress and annoyances around you. Why return from what was basically a paradise?"

"I swear, if you don't start making sense, I will hit you with that refrigerator!" A sad smirk from

that white muzzle.

"...You told me, Anna."

"What?" The female curled her neck. "I never told you-"

"In a different timeline, you told me." Her head tilted with a slightly scoured look. "I've been here longer than a few weeks. Everytime I've been sent through the portal, everything resets back to the day I first arrived." Those brown eyes looked off into space. "I can't count how many times I've been through this, but this is the best result by far. Not the longest yet, but..."

"...And in one of these... 'Attempts' we...?"

"Got to know each other rather well. But the portal messed up, and I couldn't reach the other side for communication. Therefore-"

"No cure." A slightly sad nod, and she exhaled heavily. "Meaning..."

"It hurt to lose you. It hurt to lose a lot of you guys. But that's why I've been wanting to protect you."

"Here I was almost expecting you to tell me you're some sort of guardian angel, trying to save a scrooge in order to get its wings."

"Hardly. I'm not that supernatural." The bear half teased. "That's why I know so much about you, let alone how I know..." No response. "I swear you guys have been learning a little bit yourselves too."

"What do you mean?"

"It's weird... Unless I really piss you off, after that first date we had... You stopped working late."

"I always work late."

"Except the night Damion died." She went rather silent, as if to realize her own mortality for a moment.

"...That was supposed to be me, wasn't it?" A slow nod from Bartan.

"What stopped you from working?" Anna took a moment to think back, her face painted in uncertainty. "You never could explain it, unless I specifically suggested that you didn't work so hard."

"There's a reason why, you know-"

"I do. Believe me, I know there was a reason why." Those green eyes trailed off for a moment. "But now there isn't, yes?" A look at him. "Your kind now has a treatment. You don't have to work so hard anymore, so what will you do now, Anna?" When he got no response, he sighed. "I'm exhausted. Want to turn in?"

"What?"

"I don't expect you to go back to your home, not at this hour, nor when it's in that state. You're welcome to stay in my messy apartment, if you like." A casual shrug from those furry shoulders as he left the room. "Just put the yogurt in the fridge, I detest the smell of it spoiled." A quick lightswitch revealed the horribly messy room. "Oh, this is going to be a lot of fun to clean up." He grumbled, even getting the runner to chuckle from the other room.

"I'll say. That's why I hire a maid."

"I had one, but she tossed me out and nearly threw a bookcase at my head."

"Judging from this mess, I think you deserved it."

"I can't deny the truth. I'd probably do the same if I were in her shoes."

"...Shoes?"

"Footwear." Anna grumbled at that idea, placing a paw over her eyes.

"Is your species so fussy that they actually wear clothing on your feet at all times?"

"See, you kept doing that before as well." The bear grumbled, throwing his shirt and pants off in the corner. Nearly getting the dragon to double take as he climbed into the blankets. "You keep referring me as human, but I'm not."

"What are you then?"

"Complicated, that's what." He teased, inviting Anna into the bed. "It's the clean side."

"I can't imagine there is a clean side to this."

"Well, clean-er. You can just take a shower in the morning, that's what I do."

"It must do wonders to your coat." She grumbled, looking back at the living room for a moment and pondering if the couches there were more comfortable to sleep in than a broken bed. But in the end, the runner sighed. Turning off the light and taking Bartan's offer, not expecting the furry creature to almost cuddle towards her. "No getting ideas yet, bear."

"No worries. Just helping you relax." He mumbled a bit while yawning. Those paws softly stroking her sides, but only upper half. "If you want something more, you'll take it. That's how you always were."

A quiet exhale from her. "...You really do know me, don't you?"

"We made a great couple, in a way." A bit of a grumble from her. "You never liked that word, always thought it was too-"

"Corny."

"Yep."

"I know myself too, bear." A chuckle from him.

"Indeed. You always know what you want. Yet, you're still stuck thinking about the future." Another exhale. "I get it. You fought so hard to have one given to you, yet you were also forced to accept that maybe you'll never have one. Deep down, you actually did accept that reality a lot sooner than you planned, but that didn't stop you from fighting it." One of her paws touched his white one, stopping for a moment before continuing its work. "Even then, you just couldn't find yourself a purpose that you liked. Cure cancer, or even just study it. But that never seemed to have a specific goal or finish line to it. And you hated those types."

"Bartan..."

"To be honest, Anna, you're the opposite of me when it comes to that. I could never understand the ability to forge a goal. I just didn't know how to do so. If it's morally clear... Save the dragons from the humans, the meteor... Maybe save them from themselves. Catch a serial killer, get laid." A chuckle at that last one. "Some of them are just more second nature than goals. A goal should be against nature, not something you should progressively move towards without even thinking. If my goal was; Clean This Place Up Tomorrow, that's not really..."

"And it doesn't feel like one, either." The female continued for him. "Looking back, it seemed so easy to just pick something, thinking I was invincible towards it. Now..." A breath from her, and the bear nuzzled at her neck.

"You don't have to decide right now anyway. I think we should just rest tonight regardless."

"...A good start would actually be to figure out how that Cure works, so we could replicate it."

"I can teach you how, no worries. Brain just doesn't want to work tonight." A faint nod from Anna, finally feeling exhausted enough to just rest her eyes for a few moments. Dropping her guard for the night and finally sleeping in the arms of someone after so long.

A sharp ring shocked the bear awake, identifying the telephone and grumbling awake. Mumbling incoherent words until he got to the device and picked up. Giving off a loud yawn and attempting to say Hello, but not really succeeding. "Mawlloue?"

"What?" A sleepy noise in question from the white one. "Nevermind. I was just calling to check up on you, bear."

"Oh, Bryce... Everybody relax, it's just Bryce." Another faint mumble.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Nnnope. What time is it?"

"Noon."

"That's nice." A chuckle from the other side. "How's Brycey?"

"I'm fine, bear. I was just worried about you. At least Sebastian lead you home, but he told me someone else was in the apartment with you."

"Yep."

"You seduced them, didn't you?"

"Maybe, I don't really remember. They're in the bed with me in any case, so it's a good chance of it." Another chuckle.

"Alright, as long as your safe then, Bartan. I'll see you tonight?"

"Sure... You need to have a talk with Sebastian though."

"Why?"

"Because you're going to make it awkward if you don't." A faint whimper, now realizing what the furred one meant. "Don't make me play the tail card."

"Your tail doesn't hurt me though."

"I mean, no tail until you talk to him about it-"

"Bearrrr." A grumble from inside the phone.

"Bryyyyyce." A growl that time. "I'm only doing it because I love you, and I like Sebby. And you should like Sebby..."

A sigh from the drake. "Alright, alright. I'll talk to him."

"Everyone should like Sebby."

"You feeling okay?"

"M'yeah, I'm fine. Just tired."

"You've been sleeping a lot these past couple of days."

"I'm fine, just... Hibernating."

"Bears do that?"

"Bears are known for hibernation." Bartan mumbled, instinctively sliding his tongue down the

lower end of the receiver.

"...Did you just lick the phone?"

"That's how much I love you." A bit of laughter. "And miss you. Get off of work already."

"Your tail misses me. I know." A noise in confirmation. "I'll see you in a few hours, Bartan. Stay alive until then." Another noise, as the bear turned around and started looking towards his bedroom, tripping over some clothes and knocking the phone off the table.

"I should clean."

"Yes." Another laugh. "Yes you should. I love you too." He hung up, and Bartan soon after. Leaving the phone on the floor to be picked up later and just returning to the bedroom. Tripping again over some blankets and hitting the floor with a padded oomph.

"...I get it, Apartment. You're messy. I'm working on it." The white one grumbled, at least this time more awake. Hearing a bit of a chuckle and stretch from Anna. "Morning."

"It's after noon."

"It's morning somewhere in the world."

"And in this part of the world, it's noon." She playfully tossed her snout. "Deal with it."

"Will do, Mistress." A loud chuckle from her.

"I like that. Mistress." She smirked, watching the bear walk into the bathroom, but leave the door opened. Almost inviting the runner inside to join him, as the water started turning on. It was a strange feeling to her, almost this natural attraction towards the bear like the tales he claimed last night. About them being together, how it hurt to lose her. How he seemed to know how to stroke her the right way last night, and not try anything provocative. Let alone, speak to her how she liked.

Normally, Anna would pick up as being manipulated by someone, but this felt different. This felt... Right. Just like that night Damien was murdered, it just felt natural to return home early. Something she couldn't complain, but definitely did not regret. Once again, she accepted those feelings. Getting up from the broken bed and carefully walking into the shower.

It was strange to see him, a much smaller creature in the middle of a huge shower. Let alone watch someone else do it, not even concerned about other eyes around them. Even greeting those green circles with a smile. "The water's nice and warm, just the way you like it." There it was again, somehow the bear just knew her. Yet, the dragon almost felt like she knew him as well, like any event in his past life was right at the edge of her tongue.

But Anna took it, claiming that road of trust and accepting the companionship of another for now. Even for one afternoon, she would do it. Walking inside the glass cage and picking up a scent of steam and cherry scented soap, making her smile a bit. Almost mistaking this for a dream, if it wasn't for

a strange package that her eyes caught hold of. One that got her biologist side curious. "Does it... Always look like that?"

"Hmm?" He double taked, following her eyes and chuckling. "Until it comes out, yes. And don't call it a human package, unless you want me to start ranting how bland and boring they are." He offered a paw and she accepted it. Stepping into the hot rain, proving it wasn't a dream. Sheltering her nostrils with the other paw for a moment while giving the dragon a smile. "Just let it take over you." A deep breath from her, and those green eyes closed.

After a few moments, those paws slowly stepped back. Getting her attention of him walking towards the corner and getting a used bar of soap. "Really?" Anna tossed her muzzle. "You don't have any fresh ones lying around?"

"So much fuss." He teased the runner. "It's the only one left, and I've been saving it for someone special anyway."

"I feel so loved." She grumbled, but not stepping away from the red bar. "You realize these are made from bacon fat."

"Yep." Bartan answered rather quickly, then smirked a bit slyly. "And I'm going to wash you with it."

"Just like a servant." She grinned just the same, almost blushing at the idea after he nodded. Starting with a few nuzzles against her neck and a couple of licks while that bar started working on the other side. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you have some ideas."

"Maybe." The wet furred one teased. "Maybe I've been planning this idea for a while."

"You sound so sure of it."

"Would you like me to ask for permission, Mistress?"

"No." Another sly smile. "I want you to beg for it." A snout toss from the bear as he started to get down on his knees.

"May I please, my Lady?" A gesture for her foot, and she chuckled. Offering it and feeling those lips brush its upper surface. Past the sharp grey claws as that bar of soap started with her ankle. Washing around the area, tickling the dragon as she nearly struggled to keep balanced. Especially when it got to the pads. Nearly growling when she realized Bartan was just teasing her after a bit.

"Careful servant. You might get hurt if persist on pestering."

"I apologize my lady. It's just been ages since such areas were cleaned." He followed through their little act. Gesturing for the other paw and seeing her blush as the water dripped down her body. Going through the same motions, but this time using that bear's head to help balance. Nearly getting the female to purr as that red bar started sliding upwards, scouting her haunch in large circles.

Eventually freeing that other hind paw from the white forest.

The red bar slid across her front leg a bit before venturing towards the back, nearly asking the dragon to present herself towards the kneeling bear. Instead just teasing him by moving very slowly, making sure that paw was doing its work around her hamstring and inner thigh before getting that rewarding view. Granted, only a glance as her tail moved in the way, getting a playful growl from the white one. Feeling that bar scout over it and letting Anna release a heated breath.

Going for another circle around, the runner took a step back and leaned forward. Pressing those lower lips into the bear's snout, and giving him a bit of soap over that muzzle. Another playful growl made her smirk, until that tongue separated those lips. Not caring about the terrible sharp taste of cleaning bubbles, and almost catching her off guard.

Within moments, she was caught into a trance. From one paw stroking her washed side, the other cleaning its opposite, and that red appendage playing with her sex a bit, the female was trapped. Nearly getting every feeling amplified, from the very brushes of that fur, to the very droplets that showered over her back. Trailing around her tail and touching her other slit a bit as well. Soon almost wanting a break to catch her willpower once again.

But that muzzle didn't stop while the white paws continued their work. Constantly lapping and circling around her haunches. Groping that thick tail a bit to wash it of such substances that they spent the night in. Almost being able to taste it from those lower lips a bit, possibly from the blankets themselves.

As that tongue went deeper, it broke her vocal containment. Getting the dragon to gasp loudly as it brushed inside of her. Such instincts demanding more and more of it, getting the runner to step back and a trip a bit. Pushing the bear on his back as she fell on top of him, that muzzle almost deeper into that sex and grinding over it. Those paws eventually giving up the act and just massaging her lower end.

For several minutes, Anna was too paralyzed with bliss to move. Enthralled by that tongue so much that she started whimpering into the shower, complimenting its work. Not embarrassed by such a thing until it slowed down, allowing the dragon to get up a bit. Then spy another red piece of equipment that was just near her.

Two could play at this game. Still playing along for a bit more to lower Bartan's guard a bit, feeling him reach for the soap once again, she took her chance. Snatching at his lower weapon with her maw and tongue and hear him hiss loudly at its sudden playful attack. Currently pinned down by the female and almost helpless against it. "Easy-! Easy! It's not a chewtoy!" He grumbled, unable to see her sly smile.

Regardless of the bear's warnings, she gnawed on the fleshy red tower a bit. Not enough to pierce it, but dangerously close to it. Letting it leak out squirts of something rather sweet and getting Anna to stop to make sure she didn't actually wound the bear. Only to find a strange orange liquid leak

out of the tip, then gaze at Bartan in question. Hearing him take a deep breath while almost tossing his muzzle. "Yes, that's normal for me. No, it's not normal for my kind, nor for humans. And yes, that is what you think it is. It's safe to ingest and milk, and it won't do anything strange to you."

"Strange how?"

"What did you come up with...? Pregnancy, in both males and females. Types of transformations, both very minor to major. Though it can be used for cooking."

"Good to know." A chuckle from the white one.

"Yes, you've tried it before. Didn't turn out half bad, but you're not the best when it comes to cooking to begin with."

"You don't need to tell me that." She snorted.

"Though there was a few times you wanted it on your yogurt. Ended up taking me into a public bathroom to get a glaze of that."

"Something I'll keep in mind the next time we're out." A bit of a grumble from the male when that weapon was fully stroked. "You should consider selling this product then-"

"That was another one. Someone eventually tested it and we didn't get the business off the ground-" Another whimper.

"That's too bad." A few more strokes and a couple of studies on that furry bag. Getting him to whimper loudly when she gave them a half hard squeeze. "Feels like liquids, I'm guessing...?"

"Yep. And they're sensitive."

"I can hear that." A couple more playful squeezes and the bear hissed at her. "I suppose we shouldn't torment such a strange gift." Another few licks and she started drawing out the liquids inside, getting the furred one to sing loudly throughout the apartment. Nearly thrusting into that dangerous muzzle out of instinct and feeding her such juices.

It was definitely an interesting taste, something she swore felt so familiar. Alternating between teasing the known ridge design, that pouch, and the interesting sheath with her tongue. The substance seemed to be climbing in constant streams the more she fiddled with these areas. That was, until she pressed that bag into the bear's body a bit, allowing a single claw to brush the space between that and his tailhole. Getting a loud howl and an impressively heavy squirt of orange that surprised the runner.

Immediately stopping and allowing Bartan to catch his breath. Looking over the weapon once again, it's canine shape still pulsing and leaking out such juices. Another sly smirk from her, as the dragon overlooked the bear. "Done already? How disappointing."

"Compared to dragons, maybe. But I'm not done."

"Is that so?" A moment of study. "I suppose it would be a good time to try something a little different, then." Anna got up, helping the furred one off the floor before nearly shoving him into a wall. Pinning him against it, and giving him a rough kiss. One that just felt... Right. Normal. Like Deja vu that she longed for, even if she couldn't recall the source. Lapping and nearly biting that red appendage, as it painted the roof of her mouth. Tickling spots that only a certain grey dragon knew of.

A sneaky furred paw cupped under her, pressing a couple of fingers into those slightly puffed lower lips. Getting her slightly submissive and raising one of her hind legs up on a close shelf. Nearly pulling the bear's mid-section towards it and feel that tip rub against the folds. Using the fingers as a guide and prodding her sex a few times. Taking out such frustrations with another rough kiss. "I swear, I will squeeze those balls of yours until they burst if you don't stop teasing me." She growled, getting Bartan to almost laugh.

But the warning was enough, lining up the weapon once more and pressing it's spineful tip into that tunnel. Getting her to gasp loudly and grip it from below with those lips. Picking out every spine that flowed normally from its form. A duet of rows against her far half, and one towards her front. Then the folds of flesh around the bottom, throwing thick waves of pleasure through the bear with every touch. Overstimulating them when she took a firm grip on them, feeling that weapon release stream after stream. Nearly pushing him to the edge, but stopping just before that point of no return. Letting the waves die down a bit before starting again. "Careful, you..." He almost growled.

"Too much for you?"

"It might be more than you're used to." A playful scoff from the female as she rolled those green eyes.

"Please, if you've seen how much Maverick released-"

"I have actually." Anna curled her neck at him. "That's what I'm comparing it to."

"And I thought I had an Ego." A thick kiss from her.

"More like just warning you-" He gasped sharply as she started again. Sliding that red tool in and out of her lower area, letting those sprays leak out as such a weapon pulsed. So enthralled with the motions, the dragon barely noticed it was growing to fit her sex. Feeling those spines almost thicken up as they scraped up and down her sides. Getting desperate to just release its gathered seed into the fertile grounds, even if she wasn't in season.

But the runner persisted on teasing and tormenting the equipment. Eventually getting the bear to just growl at her out of instinct. "Enjoying yourself?"

"You could say I miss this, to some degree. Just don't push this for another eight hours." A double take from her.

"Seriously?" A series of sharp nods.

"What can I say? You were curious to see how much it could go on for. Since Mav only stuck with the trial for an hour or so-" A large whimper interrupted Bartan, as a thick spray leaked out of her. Actually getting the female's attention that maybe he wasn't bluffing. "So... Yeah... Careful."

"And this is normal for you?" A quick nod as he took a few breaths to just stop himself from fully releasing. "How?"

"Long story. One more complex than portals and multiple timelines."

"Then shorten it." A bit of a grumble from him, whimpering when Anna squeezed him until the bear hissed. Once again, getting very close to the edge. "I can do this all day."

"I swear I just told you that." Another deep breath. "Okay, short version. I tended a Holiday party last year and got myself involved in 'Sex Shuffle'."

"A what?"

"Think a series of blind dates, but instead of dating, it's sessions in a giant mansion. The host of said home was... Abnormal, and able to change certain things for amusement."

"We'll get back to that." A snout toss from the bear and she chuckled.

"Fair enough. But since my package then was a bit underwhelming for most of the guests, he basically gave me a mimic of his own. Lower in power or scale, but-" A heated breath as the base of his weapon started to thicken up. "Along with its surprises."

"Surprises?" Those frilled ears perked, then she felt it. A thick pulse of girth just inside her lower lips.

"Last call, if you think you can take it." That over-confidence nearly made her growl a bit. But she somehow knew he wasn't bluffing. Before the knot could lock into her, she pulled it out after a bit of struggling. Resting on top of it regardless, and feel as it continued to grow. "Good choice."

"What exactly would've happened if I decided to-?"

"Use your imagination." A noise in question as one of her paws reached down to study how big it got. Stroking the ridges accidentally and getting a harsh whimper from Bartan. His breaths increased to rapids inhaled as a steady stream was felt going inside her tunnel. That weapon pulsing once again as the first thick torrent launched far into her sex. Almost instantly filling it and putting a thick pressure into her lower belly. Especially when the second one came out, nearly forcing the dragon to dismount the tool and feel it just spray under her tail and between them as it arched up from the reflexes. Coating the ceilings of the shower with a transparent orange fluid.

The bear pressed against the wall harshly as the sprays continued to Anna's amazement. Almost constant ropes that seemed almost impossible to be coming out of a smaller package, let alone over the course of nearly a minute before starting to slow down. Flooding the shower floor around their feet

towards the end before the bear's legs started to give out. Sliding down the wall to sit on the floor and just breathe. Making a lazy gesture towards the mess. "*Imagination*."

"I don't think it's physically possible to take that much."

"At least this time you took my warnings." A bit of a surprised whimper from her. "You lived... It never actually harms anyone, aside from a sting if they can't take it." Those green eyes never let off their look of disbelief. "*Abnormal* is an understatement. He had a series of kinks that I don't exploit unless someone really wants to. Let alone, for their first time. Hence the *toning it down*." A gesture to his package. "And it's still leaking, without any influence to carry on. See why I warn people?"

"But only about teasing, right?"

"Edging, yes. Even just normal sex is a little more than normal, but nothing drastic like this. Honestly, it's just a little less than someone like Maverick releases. I mean, it's a lot for someone of my size, but." A paw to invite her down, and she took it. Actually cuddling up to him as the shower did its work. "Granted, if this much is ever released, it tends to clean itself off after a while. So, there isn't much of a mess. Maybe something broken or a wall taken out-" She chuckled loudly at him.

"Yet, no harm from the receiver, whatsoever?"

"Nope. Not what I've seen."

"So how many times have you done this to people here?"

"In this timeline? None. Past... A few times. One specifically really enjoyed it after a while, but I won't say who." A playful shove from the female to get it out of him, but he refused. "I don't want to hurt their feelings, so I'm leaving it as that. Regardless, they wouldn't remember it anyway."

"I'm not so sure about that." A noise in question from Bartan. "I feel like I've been remembering things lately... Times spent with you, like blurry memories."

"It did seem easier and easier to convince others to bed them."

"Slut."

"I'm not going to argue that. I've even been considering opening a brothel around here." A loud laugh from Anna. "I'm serious, I'm thinking people would pay good money for such services. Maybe even put this town on the map." A large snout toss from her as she shoved him.

"Maybe you can even show them your trick, if they so please."

"I'm not sure about that. I mean, I could, but then I might have to incorporate other fetishes." The runner just shook her head. "Well, I guess we should get to cleaning."

"We?"

"Yep." Bartan met her rather serious gaze. "You are going to help me, right? For letting you stay here?"

"Nah, I'm just going to watch you do it." A large snout toss from the bear. "Be a good little servant and run along. And no clothes either. I wish this of you." He sighed at her.

"Yes Mistress."

"Good boy." Anna grinned, watching him start with the shower and bathroom. Not that any of Bartan's clothes were clean by now anyway. Besides...

Bryce would probably want the bear stripped regardless.