

Somewhere Out There - Dance With You

By Bartan Tirix

The evenings seemed to be getting more and more impatient every day, pulling the sun towards the horizon a little sooner. As if eager to bring night a little longer and court the incoming winter. Making the darker sky feel much later than it actually was. Regardless, the dragon was done with work for today. So tired of paperwork and feeling restless, he got up and left the large office. Barely getting a glimpse of his grey self through the reflections of various metal objects. Warping his image with its curves, making him look rather odd and snorting at the childishness of it. Maybe if he were in his youth, he would find the look of such things silly, but at the moment, he was just tired.

But that was his fault in a way. Insomnia was just setting in, as if he couldn't really calm down after the sudden abduction of the bear. His brain still working constantly as if the mystery wasn't closed, trying to understand what the furred one explained. Nearly envying the librarian and that smaller purple one as they seemed to follow such a story so easily. The wyrm was street smart, yes, but when it came to this spacey stuff he was about the same level as others expected Bryce to be.

Regardless of how much he coaxed himself that the event was over, that the Outsider was safe in their protection once again, Maverick still couldn't settle at night. Constantly up like he needed to figure something out, that he needed to understand. Hour after hour, he would lay in bed, switch positions, until he eventually passed out on his couch. Two hours before he needed to come to work, and out of all the things the flyer was capable of; he was to fill out paperwork. The part of his job he resented the most, and it was the same thing. Day in, day out. The only bit of excitement is when Bartan and the chief were not seen the day after, only for the grey one to find them in Bryce's home. Lying in bed safely, sleeping with the drake holding onto that furball for dear life.

It was a sad sight for the wyrm in a way, to see his close friend so shaken. Never even expected Bryce to act like this towards someone, and it somehow ached the grey one's heart a little. To see someone so strong be nearly broken down by the sheer disappearance of one person. Like the earth dragon thrived on the bear's support to help him through the recent murders... And Maverick wanted that.

The thought still got to him as he took to the skies and returned home, letting Bartan's words echo in his head over and over. "You find something. Something worth living for. But don't live for the dead." It was much easier said than done, something that really reflected in the wyrm's apartment. Barely any decorations or pictures set up. A lack of hobbies or interests to be seen acrossed the spacious shelves, only occupied by a few lights. What little pictures there were, set facing down when he couldn't look at his late brother in the eyes anymore. When he couldn't consider his time with Anna a happy moment any longer.

But maybe that last one would change. They've both been so busy with work again that they've never been able to talk again since the bear went missing. Maybe he made it awkward, maybe she decided against it. Maverick just couldn't tell, let alone read relationships well. Regardless, he made his way to the kitchen and heated up some leftovers. Trying to think of the last time he felt happy or comfortable. When really, it was recent... Ish.

Yet, that always brought almost a lingering guilt and embarrassment. Especially how the others reacted when they found out, nearly blushing at the thought of it. He kept telling himself that it was nothing to be shy of, that he literally did more with nearly everyone else that was searching for him. Maybe it wasn't about the fact that he got stroked off by the bear, but more that Maverick actually agreed to have a session in the first place. It was honestly difficult to tell, and didn't really help the dragon's place. At least they weren't holding it against him.

However, once again it was happening. After eating, he would lay in bed and just toss and turn as the sun set. Doing everything from shifting the pillows and blankets around, trying a different area of the bed, even just getting up and tending to possible other needs: thirst, restroom, opening a window to let the cool air in. Yet, nothing was working. Getting back up to try sleeping on the couch again, all he could do was stare at it in the darkness. He didn't want to sleep, it looked far from comfortable. And that grey body that barely reflected in the TV screen; it was restless. Longing for something...

With a deep breath, he let his free will guide him. Walking out the door, and locking it behind him before taking to the dark skies once again. Almost patrolling the night as he looked over the area. Not a single bit of movement, let alone a breeze to make the trees dance. He felt like the only one up in the entire world, having the evening sky to himself. But that wasn't comforting, it wasn't what he wanted.

Yet, a small shadow walking the road caught his attention. Immediately diving down and landing a bit heavily a ways in front of it and meeting up with the creature, catching who it was almost instantly. "We have a curfew for a reason." Maverick snorted at the furred one.

"I know, but my client wanted to schedule a bit late. I guess it lasted longer than expected." The dragon grumbled a bit in response as the bear walked up to him. "What are you doing out? Working on your time off again?" That actually almost stunned the wyrm for a moment, making him feel a little shy.

"N-no. I wasn't..." A pet on the side of his neck. "I wasn't working, bear. I was just..."

"You can tell me Mav, it's alright." Those dark red eyes studied Bartan for a few moments then exhaled.

"I've been having trouble sleeping. Honestly, since you..."

"Vanished?" Half a shrug from those wings, but the wyrm nodded faintly. "Is insomnia normal for you?"

"...Yes. Yes it is." A deep breath as he turned about. "I'll walk you home, just in case."

"Alright, thank you. My eyes aren't as good in the dark as yours probably are." A noise in response as he felt those paws stroke his side a bit. "When was the last time you got a good sleep?"

"...A few days after our... Time together."

"I see." The grey one looked at the bear, wanting to ask him but couldn't quite get the words out. "Right, you did want another session, didn't you?" A shy nod. "No need to be ashamed about it, Maverick."

"You say that, but you didn't see their reaction when the others found out."

"Found out?" A grumble from the dragon. "How exactly? I didn't tell them."

"N-no, I wasn't blaming..." A deep breath from the wyrm. "They just... Discovered it."

"And they were surprised?" A shrug. "There's nothing wrong with that. It just makes you look more humane, that's how I see it."

"I suppose I have a reputation for not being." A long exhale through his muzzle, thinking back to his empty apartment. "Bear."

"Hmm?"

"How do you do it?"

"Talent, and a lot of it." An odd look from the dragon. "How do I do what though?"

"...Find *something*." He slowed to a stop. "I've been trying, but I just don't know how."

"It's not easy to explain, to be honest. And I'm somewhat the same way." A look at the bear. "It's hard to identify what you like and what you don't. Sometimes it just comes to you. What are your hobbies?" A blank stare. "...You don't have any, do you?"

"You can... Kind of see why they were all surprised before." A chuckle from Bartan. "I know I liked... What you did. At least, until the end with the... Maw thing." A laugh that time.

"Yes, I know. Bryce doesn't like it either, but he's getting used to it."

"Then why do it?" Maverick almost growled.

"Because it's fun to. Not to mention, it's good to have something a little bad with the good." A noise in question. "If you constantly have just the good, the novelty is going to wear off. You won't enjoy it as much, and grow not to appreciate it. Having the bad in there keeps it going a little longer." A long stare in silence.

"That makes no sense." A chuckle from the bear. "And it sounds like an excuse."

"Maybe it is one." A playful tap on the dragon. "Speaking of which... I'm booked for the next few

days. I barely have time for Bryce, even had to kinda blow him off today." A bit of a frown from the wyrm. "I might be getting some other employees though, if they're willing to accept the job. So it'll be easier to find a Companion." That shy look again. "I know, you don't like the idea of anyone else doing it, but it might be worth looking into."

"I don't know..." Another paw, this time against his chin. Guiding him to look into those brown discs.

"But I promised you, and it was my fault I forgot."

"You were in a jail cell. Not like you could schedule it there." Maverick snorted.

"I know, but it still doesn't change the fact that I should've done it. It's a bit late already, but if you want a quick one, I can do it now." A bit of a worried look. "It might be what's causing the sleepless nights."

"You think so?"

"Possible. Whereas you have no other way of tending to yourself, yes?" An embarrassed grumble that time, nearly morphing into a growl. "Bryce admitted to having toys to help him, nothing wrong with asking-"

"And I'm not getting that image out of my head for a while." The grey one tossed his snout as the bear chuckled. Seeing some large trees nearby and gesturing towards it. A deep breath, and the dragon nodded. "Fine. I'll try it."

"Free of charge, at that." The white one lead the way inside, getting those scales to almost rise as the large one scouted the small area and deemed it safe. Nearly getting excited and his heart to flutter at what to expect. "I shouldn't get too messy, so how about a quick pawjob?"

"Pawjob being... Just hands?" A nod from the furred one. "That's... Fine."

"It should do you until I get an official opening." The dragon nodded in agreement, then almost yelped as that white muzzle came closer to his own. Touching lips gently while stroking the grey underjaw. Letting that red appendage greet his own pink one with a soft few licks and coax Maverick to participate. Nearly being able to feel the wyrm's pulse through his tongue as it hammered in his chest. Taking his time to slowly lap at it and eventually make out a strange, almost slimy texture.

"That's what I think it is, isn't it?" It was barely a question, more of a growl.

"It is." Bartan chuckled, not interrupting his work and surprised the dragon was continuing as well.

"Just don't tell me who. I really don't want to know."

"It's fine, it's only mine."

"What did I just say?" A grumble from Maverick, as they continued. Feeling his lower horn peek out of his slit and slowly grow with the movements. "...It feels like syrup."

"It tastes like oranges."

"Like what?"

"It's a fruit. Basically like it's juice."

"You literally release fruit juice, am I understanding this correctly?" Another rhetorical question that got the bear to laugh. Making the grey one playfully growl as he pressed his tongue deeper into that muzzle. Then soon gently wrestle the white one onto the ground and nearly pin him down. That fleshy weapon soon ready and almost wanting to drive it into the Outsider. However, the line had to stop somewhere. Maverick would have his opportunity to shaft the furball during his session.

Breaking the kiss after a few moments, the wyrm took a few steps ahead and displayed that fleshy tool towards Bartan. Feeling that tongue greet it with several soft licks as those paws went to work. Softly stroking the spiny weapon as the dragon carefully sat down on top of his belly, one that almost felt a little... Cushiony? Still, it was all part of the way the bear did things. In the end, the touch alone was worth it. Making out nearly every fiber brushing across his length as that tongue worked on his flare and tip. Rubbing inbetween the soft thorns and banishing the breath from his plated chest.

It was almost no time at all when pre started to leak from that tip, soon getting caught in the soft storm that was that red appendage. Spread across that tip like a warm sandwich topping as that muzzle kissed it. Getting a soft draw for more that made the dragon purr loudly, almost too loudly. Then nearly claw at the ground when a ridge was stroked, the soft brushing nearly amplified soon after the electric connection.

Several minutes passed as he struggled to keep quiet. Nearly resorting in taking a mouthful of grass to help muffle his vocals as those paws continued. His thick grey tail sweeping side to side, nearly trapped by the bear's legs and knees. The flow through the shaft growing more from the pleasant attention, leaking out the foggy liquids near constantly as those paws slid up and down faster. Every few strokes, they tagged some of the ridges and getting a heavy reaction out of Maverick.

As much fun as it was to play the dragon, it was getting late. Putting a bit more force into the upper half and more frequent visits to the ridges, it nearly sent the grey one into spasms. Nearly leaking out a brook as white started painting the grass around the bear. Feeling him shift down lower a bit more to the point where that muzzle couldn't reach the tip anylonger and just focused on the folds of flesh instead. Those hind legs stressed and tensed, raking the ground under them. The second half of his tail slammed the ground a few times as his shaft thicken up. Whimpering rapidly as those wings spread widely and his back arched, sticking that thick chest out before spraying the plantlife before him with a heavy torrent. Painting the area white with thick streaks that were nearly ropes of jelly. The force alone made him press and sit on the bear harder as the seed launched through that weapon.

Yet, those paws did nothing but assist until the dragon was overstimulated. Those breaths

slowing down with the paw speed, and his muscles relaxing enough to finally gain control again. Rising up and moving backwards to overlook the polar bear for a moment and sighing. Kissing him soon after, regardless of knowing what was just recently in his maw and feeling that thicker slime that scrunched his grey muzzle. Almost growling at it, as Bartan painted the wyrm's mouth with it. Greeting the larger one with a smile as he caught his breath. "Thank you..."

"You're very welcome. For a moment there, I thought you were going to mount me." A bit of a whimper from Maverick.

"I... Wanted to, but..." Another smile and a soft kiss as those paws pet around his head and jaw.

"Next time then. You'll get to see how Bryce feels."

"I can only imagine he's branded you by now."

"A little." Bartan teased. "Let's head home, shall we?"

"...Alright."

The two walked close to the home and stood just outside of the property. "Thanks for the escort, Mav. Both me and Bryce appreciate it."

"Just... Don't tell him about..." A solid nod interrupted him.

"Don't worry, I may say I had a session with someone at most, but I always leave it vague." A faint nod and an unexpected hug from the bear nearly made the dragon uncomfortable. "You'll get used to the affection eventually, I know what it's like."

"If you say so." He half grumbled, taking a breath before holding the furred one back. Feeling the smaller one break it after a few taps on his shoulder, then give the wyrm a soft kiss.

"You're wonderful, Maverick." It nearly left those red eyes stunned as the bear sincerely smiled. "Always keep that in mind for me, will you?" No response aside from the slightly shocked look. "Good night." A small lick on his muzzle and the bear went inside. Unable to break free from the spell until several moments after he was out of sight. The words echoing in his head over and over, letting his heart almost flutter wildly everytime. Then a sudden realization that almost made it sink.

Still, it was something that could wait. With a deep breath the dragon took off to the sky once again, slightly foggy headed, but making it home easily. Unlocking the door and entering his den once again, just how he left it. Flopping down on the couch for a little bit and resting his eyes while trying to get comfortable. Not really wanting to go back to that empty bed for another night, yet after minutes of just fighting with the makeshift bed, the real one was calling him.

With a heavy grumble, he staggered up. Almost losing balance and feeling like he was floating. Seeing the shadow of something in his bed and nearly sending the short spines of his mane standing up

before turning on the light. Only to find the beige runner laying down acrossed it, slit slightly puffed and displaying a pink tip that his red eyes couldn't stop looking at. "About time you got home." A loud whimper was his only response to the runner as Sebastian got up. Taking off that cap slowly while walking the near hallway distance towards the grey wyrm, playfully shielding one of his amethyst eyes. "I've heard about your troubles, Mavericks..." He said, near seductively.

"W-...What?" A whimper as the runner put a paw on his plated chest, nearly getting muzzle to muzzle with him. Getting his scent, warm and wet, like he's been ready for a long time.

"You want someone, yes?" A soft lick across that grey muzzle. "We've both worked as Escorts for a while, Mavericks... I think we would make great *Escorts*, if you know what I mean. Like the bear is doing." All the wyrm could do was just whimper as his weapon grew between his hind legs. Slowly entering the light. "It's something I've always wanted to try. Won't you have me tonight, Mav?" Another few soft licks and he caught Sebastian's breaths in his own muzzle. Hot, damp, but satisfying. Enthralling the larger dragon to finally give into those instincts and latch onto that beige muzzle. That smaller tongue feeling more like wet cloth, not even getting a yelp from the runner as he pushed the raptor-like dragon onto the bed. Rubbing his fleshy tower against Sabastian's own, then letting it slide down a little further. Prodding the base of that tail little by little. Making the smaller one sing louder, louder, louder! Until-

A loud groan woke Maverick up, as well as the soreness in his lower area. Feeling a heavy amount of wetness under him as his current erect weapon throbbed between that grey belly and the cushions. His chest still in deep breaths as his maw was occupied by... A pillow? Soaking wet with his own saliva, and the couch now damp with...

The grey one grumbled loudly as he fought to get up. Now getting the scent of his alarm going off in his bedroom. Overlooking the mess with irritation, knowing how hard it was going to be to clean those teal cushions. Let alone how he was going to make it through the day feeling drowsy, remembering the last time Bryce seemed to do it. Still, it's been years since the wyrm had one of these 'accidents'. Why have one all of a sudden? And what exactly was he dreaming about that caused this?

A sudden few footsteps caught his attention, following it up to his door and hearing the bell ring through the apartment. Sighing and opening it a crack to see the beige runner, then it all came back to him at once. Making the dragon release a faint whimper and stand perfectly still at the sight of Sebastian. "Hey Mavericks. Thought I would catch you early to meet up at..." A moment of study, and those faded purple eyes got a little serious. "What's wrong?" It was barely a question, and it took a few moments for the grey one to answer.

"N-nothing."

"You sure?" A few moments of study, and those eyes trailed to the door, as if to look through it. "Is the bear here?"

"Bear?" An unimpressed look from the draconic raptor. "O-oh, Bartan. No. He's over at... Bryce's." That look from the smaller one didn't let up, finally bringing back the wyrm's natural attitude a bit. "I mean it. I escorted him home myself."

"What do you mean? Didn't you go straight home?"

"I..." A breath from the large one as he half looked away. "I couldn't sleep last night, ended up taking a flight and finding the bear walking alone. Apparently coming back from a client."

"I see." A moment of thought, but the runner believed him. "And you didn't hear anything?"

"Hear...?"

"We got a case. Apparently Sithers was robbed last night."

"Robbed? Who would rob a Crafts store?"

"Someone desperate and not expecting to be caught. I don't have all the details yet, just got the report and thought I would catch you before you reached the station. Was going to head to Bryce's as well and do the same, you were just closer."

"Yeah..." A bit of a sad look as those red eyes drifted off.

"Seriously, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, Sebastian. Just haven't slept well, is all." Another moment of study and the grey one grumbled a bit.

"Alright, alright. But you can tell me if you need to get something off your chest. I know you usually use Bryce for these type of things, but he's been occupied lately. I don't mind in the slightest, Mavericks."

"Yeah, yeah." The wyrm tossed his snout. "I'll meet you there." The two nodded and he closed the door, letting his head hang for a few moments and take a breath before tending to the mess he made. Finding what he could for breakfast and realizing how late it actually was, oversleeping his alarm from that dream. Starting to blush from the thought of it and as more details were recalled. Making the dragon whimper loudly after making sure he was alone to get out the embarrassment and just breath.

The flight helped the grey one to calm down and regain his composure, now finally able to concentrate on something else. Specifically; who would want to rob a simple store that was in the mini-mall? Overlooking the area from a high view, it was quite far away from anyone's earshot. Let alone away from any constant lights, yet there were far greater stores that more value. Still, it was something that would require investigation, and *anything* was better than another day of paperwork.

Anything.

Maverick landed in a rather spacious area, able to see the small store at the very corner of the train of buildings. One connected to another, all side by side and having separate exits. So, no way to get into one another through an inner doorway or backdoor. Some of the larger ones had loading docks, yes, but not this one. The only thing the wyrm could find was the ventilation system which was far too small for anyone specifically, and untampered with. He supposed if one could get past the gate and fan, a hatchling could fit through. Possibly that eastern violet dragon with the sphere from a couple of days ago, but not anything bigger. Even then, it was a risk. "See anything?"

The larger one turned about, seeing a blue dragon that was close to Lorem, but more about Remy's size. Taking a breath before looking over the outside walls again. "Nothing yet, Kalinth. It looks clean from the outside." A faint nod from her. "Did you take any statements?"

"Several. Nearly everything in the register was taken and slipped out without a single trace. Apparently Sithers runs the place with his mate, and they're the only ones who have the keys to it. Only two total, and they closed shop a day ago to host some event. Others were with them constantly, and have vouched."

"I suppose it wouldn't make sense for them to steal money from themselves." The grey one snorted, making her smile a bit. "And nothing else? No cameras inside?"

"Not during closing hours to save on power bills. Nothing on any of the other cameras around the mall either." A long exhale from that grey muzzle. "At least nobody was murdered this time."

"Yet." Maverick exhaled again, seeing the runner and earth dragon come around and get Kalinth's attention. "Go fill them in, I'm going to take a look inside and see what I can find."

"Alright." They parted ways and the larger wyrm glanced at the two dragons who were probably the owners, still staying on the outside talking to another officer. Getting the motion to check things out indoors from the female before entering. A bit crowded, but rather typical towards what you would expect of such a store. Plenty of supplies, mostly for artistry and hobbies. Dozens of DIY crafting kits, like making ships in bottles and painting tutorials. All things for those born with the dexterity to handle them, and the dragon was not on that list.

Still, nothing seemed stolen or out of place. Though, if it were Maverick himself looking to rob the place, hardly anything looked valuable. Not enough to easily resell, so the money was likely the only real thing stolen. Yet the question was: how? The register looked fine, until he pulled it out. Realizing the lock was a little off. Almost... Melted? Warped in some way that it could no longer latch onto the other half, yet it didn't look like it was forced or broken. Just... Remodeled. "Strange, isn't it?" Sebastian asked, nearly spooking the wyrm a bit from acrossed the counter and once again getting an odd look. "You look a little shaken."

"Just... Bad dream that felt a little real." The grey one nearly hated himself for using an excuse, and seeing that the runner didn't quite buy it. Still, it was enough to leave it alone. "But this is strange,

take a look." He moved out of the area to let the beige one take a close look.

"I'm not seeing anything. No signs of forced entry."

"That's because the lock is melted." A noise in question from the smaller one as he curled his neck. Looking down at it once again to give it a surprised look.

"How did I not notice that before...? Let alone, how...?"

"I'm not sure. It's too complex for just a bit of money."

"Test run maybe?"

"That still doesn't explain how they got inside in the first place." Maverick grumbled, moving against a bare wall to get a better view of most of the store. "Windows were sealed, no signs of forced entry from anywhere. This had to be an inside job."

"Yet that wouldn't make any sense. Unless someone lifted the keys to the place and walked in. But their keys should work on the register as well, unless they took the one key from the ring." A shrug from those grey wings.

"Maybe one of them isn't telling the truth."

"They are though." The wyrm grumbled at Sebastian's rather quick statement. "I can sense these things, Mavericks. Just like how you're struggling to compose yourself around me." A faint whimper from the grey one, and the runner sighed. "What did he say to you?"

"Say...?" An unimpressed look.

"The bear. You're acting like Bryce did after I interrupted them the first time." That blush invaded his scales as those purple eyes studied him. "It's definitely about that, so out with it. What did he suggest?"

"He didn't suggest anything, Seb." A few moments of study and the larger one half growled. "I mean it, he didn't say anything about you."

"Then what is it?" A look away as the beige one stepped closer. "Did you have a dream about me dying or something?"

"N-not dying, no..." A gesture to go on as Maverick took a deep breath. "Fine. I... Had a dream about you."

"And?"

"...It was... A wet..."

"Wet?" A whimper from the grey one as he covered his head with a wing. "...Oh... That explains the smell in your apartment." A loud whimper from the wyrm. "Hey, it happens to all of us once in a

while, big guy." A frustrated whimper that time. "...Usually when we're growing up, and rarely when we're-"

"You're not helping!" Even this was getting the beige one a little uncomfortable, but then his eyes caught something. Taking a step closer to examine the wall and they touched a bit. "Still not helping!"

"What? N-no, I wasn't trying..." A breath from Sebastian. "What is this? On the wall."

"Wall?" A step away to look with him, but not really seeing anything, until that light brown claw started tracing around strange lines into the stone. Nearly invisible, and reminding the dragon of a makeshift staircase; getting smaller as they got higher. "...Stairs?"

"This doesn't come out, does it?" The two studied it, but couldn't move anything. The stone was completely smooth, yet faint lines on the floor existed like it was dragged out. Getting them to look up towards the vent just above it. Maverick reached up and pulled the small metal gate up and took a look inside. "What do you see?"

"Nothing. Dark, but there's a little bit of light from the fan leading outside. Still, there's no way to enter or exit like this."

"But it's something to ask them about regardless." The runner started to leave, and the wyrm soon behind him, turning towards the back and taking a look at the fan closely once again. Mostly the frame, and seeing those same strange lines, this time down the gate like it was to open it outward like a window.

"Find something?" The dark brown dragon came around, getting a double take from the slightly larger dragon.

"Maybe, if not a supporting clue. This doesn't make sense though." A close look at the wall below it, but no lines could be seen like inside. "...Maybe an exit?"

"Hmm?" Bryce looked over at it, then the fan above. "What were you looking at?"

"These things are built as a whole, yes? Usually sheet by sheet before the fan is built in from behind." An eyebrow, then a grey claw to point out the split down the middle. "That isn't natural."

"What? Some damage to it?"

"That precise? Let alone not on anything else around?" A shrug from Bryce. "These lines are inside as well, just against the stone wall. And the metal lock on the register is... Altered somehow."

"Altered?"

"Take a look at it yourself, you'll see what I mean." A bit of a crossed look as Maverick took a breath. "I swear, it's just one strange mystery after another."

"So, meaning we need to call in Bartan again for it?" No response from the wyrm as he stared into space. "He's busy today, regardless. If it's too much to handle, I can request him-"

"We can do it without him, Bryce. He doesn't work for us." The grey one grumbled, then took a breath. "I swear they just can't be easy anymore, can they?"

"I feel the same way, buddy."

One last set of scribbles and the wyrm was done. Flopping his grey head on the desk and exhaling to a loud grumble at the tower of papers off to the side. At least they were getting smaller, but damn, he was so tired of looking at them. Then again, everyone was. And if it wasn't the tediousness of paperwork on his mind, it was that crime scene. Detesting the idea of being bested by someone like that, almost like they knew what this world's standards and limitations were. The only one able to help them was someone who could think outside their ways.

Another loud exhale as his red eyes shifted to the window, nearly seeing a cloud in the shape of his white head. Truth be told, he almost wanted to see that furball again, yet couldn't bring himself to admit it in front of Bryce. Perhaps that wasn't quite it then... The best way Maverick could describe it was like admiring a flame: you might like it's warmth and how it comforts you, but lately the dragon himself felt like he was getting too close to it. "Don't let it get to you."

A sudden jerk of his grey head sent the wyrm upward, almost in attack mode as the beige runner leaning against his doorframe. Exhaling at the runner's sneaking skills and nearly growling at that smirk. "Don't look so smug." Maverick snorted. "Any new leads?"

"Nothing. At the moment they're just counting it as a loss, but not a devastating one." The two almost sighed at that, nearly considering it a failure. "They're smart at least, only leaving a small portion in the register at a time, and taking the rest home in a safe or something. So whoever this master thief is, they didn't get away with much."

"But they still got away." The larger one grumbled, making Sebastian's muzzle a bit cross.

"He or she will make a mistake next time, and then we'll track them down." That wasn't a response the wyrm wanted to hear. "You were right though, about the vent."

"What do you mean?"

"I caught the thief's scent after a while. Very faint, but it was nowhere near the door, yet all through the that tunnel. That was their point of entry, so we know what to look out for next time."

"If there is one."

"There will be, considering how little this scoundrel got away with." The runner closed the door

after entering the room, getting the larger one's attention. "Let's talk, Mavericks."

"I thought that was what we were doing-"

"About your dream." A bit of a whimper, and the runner laid down on a small couch. "I've had my share of encounters with this already to know how awkward it can be, and if there's something that bear taught me it's that it is only awkward if you make it awkward."

"Or we can just drop it and never speak of it again-"

"Which doesn't solve the problem. Are you going to be able to look me in the eye next week? Stop whimpering if I get a little close?" Half a grumble from Maverick that time. "I've been through this with Bryce, Mavericks. And that furball is right, it's not good to just leave it alone and let it grow more and more awkward. So talk."

"...What do you want me to say?"

"Whatever's on your mind. What do you think caused it in the first place?" A long stare from those red eyes, almost as if to intimidate the smaller dragon, but it didn't work. Sighing again and looking out the window for a moment.

"...I had a meeting with Bartan a few weeks ago, back when his apartment was flooded with documents and before the meteor hit. He ended up calling me, because he was concerned."

"About what? His safety?" No response. "At that time I wasn't watching over him. I should've sent someone to-"

"He was concerned for me." A double take from the runner. "...Thought I was going crazy in that apartment. Alone, just out of the hospital... Murdering an innocent and nearly screwing our future over by taking my anger out on another..." A heavy breath from the grey one. "...He was right, Sebastian. I didn't want to taathing believe it, but that furball was right. I even started blaming him for the state we were in, wanting to just throw his white haunches through the damn portal and deal with this ourselves. No longer wanting help from that species, or anything to do with it anylonger."

"What happened?"

"We talked. I got to see the real him, I suppose. Weird how others tended to view those two as almost Godlike, yet he was so flawed. He told me of his hardships after he knew of mine, how much the bear hated that species he was forced to work with, and what he was planning to do afterward. I honestly didn't believe him at first. Thinking he was just saying things to get me to like him." A deep breath. "But he was telling the truth, yet I felt like he had some other motive-"

"To get under your tail." A faint whimper from Maverick at the runner's rather unimpressed remark. "That's Bartan for you, always thinking about the tail."

"Yeah... He offered, I refused. He... Accepted it. Almost surprisingly easily too. To the point

where I just didn't believe him, but..." A heavy breath. "He knew me. I hate to admit it, but he read me so right, and that made me furious at him. All because I couldn't read him... That's not right. I just didn't read what I **wanted** to read out of that furball. And he knew that."

"He isn't that hard to read, but we're so used to alternative motives being used, it's hard to take things at first glance."

"Yet, I couldn't accept that, Seb. So, for a few days I just paced through my apartment. Focusing on him and my recovery, but couldn't find anything. I thought over and over about what he said... And then I called him."

"So, this is when you sessionized?" A whimpering growl as the large one covered his eyes with a paw.

"Jumping to conclusions, aren't we!?" A chuckle from the runner, and the sigh of admission. "Fine. I asked him for help. He said that was the best way to do things, and..."

"Awwh, no details?"

"I swear I will hit you with this desk." Maverick grumbled. "But fine, I let him in... Made myself vulnerable towards that bear. And he told me that I need to search for *something*."

"Something?"

"...Something to live for. And I've been struggling to find that. I tried getting back together with Anna, but I have the feeling it won't work. After a while..."

"Go on." A loud swallow from the grey one.

"I... Wanted another one."

"Another...?" A grumble that time. "Ooooh."

"Yeah. And he's been rather busy lately, said he was unable to do much for the next few days. But last night... While escorting him home..."

"He gave you a quickie?" That caved in the wyrm, wrapping his wings around his head. "There, there."

"You're not making this easy, Seb." Maverick nearly growled, especially after the runner chuckled.

"I know, but I see where this is going. You want a booty call, is that it?" A loud whimper of epic proportions. "Fine. We get off at the same time today. My place or yours?"

"S-seriously!?"

"Unless I'm reading this conversation wrong, you're asking for help, yes?" A whimper in

response. "And you've been having trouble sleeping. We'll get some take-out and make it a night." No response. "I am serious, Mavericks. And the bear's already done this with me before, dragging me into a three-way. Is it a little awkward? Yes, but if you want help and can't get a, dare I say, professional..." A shrug from the beige one, as he got up. "I'll get some dinner and wait at my place. If you decide to come over for a session, I'll do what I can. If not, no hard feelings. Deal?" Again, no response, and the draconic raptor tossed his muzzle. Getting up and placing a paw on the back of that short spined neck, ignoring the awkward grunt that came with it. Sliding down to cup that grey muzzle and lift it gently out of its portable wall.

For a few moments, the two just stared into each other's eyes. Maverick unable to look away, let alone tell if this was a dream, as if he fell asleep during paperwork purgatory. Yet, that light brown muzzle inched towards him, and fluttered that shielded heart. Unable to stop it as those lips connected, sending a wave of energy through his large body and a thick shiver when those tongues locked for a few moments. Pulling out rather quickly all of a sudden and studying that spineful chin very closely. "No, I don't see anything here, Mavericks." An embarrassed, and almost puzzled look from those red eyes, then sudden movement towards the doorway. Swinging open and Kalinth entered. "I'm pretty sure you got it all, but I can get you a wet cloth if you need to."

"N-no. That's fine." His eyes still locked onto the female wyrm as she giggled a little bit. Now getting the 'attention' of the runner.

"Oh, Kalinth. I was just..."

"No need to explain yourself, I was just hoping..." A slight blush from the blue one as she cleared her throat. "H-hoping to find that Maverick was done his paperwork! And he is." A nod from Sebastian as he handed her the pile. "Sorry to interrupt." She giggled while exiting, leaving the two males in the room alone for a few awkward moments. At least for the larger one, until the beige one turned about once again and gave him a sudden smaller kiss.

"I believe we've, how Bartan would say, broken the ice. Yes?" Still a rather stunned look at the runner, as that paw stroked under his grey chin. Flossing between the small spikes gently as he stepped back. "You know where I'll be." And Sebastian left, leaving Maverick nearly paralyzed whether or not that actually just happened. To the point where he nibbled at his forearm to see if that would wake him up, but it only caused a faint warning of pain. He was definitely awake, but was he really willing to do this? (It's Only Awkward If You Make It Awkward.) The runner's voice echoed through his head over and over, putting a jolt of excitement in his chest and a density in his slit.

A deep breath, and he looked back outside the window, still being able to see part of that cloud that looked like the bear's muzzle. Was this really what he meant by Finding Something? He kept wondering if this was some big joke with everyone, and Sebastian was somehow in on it. Leading the dragon on and into the middle of some sort of stage where he could be laughed at by all the others. Making the grey one snort at the idea and nearly ache his heart at the idea of betrayal. That rookie was so damn hard to read, the wyrm couldn't tell if he was serious or not about the invitation. Yet, that kiss felt real. Not forced, not played or disgusted by such a thing. As if Sebastian had done it before, let alone

the event with Bryce was definitely real. The discomfort in the room between the two was so thick one could swim in it.

One last deep breath, and the wyrm got up. Stretched out a bit and left the building. Finally done with work and looking out towards his home. Almost dark and with a heavy cloud over it, nearly sinking his chest at the idea of spending yet another night alone. But maybe... He didn't have to. A heavy breath later, he took to the skies.

The television was a bit loud through the apartment, traveling the sound from room to room until it got to the kitchen. Letting the runner pick up the forecast from afar as he prepared the takeout meals. Granted, only half paying attention to it as he started thinking about work and that crime scene once again. Though it was a shame that the event happened, almost everyone was thankful to get back into the real detection and not have to deal with the constant complaints. At times like this, he wished such things were just automated.

But technology only got so far. By the way the bear explained the other world, humans tended to rely on such things drastically. Then again, Sebastian didn't realize how much his species relied on them until it was mentioned. Everyday items such as small tools to eat with, to garden and farm, or even indoor plumbing. It was painfully obvious you'd be without it if you were one to live out in the 'sticks', as the furball put it, but the dragons were often equipped with ways to hunt, gather, and survive much easier than humans. Something they often took for granted.

The doorbell interrupted those thoughts though, grabbing the beige one's attention quickly. Knowing who it probably was, the past two months had made him rather cautious, checking the door hole just in case and seeing a clearly uncomfortable face that made him chuckle. Unlocking it and shouting over the TV. "Come in." He turned about to head back into the kitchen as the door opened. "Glad you decided to make it."

"I'm not sure if that's sarcasm or not." The wyrm grumbled, turning the TV down.

"It isn't, Mavericks." He assured him while passing the rooms. Following that brown striped tail through the surprisingly large apartment that was a bit dim. It almost reminded the wyrm of a cave, just with some necessities like the small kitchen. "Pick what you like." A phrase that really didn't help the grey one as he looked over the foods; a nearly all in one platter of the basic groups. Heated up and packaged with several different sauces that lost all appeals to Maverick, and one specific red one that looked unpleasantly familiar. "Something wrong?"

"...No. I think I'm just..."

"Too nervous to eat?" Half a shrug in response. "You should eat something though, odds are you'll be spending a lot of energy this evening." That uncomfortable frown painted his muzzle as the runner studied it. "What's wrong?" A breath as he thought of the words.

"How are you looking forward to this? Why are you doing this in the first place?"

"Because you need it, from what I understand." A bit of a hurtful look from those red eyes. "This is what you want, isn't it?" No response. "Look, if that's what the bear did to help you recover, then that's likely what you need. If you're uncomfortable with doing this, even with me, just be honest." A heavy sigh from the grey one. "I know you struggle with emotions, big guy. Especially with ones like this. I felt the same way when Bryce tried to seduce me once when he was drunk out of his mind."

"What?" Sebastian half shrugged.

"It was my fourth day on the force, and he invited me out for a drink. Swearing by his own heart it was nothing but a friendly night out. I just didn't expect how 'Friendly' he got when he was hammered. Nearly passing out while I was on my second drink, vs his... Sixth? Seventh? Somewhere up there anyway." The runner took a few bites out of his veggie based plate.

"That sounds like him."

"Yeah, but what I think he really wanted was someone to help him home. Since the night was still quite young and the bar occupied, Zhong couldn't escort him. So it was up to little o' me to carry a twelve ton drunk dragon half way across town and put him to bed. At least not many people were around to see us, because he couldn't focus enough to really walk straight. Let alone stop licking at my neck as if trying to kiss me." The smaller one snorted, actually getting a faint smile out of Maverick. "To top the evening off, his tail wouldn't sit still, and it eventually knocked over someone's mailbox. I was getting frustrated at him at this point, but when I went to pick it up..." A bit of blushing from the draconic raptor.

"He... Mounted you?"

"Not quite. But he did give me a big, wet lick in a place that probably looked appealing to him." A chuckle from the wyrm as Seb cleared this throat. "I was beyond flustered. Frustrated and embarrassed, but I got him home and put the guy to bed."

"Did he remember...?"

"Not a single thing. Figured that Zhong brought him home instead, as per usual, and he never found out." Another few bites, and even the larger one took a bit on a plate. "Maybe that's why I agreed to the session with them. The ice was cracked, but not broken. Deep down, I always kept that event in the back of my mind. Like this hidden secret that he didn't even know about. Yet, I couldn't stay mad at Bryce, he didn't realize what he was doing at the time. So it was much easier to hide, yet that feeling remained through these past three years."

"Where are you going with this, exactly?"

"That the bear is right; it's not really that awkward. We're just somehow trained to think it is. In Bartan's old world, everyone wore clothing, here... We're all naked. So, why is it that we feel shy or almost frightful about the idea of sex?" An uncomfortable grumble from the wyrm. "Exactly like that. When it comes to a position of power, I can somewhat understand. You don't want to get romantically involved if someone else is your boss. You need to obey them, or send them into possible danger, be aware of it or not. But that comes with the line of work regardless, as long as both sides realize what is required for their jobs, we shouldn't be offended when command is required, right?"

"I get it, but where are you going with this? The fact that we need to trust our peers?"

"Exactly. If someone is giving another an order, they're in that permission for a reason. That's how things are done, be it in a relationship or not. The real question is: why are we, so to speak, *programed* to take such things personally? If it's what we're required to do to make a job successful. Regardless of how close we are to another person, when they get themselves in danger it's always going to be bad. Yes, there are some emotional levels of breakdowns when it comes to the aftermath of such things, but that happens regardless." A bit of silence as they ate. "I guess I'm... Working for the law makes me question it sometimes. Wondering how these things came to be in the first place."

"I understand that, Seb. The things Bartan said during Anna's hearing made me a little disillusioned in our system. But what does...?" A noise in question. "What does that have to do with us...?"

"I guess, I'm asking why are you embarrassed about this? What makes you blush, feel almost frightened by the idea of it? I admit to the same instincts myself, but have you ever thought... *Why?*" A faint head shake from the grey one. "Especially after how it makes us feel? How it makes us recover?" A bit of a shy look from Maverick as the beige one walked around and into the bedroom for a moment. Making the larger dragon whimper, wondering if he was supposed to follow him. "Come here for a moment."

"Not very settle about this, are you?"

"I just want to show you something the bear gave me." A noise in question as he followed his comrade's voice. Seeing a surprisingly large bed that was rather low to the ground, and the runner holding onto a paperback book with a four digit number on it: 1989. "Bartan gave me this to read, saying I needed a hobby. It's something he wrote a long time ago, and while there's a lot to this that I couldn't possibly explain myself..." A bit of a worried look from those purple eyes as he glanced at the book again. "There's a character in it, one that seems very out of place in the world. Often questioning things, though optimistically, on how things in the world are being run. How the lives of people are being lived throughout the towns and cities around him... One specific detail that was mentioned about halfway through it is that he almost sees pain. Giving him an incentive to often hug people."

"Hug them?" Maverick curled his neck a bit.

"Yes, because he claims it heals them." A head tilt as the book was set down and Sebastian got up. Coming close to the wyrm and making him whimper as those beige arms slowly wrapped around his monochrome neck. Fluttering his heart once again within those chestplates as the larger one exhaled. Taking a paw and holding the runner back. "Do you feel that?"

"...Yes."

"It's a form of power that a lot of people are trained to neglect. Yet it's so important." Gently, the runner pulled back a bit to face the larger one. "Now, do I have your full consent to continue?" He closed his red eyes and took a deep breath, nodding with the exhale. Sharing a few licks against their muzzles before committing to a small kiss. "I'm assuming the bear explained the rules?" A double take from the grey one.

"...Rules?"

"You had a session or two with him, yes?"

"Y-yeah, but he never said anything about rules."

"They're quite simple, really. #1: You have the right to deny anything if you're completely uncomfortable with it. Yet, same goes for others as well; if they say No to you, you need to respect that."

"He's mentioned something like that before, I think."

"#2: Everybody gets a release, no one left unfinished or satisfied unless they specifically state it's alright." A bit of a grumble from the grey one.

"And the third?"

"Don't be an asshat." Maverick tilted his head at that one. "I never heard of it either, but it's basically a Jerk. No slandering, bragging, or treating anybody differently after the session. It doesn't have to be kept completely hidden, but respect those who request it to be." A solid nod from the wyrm. "We in good terms then?"

"Yes." A nod from the runner that time, as he went back in for another kiss. This time much longer as their tongues connected, lapping at one another's lips a bit as they shared breaths. Morphing them into purrs, the wyrm's much louder than the runner's. Letting his instincts take him a bit closer and almost reliving that session in his dream. His grey body wanting to feel that runner under him like the bear in the previous night, to the point where he nearly pushed Sebastian over the bed and pinned him down, still not breaking that kiss.

"C-careful, Mav-" The beige one half chuckled, stroking against the larger one's neck as those grey plates pressed against him. Able to feel that heartbeat slam against his very own white chest. Nearly digging his claws into the armored dragon through his own instincts, not expecting it to be this exciting to nearly become prey to his friend. That thicker tongue, painted with the scent of his previous

meal had a much stranger texture than he expected. Almost like it was wounded, but the only other one he could really recall to compare it to was either Bryce or the bear's.

Then there was that weapon, much thicker than his own and covered in fleshy spines. The feel of the flare alone nearly made the runner whimper as it pressed against him a little harder, almost trying to get into his slit during the several minutes of deep purrs. Eventually getting a few taps on his grey shoulder to roll on the bed, not liking the idea of it, but it was their first time together. Fighting back those dominant instincts to let the smaller dragon up and lay down on his own side, nearly taking up half the bed as Sebastian got up. Taking his own breath to calm down a little. "You were..." The beige one started, taking another breath. "You were really into that."

"I... I guess I've been bottled up."

"You can say that again." Those purple eyes instantly locking onto the wyrm's lower horn and getting a little closer towards it. Licking at Maverick's tip and nearly getting a whimper from him. "Are you okay with me doing this?"

"Ha... Have you done it before?"

"Yes." A faint nod gave the raptor a signal to continue. Laying down and just relaxing as the smaller one went to work, lapping at that tip with a slightly rougher tongue than he was used to, but it was still fine. Carefully testing the density of such a tool as it was already starting to leak out. All while those paws were studying the main shaft. Really, it wasn't that much different from Bryce's. Maybe a little bigger, but it was very difficult to compare by memory.

Regardless, he didn't spend too much time on it. Stroking the organic device and skimming across those thick ridges, forcing the wyrm to growl a bit as it sent a dense wave through his body. Feeling those beige lips start to kiss that weapon before slowly parting and making Maverick a little nervous still. Able to detect every point and fang as it wrapped around his flare and flossed between his fleshy spines. Gripping the bedding a bit as it started to lick at his tip again, this time drawing those fluids inside the shaft softly.

The vocal noises from the wyrm were almost worrying, knowing that Maverick was very likely nervous about this. But Sebastian at least had some practice, and time to study what was done to him. Letting his appendage work on the upper half while his paws tended to the bottom, being very cautious about the ridges and occasionally playing around with his protection. Listening to the grey one purr loudly and nearly make his muzzle numb from the sheer vibration, nearly throwing the large one into a trance as the runner continued. Lapping at it a little deeper and rotating his maw with the intake of flesh.

Pre seed was almost constant with the motions, leaking around the thick shaft and making its way down through the forest of fleshy thorns. Taking cover from that pink appendage as it wrapped around and attempted to gather them back up before they made it to the folds. But everytime they reached that goal, it sent even more jolts into that runner's muzzle. Repeating the cycle with more and

more reinforcements and chances to succeed. Which was honestly okay with the beige one, as long as the wyrm was enjoying it.

And enjoying it he was. Nearly unresponsive as waves crashed through his entire body. Shifting and squirming with that energy as Maverick fought to control himself. But that pressure was building up in his lower area again, and when that tongue slid across those ridges once again, it started to release. Those instincts took over, pressing those grey paws into the back of Sebastian's head and making him yelp with the weapon in his maw. Being braced as it started to thicken up and hear him take a deep breath before the first torrent flowed through, nearly forcing the stream of white down the runner's throat and through his maw. Quickly filling it and leaking out of his muzzle in a river of white. The pressure alone making his maw a little numb, and then coughing it out when those paws eased up. "...Sorry."

"I was expecting a lot." Sebastian grumbled, looking at the mess and shaking his head. "I needed to wash these anyway. It's been a while since." He got up and moved towards the wyrm's rear, making the grey one almost yelp in question. "Something wrong?"

"You're not...?"

"Was planning to." A heavy blush across Maverick's muzzle as he almost tried to shield his tailhole. "Remember the second rule."

"Well, yes, but..."

"Do you actually trust yourself using your muzzle?" A nervous whimper. "And you can't use your paws." A glance at them, unable to really do much with the long claws, barely even stroke someone. Even then, he couldn't imagine it would be pleasant. "Unless you have any other ideas." A deep breath, and Maverick grumbled.

"Fine." He almost snorted, laying his head down and almost bracing against what was about to happen. Whimpering against the few prods and feeling a paw move across the area. "Just do it already-"

"You need to relax. I know it's almost frightening, but it won't feel good unless you relax your tail." Another grumble and he took a deep breath. Trying to match his breathing with the strokes of those paws and it eventually loosened. Though growing a bit tense when that tip prodded once again, whimpering against it and that paw returned on his side. "Just focus on this." It moved in slow circles along the side of his belly and chest, almost tickling his wing when it came close to the membranes. Every once in a while, that poke was felt, sliding in a little deeper and he fought to keep his rear clam.

Yet, even when Sebastian wasn't even inside, that pleasure was starting to be felt. Allowing such energy to flow through his large body and slowly sink him into a blissful state, barely even feeling that weapon slip further and further until the runner's deep breath of satisfaction was heard. Now making out the dense rod under his tail, not nearly as big or overwhelming as Maverick expected. Yet, it was just enough to be pleasurable.

That was until it started moving, every spine was felt along with its shape. Never expecting to have so much sensitive nerves down there to map out that weapon with such detail. Every motion in and out nearly rippled through the wyrm, moving along with him. But not in pain, just pleasure. As if the grey one was just full and shifting to make room for the rod. Even going so far as to lose control of his damaged tongue, letting it just loll out over the bed as the motions overtook him.

"You're very warm." Sebastian half teased, unable to smile at the look on Maverick's face as he continued. Slowly moving it in and out of his friend, across his ridges and adding in a few squirts of his own. Much like that larger weapon was doing. Reaching down to give that a few playful strokes as well, but it barely added to the reactions of the larger dragon. Only moving to the speed of the runner, and let them just enjoy it for the next several dozen minutes. Letting it build up until it started leaking out of that grey tailhole, struggling to keep it going, but it's been long enough.

Increasing his speed a little was all it took to throw the beige one over the edge. Pressing that weapon as far as he could put it before it thickened up and release a heavy buildup. The fluids going deep inside the wyrm, still so lost in a sea of nirvana that he hardly noticed the pressure. Then again, it was hardly as impressive as the larger ones. Yet, the flow kept going until it was constantly leaking out of that tail, unable to seal completely around it and keep everything inside.

Still, it was a long time to keep such motions up and the runner dismounted. Laying on the bed and leaning over his nightstand for a bottle of water. Taking his drink and offering the nearly sleeping dragon a sip, only to find Maverick suddenly on top of him. Breathing heated breaths down Sebastian's neck and once again pinning him to the bed. Yelping when that prod was felt against his white tailhole. "Mavers...!" The smaller one whimpered, trying to get his friend's attention as that flare was pressed into him. Leaking out its constant fluids around and into the runner a bit. "Mav... I don't think-" Another press interrupted him, then another, another. Over and over again, pressing deeper every time and almost stretching the raptor wider with the flare.

A hard one suddenly drove in much deeper, but not the full way through. Another one, and the runner yelped loudly, nearly begging for the grey one to stop and let him go. Pressing the beige one to the bed and putting most of his bodyweight into the penetration, it slowly forced the tailhole to stretch and slide flare inside him. Instantly reminding Sebastian of that bear's knot and almost paralyzing him. Barely being able to breath before it started to force it's way deeper inside his rear, squirting a pathway of fluids ahead.

It was much easier to take after that first penetration, but the flare was still overwhelming for his smaller body. Swearing he could see a bulge in his white underside as it drilled deeper. The thicker spines of the shaft slipping in, then the ridges which caused the wyrm to growl loudly. Squirting heavily and making Sebastian feel almost full, yet it kept going in. Across another ridge or two, and almost torrents-worth of pre was shot into his belly. Half a movement forward, and a very familiar growl left those grey plates. Getting the runner to whimper loudly as Maverick's breath's increased. That shaft soon thickening up while still inside the smaller one and snaring itself within.

"Mav...!" Sebastian whimpered once again, just as that first torrent shot into him with a heavy

pressure. Flowing deep into his body and soon coming to a stop. Creating a small stalemate between him and the dragon currently on top of him. All it took was a single growl and torrent to lose, feeling his belly start to morph to hold such a large amount of seed. Slowly bulging up into a faint bubble that was nearly supernatural. "M-Maverick!" The runner cried as the pressure started to hurt, clawing into that plated neck finally snapped the larger one out of his trance and begin to pull out. Filling up every little space that gave with the withdrawal until the flare was caught at the very end.

The flow was still continuous, thickening up that white belly a bit more by the moment as the two pulled in opposite directions. The pressure only aiding until it came out with a heavy plop, finally relieving Sebastian of such force and the grey one stumble backwards into the wall. The males taking a few moments to breathe, and those red eyes only looked at the bulge with guilt. Soon leaving the room when he was able to move. "Maverick." The runner called, but only heard his front door shut. Sighing, but he was definitely in no condition to chase after him, rubbing that belly gently and wondering how he was even able to take this punishment in the first place.

His front door slammed behind him, nearly catching his tail in the process as he hid in his dark apartment. Catching his breath while bracing his grey head, even going as far as to cover himself with his wings, like the eyes of the room were still watching him. Knowing what he did, how he likely harmed his comrade out of his sheer instincts. Come to think of it, he did the same with the bear, nearly drowning him with his own fluids. That only amplified the guilt.

After several minutes, he almost expected the runner to track him down. Yet, there was nothing but silence. Dead silence. No breeze, no snores of neighbors, just the sound of his own breathing. As if the entire world disappeared when that door shut, leaving Maverick alone. With one last heavy breath, that exhaustion started to kick in. Calling him to slumber after the adrenaline was out of his system.

He walked forward a bit, only to glance at some movement, nearly getting his scales to click loudly then identify what it was. No presence detected, because he was the only one there. Staring at the mimic for several long moments as it did the same back. "...I messed up." He whispered.

When don't you?

"I don't even know why I try anymore."

Because you foolishly believe that you can change.

"But I can..."

Can you? Really?

"..."

This is why you've been alone. You deserve to be alone.

"It's not what I want."

You can't always have what you want. The dragon's head hung low. This is what you are, what you accept yourself to be. This way, you cannot be disappointed when you mess up, you can't hurt anyone.

"It's not my fault."

Yet, it's your claw marks across them. It's your fangs biting down into their necks, is it not? I gave you great strength, but I warned you what would happen.

"..."

That is the price you must accept. I shielded you of your pain, but your spikes will hurt those who get close.

"It's not worth it, being numb."

It's too late to take it back now. You've already hurt them.

"But they trust me."

They trust my strength, but they don't trust you.

"..."

I am the only thing you can rely on, I've told you this, wyrmling.

"..."

Enough. Go to sleep now. Receive your punishment in the morning. It will come with the dawn.

It took some getting used to, but the runner was able to walk normally again. Hopefully without suspicion through the halls as he returned back to work. Acting rather casual as he made his way towards the front desk with the blue wyrm. "Morning Sebastian."

"Morning, Kalinth. Anything new to report?"

"Nothing yet. No news is good news."

"As usual. Have you seen Mav anywhere? I need to talk to him."

"He came in once then left soon after. Not sure why, but he's never talkative anyway." Those purple eyes studied her for a moment, almost staring into space.

"Thanks anyway. I'll track him down later." The two nodded as he walked down the halls once again. Going to the grey wyrm's office just in case, but not seeing anything out of the ordinary. Not like the raptor was really expecting him to be there anyway, and moving on to his own. Catching a glimpse of the chief's and getting a strange feeling from inside. Scouting to make sure he wasn't being watch and slipping inside the door with ease. Instantly noticing a few sheets of paper that was out of the ordinary, whereas Bryce was scheduled to be in later. *Paperwork doesn't arrive this early in the morning...* Sebastian thought, taking a look at the sheets and reading through. "Taath-!" He cursed, bolting for the phone.

The grey wyrm sat in the fields of the park, as the morning sun rose up. Warming up the land from its colder night and finally breaking free from its nightly prison. Yet, Maverick still felt cold. Not that it really mattered, he would be out in the sunlight for most of the day anyway. Looking at the distance that called to him, beckoning for him to find a new destination away from here. But all he really wanted to do is enjoy the sight for a bit longer. Soon regretting that decision when he heard a familiar set of claws running through the streets and cursing under his breath. "Maverick!" It roared heavily, especially after the grey one spread his wings. "Stand Down! That's an order!" A loud growl from the wyrm as he just looked away from the earth dragon approaching him.

"I was expecting a bit more time." The dragons snorted at each other. "How did you find it so soon? You're scheduled for at least another three hours."

"Sebastian called."

"And he found me how?" Maverick grumbled, tossing his snout when he seen the bear coming down the same street from afar. Getting the brown one to look back for a moment almost wait for him to catch up.

"D-damn you're fast when you want to be!" The furball panted, making the chief smirk.

"Now are you worried about me getting fat?"

"I wasn't talking about lack of exercise or eating the wrong foods when I said that." A brighter smirk that was almost a purr before the two looked over the wyrm. "Adine."

"What?"

"She spotted you here on her way to work." Bryce explained. "Taath, Maverick. A Transfer notice? Are you crazy?"

"Oh, you guys say that too."

"I just need..." A heavy breath. "A change in perspective."

"Well, it's denied." A growl from the larger one. "What the hell were you expecting out of this? Just to suddenly leave us without warning and do what exactly?" The two dragons stared at each other thickly.

"I can't stay here anymore, Bryce."

"Why!?" Those red eyes closed.

"I can't tell you."

"Like hell you can't!" A white paw on the drake's shoulder and he took a breath. Expecting one on the grey shoulder as well making the wyrm sigh heavily.

"Talk to us, Maverick. What's wrong?" A look away from both of them. "You can say anything you want, it's a safe space."

"No, I can't."

"Bear, I don't like it when you leave the toilet seat down." That time the two looked at the earth dragon for a moment. "Safe space, Maverick. And it's a complete pain in the tail when you do it."

"But it keeps the restroom smelling better."

"There's another one, it's a Bathroom, not a Restroom. A Restroom sounds like a living room, it's confusing!"

"I'm Canadian." Bartan teased, getting a snout toss from the drake as the two smirked a bit. Looking back at the grey one who wasn't really amused at the playful argument. "Safe Space, Maverick. Talk." A deep breath from him as he turned away again.

"...Bryce." A noise in question. "...I'm in love with your bear."

"Who isn't?" Bryce answered rather quickly, nearly getting the wyrm to whimper and nearly look at him with shock. "Seriously, who?"

"Well, there was that cleaner in my apartment."

"If I had to clean up that mess everyday, then I would want you castrated as well."

"No you wouldn't. You'd miss them too much."

"Of course I would. I'd just take them and connect it to a juicer. There. The toilet seat stays up

and I get all the oranges I could ask for."

"Doesn't work that way, love." A snort in response made Bartan smile a bit. "But that's alright, Maverick. I know I've been busy lately, but that doesn't mean I'll always be-"

"You're not quite understanding this, Bartan." The grey one grumbled. "I hurt those who I'm near, so I can't..." A heavy breath from him, and that furred paw was felt again. "Everytime I'm with you, you're not with him... I owe Bryce a lot, and I can't..."

"Maverick, you don't owe me a damn thing. We're partners-"

"That's not an excuse to take him away from you." The wyrm almost snapped at the drake. "I'll end up hurting him anyway, then what will you think of me?" A bit of silence as the bear and brown one shared a look. "After all I've done to you, I don't deserve you-"

"And that's your decision to make?" The white one asked rather thickly, walking around to face Maverick who was still trying to hide his eyes.

"It's just better if I leave, start elsewhere-"

"No it isn't."

"You can't convince me otherwise, bear."

"What will you do then?" A deep breath. "Leave town, move into a big city where no one knows who you are? Convince yourself that you deserve none of them? It doesn't work, Maverick." The furred one growled, not getting a response from him. Let alone a struggle when those white paws cupped under his chin. "Move in with us."

The two dragons did the world's biggest double take, nearly turning the planet sideways in the process. "**What!?**" They both shouted at once.

"Move in with us. That way you both can have me, it's a simple solution." A blank stare as those brown eyes studied both of them, equally stunned. "There's plenty of room, and if he's not comfortable sharing a bed, then he can take the guest room. I'll figure something out later."

"You're... Joking." The grey one tried to grumble.

"One hundred percent serious. Sebby's already told me what your den is like, you don't have that much stuff." A head tilt, and the bear shrugged. "I was worried about you, and you can tell a lot about a person from where they live. If you've been having trouble sleeping, maybe that change is needed." With still no response from the wyrm, he looked behind the dragon to get one from the drake. "Any objections, big guy?" A sigh from Bryce as he took a few steps forward, stopping beside Maverick and finally getting them to look at each other. Reading a somewhat disappointed look from the chief, then another deep breath.

Then suddenly, the earth dragon kissed the wyrm. Making him yelp loudly as they were pushed to the ground, the strength of that large pink tongue was almost intoxicating. Feeling it lap almost angrily against Maverick's maw and lasting for several moments before stopping. Glaring at the bear and grumbling. "*Happy?*" He almost hissed.

"Very much so-"

"What The Hell, Bryce!?" The wyrm roared, scrambling up.

"We made a little bet, nothing more." Bartan smirked, giving the earth dragon a little kiss. "Thank you for being a good sport."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Bet!?"

"I said I could probably get Bryce to kiss you, that's all."

"And he was going to make me do it eventually, if you're going to move in." The drake snorted. "I'll rent go the trailer again." Another double take from the grey one.

"You can't be serious."

"We are. And you want me, don't you?" A sad look from those red eyes.

"But...?"

"And I want you." A shocked one that time. "So, what's the problem? Got a pet goldfish to look after?"

"A what?" His neck curled then shook. "N-no, but..." The white one leaned in close to the wyrm. "Bartan, I-"

"Don't you say that you don't deserve me." A sad look. "You've earned it, just like how you earned your medal-chain-thing-"

"Badge."

"-Badge." An uncomfortable look. "If you've got something to say, feel free to do so. I don't mind in the slightest." A deep breath, and he leaned into the furred one for a tight hug. Feeling that flutter once again.

"...Thank You."