

Somewhere Out There Act 10- Semi-Charmed Life

By Bartan Tirix

The sun slowly lit up the room as the morning opened up, illuminating the walls and bed where three laid. The strange and unfamiliar scent of cinnamon started getting the grey one to wake up, but his body just didn't want to move. For once, waking up with lighter weight in his chest, feeling the embrace of another and a half. The other two clearly asleep, and the furred one inbetween the two dragons.

Slowly identifying the earth drake's muzzle and horns, just barely pressed up against his grey plated neck nearly made him whimper. Barely getting used to the bear's affection, and not understanding how Bryce could accept such a thing so easily. It honestly made Maverick a little shy, whereas the two knew each other for so long. Yet, the wyrm never thought of the chief in that way. Did this mean that the brown dragon secretly...? Or was this the bear's doing?

They were questions that the two were going to have to answer eventually. Let alone, likely pushed into doing... Other things. The thoughts of it actually made the larger one whimper slightly and feel the other two shift a bit. The drake grumble a bit, likely identifying the scent and burying his snout inbetween the pillows and the grey plates. Almost nudging him and licking a bit before snoozing. Nearly causing the wyrm to freeze in place and just stand perfectly still.

Yet a few soft strokes to his side were telling him to relax, licking Maverick's biceps a bit before whispering. "M'ou'll get used to it. He does this during the mornings." Granted, that didn't help his situation too much. Especially when Bartan started to squeeze out of the two males and getting a grumble from the drake, resulting in those thick brown arms to hold onto someone else a little tighter. Releasing another whimper when a certain morning rod was soon detected against his lower belly, and catching the bear just smirking at the two. In some ways he loved that furball, but right now he couldn't help but give him an angry stare for abandoning him.

The white one disappeared into the hallway, likely heading to the bathroom. Leaving the grey dragon to sigh a bit, while being grappled by the earth one. Though it was a bit embarrassing for him, those words echoed in his mind once again. "You need to find Something." With a breath of courage, the winged one shifted a little closer and held onto Bryce for a bit. Only to get a tighter grip in return.

His heart fluttered at it, almost aching as if it wasn't able to take flight for a century and a half. Causing its wings to deteriorate over time and muscles to become weak, yet it was just happy to be finally set free from its prison. Yet, enduring the tight hold was one thing. The constant licks of that pink tongue and faint grinding was getting to be a little much, making the wyrm half grumble in shyness as the drake came to. Pulling back his snout and yawning, waiting for those golden eyes to focus and prepare for the embarrassed yelp of rejection.

But it never came. Instead, that scarred muzzle just smirked and gave the wyrm a little smooch. "Morning sunshine." Another whimper from Maverick as he couldn't control that blush, then the snout just rested on his grey neck. "Where's the furball?"

"He's..." A bit of a whimper as those paws started to stroke him a bit. "Restroom-"

"Bathroom." Bryce grumbled. "Don't you start calling it that too." It actually made the wyrm smile faintly. "He'll cook us some breakfast."

"Breakfast...?" A nod was felt.

"It's a little weird, but it tastes alright."

"What exactly?"

"He called it... *Something* Toast." A deep breath as that weapon was pressed against Maverick again. "Basically eggs on toast, then covered in syrup." A neck curl from the grey one.

"...*What?*" A chuckle from the other male.

"He said it tastes like metal and medicine to him, but it doesn't." Another deep breath and tight embrace. Nuzzling against that short and spikey mane, and cuing another whimper. "You'll get used to it. You're gonna have to if you're living with him."

"Is... That why you've...?"

"He doesn't want people rejecting each other. The bear sees something in you, so I'm going to find it as well." Another thick lick against his neck and he faced the clearly flustered grey dragon. "So we're going to have to do a little something eventually, you realize that."

"I... Figured."

"Granted, not in the mornings." A shy nod. "Lesson learned from that one. However..." A noise in question as Bryce softly kissed him, letting that tongue take it's time to enter that grey muzzle and lap at its own inner appendage. Though it was still a bit embarrassing for him, Maverick started to participate. Greeting that thick tongue with his own and letting the two share heated breaths for a few minutes before slowly parting. "Ice equals Broken, I assume?"

"Y-yes..."

"Yet, you can't talk to me without stuttering still." A bit of a grumble from the grey one. Not expecting the somewhat hard stroke between his hind legs from dark grey claws, nearly catching on his growing weapon and making him yelp a bit. "What has the bear done to you so far?" A neck curl at the question. "You don't have to tell me, but I'm curious how far that muzzle has gotten."

"He's... Used it over that. Yes."

"Did you mount him?" A stutter, but a head shake. "Did he mount you?" That time Maverick covered his eyes and grumbled. "Nothing wrong with it, he's very good at what he does."

"He hasn't done...!" Another grumble. "Just... Muzzle stuff."

"And the force feeding?" A snout toss from the wyrm. "That means yes."

"Something you sound very amused about."

"Hey, I didn't like it at first. But Bartan has a very unique taste to his juices, if you haven't tried it." A bit of a sad look from those red eyes, making the drake release a noise in question. "What?"

"Nothing." Bryce didn't release his curious stare, and the grey one sighed.

It was nearly becoming second nature to just get the mornings set up, now just with a little more ingredients to feed another mouth. Not that the furred one minded, though a bit worried that the two might be starting something in the bedroom. Something they would likely regret later in the workday, but odds are the earth dragon learned his lesson.

Still, it was kind of nice to have another person within the large house. The apartment was big enough for two, but this house was nearly enough for nine. Though the drake never stated where it came from specifically, the bear's best guess was inheritance. Bryce never mentioned his family in the slightest yet, making him wonder if they were on good terms or not. Granted, Bartan was never really one to like a lot of his own, aside from his mother. Only because she seemed to be nearly as inhuman as he was growing up, sharing a very identical outlook.

That outlook really seemed to revolve around the furball's life; questioning the concepts and functions of a more human-based lifestyle. If they were made specifically to ease the quality of life of such things, as for example; the indoor stove he was currently using to make French Toast, that would be fine. But too many idiotic and bad habits followed into the mindset of the dragons in this world, one specifically showed over the grey muzzle as the two entered the kitchen. "Enjoy your morning nuzzle?"

"I only held him, bear. I didn't muzzle him."

"That isn't what he-" Maverick interrupted himself, taking a look at the large table with three sets of plates placed. Still not sure what to think about this idea of being in a opened relationship. Feeling like a bit of a third wheel when he watched the drake hug and nearly puppet the bear while giving him a few licks.

"Maybe not. But maybe he's hinting at something, yes?" Bryce purred, pressing those dull claws against the white one's pelvis. Hearing the bear whimper a bit.

"Easy you. And probably not the greatest of ideas to do that here, let alone in the morning."

"I haven't had it in like a day, bear. Don't ruin this for me." The two chuckled.

"Don't you still have some of your jar left over?" A purr in question from the brown one as Maverick only looked at them puzzled. Watching as Bryce opened the fridge and pulled out a jug about a quarter full of something orange. Finally making the grey one whimper.

"More in it than I remember. Unless you had something to do with that."

"Nope, I can't say I haven't released since, but."

"I'll see to that personally tonight, if you make it back earlier."

"I plan to. It's still going to be late, but that'll give you two enough time to have your session." Another heavy grunt from the grey one as Bartan smirked at him. "Did he not know?"

"He's just getting used to the idea of it, I'm sure. I never seen anyone so uncomfortable with affection." The chief teased, sitting beside Maverick at the table and wrapping his tail around his.

"You two are deviants." The grey one snorted at them, not resisting the earth dragon's lean in.

"Something we'll make out of you soon enough. Hopefully after tonight." A few licks got the wyrm to almost growl at him. "Of course, only if you're okay with it." A bit of a breath from Maverick.

"By the sounds of it, I'll have to be."

"Not really. A relationship doesn't have to be about sex." The two dragons double taked at the white one.

"Bear, I never want you to say that again." Bartan laughed at that, setting several slices of toast on their plates and adding some syrup to it. Getting a lick of affection from the drake as thanks. "A relationship without sex. The nerve of all things that's come out of your muzzle..."

"Hardly one of the worst things."

"Worst thing that I've heard." He snorted. "For that, I want you in the bedroom when I'm done eating. Pants off."

"You shouldn't go in spent, Bryce."

"I'm not, don't worry. But I want a drink right from the tap." He purred. "Morning fresh. Something I haven't had in a while, and others have." A playful snort.

"Alright, alright. I'll do it just for you."

"Both of us." A double take from the grey one. "Even if you can't taste it. Call it a training exercise."

"Are you... Serious?" A shrug from Bryce.

"We have time before work. It doesn't take that long to get him off." A look at the bear. "You

okay with being his first muzzle?"

"He wouldn't be the first I've taught, so I'm fine with it." Another embarrassed whimper from the wyrm.

"Can't we just eat in peace?"

"Nope." The two answered rather quickly, seeing him toss that snout and sigh.

"Fine. I might as well get it over with."

"You make it sound like a chore." The bear teased, hearing the phone ring. Leaving to answer it while the two ate. The grey one still getting used to the odd textures while the drake purred.

"He has some strange ideas when it comes to food, but..." Another purr as he took a bite, then slowed to a stop. Seeing the regret in those red eyes. "Sorry."

"You're not the one who did it." Maverick mumbled. "...Does it really taste like metal and medicine?"

"Only according to the bear. Tastes like eggs and corn syrup to me, I donno where Bartan gets his tastebuds from." A very faint smirk from the wyrm, and Bryce took a breath. "Can it be restored? I know I've burned my tongue before and it's always..."

"Doubtful to this degree." A mumble. "And I'm not sure if I want it back."

"Trust me, you'll want it back." A strange look at the earth dragon. "He tastes *that* good, you'll want it back."

"And you?"

"Probably taste like you, but apparently he knows someone who can change it." Maverick tilted his head. "A bit of a long story, but odds are they'll visit sometime. He's sure of it."

"Which I can only imagine that will end well for us, considering our last few encounters with Outsiders." The grey one snorted, looking back at the hallway when the bear approached. "What's the sitch?"

"Nothing horrible, Kim Possible." The two larger ones tilted their heads at him. "Old TV show. It was a catchphrase of hers. But another place was hit, Sebbie wants you two to head down to Sixx Street."

"Sixx?" The two shared a look.

"Zhong's store is down there." Bryce stated.

"As well as a few others." The grey one added.

"Zhong's wasn't touched, but several others were. One of them had a camera rolling too. In which I was asked by the Escort himself-" An out of place whimper from the wyrm, making the other two to look at him for a few moments. "Do I believe in ghosts."

"Ghosts...?" A shrug from the white one, as Bryce noticed that blush returning on the grey muzzle. "You okay?"

"Fine." A moment of blankly staring at him and the winged one grumbled. Finishing his breakfast.

"So, no milking this morning?" The drake whimpered, getting a noise of sympathy from the furred one and a hug.

"You can have me later tonight, draggy. If you're not exhausted after your session."

"I'm getting the day after tomorrow off, so I'm definitely having you then." A purr.

"Yep, I'm taking that one off too. As planned." A kiss, and half a face was made from the white muzzle. "Seriously, metal and gravel. I still say you should've went with ketchup instead-"

"No, because ketchup on eggs is weird, bear! And you know it!" A laugh from the white one. Hearing a bit of a growl from that scarred muzzle as he looked over Bartan. "Screw it, I have time for a quick one-!" He pounced the furball, making him yelp and pinning him to the floor.

The streets were getting a little crowded. The robberies were getting attention, and thus doing rather good for business, but it was making it hard for the force to do their work. Both contaminating the crime scenes, and making it difficult to take statements. Let alone with such a short staff in the mornings, even with the extra help from Bryce and Maverick. Finally able to talk to one another after statements. "No one saw a thing." The blue female grumbled.

"A few shadows after some rumbling, that's about it." Sebastian added.

"The bear mentioned something about ghosts." They looked at Maverick for a moment.

"Yeah, what was that about?"

"Have you seen the tape?" The two larger ones shook their heads, then following the runner when he beckoned. Trying to squeeze into a small area with a borrowed TV and tapedeck from one of the stores. Rewinding it back to a certain number and getting both of the larger males to study the lane closely. Not seeing anything for a few moments, then a strange bit of smoke flowed through vent and went out of sight.

"The hell?"

"What was that?" The runner shrugged at Bryce.

"It looked like smoke, but that always leaves a scent. This was odorless, but that's not the worst of it." A noise in question from both of them as they returned to it. Barely being able to see the register open by itself, and some money float slip out of the sides. Disappear after the register closed, then was seen floating up the wall to the vent as it opened up. Leaving the two dumbfounded, even after Sebastian stopped the tape. "Yeah, that was everyone's reaction."

"...So, we're going after a ghost that's been robbing people-"

"It's not a ghost, Bryce." Maverick grumbled.

"You want to give a shot at explaining what just happened there?" The grey one pondered for a bit, then looked at the beige one.

"Those lines you found in the last area hit."

"At Sithers? Yep. Still there, directly under the vent of every area hit here. One even outside."

"And that scent?" A solid nod from Sebastian. "I don't know of a ghost who can't fly."

"It could've been a runner or something." Bryce snorted. "And it clearly doesn't need it for itself."

"But why would a ghost be stealing money? A small amount of it per store." The chief shrugged at the runner. "Apparently this has been going on for a while. They actually started blaming it on the staff, hence the setup. Yet..."

"How do you catch something like this?" Kalinth asked the others.

"I vote on asking the bear-"

"We don't need his help, Bryce." The grey one grumbled.

"He might know something about this. He's dealt with supernatural jazz before."

"I'll have to agree with Mav on this one, Bartan doesn't work for us." A toss from scarred snout. "This is just a trick. It has to be. Making it look like there's someone invisible sneaking in."

"Or it's a ghost just trying to pay rent." The female half giggled, getting a couple of glares from the other males. "What? I'm with the big guy on this one. It's too weird for us to handle."

"Or that's what they're planning on us thinking. It's still a crime, something we're trained to stop."

"I'm not arguing that, Sebastian, but how?" A look at the TV once again.

"Everytime he's come in, it's been through the vent. In every place."

"Are they all locked shut?" The wyrm male asked, getting solid nod from the beige one.

"I had to get them to be unscrewed in order to even look inside. The way this thing seems to use it, it's like the vent gate is on hinges."

"But the scent is still there. And last I checked, ghosts don't leave smells behind."

"Only a little bit of dampness around, making me think that it wasn't smoke we see there." The three tilted their heads.

"Then...?"

"What...?"

"Was it?" A shrug from the runner.

"Water vapor? That's my best guess." Several moments of just blank stares, both at him and the TV again.

"That makes even less sense, Seb." Bryce grumble, taking a breath. "How much was taken in each store?"

"About 20%."

"Of the vault?" A strange look at the female.

"Nope, just about 20% of what was left inside."

"...So, we have a ghost that's hitting multiple stores in the same night, and... *Not* taking everything it can?" A shrug from everyone, making the drake groan. "This just doesn't make any sense...!"

"Really though. Why spend the effort going after each one?"

"Maybe it's a local? Doesn't want someone's business to be run into the ground?"

"I donno Maverick..." The chief shook his head. "Once again, I feel like we have no leads on this. Aside from a faint scent, and the fact that it might be proficient with stage magic... Third being that it's actually a-"

"It's not a ghost!" A large snout toss at everyone's hiss.

"It's a ghost and I'm calling it right now!" Bryce snorted. "For now, look into anyone who studies magic of sorts. As much as I don't want to blame entertainers, maybe they could help or identify what this guy's using."

"I still say that maybe Bartan-" A growl interrupted the runner. "Alright, alright. I'll keep my maw shut about it, but just keep it in mind, will you?"

"I don't want him involved in another case, end of story. Understood?" A series of crossed faces,

but they nodded faintly. "Kalinth, let's go make a list of local magicians." And the two left, as Sebastian packed up the borrowed items. Once again sensing that awkward feeling between the two males, and nearly glaring at the grey one.

"Don't." The beige one half grumbled, getting a low growl from the wyrm. "That was one of the rules: don't make it awkward."

"Fine." He took a breath, looking off to the outside of the building. "...Sorry."

"For what?"

"For the other night." A noise in question. "I... overdid it. Lost control again and just..."

"It's alright, Maverick. I'm apparently more durable than expected."

"Yet, what would happen if you weren't?" A bit of a frown between the two. "That only further proved why I felt like..."

"Like what?" A heavy breath from Maverick.

"That I didn't deserve..." A bit of silence and the runner walked up to him. Seeing that grey muzzle toss when he knew what was coming, and leaving himself vulnerable for the hug. Sighing and returning it. "I swear I'm getting a little tired of people hugging me."

"We almost lost you, pal. Why didn't you tell us that you were struggling with this?" A look away as those red eyes avoided contact. "Is that why...? The transfer notice?" A heavy breath answered him. "Bryce told me what happened afterword."

"Not like he was really going to make an excuse for not coming into work yesterday."

"It was a worthy cause." A bit of pain was felt in his plated chest. "How different are things there?"

"...They kind of remind me of back home, growing up. Except I'm..." A thick blush as he made a noise in question. "Sharing a bed."

"With them?" A shy nod. "They try anything yet?"

"That's the weird thing; no. I wonder if it's because I'm acting like a third wheel."

"Hardly. Knowing those two, they just don't want to scare you off just yet. Giving you the first day free to get used to the new place." A strange look at Sebastian as his head tilted in response. "What?"

"I swear it's like you've been spying on them." A shrug wasn't really an answer.

"It's just what I would do." It didn't let up. "Give it time though. They'll come around and you'll have your session. Then it won't be so weird around them."

"...What about us then?"

"You're not still blaming yourself for that, are you?" Another look away, and a beige paw pulled it back. "I'm ***fine***. We're fine. Say it for me."

"We're... Fine."

"Good. I look forward to our next booty call then. Maybe we can try adding someone else to the mix as well." A whimper from the larger one. "I'm thinking the big guy, that way you can see what it feels like to have a firehose stuck in your tail." The runner chuckled, giving the grey one a few playful taps and heading out.

The cool breeze really added to the warmer sunny afternoon, greeting the bear as he left the large building. Though still not really fond of her position, Emera was still a client that was rather easy to please. Let alone, without resulting in sex. At least, for the time being. Maybe things will change later on, but only time would tell. Still, the white one only had to use his paws for that session, giving certain other parts a bit of a rest.

A deep breath as he started heading home, only to see a familiar pink dragon sitting on a bench. Facing away from him, and making that furred muzzle smirk at a playful idea. Carefully walking across the thin grass and doing his best to sneak up to her. Getting close to the bench before seeing that frilled ear twitch behind. Ducking when those green eyes scanned the area a bit, then playfully growled before jumping the bench and pinning the bear. "Damnit." He chuckled at the female.

"Even when your prey is distracted, you just can't hunt worth your furry ass." Anna almost purred, giving the bear a bit of stroke before laying down on him. "You are very soft."

"And thus, my punishment for failure, is it?"

"Damn right it is." A deep breath as he stroked her neck.

"How are things?" The pink one groaned, making him chuckle again.

"Not that bad, I suppose. I'm just..."

"That's fine. At least you're taking a break for yourself once in a while."

"Halfly." A noise in question from the bear. "The cancer is being stubborn. Keeps trying to come back."

"I know, the machine doesn't leave you feeling that great, but it's better than the alternative."

"Alternative being what exactly?"

"Chemotherapy." A noise in question. "Literally filtering out the cancer using poison. It was not a pretty time to be alive with it."

"Well, that sounds lovely."

"Made you look like a zombie." She playfully snorted at that. "I meant to do this a lot sooner, but..."

"Do what?"

"Hang out. See how you were holding up. I've just been occupied so much lately."

"People still planting flagpoles into your tail, are they?" A chuckle from the white one.

"I won't deny that. But along with the new business, the move, and adding someone else into the home."

"Adding someone?"

"Yeah, we moved in Maverick yesterday."

"Oh..." A noise in question from Bartan. "Nothing."

"That Oh didn't sound like nothing." A few playful nudges got her to grumble.

"Fine. The day you went missing... He told me that he wanted to try again, us being a thing."

"Oh?" A faint nod. "So he really did try then... That's good progress for him."

"Yeah, but..." A deep breath from her. "I donno, bear. I'm just not looking for that still. Nearly dying made me add a shit-ton to a To-Do list before I die. And well..."

"Relationships just aren't important to you right now. That's understandable, Anna."

"I just didn't know how to let him down. I knew something was wrong when he asked me, like he was searching for something..."

"I understand, love. It's fine, I can tell him for you."

"While you're stroking that meat, I'm sure." A purr from him.

"He does have some nice equipment." The runner tossed her snout.

"You say that about all the males, I swear. What about us?"

"You want some attention, do you?" They smirked at each other.

"We're not being watched right now." A bit of a purr. "Want to put that tongue to good use?"

"I suppose you deserve a quick one, but not too long. I have to get to the other side of town soon."

"I'll take it." She got up and pulled the bear into the bushes.

One final stamp, and he was done with the white mess. Placing the sheet of paper in the nearby file bin after a struggle, and just dropping his grey head over the desk with a loud groan. Hopefully they were all caught up by now, but more was likely to come. Especially if this thief is now hitting multiple stores.

Maverick snorted at the idea of it. Some cunning little wyrmling likely playing some tricks and getting away with it is what came to his mind. Making him growl at the idea of being bested by a hatchling, but he'll catch it eventually. He just needed to figure out how they were pulling off these tricks. Even most of the magicians were slightly stumped at the footage. Saying it was likely possible, but not without a lot of preparation. Unless every store was in on it, which would make no sense.

Still, soon this critter would make a mistake. They always do. Until then, Maverick was off the clock... Apparently thirty minutes ago. Another groan and he left the office. Seeing the evening patrols already set in, making a few remarks asking if it was a busy day. But grumbles clearly told them that the grey wyrm just didn't want to talk about it. Still, hopefully tomorrow would end up better.

Taking off to the late afternoon and trying to ignore the bright autumn sun glaring at him. It felt nice in a way, but also made it hard for him to really see where he was going. At least the traffic in the air was minimal regardless, something that's apparently common in the more bigger cities. Often enough, dragons would collide with one another if they couldn't quite see, or just barely miss each other. However, in result, they would run into a building or tower of sorts instead.

City... He almost left this place yesterday. Only because Maverick just couldn't take the bear away from his best friend. Granted, didn't expect the outcome in the slightest. Even going so much as to realize he was heading back to his old apartment instead of Bryce's, making the wyrm grumble loudly in frustration before banking towards home.

...It was weird to think of it as that, honestly. Last time he had a 'home' was back with his family. With Miles. After that, he lived alone for years. Possibly even a decade, now that he thought about it. Yet, he's once again living with someone else; one he respected, and one he admittedly loved. Something he hasn't felt in nearly his whole life, a bit with Anna, yes, but a lot of that was due to them having similar outlooks rather than affection towards each other. Bartan on the other paw...

Landing in the front yard made him replay that memory just a day ago. Finally getting most of

his things off the trailer and letting Bryce return it before they were billed for an extra session. At least getting a good deal for only borrowing such a thing for a short amount of time, however it left the grey one and the bear alone to clean up the dark apartment. Making sure it was still in good condition for the next person that came around, and donating a lot of his hold furniture that Maverick just didn't want anymore. "You sure about leaving this? It's going to be a completely new place for your body to get used to. You might not sleep well without-"

"I'll be fine, Bartan." The grey one mumbled, overlooking the areas again. "They're not fond memories anyway. I'm probably better off without..." The furred one carefully set down a few things and came to the dragon for an embrace. Hearing him sigh heavily and return it. "...Thank you for this."

"You're very welcome. We have a few ground rules, but nothing terrible or drastic." A slow nod, and the bear started to let go. Only to feel the larger one hold on a bit tighter, hearing Bartan chuckle a bit. "Alright, alright." They held for a while longer, as the wyrm took deep breaths to compose himself.

"...Look at what you've done to me, bear..." A nuzzle of comfort in response to the grey one. "You got inside through a hole in my defenses... How you fit, I'll never understand."

"Simple: you let me in." A bit of a part as he guided that rough muzzle to his own and gave him a kiss. "Because you wanted this. All I did was offer." Though his red eyes were a little sad and damp, his heart was just fluttering wildly. Concentrating on those brown discs before he went in for another deep kiss, only for the white one to submit as he was pushed to the nearby couch. Almost aggressively pinning him down as his winged body was nearly ready. Exhaling heated breaths while that weapon quickly unsheathed.

Yet, the dragon stopped himself. Just catching his breath and holding himself back. "What's wrong?" Bartan asked, cupping that grey muzzle.

"...I can't do this, bear." He nearly growled at himself. "I hurt the last person I... And I don't want to hurt you-"

"You won't-"

"I will..." He tried to pull away, but those furred paws wouldn't let him. "I know I'll end up hurting you, and Bryce won't forgive me-"

"Maverick." Bartan said thickly, finally getting the attention of those red eyes. "It's my decision also. I want you, be it like this or not. Understand?" A bit of sorrow in the large one's look. "We've done the work. Give it a shot, be it for a day, a week, or a single night. You can only hurt me by leaving without trying." A heavy breath nearly deflated the dragon, resting on top of the furball. "You need this, Mav. No matter what voices are telling you otherwise. You have me, and are free to take me whenever you wish. Okay?" A deep breath, and a slow nod.

To this minute he's yet to enter the bear, now coming back from the memory. Nearly aroused at that as he quickly entered the house before anyone seen his member. Almost slamming the door with

his tail unintentionally as if he were hiding from the world. Stopping to take a breath and relax himself, taking the time to slowly curse at himself for not submitting to those desires. Time and time again, he's had opportunities to just ravage that furball, but his doubt gets in the way. "Everything okay?"

The earth dragon's call came from the kitchen, making the wyrm just take another breath. "Yeah... Just not used to your door, I suppose." He grumbled, following through the halls until he seen the brown drake putting away a few baskets of groceries. Then catching the slightly sorrowed look from those red eyes with a noise in question. "I guess I just feel like I'm not pitching in enough."

"It's barely been a day, Maverick. Don't worry about it." Bryce continued his work. "We don't keep score or track of who takes what. Just don't give into envy."

"Don't you mean Gluttony?" A snout toss from the chief.

"I was close." He snorted, almost getting a smirk from the grey one that soon faded. Taking a breath and walking around behind the drake and handing him another basket for the upper cupboards. Then slowly hugging him from behind, nearly sitting on his tail and creating a bit of an awkward silence. "...You sure everything's okay?"

"I'm just... *Trying*." A smirk from that scarred muzzle could be seen from the reflection of the toaster. Feeling the drake's tail try to bob the grown wyrm up and down and only making him grumble in embarrassment. "You're not helping."

"And you're making my tail numb. Now quit beating around the bush and get into the bedroom. Last thing I want today is another mess in the kitchen."

"There wasn't that much to it." A snout toss from Bryce.

"That was barely half a quick release, and I swallowed most of it." Another awkward grumble. "I know you were never really into this kind of stuff, but I never expected you to be so awkward about it."

"It's only awkward because of our history together."

"Meaning what? None of us tried anything, unless you're telling me that you...?"

"N-no. But that's why it's so weird. You're almost my brother."

"Yet you're still hugging me from behind and quite hard, if I'm feeling that correctly." A loud whimper got the chief to laugh. "I'll take care of it, just head inside and prep yourself."

"You mean, time to overthink it and just back out."

"If I have to tie you to that bed in order to muzzle you off then I will, Maverick. The bear wants us to do it, and he's rarely been wrong."

"Wrong about what?"

"Everything so far."

"Is that why you've been giving into him so easily?"

"You don't bite the paw that feeds you."

"I'm pretty sure what you were doing to him his morning was considered biting." A snout toss, but a chuckle from the two. "Then why not let him help out on the case-?"

"No." A sudden growl made Maverick curl his neck. "I don't want him involved in this."

"Why?" The grey one almost growled back. "You said so yourself, he's almost always right. Is this a matter of pride-?"

"Of course not! I'm not *threatened* by him, Maverick." A deep breath from Bryce as he half turned around to look at the wyrm. "That farmhouse you found, back when we were-"

"Chasing after Reza?" A slow nod. "What about it?"

"Do you remember us saying it was trapped?"

"Yes, so what?"

"My dumbass plan was to send the bear in first while me and Sebastian patrolled the exits." A defeated look from those golden eyes. "I nearly got him killed that day, and he admitted to me that if I went in first then I would have died."

"Seriously...?"

"He saved my tail then, but only because he knew the outcome from that portal business. Everything after dismantling it is new to Bartan..." An angry stare at the grey one. "What happens when whatever this thing is hurts him? What happens when-"

"It hurts one of us?" Maverick half growled, getting a heated and heavy breath of composure from the drake. As if he struggled with the same outcome.

"I know..." A few tears from his eyes. "Damnit, I know, Mav...! But I can't lose *him*. I'm not saying that you or Sebastian are expendable, but..." Another heavy breath as Bryce just hung his head low, half shaking it. Only to feel the wyrm hug him properly this time. No awkward tension, no whimpers. Just comfort that the drake accepted and returned. "We chose this job, knowing the consequences."

"He didn't, I get it now." A slow nod. "Considering how easy it was to take out a human..."

"Is that why you're afraid of going too far with the furball?" Half a shrug from those wings. "You have nothing to worry about then, Mavericks. Considering half the things me and Remy have-" A sudden whimper from the brown one, as they slowly parted and got a very questionable stare from the grey one.

"Remy...?" A bit of a shy nod. "The clumsy white librarian...?"

"I... Kinda mistook him for the bear a few days ago, and..."

"And... You...?"

"I was caught, then half punished for making assumptions." The head tilt didn't help. "He's actually a very good person, Mav. I see what the bear sees in him now, but damn is he rough...!"

"Rough... In...?" The two looked off towards the bedroom, and the brown one nodded. "...We're talking about the same Remy-"

"Same Remy, yes." Another look at the bedroom, then back at Bryce for a nod. "He also never gets tired, so he tends to just..." A few blank stares with a few blinks, until the drake tossed his snout. "You'll see it eventually."

"W-what?"

"Odds are if you're living or hanging out with the bear, he'll get you two to have a session." A loud and long whimper, nearly getting the brown one to grumble in anger. "Don't be like that, Maverick. I know I was like that too after I nearly mounted him in my doorway, but trust me. He's a good person." A deep breath from the grey one, and he nodded.

"Alright... Alright." Another glance at the bedroom as that blush returned. "Should we...?"

"Sure, but I gotta drain the dragon." A less than pleased look from the wyrm and Bryce tossed his snout. "I'll wash it after!" He half hissed, turning about and walking in the hallway. Lifting his tail to display his half erect weapon that caught those red eyes and made the winged one whimper. "That is just too fun..." He chuckled.

Once he was freed from the captivation, the wyrm shook his head quickly to refocus. Taking a deep breath and holding it for a few moments while his heart beat rather quickly. Getting a mix of fear, yet excitement, much like his session with Sebastian. However, he recalled how it ended as the grey one walked down the hallway. Making him wonder if he'll just make another mistake towards this session's partner. But the runner forgave Maverick for what happened, and Bryce always seemed to be a lot more durable than even himself. If he could just control these instincts a bit, maybe he could also trust himself with the bear.

Looking over the low bedding that he spent the previous night in made him feel anxious as he did before. Worried that they might try something during the night, but what exactly was he so worried about? Being vulnerable? Embarrassing or hurting them? Most likely the last one as those red eyes looked around for anything reflective. As if searching for that negative comfort once again, but nothing was found. It's like it was purposely trying to separate the dragon from his own doubt.

Ironically, it nearly made the grey one feel uncomfortable and almost lost without it. Maybe weak from the sheer fact that he now was starting to rely on the support of others to keep himself

afloat. Walking around the bedding and taking off his badge, he found that reflection. Small but still rather loudly spoken, his own voice arguing against the bear's, of all people. As if a terrible parent was lashing out against someone who was just trying to save the wyrmling. Knowing the abuse he's been plagued with for years, having to battle himself for nearly a decade now.

Yet, that white voice was just as loud and fierce. Growling against such laws with his very own set of morals, much like that courtroom. A place that nearly made Maverick realize his feelings, and support someone he once called enemy. Though that very grey voice was roaring at him to apprehend the vandal for just speaking his mind, it was that turning point in the dragon's recent life. That maybe the voice wasn't correct. Maybe it was just as ignorant as every old wyrm within that courtroom; clinging to the old ways as if they were the only truth. It was that speech that gave him strength enough to stand beside the bear. "Still that nervous about it?"

The grey one double taked at the drake entering the doorway. "I was just... Thinking."

"Too bad. What a wasted opportunity to surprise me." A noise in question from the winged one. "I'm the one who started it, but once in a while me and Bartan try to surprise each other with what he calls 'The Naked Male'."

"...The what?"

"Basically what it sounds like: you pose nude, usually erect and wait for the other to enter suddenly without expecting it. Trying to surprise them and make them speechless." Maverick's head just slowly tilted in puzzlement, making Bryce smirk. "It's a lot more fun than it sounds, but I thought I would warn you."

"In case you're presenting yourself in the kitchen in the morning. Wonderful." He grumbled, half looking away in annoyance. Then spotting a plastic jug labeled Orgasm Jar. Soon getting those golden eyes to trace where he was looking and toss his snout.

"That's a story for a different time, but reminds me that I need to put money into that." Bryce turned to leave. "Give me a minute." Though the fact he was going to put money into such a thing only raised even more questions, the wyrm just sighed. Wondering how they could get so far as to actually have fun with all this, let alone *this* much fun with it. But then again, the bear's voice echoed in his head.

"Give it a shot. You can only hurt me by leaving without trying." It made the grey one sigh, but cave in. Climbing onto the bed in reverse; his head towards the end where their tails usually rested, and curled his body upward like a playful cat. Opening his hind legs when those pawsteps started walking back in, and drag to a sudden stop. The bank notes falling from that brown muzzle in surprise as a very faint whimper left it. Leaving the two in a long silence that felt like a week.

"...Like this, or...?" Maverick almost whimpered, trying his best to stay composed as the chief purred in agreement. Those golden eyes warmly gazing upon that slightly displayed weapon; nearly shy while slowly coming out of its protection. Walking towards it without even picking up the money and greeting the displayed weapon with an entrancing stare. Climbing over the bed to lick and kiss the tip of

it and force the grey one to exhale sharply, not expecting the earth dragon to move so fast.

But that tongue was impressive. Soft and slightly damp enough to just slide over the flesh pleasantly, yet assertive enough to encourage the weapon to grow. As if the drake were a gardener, leading a small flower towards the sun. Lapping at it constantly as those spines began to flare out and almost scrape against the appendage. The wyrm expected the chief to be skilled, even knew it well from the few muzzles they shared so far, but nothing like this.

Yet, Maverick's member was so enthralled by the sudden attention, it seemed to grow just a little larger than normal. Not even considering stopping at caution or the sort, Bryce started to take the flare in his maw. Of course expecting the loud whimper and yelp from the slightly larger one as his fangs carefully grazed over the shaft. Tugging at those thicker spines to see if that red weapon could get bigger or longer, playing with it as the wyrm was nearly paralyzed from the sheer bliss thrown into his body. Even thrusting into the drake a little bit as his tail beat slightly against the headboard.

Eventually, it became too much for the winged one to do without pawing at something. The brown haunches in front of him were his first target, nearly digging into those darker scales, and attempting to get somewhere underneath. Yet, that bottom paw tagged something else in the process, making the grey one whimper a bit knowing what it was, and Bryce shifting his hind legs to reveal his lower horn without question towards the wyrm.

It honestly made him pause for a few moments as he was nearly too embarrassed to even try it, in fear of hurting the drake. Yet, if the chief could do it to this degree, let alone Sebastian and the bear, then... With a deep breath that was nearly interrupted by a wave, Maverick pulled the weapon towards his muzzle a bit and gave it a few licks. Hearing Bryce purr loudly with his occupied muzzle and shift a bit more to better angle the tip.

Trying his best to recall what the others did nearly made him stall, but really it wasn't that difficult. Starting with his own few licks and giving the tip a small kiss to start with, a bit of a murky substance was felt. Making the grey one grumble a bit, but he would have to deal with it. Lapping at it a few times to get a large reaction out of Bryce and then start to take the head of the spineful weapon in his own maw. One very identical to his own.

It was like sucking on a large, dense piece of meat, to be honest. One with some thorns along its outsides that posed next to no threat, as long as he concentrated on not biting down on it too hard, Maverick convinced himself he could do this. Even while getting muzzled off himself by the same person. One that was starting to shift and move a bit with his own work, and pressing the grey one to take it in a little more.

Again, it wasn't nearly as bad or embarrassing as he expected. Even with the thick liquids that were leaking out of its tip, knowing what they actually were, never felt unpleasant. Almost better in a way; useful as a lubricant. Enjoyable. Especially after the drake drew some of the wyrm's own fluids out and gave him another blissful wave, something new to try with it.

And so he did. Holding onto the drake's sides and giving the tool a heavy draw, nearly making Bryce hiss as nearly half a spray was taken out. The unexpected result made the grey one concerned, until the breaths and purrs of pleasure returned as the chief looked behind. "C-careful you..." He panted. "But... One more time... Please-!" Another thick draw and those dark grey claws nearly tore into the bedsheets with the sudden pull. Nearly rushing the drake to a climax without even touching his ridges. Forcing him to take a step back and pull his member out of Maverick's reach.

"Was that too...?" The grey one nearly whimper, but got interrupted by the earth dragon's aggressive kiss. Nearly biting his instinctive nature into the larger dragon, as he did the same. Trying to ignore the faint sprays underneath the drake, a few actually reaching to the grey one's head. Easing down a bit after a minute or so. Letting the two just exchange heated breaths. "Too hard?"

"A little, but damn did it ever feel good...!" Another half-rough kiss. "I'm going back at it, I expect you to do the same." A motion to hold up as the wyrm got flat on his back this time. Letting the drake climb over him and once again muzzle each other's weapons, greeting those flares with thick licks before almost swallowing them in sync. Giving the more experienced one the control of how much was taken on each side, as their tails flailed with energy. "You tell me when it gets to be too much, alright?" A few taps against his brown haunch in confirmation.

Dozens of minutes passed as they got a little more daring, taking and pressing each weapon inside a little deeper into those maws just to get that thrill once again. Bliss being exchanged in one large constant loop, like a volt of electricity constantly being transferred through the jolts of preseed. All while those tongues painted the flesh thickly, encouraging it to just give up and pour everything they had into each other's stomachs. The more they went on, the more of each other they started to take into their throats, the harder it became to hold back.

Every few minutes though, one of them seemed to whimper and struggle to hold back. Setting off several warning shots into that receiving maw as it slowed down a bit to allow the other to catch up their defiance. Only for the other dragon to do it next. Eventually it was becoming a little too much, and Bryce pulled back until the flares once again. Giving a few signals by pulling and sucking on the grey one's tip a bit, and starting to feel the same against his own, the message was understood.

The two suddenly gave very thick draws against each other, pulling out all the fluids from deep within each dragon and nearly getting them to release on impact. Taking a few more heavy sucks before they started to whimper and give in to rapid breaths. Arching backs. Constant throbs as their tails thrashed wildly. Their weapons thickened greatly as those torrents were fired off with immense force. Only taking in the first two before Bryce completely withdrew and the white ropes took to the air. Painting each other with their own seed, battling with their own streams as they hosed against the boring wallpaint. Coloring it with a new shade of white before it slowed down and started soaking themselves.

Maverick specifically seemed to get most of the impact of such fluids, but the smile over his face stated that he couldn't care less. Greeting that scarred muzzle with a thick kiss and nearly locked those dark grey horns in place until the wyrm was satisfied. "Enjoy yourself?" The brown one asked with a loud

purr, as he washed that now white plated chest with his paws. Getting a slow nod as they caught their breaths. "Now, do you want to stop here, or keep going?"

A few moments of just breathing and deciding, then another few licks from that burned tongue. "I... I want to be in you." An unexpected smirk from the drake as he climbed into the bed. Laying down sideways without a struggle and letting the wyrm climb over him. Still a little woozy from the long session, but his instincts wanted this. Taking a moment to share a tender kiss, something that made his grey heart flutter wildly before pressing that flare into the earth dragon's tail.

A few heavy grunts, but the lower horn was well lubricated at this point. Still a little bigger than what Bryce was used to, the red weapon slipped inside with unexpected ease. Getting a heavy reaction out of both dragons before Maverick slid it in deeper, repeating that same reaction with double the impact before that sudden kiss. Those grey wings spread outwards, and the two large one embraced each other tightly with thick arms as their tongues wrestled.

It was nearly enough to make the wyrm release then and there. Even going so far as to launch a torrent of pre before starting the motions. Sliding in and out of the drake's tailhole as he whimpered loudly in bliss. Doing his best not to release at the constant pleasure and endure the winged one's movements. That pink tongue eventually lolling out of that scarred muzzle as the waves were getting him drunk, making Maverick actually smile inbetween grunts as he desperately tried to hold back.

Lasting several minutes at a time before needing to stop and just take a break, giving the two time to just lap maws before nailing the chief once again. Trying to read his breaths and whimpers to know when Bryce was too close and slowing down. Granted, that didn't stop him from painting inbetween each other once in a while. Letting the wyrm get rather familiar with such substance to the point where it never bothered him anymore. Even going as far as to lick up a thick streak of it before mawing that scarred muzzle once again. Enjoying the growls the drake made doing so.

But one step too far into that tail was all it took; a simple touch on his ridge to force the grey dragon to start going through the motions. Climbing in breaths, tail thrashing, wings spread out greatly as that chest stuck outwards. But Maverick was still a little bit in control, thrusting into the drake a few times before driving his full length into that tailpipe. Getting a loud hiss, and a bite against his grey shoulder. Sending a second rush of bliss and instincts through his larger body and pelvis as that weapon thickened up again.

The two roared through the house, knocking off paintings and pictures on the walls from several rooms over as those torrents flooded the earth dragon's rear. Nearly double the contents with each spray, rushing through Bryce's lower area and forcing his premature release between them as well. The constant warmth getting deeper and deeper through those belly plates, feeling them almost growl and grumble as more white was sprayed into him. Eventually warping them a little, pressing his plates a bit upwards in an arch, separate from his usual curves.

Yet, they didn't seem to slow down. Even after the drake's retaliation was complete, Maverick's release was still going a bit longer. Pressing those belly plates outwards into a near bubble-fashion, and

hear Bryce hiss at the pressure it was causing. It worried the grey one all at once, as he tried to withdraw, but those brown arms embraced him tightly. Forcing the dragon's to stay close and the wyrm to feel the earth one's belly press against his own.

Eventually, it came to a stop. Allowing the two to catch their much needed breaths and Maverick to almost look at those golden discs in a bit of shame. Once again losing control of himself, but the chief just kissed him in response. Just as tender as before, washing those pessimistic thoughts from his mind as they exchanged deep breaths. Hearing Bryce just purr loudly after it and just rest with the wyrm still over him. "You want to know the weird part to this?" A noise in question. "The bear releases more."

A very slow look towards those golden eyes once again, as Maverick curled his neck. "...*What!?*"

"I'm serious..." Another few pants, as they looked down at the result. That belly rounded upwards, but still going strong. "Tease him long enough, and he will just keep spraying. That's how I tend to fill those jars."

"You're joking." A shrug from the drake.

"You'll see it for yourself. This morning was barely anything. I don't think I could take his full load, and apparently that's been reduced." The grey one tilted his head. "Story for another time."

"Another time is right..." He half grumbled, hearing Sebastian's voice in his head once again about a firehose. "...How...?" A noise in question as a grey paw carefully pressed on the bloated belly. "How does that feel?"

"...Tense. Slightly discomforting, but somewhat enjoyable. Why?"

"It looks like it would hurt a lot."

"Too much pressure can, yes, but that's what the bear does to you." Another strange look. "Same story as before. I'll get there. But did you want to...?" A look in worry, but he couldn't take his eyes off those plates. "Have you taken...?"

"Y-yes... But he was smaller..."

"...You sure the bear didn't-?"

"It wasn't Barton." Maverick half grumbled. Taking a breath and pulling out of the drake. Leaning down to lick at that deflating belly and nuzzle it a bit. "...Can you go another...?" A nod in response.

"I'll pass out by the end of it, so you'll be stuck for a while. Just warning you." Another look down at it, and the grey one took a breath. Climbing back onto the other side of the bed and lifting his leg once again. Sharing a kiss with Bryce as he got into position, that thick flare pressing against his tail as he tried to relax it. Stimulating his body once again as it was much tighter than Sebastian's a few nights ago. "Small is right, whoever this was."

"It... Was..." A few more presses interrupted him.

"Seb?" A whimper in response. "I thought you guys were acting a little funny. You more than him."

"He called it a booty-" A loud yelp as that weapon slipped in, forcing the wyrm to take sharp breaths with slight pauses inbetween. Groaning at its size and how it was stretching him out a bit. "Damnit...!"

"I'll say... You need to take the bear a few times here before we can do much." A thick hiss from the wyrm at the weapon more than anything. "This will be quick though. I don't have much left in me..." A nod in response as they started to move a bit with the motions. Not going in any further just to be safe, but after the initial stretch, it started to become more pleasurable for the winged one. His sensitive tailhole once again throwing waves through his exhausted body as Bryce moved through him.

Within minutes, the grey one was lost in a trance. A near slumber, like being rocked to sleep. His weapon once again hard, but limping a bit with exhaustion. Yet, still managing a few squirts over the bedding over several movements. Even making out a few inside him, a milky warmth traveling further as the drake struggled to work with what space he could manage. Drawing out the session out for a dozen minutes longer than expected.

The buildup was approaching, he could sense it in the weapon's twitches and sprays. Though the drake's purrs and breaths, hearing them increase over time. Then soon the flood would enter him, that firehose that painted the wall over Maverick's head would unleash inside his rear. The thought made him whimper loudly as the earth dragon embraced his body tightly. Hearing a few drawn out whimpers next to his own told him it was too late to stop Bryce from releasing his final barrage.

The lower horn throbbed within him, causing his own to do the same. It grew thicker with the brown arms, revealing the dense muscles underneath those scales as that scarred muzzle scrunched up. With that first sharp breath, the pressure of his first torrent shot nearly through the wyrm. Making him yelp loudly and jerk with the impact. Thick ropes of seed pumping into his rear, venturing deeper and deeper into his belly with far more force than the runner's. Sending out warnings through him that something wasn't right.

A firehose definitely described it well, the pressure increasing a bit more as Maverick felt his lower area shift a bit. Pressing out against his plates to make a bit more room, but with that; a rush of new pleasure was soon felt. Enough to send him over the edge one last time and spray the bedding with whatever his body could muster. A thick torrent for each that entered his rear and soon slowing down, making his belly tighter by every small release, as well as feeling it start to leak out his rear a bit. Finding a pathway through the forest of spines to slip through and relieve that pressure slightly.

Granted, that didn't stop the dragon from feeling bloated. Let alone still feel Bryce's belly against his own, giving a somewhat satisfying feeling as Maverick's world went a little fuzzy. Barely feeling the drake pull out before falling into a deep slumber. Bryce soon behind him after climbing onto

the soaked bedding and embracing the grey wyrm.

Thick purrs filled the room as the two slept the evening away. The sun keeping them warm as it slipped below the horizon and casting a satisfying darkness over the town. Not even making out the presence of the furred one until he climbed into the bed behind the chief, still undisturbed by it. Still a little hazy, those red eyes could barely make out Bartan's smirk at the mess, while opening a bottle of water for the locked-down wyrm. Giving him a satisfying drink before joining them in the night. That grey muzzle nudging and looking for that white one and giving it a deep kiss as he was pulled a bit closer. "I take it this went well?"

"Very well..." The wyrm purred. "...Sorry that I've been so-" Another kiss interrupted him, telling the dragon it was alright and that he didn't need to say anymore. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome."

"For... Everything, bear." A nod and a few licks. "I still don't like the fact I'm so easy to read, but... He's right. You do often know best."

"You're not easy to read, Maverick." The furred one chuckled. "I just recognize your scars, because I have them too." A slow nod and a deep breath. "Does this mean you've decided to stay with us?"

"...Do you think I should?"

"Until you heal, yes." A bit of a puzzling look, but the wyrm understood soon after. Especially when a furred paw was felt on his chest, fluttering that heart even more, regardless of how tired it was.

"Then stay I will."

"What the hell is that jar for exactly?" The bear chuckled at the question.