

Somewhere Out There Act 11 - Damn Regret

By Bartan Tirix

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A sharp pain in his chest forced her out of the blackness and into another one, this time less dim. Barely making out a shadow over her that the runner instantly identified as a threat, but attempting to claw at it only made her forelimbs jerk uncontrollably. Still trying to use them to shield herself from the intruder, barely hearing his voice in the darkness. Though the pain in her chest, and her rapid heartbeat. The thick taste of metal filled her mouth, though nothing was really felt inside. Just the numbness of her tongue.

Eventually, the shadow's paws withdrew and allowed her the freedom to attempt to struggle to her hinds. Collapsing into a dirt wall that was foreign to the draconic raptor. A bit soft, and lightly caving into her weight told her it was likely fresh. Very unlike the smoother rock she was used to. More words echoed the dim hole in the ground, barely lit up by faint moonlight. Likely blocked from the trees outside. At least the air was fresh and familiar, but the shadow's scent wasn't. Far different than she imagined it would be.

The silhouette started to leave, barely making out its now smaller structure. Almost child like, with wings. It was definitely draconic, but why did it have such a strange scent? Watching it walk up the stairs on all fours, she swore it changed tone in the faint light, then there was darkness. A thick vibration that she could barely pick out from the rapidness of the female's heart. Still feeling painful, yet numb. Almost sore around her chest entirely, and inhaling what could only be described as electrically heated air.

A few coughs, and the scent was stronger than expected. Like a very thin amount of smoke, half that you might see after blowing out a birthday candle. Making her whimper as her body constantly trembled. Throat dry and sore, scratched with every heated breath her heart forced the runner to take. Somehow, through the smoke and burning, she picked out that need. Following it across the room with heavy staggers. Those muscles unable to release its thick tension, bracing her left thigh nearly in place and causing a great pain up her back end. Nearly causing her to collapse against the table and half spill a small bowl with the precious liquids inside.

Desperately, she lapped every last drop against the rock bowl. Crude in craftsmanship, but without a speck of dirt to be tasted. Really, the water felt more clean and clear than anything she's tasted. Perhaps that was due to her desperation. Regardless, for now, she was trapped here until that creature came back. Her breaths growing slower and a bit more relaxed, even if the twitching in her claws just wouldn't stop. Curling up under the table, all she could come up with was question after question. More specifically... What did that thing do to her?

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A heavy groan woke the other two up, soon picking up the reason why the brown one was slightly upset. As much as the bear did like the taste of those brown sticks, he was also starting to associate it with Work. Even if he didn't have a keen sense as the other two males he was in bed with, this time with the drake in the middle, holding the grey wurm tightly and once again burying his muzzle between those throat plates and the pillows. Grumbling in denial that it was morning, regardless of the fact the sun was starting to peer through. "See now why my room was nearly pitch black?"

"I keep telling him to get rid of those windows or add thicker curtains here." The bear mumbled in response, greeting that near snorting muzzle with a morning kiss. "Sleep better?" A slow nod that made each other smile. "You guys made one hell of a mess."

"Y-yeah... Sorry-" Another interrupting kiss that Maverick was just going to have to get used to.

"I was expecting more, to be honest. The ceiling is still untouched." Bartan teased, getting a mumbled message from beneath the winged one.

"We... Ended up taking... Each other..."

"In the tail?" A whimper. "You'll get used to it. Probably start to like it after a while."

"I... Actually don't mind it right now." That grey muzzle blushed, but restrained from hiding himself. "It's strange, I always thought of it as being submissive, just giving in or giving up."

"That's the human side of you." A grumble in question. "Most of them have this weird obsession with being an Alpha Male, even though it actually doesn't exist."

"...What?"

"I agree, bear. What?" A chuckle from the furred one as he tapped Bryce's belly a bit.

"There's no such thing as a natural 'Leader Of The Pack', it's just pride showing its head. Speaking of some pride showing..."

"Don't start with that unless you want to finish it, Bartan." A chuckle at the chief's grumble, finally digging his muzzle out and giving the grey one a few licks until Maverick grumbled a bit. Then turning around to do the same with the furball. "I'd go a little further, but I have to piss something fierce."

"Go at it then." A solid nod as he made his way out. "Speaking of going to the bathroom, on a scale of one to ten: you're an eight." A double take from both, but a much more shocked look from Bryce.

"That's hurtful, bear. I'm a *least* a Nine!" He snorted loudly. "Just because I don't have a lower pouch like you is no reason to deduct an entire point off anyway!"

"No, see it's a joke."

"*You're an eight...*" The brown one grumbled down the hall. "The nerve..." A head shake from the white one as he looked over at the wyrm who only shrugged.

"Don't you drag me into this."

"Nevermind, he'll get it eventually." The bear started to get up, only for the dragon to pull him back down and pin him playfully. Purring and getting the same vocal response in return. "What're you thinking?"

"That I need to get in another tail soon. A very specific one." They shared a kiss.

"Remember what I told you last night about the jar."

"I was barely listening." He half growled, nearly gnawing at that white muzzle as he pressed his weight onto the furred one. Only freezing when-

"Urinate!! I Get It!" Came from the hall. Causing the other two to break into laughs, but the grey one continued his near mauling.

"Careful you..." A deep breath from the bear. "You'll regret it later at work..."

"I don't work today." He purred loudly, pulling at those pants. Getting a whimper from the smaller one when those claws pressed into that pouch a bit. "And we might as well get it done before you have to clean." A chuckle.

"It's your guys' mess, why should I have to clean it?"

"Because if you do a good job, bear, then we'll treat you well tomorrow." Bryce said returning, smirking at the event he came into, but slowly picking up his money from yesterday and putting it into the jar. "Can you at least wait until he cooks me some breakfast Mav?"

"I suppose." He half grumbled, getting a whimper from the chief that caught their attention. Watching those golden eyes just overlook them for a few moments.

"Screw it, I'm adding more to the jar!" He almost growled, coming around the side of the bed and muzzling the wyrm's weapon a bit. Getting a large yelp from Maverick and a deep purr as Bartan pulled him down for a deep kiss. Letting those two tongues go to work until the grey one started thrusting a bit, almost overwhelmed by such sudden activity and soon leaking pre from that tip.

Eventually, he couldn't take it anymore, pulling back away from Bryce's muzzle and past that pouch. Feeling the brown paw guide his rod while the grey one focused on keeping the bear still, ignoring his whimpers through the deep kiss as they pressed against his tailhole. The fur lightly brushing

that wet tip as it prodded the area a few times, then a heavy press that made him yelp. Banishing the heated breaths from their lungs for a moment, then another thick press.

The flare slipped inside after a bit of struggle, getting a loud growl of pleasure from Maverick as the smaller one whimpered a bit. Soon getting his muzzle once again occupied by the earth dragon's tongue, and a paw against his canine rod. Already starting to leak those flavorful juices that he craved in the mornings.

Yet, a furred paw was reaching under Bryce's belly as well, then gave the two dragons a few taps for attention. Motioning the opposite corners of the bed, and they carefully slid there without breaking the penetration, allowing space for the drake to half climb up and have his own weapon attended to, while mawing off the bear's. Though Bartan could only make do with the end of Bryce's tool, it was enough with some paw-work.

A thick whimper as Maverick slid inside deeper, nearly climbing over the earth dragon's shoulder's in the process. They went through the motions for several minutes; the bear taking two weapons, the drake getting his morning milking while being milked, and the wyrm enjoying his first time nailing the furball. Something his body's desired ever since that muzzle connected to him. Letting his tower spray out at its own pace as it started to go deeper and deeper inside the smaller one. Expecting some sort of barrier or limit, but feeling his ridges get brushed by fur before he even found one.

It was a massive wave that rushed through him, nearly setting him over the edge and releasing torrents of pre. Filling up that white belly, allowing Bryce to finally take a big drink from that smaller hose. Purring loudly as he tormented that canine weapon, trying to get that knot to come out as quickly as possible, whereas he was still on a time limit. Then a surprise draw from his own tool made him pause for a moment and moan loudly. "Yes bear...! Do that again! Harder!" The chief demanded.

Getting a few playful pulls before another heavy one, making him roar loudly at it through his closed muzzle and drive that weapon further into that furred muzzle. Then Maverick's body rammed against the brown one, shoving that thick weapon deep into the bear and releasing his own roar. That shaft pulsing thickly as a massive amount of fluids passed through it, filling the lower belly directly.

Another heavy draw from Bryce's member sent him over the edge and spraying down that throat with its own ropes of white. Force feeding the bear from above and feeling that belly being to press against his body, as the wyrm was pushing the chief down. Making out those pulses constantly from both ends and feel it bloat out quickly while orange streaks sprayed against his scarred throat and chest. Unable to get himself in a position to drink it as his body forced itself still.

Eventually, getting a few heavy taps and Bryce pulled out during mid orgasm, letting those thick streams take to the air and against Maverick's front. Painting those grey scales a new ivory until that draconic muzzle latched onto it as well. Making the brown one yelp for a moment, and feel the wyrm drink the fluids as they came. Swallow after swallow, as that furred belly below him got a little bigger with every moment. Feeling everything start to slow down and that grey muzzle letting go of the drake's tip.

The three panted, the wyrm through his nostrils specifically. Then suddenly pulled on Bryce's neck for a direct kiss, instantly getting him to hiss loudly at that and the unpleasant taste. Wanting to fight it, but an oversensitive grip on his ridges forced him to stand down and accept it. Not without a few growls and aggressive tongueplay. "Damnit... I can't wait to get that change, bear."

"Change...?" The grey one panted in question.

"He means flavor change, and I can't guarantee anything." A few pants as the bear stroked the chief's forearm. "What I would like is a closer bathroom for situations like this."

"If we can afford it, maybe. It's not exactly easy to do that with two incomes." Bryce grumbled, mostly at the lingering taste in his mouth than anything as he staggered off the bed.

"But we have three-" A yelp as a plug was released, feeling the grey one almost collapse on that bloated belly and nuzzle against it purring. Regardless of the mess. "Three Incomes." The other two stopped and looked at each other, then the bear. "Just saying."

"That... Might not be a bad idea." Those golden eyes studied the room through a wall for a moment. "Would have to move a few things, but we might be able to make that-" The phone rang faintly on the nightstand, glancing at the number and making a noise in question before answering. "Bryce speaking."

"Chief?"

"Kalinth? That number isn't coming from the station, where are you?"

"At the hospital." A thick tension filled the room. "There's been an accident... Sebastian was involved."

The night was making him restless, tossing through the still freshly washed bedsheets every few minutes. Unable to settle with his natural instincts going haywire. Like signaling to the runner that something was wrong tonight, something was happening and he needed to be there to find them. Usually they stopped after a while, but this was going on for hours. The beige one wouldn't get any rest like this.

Getting up and to the restroom for a moment to wash his muzzle with cool water, he took a breath. Looking at the same amethyst eyes that somehow illuminated during the nights and getting an overwhelming feeling of trust from them. They were right tonight, they had to be. Grabbing his hat and locking his door, he carefully went down the dark streets. Keeping an ear out for any suspicious noises,

and once in a while hearing the movement of something metal in the distance.

It's like they were leading him, beckoning across every alley and turn in a form of Zen, just to find where the noises were coming from. Back on a different store made mostly for appliances, he could barely make it out through the darkness. The main exit to the ventilation, split down the middle and folded outwards like a set of old window sills or double doors. Yet, still connected to the main vent as small claws were heard from inside. Hiding without making any noise, the runner watched from nearby as a small wyrm climbed down with a bag. One identical to the floating sac on the tape. A faint shimmer across the wyrmling, and the vent exit bent back into place, sealing shut like it was never happened before the little one started to walk down the streets.

No doubt, this was their thief, and Sebastian took off after him. Barely giving the little one time to flick an ear at the quick steps before yelping at the tackling raptor. Squirming and struggling wildly as the runner attempted to pin it to the ground. "Stop resisting! You're under arrest-!" A harsh jab to his side sent the beige one rolling a bit and soon recovering back on his feet. Yet stunned to see a large piece of the road become a wide pillar where the attack came from, nearly bruising his ribs a bit as the little one scampered off.

Growling, he called for it to stop again before giving chase. Down past an alley and into a different street, he seen the little one take off to the side and into another alley. Yet, those instincts kicked in again, telling him to go the other way. Towards the scent that lingered in the air, vs what his eyes had seen. Taking a moment to weigh his options, he went with instincts once again. Down the opposite path that the little one scampered off too, only to find him just around the corner and yelp loudly at the runner's lack of deception.

The sighting once again almost stunned Seb, like the wyrmling somehow teleported to a different location, but he would have time to question the troublemaker afterword. Once again giving very close pursuit to it, to the point of it barely being in reach and cutting a very close corner by diving for its tail. Knocking over a public trash can in the process. Hearing it yelp loudly and hiss as it was once again overpowered by the adult. Nearly pinned once again, then quickly pivoting around the little one when his instincts warned him. Seeing the ground once again morph into a near battering ram, just nicking the runner's tail.

A small growl from the little one was almost cute, as it struggled and grabbed a hold of a beige arm. "Fine!" It hissed loudly, shimmering once again before a bright spark lit off them. Near instantly feeling a heavy shock and almost slammed into the ground as the little one once again escaped. Getting up to a slight stagger and disorientated, it took a moment for Sebastian to realize where he was; acrossed the street from where that can was knocked over.

Growling, the runner snapped out of it and once again gave chase. Able to at least catch up to the smaller one, who was surprisingly not attempting to fly. Perhaps it was too young to just yet, it was hard to tell, but it was definitely smart and somehow talented. Expecting the little tricks while it turned corners; a shimmer on the patch of ground that seemed very reflective, the beige one jumped over it and rebounded off the wall. The sudden movements of large dumpsters being thrown into his way,

ladders from fire escapes suddenly falling. Running while in full alert of anything that could happen, and hearing the wyrmling get frustrated by it as the runner once again drew closer.

But it was the surprising thick spike of wall that shot across and formed a large beam that got the officer. Running into it muzzle first and throwing his hind legs forward while landing on his back, much like a 'Chicken Wire' or 'Lariat'. Finally knocking him down for the count as his body couldn't recover from it fast enough. Groaning from the heavy stun against his nose and barely hearing the little one taunt at him. "Had enough?" The wyrmling snorted in the middle of the streets.

From the high pitched ringing his ears were picking up, something else could be heard. Something heavy on wheels going much faster than it should. Barely looking up at the wyrmling once again making some remark, only for it to be run over violently by a runaway cart. A loud snap of its spine was heard making the runner yelp loudly as he scampered up.

Running towards the still young one, it barely gave off a few half blinks like it was in shock. "Stay with me, kid!" Sebastian growled, calling out for help while taking it's pulse. Feeling that faint heartbeat grow spacious by the moment until...

"...And that's what happened, Sir." Sebastian mumbled, still wincing when the nurse was tending to his bruises.

"He died?"

"By a..." The beige one started to answer Bryce.

"Run-away ice cream cart." The grey wyrm grumbled. "That sounds like a bad joke."

"Even ask him, he witnessed it." A gesture across the hallway towards a much older looking eastern earth dragon.

"Looks like that's the end of our thief problem then." The brown one looked off to the side, likely towards the morgue. "Did he have any...?"

"No parents. At least not around here. No identity, no nothing. Was just a stray, likely just stealing to survive." A heavy sigh from the runner, and he got a nudge and a wing from each of the other males.

"Don't beat yourself over it, Seb. You did what you could." A faint nod from him.

"He was just a wyrmling, Bryce... One just trying to get by."

"Using some kind of magic and stealing from others though. Who knows how dangerous that could've been." Mav mumbled. "You're lucky you got away with what you did."

"Maverick's right. Take the day off, I'll do the paperwork for this one. You'll still have to make a statement and a film report, but-"

"Only if they don't question it. Kalinth barely believed me, and we work together."

"I barely believe you." The wyrm snorted. "But if what you say is true, then those markings in every store hit..." A faint nod.

"...How does something have the power to do that?" Bryce asked.

"I don't know, I've never heard of it before... Maybe Bartan-"

"-No." Both larger ones said rather quickly, getting the runner to double take at each several times.

"We... Don't want him involved in this, Sebastian." Maverick stated, getting a bit of a sour look from the raptor. "Bryce, you take him home. I'll do the paperwork."

"You sure?" A solid nod from him. "It's supposed to be your day off."

"Doesn't matter. He needs you more than me."

"...Is this because you recently had a booty call?" A whimper from the beige one as those faded purple eyes looked over the chief, then Maverick.

"...Yes." The grey one managed to keep a straight face before sighing and looking over at Sebastian. "Sorry, but... He figured it out-"

"I figured it out." The drake smiled proudly. "Now come on. The bear is busy today, but I want to introduce you to a new hospital idea I thought of several weeks ago." The two walked out, almost followed by the grey one, but something caught his ear. A conversation among doctors in another room.

"That was the last I seen him." A dark red wyrm stated, getting a faint nod from another before looking over Maverick from afar. Seeing the larger one approach them and study them for a moment.

"You knew him?"

"The wyrmling? Kind of." The red doctor admitted. "Dr. Taute, by the way. I met him in the clinic, coming in for some kind of medication for another person."

"He have a name?"

"An obviously fake one; Nightwing."

"...Nightwing?" Maverick half questioned, getting the expected nod from him.

"It happens more often than you think. Parents send in their children to get prescriptions re-done in hopes that the meds will be stronger. But without a checkup, we can't do anything."

"What was he asking for?" A bit of a crossed look from the doctor.

"He... This is strange officer, and it's not something I approve of."

"Go on."

"He accused me of misdiagnosing he patient, and wanted me to rearrange a surgery in return." A neck curl from the grey one. "He wanted me to place a device connected to her heart."

"...What?"

"I told you it was absurd." The other doctor snorted. "Doing such a thing will only cause more and more problems with the rest of the body. This is excluding the extreme chance of infection or rejection."

"Regardless, if you were looking for a motive, that's likely one."

"Can I get the name of this patient he was supposedly trying to help?"

"Yes, I've already giving the information to another, the blue female over there. However..."

"What is it?"

"We keep a record on every patient we have, officer." A bit of a worried look from the dark red wyrm. "This patient didn't have any children."

The tension of the hospital seemed to linger throughout the station. Sure there's always been deaths that they've witnessed, especially last summer, but not of one so young. Let alone, a rather tragic background, if it was true. A lonely little wyrmeling just trying to get by, odds are living somewhere out in the forest because he couldn't pay rent. Using the name of someone else who lived out there to get whatever they needed to survive. It was a horrible system, something the grey one couldn't help but look at from the outside and see every flaw to it.

A deep sigh left his muzzle as the paperwork was finished. Both for Sebastian's encounter and the search in the address they were given. Whoever was living there before has gone missing for nearly a week. Likely moving on, whereas there was no signs of struggle, or taken. No statements from witnesses, no tracks to follow, no scent to be found any longer. A dead end, so to speak.

Still, it's been a rough day for the station, reminding him of those couple of weeks that summer, even if Maverick wasn't in the station much. All he wanted to do was just go home and forget this ever happened. No even realizing how late it was by the time he clocked out, let alone how drowsy he'd

become. Finally understanding what that jar was for, and why the bear sounded like a broken record about regretting it.

Regret was right. It made it harder to perform, even when something exciting was going on. But when everything started slowing down, his brain became sluggish. Saying his late night greetings to the staff before leaving and taking to the skies, he couldn't help but overlook the areas from afar. The ones where such events took place last night. Not believing Seb at first, but clearly seeing people work on getting the roads smoothed over once again, breaking the rock pillars apart before it hurt someone else. The many trash bins and dumpsters thrown against the alley walls to get in the runner's way, then the final horizontal bar that clocked the raptor out. A mold of metal piping coated in brick that looked literally impossible to create.

It didn't seem right, but it was no wonder that this thief took so long to catch. Yet, he was so different. Hitting multiple stores, nearly every night. In order to do that, he needed to live rather close by. Sebastian's statement claimed the little one never attempted to fly, which is what most with wings would attempt to do, especially against a runner. Unless these magics...?

A heavy sigh left the grey one. He was trying to solve a case that has already been closed. No longer being able to find out the real reason why this little one was doing such strange things. Only leaving several marks on the world that no one will understand. Another deep breath, and he took off to return home. Entering the large house and once again closing the door a little too harshly, grumbling afterward. "Everything okay?" The bear's voice carried through the halls, as well as his footsteps.

It was that moment he realized how much he needed it, that attention and comfort after a hard day at work. A day he was supposed to be off, and how much he just wanted to hold someone. Walking through the halls to meet up with Bartan, he stopped and waited for him to come around the corner, greeting his slightly sour grey muzzle with his own saddened look before holding onto that furball tightly. Leaning his winged back against the wall and just holding the white one there for a few moments. "...Is Sebastian...?"

"He's fine..." A deep breath. "Just being looked after by Bryce tonight." A small nod was felt. "...Am I...? Doing this right?"

"A bit odd of a position, but."

"I mean... Is this how I'm supposed to...? During a relationship...?"

"Is this what you want to do?" That plated heart fluttered.

"...Yes."

"Then it's fine." A few strokings along his short spined neck. "Does it feel unnatural to you?"

"...Yes." A breath from the large one. "But I don't want it to feel that way. I want it to be like how Bryce does..."

"Why?"

"Because the way he does it... It feels right. The way you do it, it feels right." A deep breath from him as the bear started to rock his body slightly side to side. "Why is it that when I attempt it, it feels...?"

"You're thinking about it too hard, Maverick. Just let it happen on its own."

"But that makes it feel... Make me feel..." A deep breath as those white paws stroked him. Not trying to lead into something more. "Vulnerable. I'm not going to hide it anymore, bear. It makes me... You make me feel..."

"Vulnerable?"

"-But I... I like it. I feel like I shouldn't, because I've never done this with anyone else... Not until Sebastian. Not until Bryce... Not until you." A nod was felt again, almost ignoring the tears coming out of those red eyes. "I should hate it. Every scale of my body is screaming at me that I should hate the fact I'm vulnerable. That I should guard myself against it like a weapon, but... I'm just tired. I'm so tired of guarding this heart, bear."

"It's alright, Maverick." A soft nuzzle from that furred snout and a few licks. "The important thing I want you to remember is that this does not make you weak."

"...What?"

"It doesn't make you weak. It doesn't make you frail." A bit of silence. "Say it for me, okay?" A deep breath and he nodded.

"This... Vulnerability doesn't make me... Weak." A few more licks and a few taps as they started to let go. Feeling the bear lead him to the bedroom and making the dragon half grumble in disappointment. "I'm not really in the mood for..."

"That's fine, I wasn't really suggesting it anyway. I'm just moving into a space for more comfort, that's all." A bit of an awkward nod as he lead the grey one onto the bed. "Can I get you anything?"

"...Some water, if you don't mind." A slow nod and a soft kiss that nearly made the wings of his heart spread. Taking a deep breath after the white one left the room and get a little more comfortable. Hearing him return soon after and offer him the drink before laying down with the large one. Taking the suggestion for the wyrm's embrace and just holding the furball for a while.

"So... Do you mind if I ask what happened?" A deep breath from the dragon.

"...I want to tell you something, but I don't want you to be angry at our decision."

"What decision?" Bartan asked, getting a little more serious. "Are the humans back?" A thick question.

"No... No, nothing like that." A slight sigh of relief. "Bryce and I... Don't want you involved in our

work anymore, but..."

"Any specific reason why?" The question was lighter at least, but he got no response for nearly a minute. Just holding onto the furred one tightly.

"...A wyrmling died today."

A deep breath lead to his pillow hissing slightly in his arms, bringing the drake out of his slumber quite quickly. "Easy-Easy!" A quick release and pull back was followed by a grunt of relief in the darkness. "I'm still bruised, big guy."

"Sorry... Thought I was holding someone else."

"I can only imagine who." The beige one grumbled. "How does he put up with that?" It actually made that scarred muzzle smile a bit, as he slid back in for a muzzle. Being cautious about the runner's side this time.

"For your information, the bear likes my hugs."

"Well, he's a masochist." A snort. "And you're like a damn vice." The brown one chuckled.

"I'll take that as a compliment." A few licks and rubs, one leading down that lower area. Getting the raptor to sigh.

"Still not really in the mood, Bryce..."

"Alright, alright. Just thought I would offer."

"So eager to try out your hospital idea?"

"More like roleplaying what the bear does for work. I've been curious in how he tends to do these things." A faint chuckle from Sebastian.

"Thinking of taking a part time job as a companion, are you?"

"Maybe." The earth dragon purred. "But he says it doesn't always have to be about sex."

"Yeah..."

"Maybe this is one of those times that he was talking about." A faint nod as they took a deep breath together.

"...He was just a kid, boss." Seb mumbled after a long silence. "Just a damn kid..."

"It wasn't your fault, Sebastian."

"I keep trying to think of how I would've stopped him. What his life would still be if that..." A deep sigh as the drake licked him in comfort. "What would've happened if I had caught him. What would I do? Would he spend the rest of his life in prison?"

"For B&Eing a few places? Barely taking a fraction of what they left inside?" A defeated sigh from the runner. "He would've just gotten a slap on the haunch, Seb. You're beating yourself up too much."

"It just left so many unanswered questions, Bryce..." A deep sigh. "He wasn't violent, until I pushed him to be. If he had such powers, then why use them for this?" Before the chief could answer, the phone rang in the next room. Giving the raptor an aggressive nuzzle before getting up.

"Stop blaming yourself for this, Seb. I'll get it, but if you keep doing this to yourself, I'm stoking you off eight times." A double take at the strange form of 'Punishment', even if he couldn't quite see the look on the drake's face as he searched through the room a bit. "Hello? ...Yeah, he's doing fine. What's up? ...What the hell do you mean there's been another robbery?"

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That burning pain shocked her awake once again, yelping loudly against it as her hands jerked and pushed the other paws away from her body. Grasping at a limb and holding it so tightly it started to burn her muscles. "Okay-okay! You're welcome, Taath!" A young one hissed, struggling out of her hold, but couldn't quite get it. Growling, and suddenly the limb disappeared. Causing her to finally open her eyes towards a winged wyrmling within the dim light. "I probably deserve that." He snorted at her.

"W-what...?" The runner coughed, struggling against the muscle spasms and low air intake for a few moments until the little one came around with a bowl. Walking towards her awkwardly on hind legs. "N-no...!" She pressed her back against the wall.

"Stop it." He grumbled, leaning the bowl towards her muzzle, but pulling it away when she tried to hold it herself. "No. Let me do it."

"I can-"

"You can barely keep yourself still right now. Just let me do it-" He attempted again, but her paws jerked and hit the bowl of water off to the side. Nearly making her dried throat weep as it fell into the dirt floor, and those deep purple eyes glared at her. Snorting and picking up the bowl before his scales shimmered in the dark light. Doing something within the shadows of the table where the water

landed, then bringing the bowl back to her. "Struggle again, and I will leave you down here to die, understood?" A whimper from her, but a shaky nod. And he brought the bowl to her lips.

It tasted fresh... Unusually fresh. Like a cool, clear stream glistening in the warmest of days. Nearly giving her a brain freeze in the process, but it was exactly what her maw needed. Breathing very heavily after the bowl was empty, and barely able to hold herself up. "I... Need..."

"I got you food, it's on the table." A slow look towards the small candle light. She never felt so hungry when she spotted a pair of tin foiled meals on small plates.

"But I..." A heavy swallow as she attempted to get up, almost collapsing in the process. Getting stopped by the younger one. "Medication..."

"You don't need that-"

"I'm...! Narcoleptic-"

"No you're not." The wyrmling growled, handing her a meal. Nearly getting her to hug the thing for its warmth.

"...Doctor said-"

"Well, the doctor was wrong." He snorted, getting his own sandwich and taking a bite before continuing to talk with his muzzle full. "Shortness of breath." A small noise in question from her. "Chronic Fatigue. Poor scale color, and faint heartbeat. That's not narcolepsy. You have an irregular heartbeat."

"...What?"

"I can hear it. It's rhythm often skips several beats at a time, causing you to pass out. Honestly, it's a wonder you're still able to think." A whimper from her, and the little one tossed his snout. "Because you would be dead. Your brain should be starved of oxygen. So you're welcome!" He hissed, getting a sad look from the runner as she slowly unfolded her meal with shaky paws. "That'll go away after a while. I had to zap you pretty bad to get it to start beating again."

"...Zap?"

"As in, shock you. Like a defibrillator." A worried look from her and another snout toss from him. Pretending to hold to objects and rub them together. "*Clear*." Then placed the two 'objects' against the floor for a moment before pulling them back. "That thing. It's a defibrillator. It shocks your heart to get it to start beating again and you, y'know, *alive*." Another short as he took another bite.

The raptor looked at him while taking a deep breaths, slowly unfolding her meal and taking a small bite. Yet, the female still felt like she was drowning, unable to get enough air for herself and slowly nodding off. Barely seeing the wyrmling come towards her and place a paw on her chest, now seeing those violet scales up close before a slight discomfort and numbness was felt. Bringing her breath back

again and whimper against it. "See what I mean?"

"I..." All she could do was just look at him for a few moments before studying the room a bit. "Why am I here...?"

"I don't know where you live." He snorted. "I found you outside, in the grass." He pulled out a little sheet of paper from a counter and shook it for a moment. "I'm guessing you were getting a refill, but passed out in the process." It came back to her now, mostly in a haze but it started to fill out. "Again, you're *welcome*."

"I..." A few breaths from her. "He gave me new meds... Said it might help, but..."

"They weren't working. Because he didn't catch what was truly wrong with you." He snorted taking a bite of his own.

"...How?" A pause, before he started chewing again and swallowing. Seeing a hint of pain in those purple gemmed eyes.

"I knew someone who had it." He muttered. "A long time ago."

"Long time ago...?" She asked, only getting the gesture to carry on and eat. Looking at the meal for a moment. "...Did you...? Steal this?"

"Nope." He half grumbled, likely being sarcasm. "I gave someone wyrmling eyes and they showered me with free food. Only for the birds to devour most of it, but I managed to fight them for these two sandwiches. It was an epic battle that lasted weeks, all while you were here. Sleeping." He snorted. Without a doubt; sarcasm, yet she just stared at him. "Yes, I stole it."

"Then... I don't want it-"

"You're not in a position to be picky, girl. Now eat."

"What do you want from me?" The wyrmling ignored the question. "Please... Just let me go-"

"If you want to leave so badly, I'm not stopping you." He snapped harshly. Taking a step back and gesturing the exit. "All you need to do is climb up those stairs, and you're free." A worried look from the female as his eyes just challenged her. "I mean it. You want to leave? Then leave." A bit of a whimper from her, but the runner slowly got up. The only movements he made being to finish his meal and watch her stagger acrossed the room. Taking the stairway one step at a time, but growing shorter and shorter on breath. Constant wheezes from her as that chest pain increased, the air she took in only grew thinner and thinner until she collapsed on the stairs.

That strange numbness returned, getting the raptor to whimper. "You got up four steps out of fourteen. Congratulations." The wyrmling snorted. "How are you going to make it back home in this condition, hmm? What are you planning to do when this happens again and I'm not here to revive you? When no one is around to help you?"

"I..."

"Unless you know someone else who is a portable defibrillator, I'd *advise* that you stay here. Y'know, if you want to live." He snorted.

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The night started to come more quickly as each day seemed to pass. Nearly ten minutes earlier than the previous, as it returned to its pitch black state while the evening was very young. Not that it bothered the bear that much. Though he was missing another set of claws for the night, another pair really seemed to need him tonight. Enough to ask for someone else to cover him, barely being able to struggle out of the wyrm's hold and reach for the phone. "Hello?"

"Hey, Remy. It's the bear." The furred one whispered.

"Oh, hello Bartan. What can I do for you?"

"Are you doing anything tonight?"

"Not that I recall. Need someone to cover for you?"

"If you don't mind, love. Something happened today at the station, and I don't feel right-"

"Say no more, bear. I don't mind in the slightest. Who's the client?"

"Ophelia over on 384."

"I know her."

"Not too well to make it awkward, I hope."

"Not at all. What time?"

"In an hour. I called her around noon as a reminder, but mentioned that I might not be in tonight due to that."

"That's fine bear. How is he doing?"

"The chief? He's actually with Sebastian right now, over at his place. I'm actually with someone else."

"...Maverick?" A noise in confirmation. "I heard he moved in."

"Word travels fast." A chuckle from the other side made the furred one smile. "Thank you, Remy."

"Don't mention it, Bartan. Hopefully we'll get the chance to get together again soon."

"I do have Tuesday afternoon off, if that works for you."

"Sounds perfect. Just coffee? Or a little more?" The wyrm on the other end purred, getting an almost too loud chuckle from the bear.

"Oh, I'm loving this new confidence, love. But that's up to you. I might see if I can get Mav the afternoon off then as well, so we can both tend to him."

"Sounds like a pleasant date then." A bright smile from the bear.

"Thank you again. Have fun."

"You too. Enjoy your evening." They hung up, then a bit of a struggle to get the phone back up on the dock. Barely getting it up on the nightstand before those grey arms pulled the living body pillow closer in an adorable grumble. Once again making the bear smile brightly as the dragon nuzzled his furred neck in his sleep. Almost purring during his deep breaths for several minutes, all while the white one worried about the drake and runner. Wondering how they were making out, hopefully for the better.

Though this event put a wrench into their plans tomorrow, it was something they were just going to have to accept. Honestly, the two were expecting something to happen. Recalling the conversation he had with the earth dragon quite a while ago. "You're such a pessimist, bear." Bryce grumbled.

"I know, but I also know things will go wrong when plans are made."

"The only plans I'm going to make is to fill you until you explode... Providing you'll be alright afterword." A chuckle from the white one.

"If it's anything like before, I should be fine. Still, don't get too attached, or else you'll get depressingly disappointed when we have to cancel." A bit of a grumble from the drake as they shared a kiss over the kitchen table. "How are you liking the French Toast?"

"It's alright."

"Maybe I'll try to get Adine to cook them sometime, she's much better at it than me." Another kiss, this time with a little tongue. "Tastes like metal to me. Have you been in the tinfoil again?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." The larger one snorted. "And it's just you. They taste like eggs to me."

"So I've been told." The furred one went around the drake, hugging him from behind as he ate.

"Don't you start anything bear..." A chuckle from behind the drake. "I swear you're going to make me fill that jar."

"Only because you want me to fill a different one every three days or so." A thick purr from Bryce as he took a deep breath to restrain himself. "Maybe I just want something a little too much."

"That something better be me or my meat."

"...Sure."

"You paused there for a moment." He grumbled. "Why?" All he got for a response were strokes between his back wings, making the little things flutter a bit. "Damnit beaaaaar...!" The drake growled, shifting his haunches and tail enough to make the furball step to the side, then pin him to the floor before rubbing that scarred muzzle against his shirtless chest.

"Easy you."

"You provoke me, Bartan." Another playful growl as he aggressively kissed the white one. "...Damn work!"

"I know, I know."

"We need the damn money, but I need you...!" Another set of growls as he ran his dull claws though the white coat.

"Be strong, love. You can do this." Another set of grumbles as he took a few breaths, and those licks grew a little less assertive. "Good job-"

"Nope! Can't do it!" Within an instant, that brown muzzle was nearly devouring the bear's, pressing him into the floor and running that thick weapon across his pants. "Off. Now!"

"You can do this, Bryce-"

"Now!" The seriousness of it just made the white one laugh loudly, but obeyed. Even laughing as he came back from the past, with a different dragon hold him from behind. Trying to be quiet, but the grey one was shifting a bit with slumbering breaths. Yet, no signs of consciousness as the white one just tried to rest himself a bit. But a prod under his tail was starting to be felt, making him whimper slightly in excitement, knowing what it was. And likely what the dragon was dreaming about.

When the prods weren't stopping, the bear carefully took his pants off a bit without disturbing Maverick. Feeling his weapon shift and poke around under that tail, once in a while brushing against that sensitive spot between that rear and pouch. Nearly making the white one yelp in pleasure, but try to remain quiet and still. The brace of those grey arms growing a bit tighter, as more fluids increased the density of that shaft. Making it stiff enough to start pressing up into that tailpipe a bit more consistently.

Another thick whimper that barely left his throat, and the flare slipped inside. Getting breaths of

satisfaction from both of them, though one still clearly asleep. Slowly moving the growing tool slightly in and out of the bear as it pulsed bit by bit. Pressing against his inner walls and causing his own canine tower to start leaking into the sheets. A white paw soon tending to it slightly as the thicker shaft increased more and more.

With every heated breath of the two, the dragon's member ventured deeper. Eventually those grey paws moved a bit up the bear's torso and slightly pressed down on his shoulders. Forcing him to take in more and more of that growth and Bartan released a whimper. Still trying to be quiet, but feel the wyrm shift a bit more while purring. Almost stretching, which only increased its depth within the white one. Then those paws stroked around the furred belly as that tongue licked him. "Enjoying yourself?" Maverick mumbled a bit, getting the bear to half chuckle.

"Very... Much so..." A lick on the closest grey paw. "You were dreaming."

"Mmm..." A deep breath as the tool moved a bit, slowly thrusting in and out of the white one a few times. "Of doing this."

"Apparently, some dreams can come true-" A slight squirt made him whimper as the dragon continued a bit. Almost sliding the smaller one up and down his draconic tower, making him sing with deep breaths as the larger purred. Yet stopped after a few minutes. "Something wrong?"

"...Do you like this?" A slow nod from the white one. "As in, really like this?"

"Maybe you should be a little more specific."

"You always seem to be..." A noise in question. "Submissive." A chuckle from Bartan that time.

"Your body wanted this, I just delivered." A faint nod from the grey one. "Is there something else you wanted?"

"I'm... Not sure. I feel like there should be a bit more." A slow thrust to keep the pace. "...That I should be doing more."

"You're doing most of the work, at the moment."

"I mean..." A tight hug as that grey muzzle pressed against the fluffball's neck. "Is there something... You wanted to do or try?"

"A few things, but you're not quite ready for most of them." A noise in question, and the bear shrugged. "I'm not going to lie, I have a bit of an inflation fetish."

"...What?" The loud serious question made him chuckle, but motion for the grey one to keep going.

"It's a bit hard to explain, but the idea of expanding someone using various forms. One of the big one is-"

"Dragon-juice?" The wyrm grumbled, getting another chuckle but a nod. Those dull claws going against that furred belly again and remembering what he was like in the morning. "So, you like being... Stuffed?"

"Kind of."

"You don't find it... Frightening?"

"How so?" A noise of discomfort from the large one, but those white paws found his own. "Did something happen?"

"...Last time I... I had a 'session'... With Sebastian."

"And?" A deep breath of near remorse.

"...I almost hurt him."

"By filling him too much?" A whimper that time. "I basically did the same. Bryce mounted me during our three-way while I was trying to get Seb used to the idea."

"Idea of what?"

"Being penetrated." A faint shy whimper from the wyrm made Bartan smile. "He ended up taking my knot by accident."

"Your what?" A chuckle that time only confused the dragon further.

"It's a surprise." Maverick grumbled at the vague answer. "But you were worried about hurting him?"

"...Very much so. Even this morning, I was..." A deep breath as he felt the furred one nod. "Yet, I seen you with Bryce, barely made out you tapping him and getting him to stop immediately."

"And you're afraid of not having that control? That you're going to overdo it by giving into your instincts more?" A slow nod. "That's okay."

"You say that, but it isn't."

"Yes, it is. You're a dragon, Mav. You will have these urges to just... Well, for lack of a better word, to just take what your instincts desire." A bit of a grumble in response. "But that can be tamed. It takes time, but it can be done."

"You really think so?"

"I know so. Bryce was the same way, he told me. He just learned to control most of it before I came here." Another few strokes against that scaled arm. "You can learn to as well, you just need practice."

"Meaning what?"

"Lots and lots of sessions." The bear teased, feeling that grey muzzle toss. "But you're on lead here, do what you like." A purr that time, but something was a little off.

"Can you...? Get into me?"

"Tail-wise?" A mumble of embarrassment. "Sure, but just a bit more of this if you don't mind." A nod was felt as that weapon slid in and out in slow full thrusts. Pressing his entire length into that tailhole until those ridges were squeezed. Sending a large wave of bliss through his grey body.

"How the hell are you able to do this?" Maverick grumbled, feeling though the furry belly and nearly making out his weapon within.

"Holiday... Party...!" Bartan whimpered, getting a noise in question from the larger one. "I'll tell you later...!" Another grumble as he gave the white one some relief before pushing him onto his chest and into the bed. Adding a few more heavy thrusts into the bear and driving his length as deep as he could go. Feeling a few heavy squirts pass through it as the smaller one whimpered in pleasure.

"I can see why Bryce has a hard time to sleep without his pillow." The grey one purred, getting a whimper in agreement. "Had enough?" A few nods were barely felt, but the dragon gave a few more thrusts before pulling out. Nearly grabbing the tail with his jaws and pulling him around before giving that canine weapon a thick lick. Though it was rather dark, he got a decent look at it in the morning, let alone the morning before. When Bryce's muzzle wasn't in the way. Licking the juices off of it that were almost constantly leaking out of the pointed tip, he could almost taste it. A very strong flavor that nearly made his tongue numb.

But that muzzle soon half devoured the smaller weapon. Trying to remember his session with Bryce the other day, and trying what felt good there. Let alone, what got a reaction out of the drake. Of course, this was a smaller weapon, but did that make it less sensitive or more? Still, one thing at a time. Starting out with that tongue along the bottom, only to feel those spines almost in a reverse pattern from his own; two rows at the bottom, and one at the top.

Studying such a thing made Bartan whimper loudly, feeling that tongue stroke his ridges unintentionally. Getting heavy jolts from that tip and feeling them leak out of his muzzle a bit, making the bear growl a little bit as those white paws gripped that spikey mane. "Easy you... It's not about speed, Maverick." A noise in question from that occupied muzzle. "Remember the first time I muzzled you; the slower you go the bigger the reaction." A faint nod and the dragon took a breath before starting again. Feeling the movements and strokes from those paws as a guide.

The wyrm's breathing even slowed to the speed of those strokes on his head, though he couldn't stop the constant purring. Adding a vibration to that tongue as it studied the unique tool. It may have a missing sense, but the other was quite amplified. Able to pick up every little twitch and pulse long before those fluids made it to the tip. Detecting many little dents and slight damages from previous partners, many from one specific that Maverick could only assume was marked by the drake. Recalling

that first display in the kitchen of how he used to nearly bite the shaft and pull on it playfully until it treated him.

Then there was the ridges, small divides and overlaps of flesh that were very sensitive. Increasing the spasms nearly ten-fold with every simple touch, and getting the white one's breaths to unintentionally grunt. Like the spines, it was rather familiar to the dragon, but below that the weapon was once again different. Finding the sheath that was covered in fur, mending with the rest of the bear's body. Though, it seemed rather stretched out now to accommodate such a tool, the grey one recalled when he first seen it. Knowing how small it could get.

Though biology was still over his head, Maverick did know how his kind seemed to function. This one, it was difficult to tell. Not only due to the furred one being an Outsider, but also when Bryce vaguely explained beforehand how Bartan was changed by... *Something*. Past that, it was over his head. But a loud whimper from the bear snapped him out of thought. Getting a thick squirt and realizing how much he's been teasing that sensitive area once again, yet the bear didn't tell him to stop. "Careful..." He only warned, more of the consequence of such things rather than to watch the wyrm's tongue or fangs. Getting a slow nod in response.

But enough was likely enough. Whereas Bryce's statement from the night before about how much this furball could release if he was teased enough recalled in his grey mind. Lapping at the upper end of the tool and signaling that he was done, he gave the tip a few licks and felt a paw under his chin. Leading it to meet that white muzzle and give it a deep kiss, allowing the smaller one to enjoy that flavor again. The exchange got the dragon a little too excited though, pushing the white one down onto his back again and rubbing his own tip against that pouch a bit. Hearing a muffled whimper of almost begging proportions as the draconic tool lined up and pierced the white one again.

A few more minutes of just sliding it in and out of the bear as they muzzled once again almost aggressively. Growling as those dull claws dug underneath the furry back and embracing him to the best of his ability before letting go and giving him a full thrust. A few heavy squirts nearly made him roar with a shut muzzle as the white one whimpered in bliss and take a few moments to just breathe. Satisfying the grey one's urges for a bit longer and sharing a little more tender lip lock. "Are you ready?" Bartan asked, getting a slow nod and feel his plated heart flutter once again with near excitement.

A few slow thrusts for good measure and he withdrew from the bear's behind. Licking at his tool a bit before turning on his back, feeling another wave of energy just seeing the furred one climb over him and stroke his draconic member a bit before pawing around Maverick's lower end. Brushing against his tailslit and hamstrings, of all things, before feeling that wet tip start to line up. He thought it would be almost frightening, perhaps emasculating to allow such a smaller being to do this to his body, but all that the grey one could feel was positive energy from it. Waves of bliss, excitement, adrenaline that raced his heart and relax his tailhole. Nearly making him giddy, unable to hold back that dumb smirk over his grey muzzle.

Then there it was, a small pierce of flesh that slipped gently into his body. Bringing with it a ripple of pleasure that rocked through his large body and exhaled out his lungs. Purring loudly at every

little movement within, detecting every spine that seemed to carefully draw on those inner walls. Decorating them with a fantastic artwork using the paint that canine tip provided. Though it was much shorter than the chief's member, it didn't make it any less satisfying.

Going in as deep as he could go only increased those waves, the slow movements and the brushes of that fur against his own weapon were almost too much for the dragon. Constantly leaking more and more by the minute as the bear continued his work. His grey body longed for this night for so long, that he just wanted to make it last, yet it was growing harder and harder to do so. Those deep, purring breaths were building up. His thick tail was thrashing with every movement, curling up once in a while to drive the canine rod deeper. His paws, now on the bear's back and shoulders were holding onto him tightly, nearly clawing into that fur as he struggled to hold himself back.

But Bartan never seemed to mind. Never paid attention to the larger one's blush, only aiding his breaths. Submitting to his tight embrace, and following the tail's suggestions. Stroking those sides and forearms as if to encourage the dragon to finally release his tension. And so he did. Whimpering loudly in bliss as his body passed the point of no return, and finally got a bit of a struggle from the embrace. Getting enough space to start helping his weapon through such a rush, stroking and working on those ridges to only call more and more fluids to the rally. Making the wyrm's back arc backwards, those wings to flex, his breaths strain as his jaws widened.

Those red eyes closed shut, overwhelmed by such a powerful energy. All four claws strained, that tail thrashed wildly off the bedding and curled upward. His haunches thrusting into the bear's paws as he roared loudly. Louder than ever before, likely waking up the neighborhood as those first several torrents rushed to be the first one out the weapon. Creating a very thick spray that nearly hurt passing through, showering the grey one and the bedding. As well as everything around it: the wall, nightstand, floor, closet door. Impacting and splitting off into liquid shrapnel to cover more ground.

Spray after spray, yet the bear didn't slow down. Letting the dragon spaz out as his body willed while releasing such a powerful amount of seed. Reaching past the double digits in torrents before slowing down drastically. Leaving everything covered in a foggy white blanket of fluids. Letting the dragon once again catch his much needed breaths before leaning over that chest again. Feeling his heart pound loudly in excitement and those exhausted paws embrace the furball not giving a damn about the mess. Even licking it off and the grey muzzle a bit before it reacted with a tired kiss. Still desperately trying to get his breath back. "Want me to keep going?" A slow nod in response and a few licks as he laid his grey head back down.

A few soft strokes and Bartan started up again. Slowly entering and exiting out that twitching tailhole, trying not to overstimulate the dragon, but keep him relaxed as the night went on. Perhaps trying to get him back into a deep slumber for the night, but everytime the bear started to slow down even further, that grey tail push him to continue. If not a little faster, which was fine by him. The session had gone on long enough, and the mess was already made. Progressively building up in speed got those slumbering breaths to gear up as well. Nearly making the wyrm dance with the rhythm of movements, shifting his body back and forth as he purred loudly.

Focusing on the weapon within him, Maverick could nearly picture it in his mind. Making out every little spine, bump, and tip as it slipped in and out of that tailslit. Let alone, feel it start to get... Bigger? Filling out the empty space within him from before? Still not nearly as big as the drake's, but rivaling it and sending several waves through the grey one. Once again feeling his own tool start to leak what it could between the two. Those purrs turned into slight whimpers of pleasure, then concern when the base of the canine shaft started to get a bit more dense. Nearly hearing the bear over him growl and breathe almost aggressively as he slowed down.

Yet that growth increased, pressing up against the dragon's inner walls and snaring the tower inside him. Whimpering a bit at the pressure, and then it came to him: Knot. Likely keeping the partner in place while it... A louder whimper that time. Now making sense of what Bryce stated after their first session. How the bear could actually release more and really push that drake's belly past the point that Maverick got it: by locking the only exit shut.

Feeling the member twitch inside him as Bartan exhaled loudly, the warmth started to flood his insides. Forcing it's way deep inside the dragon and pumping him full of that orange juice. Though the pressure wasn't nearly as harsh as Bryce's, it had about the same volume to it per torrent. Making out spray after spray as the grey one whimpered in bliss. Though still a little frightening, it was also very exciting somehow.

Yet, the dragon couldn't help but squirm a little bit with the constant stream. Even curling up his tail once in a while and finally notice how much bigger that pouch had become, whimpering at its very slow drain compared to what was entering the wyrm's rear. Expecting that discomfort like before with Bryce, and feeling it once in a while. However, not nearly as long as when the earth dragon was on top of him.

All of a sudden, things came to a slow halt. Then the pressure started to rise as the flood was trying to continue, battling with the grey one's durability and making him almost whine at the slight discomfort of it. Feeling those fluids almost massage his inners and push them out little by little. Until all at once they started to give out a bit, feeling his belly start to slowly flow outwards strangely, much like Bryce's. Morphing his plates into more of a small bubble or water balloon; getting slightly rounder by the moment. Barely being able to make out such a transformation through the darkness, yet... It was enjoyable.

With a couple more grunts, and a slow pull that made the dragon yelp, that plug was released. Only to be pushed back in halfly to prevent a large mess. Letting the larger one just get used to the strange feeling of being full and carefully study his belly with dull claws. The scales became more sensitive, sending positive waves through that grey body. Really, there wasn't nearly that much difference from his shape before. Just a slight bulge as if the dragon just had a big meal. Though it felt like so much more, making him question how much was actually leaked out. "You okay?"

"Yeah..." Maverick mumbled rather surprised, still almost stunned and dizzy from his own release before. "I expected..."

"So did Bryce. He said he felt like his weight doubled during his first time." A slow nod. "I'm going to try to keep it inside you for as long as I can, so it can work it's magic."

"Magic?"

"Mmm." The white one purred a bit, going over that belly himself and giving that draconic weapon some attention. "The orange stuff tends to alter people the longer it's in contact with them."

"Alter them... How, exactly?"

"Just makes you a little more stretchy and durable." His grey mind flashed back to his sessions with Sebastian and Bryce, knowing how much more they could take compared to the wyrm. Yet, able to function normally afterward like it never happened. "You'll likely be able to take Bryce's full release if you can keep this in all night."

"And that's how he was able to take mine so easily." A nod was felt. "Are there any side effects?"

"Not that I've seen." Another few silent moments of study, and the grey paw reached for a while one. Letting the two lock eyes through the darkness and smile a bit at each other. Then the dragon slowly laid his head back to slumber. "Rest well, Maverick."

"...You too, bear. Thank you." A nod was felt.

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Another burning pain in her chest woke the runner up again, whimpering loudly at it and coughing out the stale air within her lungs. Expecting the wyrmling to be holding her down again, but he seemed to turn away as soon as the female came to. Giving her space to breathe heavily over the strange bedding of tall grass and thick leaves. "There's water on the table." He grumbled, as she recovered. "I didn't have to jolt you too much this time, but just lap at it. You'll likely still drop the bowl if you attempt to pick it up."

A bit of a sob from her, but she slowly drank what she needed. Catching her breath and attempt to look at the black wyrm laying down in the dim light. "...Why?"

"Because reasons." He snorted, not getting any relief from her questionable stare and tossing his snout. "Why what?"

"...Why are you doing this to me?"

"You mean keeping you alive?" A sad look from her blue discs, and he just sighed. "Who says I need a reason?"

"...It's my life. I'm the one who..."

"Made the mistake of venturing out without seeking help first? I'll say." Another snort, then a breath that followed the silent moment. "...They're there to help people. Be it to actually fix them, or whatever."

"What...?"

"But when they get things wrong, this is what happens." He almost growled. "...I've lost too many people from them getting illnesses wrong, and never admitting to ever being wrong. Even after it's too late." A long sigh from him. "I understand the pressures they have to go through. The fault shouldn't be theirs alone to burden. But if this keeps happening more and more, perhaps maybe people should be more educated on how such things happen."

"Lost...?" The young one didn't respond. "Where are your parents?"

"Long dead." He muttered.

"So you're... Living out here on your own?"

"Are you?" She didn't really want to respond to that. "Not everyone has a choice, dinosaur."

"...What?" The runner asked, not recognizing the word, but he never responded. "What are you planning to do with me, erm...?" A long study from those purple eyes across the room, then eventually another breath.

"...Harrak." He mumbled. "You can call me Harrak." A bit of an awkward silence, whereas she knew it wasn't his real name.

"Okay, Harrak. I'm Senithia." No response. "That's my real name too." Again, silence. And the female took a nervous breath. "Harrak... What are you planning to do with me?"

"...Who's your doctor? The one who got this wrong?"

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The drake sighed and grumbled. "This doesn't make any sense." He snorted, looking over the footage with the runner and blue female.

"I know. Same things... Vapor, floating bag..." Sebastian took a heavy breath, knowing the question was coming up from the look on their eyes. "Yes, he was dead. The doctors even said so."

"So, what? There's multiple of them?" Kalinth suggested.

"A possible gang of them?"

"I hope not." The runner grumbled. "One of them was bad enough, imagine dozens of wyrmlings with the power to do this." A look at the female again. "This happened...?"

"Last night. After your hospital visit too." A deep sigh from the two males.

"Same tricks used?" She nodded at the chief. "This is getting out of control. As much as I don't want to claim that it's 'Magic', let's just assume that it is. It has limitations, right?"

"And usually some sort of weakness behind it all, is that where you're going with this Bryce?"

"I still say we should ask the bear-" A growl interrupted Sebastian.

"We don't need to involve him, Seb."

"Why not though?"

"Because he doesn't know anything." Maverick approached the doorway, getting questionable looks and a sharp glare from those golden eyes. "I already asked him. Suggested a few different creatures, but none of them have all these abilities that you described." A sigh in defeat from the runner.

"Maybe there's another clue somewhere." Kalinth suggested. "Maybe in the library, or some other legend." She looked over at Bryce who was still focused on the grey wyrm. "Boss?"

"...Alright. Check out the library for now, maybe make a list of those who might know such things and get their opinion. This is no longer an issue we can solve ourselves." A look at the others. "I'll make a few calls around the other cities and towns, ask if they ever encountered such things and warn them about it. If there really is multiple of these things..." A deep breath, and the others nodded. Getting up and exiting the room, those golden eyes locking onto the red ones almost immediately after the two smaller ones left. "You weren't supposed to ask him-" He snapped.

"I didn't." Bryce curled his neck. "I lied to them. The bear doesn't know about this case." A moment of study, and the brown one exhaled. Believing him. "I want to protect him too, Bryce. I'm not stupid enough to involve him."

"...Okay." Another breath. "Okay. What else do we got?"

"When I heard, I went to the morgue again. Trailing down where they buried the wyrmling."

"And?" The grey one shook his head.

The two white ones chuckled through the hallway. "It was just unexpected." The wyrm said, unable to control his smirk. "Perhaps I shouldn't have acted so surprised."

"Did you at least go through with it?"

"Yes, I did. I just didn't expect her to ask me to do that."

"Never heard of a paw fetish before?" The bear teased.

"Not completely. I mean, I've heard... Things. But to mix that with food...?"

"I hope you washed her feet first."

"Of course." They chuckled a bit. "Still, client satisfied. Just be warned about her next time. She tends to have a hard time restraining herself."

"No worries. You really don't notice the marks until you're really up close." Bartan examined the dragon's muzzle, seeing that blush and getting a playful smooch from the wyrm. A couple of chuckles and a few licks. "Still, thank you again for filling in."

"No problem. I hope everything went alright here."

"Yes, everything is fine. Just a rough day at work, and I don't think Maverick is comfortable being here alone just yet." A nod in understanding. "Bryce was supposed to be with him today, but..."

"Work came up?"

"Kind of. I really shouldn't talk about it, but everyone is alright."

"I hope so." They approached the door. "Feel free to call me in again to change any plans on the schedule. I don't mind picking up a few more shifts, each one is one step closer to adopting her."

"That's going well, I assume." A bright smile from the dragon.

"Very well!" The two shared a tight hug. "I'll talk to you later, Bartan."

"Later Remy." And the wyrm left, getting the bear to take a deep breath and proceed through the kitchen. Gathering up the dirty dishes and filling the sink with some water before adding soap to it. Barely picking up the door once again shutting as he started doing them. "You're back a little early." He called out, hearing the pawsteps across the tiled floor.

"...What are you doing?" Maverick asked, peering into the doorway to the large kitchen, still not getting the attention of the furred one.

"Dishes."

"...He has a dishwasher." He grumbled, looking directly at the device.

"True, but most of them don't get the dishes completely clean on their own. This only takes a few minutes anyway." He said, continuing and hearing the wyrm slowly make his way across and hold the bear for a bit. Watching over his shoulder as he scrubbed a few plates cleaned. "One thing I like about you guys is you lick these things of all extras. Makes it much easier."

"We don't like wasting food."

"Neither did I growing up. But on the other side, it was very odd to do such a thing." A noise in question. "That didn't stop me from doing it with nearly every meal." It made the grey one almost smile a bit.

"You're more of a dragon than you know."

"I'd just say I'm less human than they thought I was." A slow nod. "Is something wrong?" No response. "Mav?"

"...Something weird is happening at work, bear." He mumbled.

"I figured." A moment of silence. "Do you need my help?"

"...No." A deep breath as he nuzzled that furry neck. "We... Don't want you involved."

"You never told me why." He stated with patience. "If there's something I can do-"

"It might put you in danger." It made the white one stop and try to look at him. "Bryce can't lose you, bear."

"He won't."

"...You don't know that this time around." A bit of a frown, but Bartan slowly nodded. Feeling that embrace grow tighter. "And ...I can't lose you either." Those white paws met his grey ones, as a few tears left those red eyes. "I can't..."

"It's alright, Maverick. I'm here." A few breaths.

"This is what makes me... Weak."

"What?" He responded a little harshly. "No it doesn't-"

"Not the vulnerability, bear... The fear. The fear of losing you..."

"Why are you here Maverick?" The question was once again sincere "Where's Bryce?"

"He's fine, bear." A deep breath. "I'm here to protect you."

"...Protect you at all costs."