

Somewhere Out There Act 12 - The Boy Who Destroyed The World

By Bartan Tirix

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A massive spike of pain shot through her body as her heart began to race. Coughing out literal smoke and replacing those breaths with the horrid scent of singed scales. Barely making out the smaller one curse and struggle to keep the female still. "Stop moving! I'm not done yet!" Yet, all her instincts told her to fight. Fight viciously so she could flee from the pain and making the male growl. Eventually feeling thick straps start to bind the raptor down. "This is going to hurt a lot more, but I need to do it." A loud whimper from Senithia as something was placed in her maw. "Bite down on this."

"Why...!?" She coughed.

"Unless you want to do the same on your own tongue and bleed to death afterward, do it!" He hissed, getting her to obey and trying to rotate her a little bit. "I'm going to have to move your blood a little from the outside."

"What...?"

"I was..." Half a growl. "Later than usual returning. And you were out for longer than I hoped." A worried look from those blue eyes as he tried to avoid them. "There's likely a few clots towards the end of your hinds and tail, I want to get them moving and dissolved."

"And if... You left it?"

"Odds are everything below said clots will start to rot and decay." A whimper from her. "So if you want to live, bear with me." A sobbing breath and she nodded. Feeling those paws stroke against her haunches and hinds as something within started to pull. Once in a while a little too thickly and sending sharp pains through her body. Forcing her to cry out until they stopped.

The torture lasted for a few minutes until she was nearly numb. Then she was suddenly released from the vines that snared her in place, spitting out the spongy object that was now greatly imprinted with her fangs. A few sobbing breaths, and she seen the little one limp across the room for a bowl in the faint daylight. Both wings sagged down, and a tail dislocated a bit. "What... Happened...?" A deep breath from him as he barely paid attention to the question. Just setting down the bowl for her to lap out of once again.

"...A mix of dumb luck and a runaway cart." He snorted, sitting down and trying to get his tail

straightened. Growling loudly at the pain until it popped back into place. Nearly making the female sick. "...I might need your help for the wings."

"...They look broken."

"That wouldn't surprise me." A sad look from her.

"You need to go to a hospital-"

"I was spotted last night, no dice." A noise in question at the odd phrase. "Going there would only get me arrested, and make you dead. It's not an option."

"...Why arrested?" No response. "I told you not to steal from people-"

"What do you expect me to do? I need money to save your life, and I can't counterfeit their banknotes!" Harrak hissed at her. Taking a painful breath. "I didn't rob from just one store. I hit multiple, that way no one gets dragged under poverty." A sad look from those eyes were nearly killing him. "Again, what do you expect of me?" He asked harshly.

"...How much did you...?"

"Not much. Only a small portion of what they left in the register. Satisfied?" The wyrmling snorted. "I'm working *with* you on this. I'm **trying**, understand?" Her gaze fell. "To do this legally isn't going to work."

"...Why?" A snout toss from him.

"Be more specific."

"Why are you doing this for me?"

"Are you questioning why I want someone to live?" A grumble from the little one, but there was something shaky in his voice. Watching him avoid her eyes once again and sighing heavily. Those broken wings drooping and getting him to grunt against the pain. "...They look like hers."

"What?"

"Your..." A gesture towards his own discs. "They're the same color... Exact same shade."

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The scent of cream vanilla filled the room as the raptor stared at his ceiling. Barely sleeping a wink knowing that *something* was still out there. However, his instincts didn't alarm Sebastian like before. Be it they just didn't sense anything, or that his intuition had faded due to exhaustion. Carefully

rolling off his bed and grunting against the slight sting his side gave off as a warning, he had a busy day ahead of him.

First thing was first; that magic device that perfected his morning drink. Emptying the powdered can into the small basket on top, it was something else that needed to go on the list. Taking a moment to write it down before starting his morning shower. Getting what he could reach, but that blow to the side was definitely limiting the runner's off-hand. Something he never really thought about before this event; how such little damage could affect his life so drastically.

Granted, it was still better than leaving the job to the chief. The drake didn't do that bad, to the point of surprising Sebastian, but he was hardly considered graceful or dexterous with those claws or muzzle. Next best thing was his tongue, and that would likely lead to something else, knowing the big guy. And the raptor just wasn't in the mood for anything lately.

Coming out of the shower and letting the water drip off him quickly, he still didn't know what to feel. The death of such a young wyrmling was one thing, then there seemed to be a second one? Perhaps more? His mind got carried away with just how many there were and how he would deal with them all. Knowing that they would be way out of his league.

The more he thought about it, the more it started to sound like a TV show. A small group of dragons vs creatures with incredible powers or various legends. Having to fight against them to protect those who didn't know about it, while having their own little dramas to go through. Be it love interests, lost ones, or sacrifices that were required to be made. Whatever this wyrmling was capable of, it definitely seemed like an antagonist of sorts.

Antagonist being the keyword, his mind seemed to highlight. Taking his favorite mug, adding some cream to the black drink and checking on the bottle. Half full, unable to last the rest of the week. It goes on the list, then add a few sugars, cinnamon, a touch of honey, and stir it. Where was he? Oh yes, Antagonist. Whereas the little one's method of hitting multiple stores seemed very odd and out of place. This wasn't a form of taunting or showing off, as one would think a wyrmling was trying to do. But something different...

Granted, Seb wouldn't put it past the wyrm to be a little boorish. Likely being forced into a form of discipline with such abilities, and suppressed to keep such a thing a secret. If he was just taunting the force, the little one would likely leave a calling card of sorts. A message written in the wall, perhaps showing his face to the camera. Maybe adding a few performances like 'Kiss My Tail' styles that were all the rage growing up. Honestly, that's what Sebastian would've probably done in his youth.

Taking some time to enjoy his coffee, he reflected back at all the things he witnessed. These... Powers. Abilities. Magics. What would life be like if such things existed? What would change in the runner's life if he suddenly got such abilities? It was no wonder this troublemaker was delving into crime, due to him being able to get away with it. But something about it seemed forced or restrained-

A stop in realization. This entire time, the raptor was referring to the little one as still being alive.

But that wasn't the case... That couldn't have been the case. He felt it himself, carried the body to the hospital. Watching them as they examined his limp form, and pronounced him. So, this new one had to be just that: New. A different wyrmling. But why?

Hopefully he would get some answers today. Spending most of the day scheduling one on one calls and online meetings, it was now time to finally discover what creature could do this. Or at least rule out dozens of others, with the help of many teachers, scientists, and fanatics about such lore. Though, something told the runner that he was just not going to like this day. Some part of him just wanted to stay in bed and rest up, but doing so would only give into laziness. Taking that list with him, he set out for work within the cool morning.

"Are you sure it was a dragon?"

"It looked like a wyrmling." Sebastian grumbled at the computer on his desk. "A small flier. Barely out of hatchling years-"

"But you're absolutely sure it was a dragon?"

"What else could it be?" He snorted.

"Shapeshifter?"

"Polymorpher?"

"Perhaps the Ancient One that has come down to bring Justice upon us."

"...By stealing a little bit of money from small, independent businesses?" The runner grumbled at the phone.

"Are you sure it was alive?"

"Well, I felt it. It moved on its own, had ways to rationally think for itself, and seemed to have feelings. So, yeah. Golem is out of the question."

"But you said it died."

"It was clinically dead, yes."

"Maybe it was a ghost."

"Poltergeist?"

"Specter?"

"Death Incarnate?"

"Zombie?"

"It was not."

"How do you know?" A whimper from the raptor as he pressed into the space between his eyes.

"Because I touched it. I physically touched it."

"How did it feel?"

"Like a *Wyrmling*. What do you think?"

"Wasn't slimy?"

"Cold?"

"Wet?"

"Off-putting? I still think it was a zombie-"

"It was not a zombie!" He hissed.

"Are you sure you didn't just imagine such things?" A long silent moment as those amethyst eyes glared at the mic. "Hello?"

"Considering we have video footage of three break-ins, that you've **seen** by the way, I'm pretty sure."

"Is it possible that they malfunctioned?"

"...All three of them?" The beige one almost growled in frustration. "*Every* time this wyrmling broke in?"

"Zombies would explain-"

"*Zombies Explain **Nothing!***"

"O-or... It could've been something else." A long stressed whimper from the runner. "But if it came back to life..."

"...I'm ending the call now." A sharp tone and Sebastian wanted to slam his muzzle into his desk. Taking a few breaths before looking at the time and realizing he was an hour and a half overtime, making him whimper in frustration. Never feeling so hungry, having to skip out on his lunch to squeeze in every call, and getting basically nowhere.

Gathering a few things to take home, mostly empty bags, he stepped out into the halls and closed his door. "You're still here, Sebby?" The chief asked him, likely leaving as well. "I thought you left a while ago."

"I was scheduled to, but got tied up with phone calls. Some taking longer than I expected, thus pushing the others further and further..." A frustrated breath, getting a bit of a crossed muzzle from the earth dragon.

"I still say you should've taken the day off to recover."

"I don't need it Bryce. I'm fine." A moment of study from those golden eyes. "I'm *fine*."

"Sounds to me like you're taking this case a little personally." It made the runner stop for a moment and take a breath. "Take tomorrow off. I'll cover for you."

"Bryce..." A breath. "I'm fine, really. More rest won't do me much good."

"Alright. But if you change your mind, I'll understand." A head motion towards the front desk to state they were heading out for the night, and they left the building. "Listen, I didn't get a chance to tell you yesterday, but..." A noise in question as the drake looked back and forth. "The body went missing."

"What?" The runner whispered harshly.

"I had Mav check up on the gravedigger for the morgue, and he stated there was no wyrmling's body recently." A thick stare from those purple eyes. "It's equally good news as it is strange."

"Meaning last night's robbery..."

"Was likely the same wyrmling." Another press between the raptor's eyes. "I believe we're still dealing with one, so it's not that overwhelming anymore. We just need to find a way to stop it."

"So, wait. Not only does this thing have supernatural... *Powers*, but it can come back from the dead too?" He whispered harshly at the chief, getting a slow nod in response.

"It appears that way, yes." A deep sigh from the raptor. "We'll find a way to stop it, even if it's with a classic tiny net."

"I don't think a net is going to do much." Sebastian grumbled, getting a heavy paw on this back and making the smaller one grunt. "Still hurt, Bryce."

"I know, but stop looking at this as bad news, it's good." A deep breath, and he nodded in agreement. "I'm heading out to get a drink with Mav, you should come."

"Sorry, but I really need to get stocked up. My kitchen is getting empty."

"Then you better get running, Zhong closes the store in like 10 minutes." A bit of a whimper, and the raptor took off. "Enjoy your day off!" The large one teased.

At least he was used to sprinting for a long time from those days in the farm. Chasing around the siblings in the tall grass and fields, playing games of Tail-Snatcher with one another to build up endurance. Knowing someday such training and silly games would come in handy. But those memories were interrupted by something white and furry leaving the store. "Bartan!" He shouted, getting the bear's attention while holding a several bags of his own.

"Oh, hey Sebby. Feeling better?" He asked, waiting for the beige one to catch his breath a bit.

"I-What are you doing here?" Interrupting him before the white one could speak. "I mean, do you have to get somewhere soon?"

"Not really. Just need to get this before my next client. Why?"

"I want to talk to you, but I really really gotta-"

"Go at it. I can wait." A whimper in thanks as the raptor basically broke down the door to get in. Watching as he frantically went from one isle to another, grabbing everything from memory and dumping it all in front of Zhong while catching his breath.

"...You know I'm opened for another hour." A bit of a surprised look from Sebastian, then a look outside before he grumbled. Covering his eyes. "Bryce?"

"Yes, he got me." A deep sigh as he paid for the goods. "Thanks Zhong."

"No problem. You feeling okay? You look a little stressed."

"Rough day at work. You could say I'm looking forward to the evening off." The green one's gaze looked towards the front of the store, where the bear was waiting patiently. Getting Sebastian to whimper a bit in embarrassment. "N-not what I wanted to talk to him about-"

"I'm not here to judge." He handed the other runner his bags. "*Enjoy* your evening." A whimper from the beige one and he shyly nodded. "Just watch out for the Knot."

"Noted, Zhong. Noted." He grumbled, leaving the store and seeing the bear study the raptor's blush.

"Everything okay?"

"...Yes." He said bluntly.

"I see what this is about. What did he do?" A motion walk with the bear.

"Do?"

"The big guy bite you too hard? He's gotten this strange idea of pulling on weapons and drawing out the-" A loud whimper from the beige one.

"Not-! Not in public, Bartan!" He half hissed in a whimper, getting the bear to chuckle. "And we didn't do anything!"

"Damn, lost a bet." A bit of a grumble from Sebastian. "We're not betting money. Just kinks."

"I really don't want to know. But..." A deep breath from the runner. "I know they've already asked you about the case, but I wanted to check up in case you came up with something." A look from those brown eyes.

"Not really. A few things come to mind, but-"

"Please don't say ghosts or zombies." Another odd look from the furred one, which made the raptor suspicious. "...You weren't asked." A breath from Bartan that time.

"No. I wasn't." A questionable glare that time. "I know you guys have had a strange case, something that involved a wyrmling that died. But they don't want me involved."

"So, you were...?"

"Covering for them, I suppose. If they don't want me involved, there's a good reason for it. I'm not sure what it is, you'll have to get that out of them."

"And by Them, you mean...? Maverick?" A solid nod. "Where has he been?"

"Protecting me. Chief's orders, apparently." Another suspicious look, and the white one shrugged. "I don't know, Sebastian. Talk to them about it, but don't **blame** them. Understand? Hear their side of it." A breath from the runner, and he nodded.

"...We're out of ideas and leads, Bear. I need to question you about this." A bit of a worried look from those brown eyes. "Past information, I won't ask anything from you. Just don't tell them about it, please?"

"Of course not. I'll keep it quiet." A solid nod from both of them.

"A few nights ago..."

"...He never made it to the gravedigger." Sebastian finished, sitting in the kitchen while the bear put away the groceries. "I've spent the day making calls to people, and not getting anywhere. So I need your help on this one."

"Alright. So you've got a Vapor form."

"-Form...?"

"As in, turning himself into vapor. Mist. It's a magic trick used by hydromentalists and cryomancers." A blank look from the raptor, making the bear double take. "As in, those who are able to manipulate cold and water. They become insubstantial temporarily, and usually can squeeze through smaller areas."

"Like vents and grates?" A large nod from the white one. "What about the bag trick?"

"Telekinesis, if you've ever heard of that. The ability to move objects with your mind. But if he could do that, why make the Wall-Stairs?"

"Perhaps he can only lift it so high?"

"Possible." Bartan pondered.

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking that maybe it's more of light manipulation." A noise in question, as the furred one placed an empty box for garbage bags. "The only reason why we're able to see this is because light bounces off of it. That's how most forms of sight work. However, if you make it pass through an object-

"Or person, it would make them invisible to sight specifically." The two nodded. "Which is why during that chase I could still follow his scent."

"It's hard to hide from that."

"So, wait. This wyrmling has the power to control water and light?"

"Possibly more, by the sounds of it. Honestly, what you're describing to me is close to an Elementalist."

"Elemental...?"

"Someone who has multiple masteries of magics. Often enough, it's difficult to just learn one school of magic. Being Fire, Cold, Water, Earth, etc. Those type of things."

"And this thief would know multiple schools..."

"But if it's leaving behind clues, it's likely learned crude forms of them." A look in question from those purple eyes. "I gotta head over to my client soon, so let's walk again."

"Alright." He followed the bear back out, watching him close the door and just leave it. "...You're going to lock that, right?"

"Crap!" Bartan cursed, going back to do so. "Force of habit."

"A bad one at that. Wasn't Maverick supposed to protect you?"

"I guess he can't save me from myself." The furred one joked. "But in any case, what you're

describing, the residue or outlines of the wall-stairs and grates of the vents... It's imperfect. Normally there wouldn't be a trace."

"Which would explain his youth in the matter as well. Still..."

"To learn one school at a decent level takes years of practice and discipline. To learn multiple is ridiculous."

"...Does it sound like anyone you know?" Bartan took a breath before replying.

"A couple of people come to mind, but they're all ruled out."

"How so?"

"Well, one is the style of magic. You weren't hit by a giant boxing glove, or nearly trampled by large fruits-"

"Like that wolf!? In your book?"

"1989, yes. He would be an example of an elementalist." A bit of a whimper from him. "And that was him rather serious. You don't... You just don't." The bear grumbled. "But again, he's more of a Trickster."

"Which doesn't fit this wyrmling. Let alone species is different." The beige one pondered. "What about the others?"

"Well... One I know it isn't for sure. He's with Beo, my husband. At least, I think so. Let alone, he wouldn't get this far, and well... The whole death thing."

"That tends to rule out a lot of things."

"The last one... It would fit, but from the way you described the wyrmling, it would be too young."

"Makes sense. But how do you stop something like this?" A breath from the bear, and Sebastian got a feeling of dread.

"...It's not going to be easy, Sebby. If you're trying to do it while he's conscious, you risk the lives of others." A sad look from those purple eyes.

"You're not suggesting..."

"He came back before. The best way would be to-"

"He's a wyrmling, Bartan. A child."

"That possesses great power. If you want to do this safely, you'll have to cull him then guard his corpse constantly." It hurt the runner to hear such a thing, but he couldn't help but agree. Then wonder

if he could possibly even go through with actually killing a young dragon, regardless if it would return or not. "But that's what I would do, given that information. It's possible we're still missing something." A silent nod as Sebastian was just staring into space. Getting a paw on his shoulder and slowing to a stop. "You can't reason with everyone. Regardless of how much you want to, some won't stop until their last breath."

"All for a little bit of money..." A deep sigh from him.

"It's a story as old as time itself. The Boy Who Destroyed The World." A noise in question. "Maybe you don't have it here. There's many variations, but the one I remember goes like this: There was a young boy who was born with a bright glow."

"A glow?"

"Odd, I know, but it's more of a metaphor. Regardless, it tended to hurt the eyes of everyone who looked at him, even when he never knew it. As the story goes... They took that glow from the boy, leaving him empty and wasted."

"What kind of moral is that?" The runner grumbled, seeing the furred one shrug.

"Remember When We Were All So Beautiful? But Since Then We've Lost Our Glow." The dragon tilted his head. "It was a song I grew up with."

"I... Think I understand, though. How some people are hatched with power they can't control, regardless of how much it hurts others. They're either neutered of their gifts, or cast out of society..." Those purple discs looked off into the distance, towards the forests.

"I could be wrong, Sebby. This is just the opinion of an old bear."

"You're not that old." He snorted at the white one. "...Are you?" A shrug from him.

"I feel like it sometimes." Half a grumble in reply. "But this is my stop." A glance at the apartment building nearby.

"Lorem's place?" The bear chuckled.

"That's too good of a guess. Here I thought that novel was supposed to stop you from stalking me." A bit of an awkward blush from the beige one. "He might know something else, actually."

"What do you mean?"

"He's done his own studies of myths and legends, it's worth the extra opinion while you're here, but..." A moment of study on the bear.

"But...?"

"He's... In heat." A long silence as that blush returned. "Hence the reason why I'm requested."

"To... Tend to him?" A solid nod from the white one, as he looked over the apartment door.
"And... He would be okay with this?"

"Well, he was looking to try a three-way at some point-" A grumble from the raptor as he covered his eyes with a paw. Well, the best he could while holding heavy bags.

"I swear this is all you think about."

"Well, to be fair A: it is my job, and B: all you tend to talk about is work."

"Fair point." A near grumbling whine as he tossed that beige muzzle. "The things I do for information...!"

"It's been a while since you last had a session. After these events, you could use one."

"You say that to everyone, I swear." The runner muttered, following him to the doorway and hearing the bell inside ring. Instantly getting a strange scent that made the raptor step back, and the bear to questioningly look at him for a moment before the door opened.

"Oh, good. You're here-" The smaller blue wyrm started, then blushing when he seen the officer.

"Hey Lorem. You know Sebastian, right?" A faint nod. "You mentioned before you wanted a Threeway, but I didn't get to call you ahead of time to warn you."

"And you...?" Lorem whimpered a bit, getting just about an awkward look from the runner.

"Is this okay?" An uncomfortable gaze of those yellow eyes. "He knows already."

"He does?"

"Sebastian knows everything, except for when the corner store closes."

"Too soon, bear." The raptor grumbled, covering his own eyes.

"Well, that's not really the only reason I'm..." A noise in question, but the wyrm invited them inside regardless. Getting the bear to sniff the room when entering.

"You really went all out on the candles."

"See, this is what I was hoping for, Bartan." Those brown discs studied him, then the runner as he closed the door. Looking a little off. "That you wouldn't be affected by the smell, being humaaa-bearrr." A near glare from the furred one.

"Nice save." Another look at Sebastian. "Are you going to be okay?"

"I'll... Live. Just stronger than I expected." A sigh from the smaller one grabbed their attention.

"Sorry about that. I was trying to find different ways to hide it. Extra vitamins or 'Magic Pills' that

was said to help reduce the scent, but..."

"Why don't you use egg control like everyone else?" The raptor half grunted, more out of the dizziness than anything else.

"Because my season isn't supposed to be until next month. For some reason, it came early this year, and I was unprepared for it. Even Ipsum had to stay at a friend's place because he couldn't get any work done." Another look at the bear. "Can you... Start on me? I know we normally have some time beforehand, but-"

"It's alright, Lorem. Sebby's got some questions that he'd like to have another opinion on as well." He hugged the smaller dragon about half his size and carried him over to the couch. Laying him belly down, and starting to work on his back a bit with white paws.

"Questions?"

"We had... An odd case this past week. Robberies of a more supernatural level."

"I've heard places got broken into, but not much past that."

"That's because, it's hard to catch... And by hard, I mean physically impossible at the moment." A noise in question that morphed into a purr.

"Ohh... Right there." The cyan one took a few breaths. "What... What did you need from me?"

"This thief is a rather talented one." The bear started while stroking the small dragon. "He's shown signs of elemental manipulation, and resurrection so far."

"Are you..." Another purr that was almost a whimper. "Serious?"

"I'm afraid so. I even witnessed and felt the effects of a few of them." A few breaths as the beige one attempted to compose himself while sitting down on another couch. Though it was getting hard to, and his body was already showing signs of submitting to the scent. His paws a bit shaky, and his breaths deeper in order to keep composed. "We were hoping maybe you could think of something that might disable this abilities."

"Well... Usually in games, be it video or pen & paper, they have status effects known as Mute that prevent any form of spellcasting. But that itself is kind of a spell..." A deep breath as that blue tail was rubbing against the bear's pants.

"Easy you. I know you want it, but we need to prepare your body first." A whimper in response. "I'm not sure about here, but where I come from most spell-type videogames are just based off of fiction."

"Or myth, yes... So that won't really work."

"So, what you're suggesting is that we stop the thief from talking? Then he won't be able to use

these abilities?"

"It's... Possible..." Another whimper as those paws went lower to his haunches. "But not all spells require speech..."

"He didn't speak any words during your encounter, eh?" The white one asked.

"Not like verses or in a different language. Only the occasional yelp and taunt. Maybe cry of frustration, but that's about it."

"Odds are the Mute thing..." A moan and Sebastian swore that scent was getting stronger. "Won't... Please, Bartan... Just..." A chuckle from the white one.

"Alright, alright." He kneeled down and licked at the lower slit under that tail, getting a cry of satisfaction from the blue one as that tongue went to work. "You never found any weaknesses so far, have you?"

"Only ice cream carts." Sebastian grumbled, now unable to hide his member that was already starting to leak. "I can't... Think like this."

"Now you know how Ipsum felt." The blue one mumbled a bit. "Let me..." A gesture for the runner to come closer, and he did. Setting his hat and other objects by the door with his bags before coming over. Seeing the smaller one adjust a bit before licking at that pink tool with his smaller tongue, even before the runner got a chance to get comfortable on the couch. The appendage feeling almost cool against his heated flesh as he only breathed in that scent deeper. Soon feeling those smaller fangs against his arrowhead tip, while that tongue scouted ahead.

But by now, nearly everyone that's been with the bear knew what they were doing. So caution was at an all-time low at this point. Regardless if the smaller one started gnawing at the draconic raptor's tower, that aroma would likely convince the runner that he wanted it... That he needed it. To just ignore the pain and just let the wyrm suck him dry. Trying to focus on that appendage sliding around his length, across every soft spine that ran down the beige one's shaft.

He never knew the scent could be this strong, regardless of Lorem's warnings from before. Nearly all females nowadays had controlled seasons, unlike the older days before such things. But such thoughts were soon away from Sebastian, as the cyan one kept up his work. Sliding that tongue up and down the pulsing weapon, gathering it's leaking fluids and constant jolts as they came about. Painting the outer walls and letting the juices gather in colonies before venturing down further, over those smaller ridges which only released more and strained the beige one's body. Letting the droplets sink into his slit, and a few over his tailhole.

The whimpering was near constant from the two, as even the smaller dragon struggled to compose himself. Slowly biting into the officer's tool a bit more as Bartan's tongue wasn't doing quite enough to satisfy him. Though those paws were still groping his haunch, with a single digit pressing a bit under that blue tail, as well as stroking the wyrm's tool from below. It just wasn't doing enough, and

eventually had to call to the furred one. "Bear... Please...!"

"Still not doing it for you?" The white one asked, still rather calm compared to the other two. That blue tail reaching down towards his trousers once again and making him chuckle. "Okay, okay." A few more licks and dull-clawed fingers from a single paw as the other one undressed himself. Feeling that canine rod pressed flatly against those lower lips as Lorem whimpered in excitement. Though getting a few prods from the wrong slit, just under his tail to tease the smaller one, it's tip soon slipped inside. Getting a large reaction from the cyan wyrm, enough to stun him for a few moments. Panting heavy breaths over those sensitive ridges of Sebastian's.

But soon he continued, moving at the pace that the bear was entering him. Squeezing that red flesh tightly as his body attempted to devour the thing it's been waiting for all day. Finally bringing the dragon some satisfaction, like an itch being scratched. Feeling it's girth stretching him out a little, but mostly due to Lorem's smaller size. Something he was still getting used to.

Regardless, it felt wonderful to him. The reverse spine-row design making such a difference than most of his toys had. To the point where he wanted to ask the bear to design a mold for it, but the thought was lost to him soon after. Submitting to such a thing as his own member started leaking more and more over the couch. Soon feeling that raptor rod slide into his muzzle a little deeper as Sebastian was struggling with his patience, a weapon almost too big for Lorem to take. But he did what he could, lapping at it with the rhythm of the canine tool. Straining his jaws a bit as those lower lips squeezed that red intruder tightly and getting a grunt from Bartan once in a while, as well as a few jolts.

But it was something the furred one was used to, even in areas as tight as this. Still working on the blue one's back while his hips worked on the lower area. Lasting for several minutes until the runner's whimpers were starting to grow a bit. "You're... You're doing fine, Lorem. But..." A heavy breath from the beige one. "I really need to..."

"Alright, are you okay doing it with me instead?" The bear asked, getting a puzzled look from those faded purple eyes.

"Are... You sure?" A bit of a curious look from the white one this time. "I mean... You've been taking Bryce in lately, yes? How is this not going to..."

"Feel like a hotdog in a hallway?" A whimper from the officer. "It tends to revert back to its normal state after a while, but we could always try a devildriver."

"A what?"

"Means two tools in one hole." Lorem stated, getting a conformational nod from the furred one, as well as a stroke from that white paw.

"You going to be alright not being shafted for a bit?"

"Yeah. I just really needed it..." Another look at the raptor, and Seb took a breath. Nodding and

feeling the two withdraw. Following the bear's instructions to lay on his back with Bartan over him.

"Just be careful-"

"Of your injuries, I know." A few soft strokes on that bruised side. "Was there anywhere else?"

"That's the worst of it." A nod and he beckoned the smaller wyrm to climb behind him. Their weapons soon touching one another and being guided under that furred tail. Feeling a thick rush when those tips pressed into a somewhat tight hole, well, tighter than expected. Along with Lorem's girth, it was more difficult to get that first penetration through. Especially with the white one holding himself up over the runner as well.

But the weapons soon slipped inside. Only really feeling the satisfaction on the upper half of the shaft, but it was something. Let alone, enough to get that raptor to start leaking already. The scent still strong, and warming his flesh as a few drops were somewhat dripping into his own slits. Trying to compose himself, but clawing at the bear's arms and shoulder a bit. Thick breaths were borderline hissing as he was starting to squirm. That pink tongue lolling out a bit and being teased by another red one. "You doing okay?"

But there was barely an answer, signifying how lost the runner was in a sea of pleasure. Giving off several small sprays into that tailhole a bit and causing those juices to leak out quickly with their movements. Gliding down thick droplets across his ridges and making Sebastian's lower end squirm. Eventually prying out of one hole, and into another. Instantly getting a large reaction out of the wyrm behind them, and Bartan to look behind at the sudden grip on his lower back.

Though it was barely penetrated, it caused Lorem to submit to the runner's tool inside his lower lips. Sliding it in and out from sheer instinct, all while putting his own tool inside the bear. Even though it was much more spacious now. The two dragons whimpered loudly at the sudden heat where they were connected, moving faster and faster until the raptor gripped the white one tightly. Roaring loudly over a long stress as his weapon erupted inside the smaller one's sex. Spraying his seed inside in torrents much larger than normal, and feeling most of its contents leak out below.

The white flood reached much deeper inside his lower belly than normal, outside of the bear's sessions. Pushing against his inner walls with a larger pressure than he was used to, until the cyan one was completely filled and forced to dismount. Though getting a few sprays over his own tail, he pressed Sebastian's weapon into the bear's instead. Hearing the furred one let out a loud purr as the sprays continued for a few more moments. Soon slowing down.

When the tool stopped twitching, Lorem pulled it out and once again mounted the furball. Welcoming the thick warmth of the officer's glaze and feeling Bartan work with the smaller dragon for a few minutes. Soon enough getting the signals; high pitched whimpers, tight grips and claws into his fur. Then a few rapid breaths while several torrents were shot into his rear once again, making him purr loudly with it. Not moving until the blue one collapsed onto his back. "...Crap." Sebastian cursed as they all caught their breaths. "I couldn't..."

"Neither could I..." The blue one mumbled.

"Don't worry about it guys. Mine should cancel out the pregnancy." A noise in question from the two. "I released a bit before you did, Sebby. It should've been enough."

"I hope so." The beige one mumbled, getting a few licks and a small kiss from the bear. "I should... Head home before those get bad." He motioned his groceries. "...And shower."

"Yeah, or else you might have all the males in your yard." A purr from the bear. "Not that you really need pheromones in order to get some tail."

"You just need to get injured, according to Bryce." A chuckle from Bartan, as he reached back and gave the wyrm a few taps to get off for the moment.

"I still have some work to do with Lorem, but I hope we could help you on your case." A nod from the raptor as he was helped up and balanced.

"Sorry for the..." The blue one gestured the smell.

"It's... Fine. I just hope..." A white paw on the runner's good shoulder.

"Don't worry about it, Sebby. Okay? I'll make sure of it." A few nods. "Are you going to be okay heading back alone?"

"Yeah, it's still daylight out. I'll be fine."

"Alright, good luck on the case, buddy."

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She was getting used to the shocks by now. That, or they were getting weaker. By the amount of pain that the little one was going through, it wasn't that much of a surprise to the runner. Watching him from across the room attempt to shift his shattered wing bones back into place like he's done this a hundred times before. Granted, not without some rather excessive cursing, which was expected. "You... You need help-"

"I can't go to a hospital. We've discussed this."

"...Then why don't we go to one?"

"With what money?" The wyrmling growled. "We don't even have enough to pay for your treatment. Or should I say your *misdiagnosis*."

"Then you can... Convince them otherwise-"

"Like they're going to listen to a broken wyrmling." He grumbled. "Let me try one more night. I can get enough if I hit the areas a little harder than I have been. It won't cripple any stores." A sad look from those blue seemed to hurt him more than his injuries. "Don't look at me like that... Not if you want to live."

"...Though the expense of others-"

"Everyone lives through the expense of *someone* or *something* else! That's truism!" Harrak hissed. "It's a small price to pay for a life! If I can do this, you'll be able to have yours...!" A few heavy breaths. "You won't even need me torturing you anymore."

"What... What about you?"

"If you get diagnosed properly, I'll turn myself in and serve my time, trial, or whatever the hell you call it here." He staggered towards the runner, forcing her to look into his purple eyes. "Just survive until I get back. Understand?" She could barely make out a tear coming out of his eyes as those scales turned purple for a moment. Knowing what was coming, Senithia nodded at him.

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It called to him in the dark room, suddenly waking him up and the first thought of his was that he was being attacked. Grappled, causing him to grip harder against the very large body near him. Only to soon hear it purr a bit and shift on the bed, finally realizing who it was. Making the grey one sigh quietly, still not used to waking up into someone else's arms... If you call those brown vicegrips 'Arms' now. A small joke that the furred one made that still made Maverick smile a bit.

Smile... Even now he was doing it without realizing. Feeling that heart flutter a bit, as well as another tug that woke him up to begin with. Giving the earth drake a few strokes to relax before prying himself out of their grasp. Only to see them shift and pretty much compress a fluffy pillow into a black hole. It honestly wouldn't surprise the wyrm at this point, considering how much things have been going this year.

Snorting at the thought of it while making his way down the hall, there was still no sign of the Outsider's return. Making the grey one worry a bit while remembering what Bartan told him that morning. Following and hugging each dragon as they left for work. "I still say the walk is good for you." The voices echoed through the empty halls as if they were specters.

"That's exactly what I said, but he complained that I was calling him lazy." The brown one snorted.

"I didn't say lazy, I said out of shape. And you try being shot and sent to the hospital twice in two weeks." Maverick snorted, both in the past and the present as he entered the restroom.

"I was shot, drowned, and had a building collapse on me. I think that counts." A snout toss from that scarred muzzle, getting a kiss when it made its orbit.

"All I'm saying is that it makes good exercise for both of you. Not to mention some time to get used to each other's close company." A small kiss from the furred one onto that grey muzzle as well. "I'm proud of you both for doing so well with this change."

"I think we deserve a reward for it soon." Those brown eyebrows bouncing a bit.

"Well, we are getting a restroom-

"Bathroom." Bryce grumbled, getting the other two to chuckle. "Alright, let's head out. What time are you coming back tonight, bear?"

"Before sundown. If I'm not back by then, I'm staying there for the night. No need to escort me." They shared a slightly serious look as the white one turned around to head to the kitchen. "Oh, and I have grocery duty this week that I'll get done this afternoon. So no need to get that on the way home."

"Roger, furball. Love you!" Bryce called back, exiting his yard and once again sharing that look with Maverick.

"Want me to follow him regardless?" The drake sighed a little bit at the low question.

"I'd like you to, but I also don't want him to become distrustful of us."

"I've already told Bartan I was protecting him. He shouldn't think anything of it." A slight nod.

"Let's... Trust him. He's more durable than we give him credit for anyway." A breath and a nod in return. "Hey, it just means we can finally have that guy's night I've wanted since the barbeque."

"It has been a while since you had a drink."

"And I think after all this, I could use one. You as well." A noise in confirmation as they walked, seeing a few fliers in the morning sky. "How are you holding up?"

"What do you mean?"

"With the move, I mean." A slight blush from that grey muzzle, knowing where the earth one was going with this.

"...Better. Better than I expected, honestly."

"That's good."

"Are you..." He whispered. "Just doing this because of him?" That brown head tilted in a shrug, even getting those series of 'wings' to lift a little bit as well.

"Honestly... No. At first I thought I was going to almost force it." Those red eyes slightly lowered. "N-not that... Not because of you, Maverick. But just the overall idea of an Opened Relationship. When the bear first told me about them, they seemed so... Alien."

"...Because he's basically-"

"An alien to us, yes. But that's probably why it seemed so strange at first." A deep breath from Bryce. "When really, it's not that much different than having a roommate that you share a bed with. Maybe treat them with a little more affection, it honestly feels... Better." The two looked each other in the eyes for a moment. "I mean that. You do good things for us, Maverick. I'm glad to have you in this freakshow of a relationship."

"It's not *that* bad." The grey one snorted. "...Is it?"

"With just us, no. But have you heard about the furball's side of the family?"

"Not much."

"Something to discuss at Zhong's place then." A nudge to tease the wyrm. Even after all that explaining, it was still over the dragon's head. Making him grumble coming out of the bathroom and catch a sudden glance of movement in the nearby living room. Getting those scales to click a bit as he slowly scouted, sniffing the air but not identifying anything out of the ordinary. Granted, everything around him here was still rather new to his senses. Stepping forward, he caught it again. Over around the side wall, only moving when he did, and his body started to relax.

The smaller one's purrs filled the room as those white paws stroked him. Still holding the wyrm from behind and helping Lorem relax as he rested. Though his bed was a little too small for the bear to be comfortable, it made sense. Though, maybe it was just more that he was used to the much bigger ones by now, it's hard to tell. Still, it wasn't really his choice, nor was it up to the cyan one to supply such things for a companion. It was still work, one that was apparently in demand around here.

But the small wyrm mumbled in his arms, purring against the movements and shifting with them a little bit. "I'm so glad you don't get affected by this..." Lorem quietly said.

"It's probably for the better, I'd say."

"It's... Not really a fun time." The little one sighed a bit. "Reminds me of the first time it happened. Not all... Herms tend to have seasons like this. Back then, I had to make up excuses to be away from school for weeks at a time. My only social outlet were plants."

"Your collection of ferns, huh?" That white muzzle teased, licking at his ears.

"That one specifically." A glance at the edge of the bed.

"Is it that old?"

"I think the question would be, Am I That Young." Lorem snorted, getting the white one to chuckle a bit. "And... Yes. I mean, I'm of age for such things, but..."

"Somewhat barely."

"By only a few years." A slight nod.

"It doesn't show."

"Thanks." The wyrm grumbled, hearing a small laugh that time.

"I find it amusing that your kind does this too." A noise in question. "You view age as a bad thing. As if you're growing weaker."

"Well, it is something that happens."

"True, there's no denying that. But I always looked at age as Wisdom, rather than growing frail." A faint noise in response. "To grow old doesn't always have to be a bad thing. Granted, I know my fair share of young people who are old, and some old people who never seem to get old. If that makes any sense."

"I think so." A few licks of comfort against the blue neck.

"Just a different way of looking at it, I suppose. Turning a negative into a positive."

"...I suppose this is what a Companion does?" A slight shrug was felt. "Well, you've already heard me out, and..."

"Sex'd you-"

"Sex'd me about four times tonight." A chuckle as Lorem blushed a bit. "What else would one do?"

"It really depends on the skills they have. I remember even some of them used to actually teach video game design, for example." A double take from the dragon.

"What?" A nod was felt.

"They would teach programming language and their clients how to do such things." A few moments of silent staring as those yellow eyes were trying to look behind at the bear.

"That's..."

"Every unexpected?" A noise in confirmation. "Just a bit of an odd example. Really, you're hiring a Companion for whatever you wish of them. You hire a plumber to fix or install your plumbing, that's one specific purpose. A Companion does what you need them to. Within reason, of course."

"So, something that wouldn't harm them."

"Not fatally. Though I've had my share of rough intercourse lately." A bit of a whimper. "Nothing fatal. Your kind just has instincts, I can handle it."

"I can't imagine how..." He mumbled. "...But I've always seem to have..."

"A rather small frame?" A quiet sigh and those furry arms held the wyrm. "I can't say that's something I can help you with, persay. But there is something I might be able to do."

"What's that?"

"Make you feel better about your size." A noise in question. "Though it's not size related exactly, I know quite a few who are envious of flight. I, myself, would love the ability to."

"It's... Convenient." A paw reached out to touch one of Lorem's.

"And these... You never know how much you miss the ability to grasp until you're without them. Or even find someone who lives without them. Both Bryce and Maverick have to do so much with their mouths, I swear."

"Well... Maverick can fly still."

"But he's not nearly as agile as you are. Again, something he wishes he had." Another quiet sigh, and that tongue returned. "I'm not telling you this to feel bad about yourself for not seeing it the way others do. We take advantage of these minor abilities without even realizing it. Instead of focusing on the bad..." A hug from the bear. "Turn it around. Look at the good. Look at what you can do, what you're able to. Though it may be easy to find your own negatives, it takes others to realize your own strengths." A small nod as they laid there for several minutes. Eventually feeling Bartan look over at something.

"What time is it?"

"About thirty minutes past the scheduled session." The white one teased, making the smaller wyrm whimper a bit. "No, I'm not forcing you to pay for that. Don't worry."

"Well, that's good."

"But I should start heading home before they worry about me."

"Okay." A nuzzle against the dragon and he attempted to return it. Yelping a bit when he was rolled over the white one as he got up, being carried by the bear and hearing him purr loudly at Lorem.
"You like doing this, don't you?"

"One thing I really like about your smaller size; you're much easier to hold." Another nuzzle and a small kiss. "I suppose this is what Bryce feels like around me, except he doesn't carry me far. Just enough to lay me on my back and, well..." An awkward chuckle from the smaller one. "I'll see you tomorrow, Lorem."

"Alright."

"Want me to bring anyone else?" A bit of a whimper that time, and a smirk was telling him the bear was kidding.

"T-that's... Up to you. Just nobody big. Please."

"Oh, please. I'm sure you could take them." An overdramatic snout toss from that white muzzle as the kissed again. Letting the wyrm down and leaving the apartment. "Already dark out. Oh well."

"Be careful, bear."

"I will. Keep yourself out of trouble until then."

What are you doing here, wyrm?

"I'm..."

They're only using you.

"For what?"

Themselves. Isn't that obvious? They just want someone there to protect them. Someone expendable.

"I'm not..." A breath from the grey one. "You're wrong."

Am I, now?

"Yes." He almost growled. "They want me here-"

For themselves-

"For Me."

Don't jest yourself. Why would anybody want that?

"They do."

Are you so sure? Seems to me that they're just trying to get an easy paycheck. Someone who doesn't have many things, hardly any hobbies, won't even afford a separate bed for you-

"I don't need one."

You can possibly tell me you like bedding them. A growl from the wyrm that time. How are you so easily fooled?

"I'm not..."

They don't want you. They want what you can give them.

"...And in return I'm getting something I want as well."

Something you were doing fine without. Why submit to it now?

"Because... I need it."

Why? Because that bear told you so? What makes him so right?

"...What makes you right?"

Pardon?

"What makes you right over his word?" His voice was starting to raise. "Why should I be listening to you?"

Have you forgotten what I've done for you, wyrmling? I cured you of your pain!

"You made me feel numb! You didn't take away the pain, you didn't cure it! You suppressed it until it was no longer felt! You just helped me ignore it!"

And this sex pillow does otherwise-!?

"Bartan makes me feel wanted! Bryce makes me feel needed! They make me feel welcomed, part of something I thought I lost ages ago!" Maverick hissed. "Something I didn't think I could feel again."

It's all imaginary. Unreal-

"No."

Fake! You are nothing but a plaything to them!

"I'm better with them-"

Hardly-

"Than I'm with you!" He growled loudly, hearing the door close and steps in the hallways. Making the grey one just remain quiet for several moments.

No matter what you say, they are using you. They will all use you, because they want what I gave you. Those red eyes glanced over at the bear in the darkness. He will take everything from you. Then never think of you again.

"...Continue." Bartan whispered at the grey one, almost making that short-spined neck curl a bit. "Don't let it talk to you like this."

He thinks he knows.

"...Maybe he does." The wyrm mumbled, looking back at the reflection. "But I don't need you anymore."

Yes, you do. And you will-

"Not with him in my life. Not with Bryce, Sebastian, Zhong, Anna in my life. As well as many others."

Who will all use you.

"I don't need you anymore." A white paw on his shoulder made those scales click and that heart flutter. "I have something better-" Then a sudden sniff in the air picked up a strange smell, instantly trailing it to the bear and scouting around his body with that muzzle.

"...Uh oh."

"Bear..." The grey one purred, pressing into that furry body. Wrapping a claw around his back when the white one attempted to step away. "You smell... Good...!" A bit of a whimper from Bartan.

"I... Should really take a shower, Mav-" A sudden yelp as the bear was pulled to the nearest couch while the grey one started almost gnawing at his clothes. Licking at them and baring fangs when they were parted from his body a bit. "Easy, buddy. Keep yourself in control-" A sudden rip from his shirt nearly made the furball curse. "Hey, I only have so many of these with me-" Then that grey muzzle met his own, almost silencing it with a thick tongue and making Bartan whimper a bit. Submitting to the heavy presses and aggressive nature of the larger wyrm.

But the white one remained focused enough to at least start taking off his pants, knowing where this was going to lead. Those larger grey forepaws kneading against the smaller one's chest and pressing the bear hard into the couch as his weapon became ready very quickly. Breaths were deep and heated, like there was an inner forge within those chestplates. Exchanging heated air and tongues with the Outsider for a few minutes.

Then there was the prodding, knowing it was coming, and how it was likely bigger due to the scent. Sending the dragon into more primal instincts and just towering himself over the bear while his weapon pressed. A few times into the hamstrings, a bit into that pouch and tail. Then finding the right spot, one that felt almost recently used, but the wyrm was too enthralled to care. Heavy press after heavy press as that thick flare started to open the white one wider, ignoring his whimpers of warning. They could be barely heard over the very loud purrs in the room, let alone the collateral damage that tail was doing. Driven by the same instincts to just lash out wildly against anyone who would dare to take his prey.

Every thrust got in a little further, until the flare forced itself inside. Getting a thick whine from the furred one as that muzzle finally freed Bartan's maw. Exhaling a very heated breath that nearly sent warped ripples of air from the dragon's mouth, then purring loudly afterward's. Nearly to the point of a growl, but he was far from done. Keeping the white one in place, he pressed the tower deeper inside. Not even in sections, but one slow defiant insert that forced the white one to release a few orange sprays. Feeling that weapon venture inside his lower belly, until he donned the full length.

The grey one roared loudly, likely waking up the neighbors in the process as the walls shook with the vibration. Pulling the tool most of the way out and once again devouring that white maw with his own for a few moments. Finding it hard to just restrain himself from biting into that muzzle with all his might while his paws adjusted to better pin the bear down. All before suddenly breaking the kiss and once again thrusting fully into the white tailhole. Then a second time. Third. Fourth. Fifth! Followed by a few thick sprays and another loud growl of satisfaction.

The scent overwhelmed him, throwing Maverick into a constant trance as he kept hammering into the furred one. Every heavy breath only absorbed more of that wonderful aroma, converting it into a heated energy that allowed him to keep going. Ignoring the sprays from below, the paws against his biceps and chest. The constant whimpers of bliss as that thick shaft slid in and out of him steadily. Pumping torrent after torrent of preseed into that belly after every few motions as his hind area almost felt like it was burning. Heating up those grey haunches and racing past the point of no return.

But the dragon didn't care, driven by his instincts to keep going so long as he had energy to spare. Following the same thrusts, regardless of the constant sprays and warnings, only to hit another point. Then a third, fourth locking his haunches up to the point of being immobile and stiff. But those forepaws could still move! Gripping the bear tightly and sliding him up and down a bit over those ridges until the fifth point was passed and his weapon thickened up greatly. To the point of pain as several torrents tried to pass through it at once.

The sprays were once again felt under his own plates as they started to arc upwards. Soon feeling that furry belly press up against his own as a near endless amount of fluids were being exchanged. Filling up Bartan as the large wyrm curled up around his body during the releasing process. Almost whimpering at the pain those instincts brought forth. Mass producing emergency seed and juices before sending it through that fleshy tunnel to flood that 'female in heat'. Locking the weapon inside and forcing the bear to take in every last drop.

His belly constantly growing, pressing against those walls as the pressure increased. Almost groaning as it morphed around the dragon's underside, the back of the couch, and starting to slightly sag off the edge of it. With every spray, it covered a bit more ground, pushed the grey one a little higher, and forced the bear down into the couch a little more. Slowly relieving the larger one of his instincts with every breath as it started to slow down. Though the pains and soreness was still lingering, such a satisfying feeling flooded Maverick. Making him purr loudly and study that belly a bit.

But the bear was still moving a bit, motioning the dragon to lead him off the couch and onto the floor. Doing so carefully while that weapon was still in his rear. Making out that furry sphere full of wyrm seed easily touch the ground and bubble outwards a bit as the white one panted. Giving Maverick time to just study the bloated area with his paws and purring at it. Doing his best to lick at Bartan a bit, now back to his former self. "That was..." The Outsider took a few breaths. "Something." Only getting some purrs in response. "Alright, lets head to the shower." A slow nod as the started to move down the hall, that red weapon still leaving a trail of orange drops the entire way, only to start going past the doorway. "Hey, we passed the shower... Maverick?"

But the grey one ignored him, forcing the bear to follow his lead, and drag that full belly acrossed the floor. Until they got to the bedroom. "M'you guys okay...?" The drake inside mumbled, taking a few sniffs himself. "Ohh... Bear, is that you...?" A sharp whimper followed Bryce's purrs.

The sounds of constant drips slowly got him awake, now realizing how uncomfortable he was. Shift a bit sent an aching pain from his bruised side, now increasing his awareness. Slowly making out the light through the blurred glass and the source of the drips nearby. Leading the trail of water to the shower overhead, something Sebastian just barely shut off before passing out last night.

He couldn't explain it, after leaving that room the runner almost felt drunk on the way home. Hungover now as he struggled to get out of the shower and climb into bed for a few moments of rest. Still being able to pick out that scent, but only faintly. At least not enough to arouse him once again, now understanding the bear's warnings about doing such a thing in the shower. An awkward conversation they had after their first session as a group, never expecting it to be so unpleasant.

Life lessons, the raptor supposed. Shifting a bit in his bedding while trying to get comfortable, but his body was sending off warnings and needs that needed to be attended to. Thirst was the big one, then hunger. Sleep could wait. Groaning a bit, the beige one staggered out of bed and into his kitchen. Only to half trip over the many bags he just set down. At least he didn't get anything that required freezing this time around, but refrigerated goods did concern him.

The clock only stated it was the middle of the night. A few hours in room temperature shouldn't effect it so badly, he concluded while putting some of the objects away. Grabbing a snack and the rest of his milk carton before replacing it with a new one. Drinking it from the package itself, whereas it was the last little bit, and enjoying the coolness of white sliding down his throat. Thicker than normal, barely catching himself giving the box a little tongue as it fed him.

A double take snapped Sebby out of it though. Perhaps that scent was effecting him a little more than he expected, tracing it down to the bags and half grumbling. He'd likely have to wash them before reusing for another purpose, or else he would likely start using them as toys. Once again, his mind was feeling a little foggy. His sugars low, as the runner gathered a few more snacks and sweets to feed his body's cravings. All while his evening meal was being reheated.

Taking a seat on the couch while he ate in silence, just trying to calm his body down a bit. As if knowing something was going to happen, but it was nearly bound or lost within a mix of several different signals. After several bites, it was there. Those instincts from before. Alerting him that another break-in was happening around. Giving his body a second wind with adrenaline, he placed his leftover meal on the small table, grabbed his cap and bolted out the door. Barely locking it on the way out as he followed those directions.

They were almost like street signs to him in the darkness, barely reflecting from the thick moonlight trying to pierce through the clouds. Hearing the faint flap of heavy wings in the distance and wondering if that was the warning, but his instincts told him to ignore it. Leading him down streets quickly and picking out a small metal gate closing a bit loudly from a nearby store. Jumping the fence, picking out the shadow climbing down from a dumpster, the runner never moved so fast acrossed the lot. Barely letting the smaller wyrmling make out a noise in question before the beige one tackled him onto the hard pavement. "You're under arrest!"

"You again!?" The smaller one hissed.

"Again?" Sebastian quoted, just before those instincts blared at him to move. Seeing a slight shimmer on the glossy scales before the raptor slipped to the side. Barely making out a large pillar coming from the ground like before, then another warning as Sebastian kept moving. His grasp still on the wyrmling as a second pillar barely grazed that light brown tail. Finally in a position to swing the smaller dragon over the raptor and slam him onto the pavement again. Hearing a painful yelp, then a second one as the officer struck him in the muzzle. "Stop Resisting!" He growled loudly, getting one in return.

"I don't have time for this!" A hiss as those warnings went off again. This time picking out something digging through the pavement and lash out at the runner. Dodging a few of them, but several vine-like whips wrapped around his limbs, pulling the beige one back and allowing Harrak to get free. "I can't stop, not until she's safe-!" He grumbled while scampering away, only for something large to dive out of the sky and nearly flatten him. Landing hard and knocking the wind out of the wyrmling before biting at his neck.

"Don't. Move." Maverick's voice growled through his fangs. Getting a firm grip on the smaller one, both with a paw on his body and jaws ready to snap him in two. "Try anything, and you're done for."

"Okay... Okay, fine." The little one coughed. "Just... Don't kill me." The runner watched from afar as he struggled to get free from the plants. Only to faintly see the smaller dragon's tail shimmer once again and roar out in warning at his partner. Barely making out a spike of pavement, and that horrible crunch of the younger one's neck just before it enter the grey plated chest. Hearing a roar of pain that echoed through the town.

I'm here to protect you...

Maverick?

No matter what horrible thing that needs to be done.

I will protect you at all costs.

I promise...

Every step felt heavy on the way home, being one of the longest days at work the drake's had. Almost reminding him of those days after the portal, having one tragedy after another. Overlooking his home for a moment before walking inside, knowing he would have to confront the white one about this. About how much Bryce and Maverick have been hiding from him. Barely picking out the sounds of dishes and the smell of a meal being cooked as he leaned into the kitchen. Seeing that furball with his back turned working around the counters, catching a glimpse of those brown eyes in a reflection and the bear smiled. Turning around to meet that saddened scarred muzzle and instantly drain the outsider of all happiness. "What." He almost demanded from the earth dragon, getting him to take a breath.

"...There's been a death, bear."

"Is Maverick...?" No response other than a shake of that brown head. "Sebastian?"

"Seb is fine. Maverick..." Bryce walked over and held the furred one for a moment. "Missed him by a literal thread." A slow nod from Bartan. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry I kept this case from you, bear. I just didn't want..."