

Somewhere Out There Act 15 - Give

By Bartan Tirix

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The dim white halls were quiet, aside from the moans and whimpers of pain that echoed from afar. Making the wyrm feel uneasy walking through them. Trying to be silent with his heavier footsteps, and getting several looks from the nurses, nearly growling at the grey one while passing by. But they couldn't say much towards an officer of the law, just doing his duty to protect them. Even if it did mean taking down those who looked innocent.

Bryce had a talk with them, he was sure of it. That still didn't dissolve their anger towards the large dragon, let alone stop him from coming towards the wyrmling's room. "You're supposed to be in bed." The much smaller male nurse grumbled, looking a lot like that roommate the blue one had.

"I'm tired of being in bed." Maverick half growled. "I want to talk to him-"

"You're not allowed to be anywhere near children-"

"I did what I had to!" The grey one whispered in growls, taking a step forward and almost spreading those wings to look bigger than the eastern-looking dragon. Not that he really needed to. "You want to call me a hatchling killer, fine! But don't think for a taathing second that I enjoyed what I did!"

"Did you-?" A loud hiss from the grey one, as he stopped himself. Taking a heated breath that rippled through the dark hall in transparent waves. Looking towards the doorway to Harrak's room.

"He has surrendered." Mav grumbled at the smaller one. "He just lost someone, and should talk about it-"

"Then I'll call a therapist-"

"At this hour?" The grey one grumbled, noticing the defiance of the noodle dragon just glaring at him with blue eyes. "The doctor told me that I need to relax, just in case that my heart was scratched by my injury. Do you really want me to tell Jijar that *you've* been antagonizing me?" Those small frilled ears went back, snorting after a few moments of thought as he carried onto his nightly duties. Leaving Maverick to walk inside the wyrmling's room.

The lights were still off, as expected. But he could see the faint glow of those purple eyes through the reflection of the window. The rain heavily hitting it, as if to bypass such a barrier with the sacrifice of its soldiers. Watching them run down and mix their blood with those of their comrades. Closing the door behind him a little too hard didn't even make the little one flinch, as the adult walked towards the center of the room. Able to make out the cuffs once again over his paw and attached to the

bed. "...They're blaming you for killing me?" HARRAK mumbled, almost in a sleepish yawn. Making the wyrm slowly look back towards the halls, hearing one stop near the door and likely listen in.

"...Yes. They think I'm a danger to you." A snort from the little one.

"Hardly." A moment of silence as the pawsteps outside moved away. "Why haven't you told them the truth yet?"

"About what?" No response. "About you?"

"...About my immortality. About my Atonements."

"Atonements being...? Abilities?" A slow nod was detected, and the large one sighed through his muzzle. Looking over the bedding and out towards the town covered in a blanket of darkness. "...They don't need to know."

"Then who does?" Maverick didn't answer. "Got some government that's going to be **very interested** in my existence? The first sign of life outside your planet?"

"...How does it work?" That time the purple eyes looked over his black shoulder into those darker red ones. "Your... Resurrection." A long silence as the wyrmling rested his head down once again.

"...Three hours." Silence as the grey one waited for him to continue. "If I die, three hours. If something keeps me from healing, like a spear in the heart, then it waits until it's removed. That is, if my body can't either heal round it or force it out over time."

"You've had time to experiment then." A mumble from the grey one, getting a heavy breath from HARRAK. "What else?"

"...If my body is destroyed, then I get sent somewhere else to endlessly continue the suffering of my existence. Same thing happens if that previous scenario happens for too long. How long? I can't tell you."

"Yet, you haven't tried anything because... Death disables your powers?"

"...Dying makes me slightly younger. And I need to be mature enough to use them. Something about blood in my system that needs to produce some magic juice or something. Some six-legged... **Thing** told me about it a long time ago."

"Thing?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you." Another long silence as the grey one took a few steps closer. Leaning over the black wyrmling giving him a glare, then morphing that look into one of question as the officer released the shackles. Not relieving the wyrm of that stare for several moments.

"You're no threat to us anylonger." The grey one said, allowing the smaller one to shift sides and get out grunts of discomfort. "Your motive is... Exhausted-"

"Dead." He sighed heavily as the adult looked at him a bit sadly. "She's dead. I'm not a wyrmling, I can take the news like an adult." A faint nod from Maverick, and those purple eyes fell on the bandage. "...Either your hospital is that good, or you're damn thankful that I missed." The wyrm looked at his own chest for a moment, still feeling the slight tenderness of the wound.

"...A mix of both, really. I can't count how many times I've been in this damn place this year on a single paw anymore." The grey one grumbled. "But being impaled by the road is a new one." Silence. "No hard feelings though. You were... Just trying to save someone who... You knew. Not one that was ready to..."

"Kill a child?" Those red eyes looked away. "...No. No hard feelings. Especially if you knew I would just come back anyway." A deep sigh from Harrak. "I was a cop too, a few times." A double take from the large one. "Law Enforcer. Crusade. Soldier, sometimes the Mount for soldiers." Another breath. "All in past lives though."

"...How many...?"

"Taath, I wouldn't remember. Well over five thousand though." Mav looked at him in disbelief. "You name it, I've done it."

"...Sexual Companion." A large snout toss from the black one, making the adult smirk.

"Jumping *straight* to that, are you?" A chuckle at the smaller one's hiss. "Have *you* ever done it?"

"No, but I know someone who has." A breath from Maverick. "They're... Helping me."

"With many things, I can imagine."

"You said you're not a wyrmling." Those grey wings shrugged. "But he's been helping me with something else." A lazy motion to go on. "...I lost my brother."

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The door opened to the wyrmling's room, once again covered in a darkness. The light of the hallway making him grumble a bit and turn around, shielding himself from such rays. Only for a certain lightswitch to pop on and get him to growl. "Get over it, you. We're not quite done talking." The earth dragon snorted, getting one in return.

"I was just trying to get some sleep."

"Well, you can sleep later. We're just going to update you." Sebastian started, seeing the black one and the bear instantly lock eyes as he walked inside. "He's helping us." A quiet sigh from Harrak, and

he a nodded almost boorishly.

"I'm sure Sebastian as told you that we're planning to just give you a slap on the wrist and some community service for the theft." A noise in confirmation from the wyrmling. "We'll figure that part out later, but since you're an orphan without a proper home, we need you to be inside the town."

"Meaning what?" Harrak grumbled, catching eyes with the grey wyrm that stepped forward.

"You're coming to live with us-"

"Pass." Maverick curled his neck at the quick answer.

"You're in no position to be picky-"

"And you're living with... *That*." A gesture towards the furred one. "You think I don't know what's going on in that bedroom with this furball? How am I supposed to sleep?"

"We are pretty loud."

"Yes." The runner confirmed Bryce's statement in a grumble, almost glaring at the large wyrm. "You guys are."

"We're not that loud." They all looked at the grey one for a moment. "...What?"

"Wasn't that you the night before last?"

"Yeeeeeep." Bartan and the drake both answered the beige one.

"Even *I* heard that." Harrak snorted. "Besides, I'm almost positive you won't be able to go a week without sex, let alone a few months."

"Well, the only other option is the orphanage." A faint sigh from the black one.

"Wait, Sebby." The bear got his attention. "Let me try to find someone locally."

"Bartan."

"I have a few hours off, I'll ask around." The dragons gave him a sour look, even the wyrmling. "I'll do what I can, I know these people." A sigh from Harrak, and he laid his head back down. After giving the officers hugs, he left soon after. "I won't be home tonight as expected, so don't worry about me-"

"Just don't say where." The drake half whispered, getting those brown eyes to look deep inside his own.

"He won't try anything. Don't worry about me." A long sigh, and Bryce nodded. Watching that tail leave, and almost lift itself up in a tease. Getting the earth dragon to growl, wanting it.

"Be careful, bearr..."

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"...I lost my brother." The grey one said within the dark room. Looking outside over the town as those purple eyes gazed on him. "It was a few years ago, but..." A heavy breath from the wyrm. "It feels like it's been eons. Like I was trapped in a void of numbness, just so I wouldn't feel the pain of it." Silence. "I know you've probably gone through a lot worse, to the point where it sounds silly to lose just one person-"

"It doesn't go away." Maverick looked at the black one, now avoiding eye contact. "That feeling. The absence..." A breath. "...My first loss was my own brother. Younger one."

"...Older here."

"But it stays with you, especially if you were-"

"Responsible for his...?" That time Harrak looked into those red eyes, finally seeing similar pain within each other. Slowly, the large one moved to pick up the wyrmling, giving it an embrace in the darkness. Almost hearing the younger one grumble a bit. "It helps. As awkward and weird as it sounds or feels... I know it helps." A quiet sigh, and the small one returned it. Feeling that heart that was nearly impaled by him a night ago flutter within that plated chest.

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The natural sunlight was giving her a headache, or it was the tediousness of work. Appealing to those damn judges still nearly made the runner growl at their 'Request' for such services, especially in her field of expertise. Testing out DNA samples and sending the results through email to city offices, she couldn't help but feel like it was all a waste of her time. A waste of her machines, ones she helped support.

Pressing the pink space between her eyes eased the tension a little, feeling the presence of another in the doorway, but just not caring. "Whatever it is, I am not in the mood." She grumbled, picking up a strange scent of almost... Too much shampoo? Causing those green discs to stare at the bear and curl her neck a bit before tossing that pink muzzle. "Don't tell me, they want me to identify a sample of something-"

"Nope, not really here on the behalf of the Force." Those frilled ears went back against Anna's head, especially when he offered her a takeout coffee.

"I already got one, furball."

"Which I can only imagine is running on empty." A few sniffs in the air, and she could pick out

something different from it. Getting her to grumble. "It's your favorite."

"Funny, it doesn't smell my favorite."

"It's your new favorite." He smirked, getting her to toss that muzzle a bit, but smile at him. "Give it a try, you'll love it."

"It smells like pumpkin spice. I hate pumpkin spice-"

"You've never tried pumpkin spice." Bartan teased, getting her to growl. Yet, that sly smirk never left his maw. Getting the runner to grumble, and finally take it. Almost sarcastically Toasting to his 'Ability to know the Dragon' as she took a sip. The warmth was absolutely perfect, letting the creamy flavor and foamy liquid soothe her tongue and maw. Almost letting it slide down her throat slowly as if to savor such a taste and get her to purr very quietly. Meeting those brown eyes and sly smile once again before almost grumbling at him.

"...It's acceptable."

"And just what your body wanted." A sigh from Anna as she rolled her eyes.

"Speaking of wants-" Another few sniffs caught her attention. "...Busy morning?"

"Accccctually..." The bear rubbed his neck a bit shyly, looking back to the hall.

The bear walked inside the building, holding onto a cup of coffee. Setting it on the unoccupied desk and looking around for any signs of the receptionist. Not seeing any, he walked around and browse through the screens on display. Hearing pawsteps soon after, one nearly yelping behind the furred creature when Bartan was spotted. "Don't worry, just looking for where Anna is, Navan." He said rather calmly.

"You're the..." The light green runner half grumbled, taking a few steps ahead and putting a paw on that shirted shoulder. "Look pal, you can't be looking at these with-" A few sniffs caught the dragon's attention, then the bear's. Double taking at that green muzzle smelling at his white neck and starting to purr.

"Uh... I... Apparently didn't get enough of it out-"

"Outsider..." A heated breath over that neck, making Bartan half whimper as those scaled paws groped him a bit. "I never thought you'd smell so..."

"Navan... I've kinda got-" That green muzzle latched onto his white one, and those brown eyes rolled. "The hell with it-" And he was dragged down to the floor.

"Forgot how good that nose of his was." The pink one just chuckled at him. "So, that's why I smell a little-"

"Like sex, Bartan. You smell like sex."

"I was going to say 'like I do every morning', but sex works." Another chuckle as that dragon muzzle shook a bit. "How are you holding up?"

"It's been maybe a day, bear. I'm fine."

"Side effects going down?" A deep breath from her.

"...Yes. Just like you said they would. I've just been..." He grabbed a chair and sat beside her. Putting a paw on that shoulder of hers. "I've been wondering what you said to me that night I broke in-"

"Invited you in." Anna half laughed at him.

"How is Bryce dealing with your inability to use locks?"

"Managing. More irked about how I call the bathroom a restroom than anything, but go on." Another muzzle shake.

"...Do you remember what you asked me?"

"Do I need a reason?"

"Well, yes, but not that." A playful swat from her.

"About the vacation thing? Why you came back?" She nodded slowly at him.

"...I can't find an answer. And I've been looking at this, all of this thinking that there should be one." Another breath as she looked outside. "How good would it be to just leave this damn place. What would I miss?"

"Well, I'd miss you, but that's not a requirement-"

"You'd be the only one though." That white paw stroked her, raising Anna up for a full hug and she grumbled. "Kresskre."

"You say that too?" A nod from her. "Bryce didn't know of the word-"

"And this surprises you how?" That made the white one laugh. "He's not exactly known for his vocabulary."

"True, true. But I love him for that."

"You love him for his body." She teased.

"That too." He smiled, looking in her eyes. "Can I ask you something?"

"What." Anna grumbled, almost expecting a favor.

"How do you feel about children right now?" She curled her neck. "I know how you feel about them overall, but at this moment, if one was introduced in your life, how would you feel?"

"Define that. Is it mine?"

"Kind of, but not really." An eyebrow. "But it's not stupid."

"So, this is a favor." She grumbled, getting a shrug from those white shoulders but a nod. Getting the runner to let go and take a drink out of that coffee again. "Right now? I'm willing to hear you out. But only because it's A: you. B: I get to torment Navan for finally losing his cool, and C: this is *damn* good coffee."

"I knew you'd love it." A motion to go on. "There's been a few robberies these past couple of weeks. You've probably heard about it."

"I'm guessing the parents died and the orphanage has too many to take care of?"

"Close, it was actually performed by a wyrmling. One trying to save the life of an adult."

"It's adult?" She half asked, giving a surprised look from that head shake.

"He doesn't have parents. Didn't even know this person, but he knew what was wrong with them." A blank stare from her. "He looks like a Wyrmling, but has the mind of an adult."

"What about maturity?" A shrug from the bear.

"That goes back and forth."

"And you want me to take care of this troublemaker?"

"I asked around. Adine can't quite afford one, and Remy... He's saving up for his own daughter-"

"Daughter?" A faint nod from Bartan. "Who...?"

"Amely." A strange look from her, then it morphed into a deep realization. "Yes... It's the same one-"

"And that's his?" Another nod, giving her a bit of a sour look.

"I know how you feel about him-"

"And how he feels about me, I'm guessing." A white paw raised up, and she took a breath. "...You're right. You're probably caught in the middle between us, aren't you?"

"Yeah..." She stared outside for several moments.

"...Did we ever become friends? Me and Remy?"

"One time, yes." A strange look at the bear. "It wasn't easy, but you were."

"What changed?"

"You're not going to believe me-"

"Tell me, bear." Anna grumbled, getting him to chuckle.

"...He gave you the best lay of your life." A long stare of silence before she broke out into loud laughs. Ones that carried out through the halls.

"Are You Serious!?"

"-It wasn't easy! It wasn't easy getting you two in the same room." Bartan chuckled with her. "It was like locking you two inside of an elevator, but you learned to like him-"

"Because you couldn't satisfy me, is that it?" A shrug, but the white one nodded. "I can't believe this...!"

"I can rearrange it again, if you like."

"Right, he works for you now, doesn't he?" A solid nod from the bear. "So I can hire him to do whatever I want?"

"If he agrees. So, is that a yes on your part?" A sly smile from the runner. "I'll leave him a message later. But about this wyrmling..." The dragon roller her eyes.

"I don't get it, bear. Why me?"

"Money for one. You're capable of giving him a good home to live in, and he won't take much looking after. Any looking after really."

"Meaning what exactly?" A bit of an awkward look from the white one. "Bear, what's in it for me?"

"He's... And outsider." A blank stare from her. "Dragon, still, but one outside of your planet. Capable of rather interesting things, due to his bloodline-"

"Sold. How much for him?" A double take from the white one.

"Just the standard costs for adoption, I suppose." Bartan rubbed the back of his neck. "I mean, I knew it would be a selling point, but not *the* selling point-"

"Can you give me all the information about him or not?"

"I can give you a quick rundown. But you sure you don't want to take anymore time to-"

"Bear, you've made the sale. Stop talking." A chuckle from him, and he hugged the dragon again.

"Thank you, Anna."

"This better be as easy as you make it."

"It will be."

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"...You can let go of me any day now." The smaller one grumbled in the dark room, trying to half squirm out of the grey wyrm's embrace.

"Not yet." A sigh in defeat from the little one, as his black snout slid across some medical tape and bandages. Taking a paw gently acrossed the wound, trying to make out the damage he caused.

"...I'm... Surprised you lived through this."

"...Me too, honestly."

"I'm not sure how. It doesn't smell infected, when it really should be."

"My partner, Sebastian..." A breath from Maverick. "He saved me by cauterizing the wound early." A slow nod was felt. "Again, no hard feelings."

"...You're bigger than me in-"

"Obviously." The larger wyrm snorted.

"In that sense, I mean. Kresskre." The wyrmling snorted that time, making Maverick smirk a little at how cute it sounded. "...It's so easy after a while."

"What is?"

"To view every obstacle that stands between you and the one you want to protect as expendable. Especially when you have the power to literally rip them apart if you so choose." That faded the grey one's smile. "It's so easy to just think that their lives are not worth hers, every one of them."

"...I understand." A heavy breath from the large one. "You're not the first one to think of me as a villain. As that returning obstacle, there to only foil your plans to save someone you care about."

"But it's your job, be it as an officer or a soldier. Just as I was swearing to protect someone, I'm guessing you were too."

"...Yes." Another heavy breath as a tear dropped onto his black wing. "I was..."

".....Kresskre."

"What the hell does that even mean?" A chuckle from Harrak. "Out with it, you."

"It means Big Softie in my first language." Maverick's neck curled.

"I'm not that soft."

"You're the one still hugging me." The black one grumbled, almost feeling that grip loosen. But only for a moment, before the large one gave a slightly tighter hug. "Usually when people hear that, they let go."

"Shut up, troublemaker." That one made the smaller dragon chuckle.

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The afternoons were getting shorter, cutting the day's light little by little as winter approached. Making the bear wonder when it would get dark early, which could make things complicated for his work later on. Well, if he didn't invest in a flashlight before then, that is. Still, as long as the cool air continued, he would be fine with it. Still spending nights with another dragon with nothing more than a simple sheet over them.

He pondered while walking the streets what the future months would hold for them all. Or was this the daily life they were to experience? Looking around at the many trees, leaves already changed colors from a green to a spectrum of warmer yellow to reds. It was lovely, to the point where Bartan wanted to spend a bit more time looking at the scenery. Taking a longer route back to the apartment he was staying in to look at the park.

It all reminded him of near better times in his past, which was arguably replaced since the day he came here. Still, if there was one thing he missed dearly from that time was the music. Instinctively humming a tune that he found himself almost singing to while walking. If only he took the time to learn how to play an instrument, he could perhaps recreate them for those here to enjoy. Perhaps something to try out later, whereas something caught his brown eyes.

A small purple tail with a teal mane to it, sticking out of a shelter of luggage on a park bench. Almost recognizing who it was from just the colors alone, making the white one smirk as he came close. Remembering what happened the last time he tried to sneak up on a dragon, not that it was a bad thing. "Enjoying the park life-?"

"Please don't touch anything." The small dragon said, rather quickly. At least those frilled ears worked well, making the bear smile. "I just got everything how I wanted it, and I'm afraid that if it alters in any spectrum, it will collapse on itself. Like a black-"

"Hole, yes. It looks like it's going to."

"Well, it'll be fine until morning." The white one tilted his head, trying to look the eastern wyrm in the eyes without touching the makeshift shelter.

"Morning? What if you have to use the restroom?"

"I am resting. I don't need a room for that."

"I mean, bathroom." Bartan chuckled.

"Already done so."

"Thirst?"

"And hunger, already taken care of." A small crinkle was heard from inside the 'Tent'. "As long as it doesn't rain, I'll be fine for the night." A blank stare at the dragon inside, and the bear looked at the distant storm clouds. "...It's going to rain, isn't it?"

"That's what the weather predicts."

"If you're talking about the same weather network that predicted the weather to be 0 Celsius tonight and for it to be twice that tomorrow night, then it's as reliable as flushing sodium down a toilet." Bartan chuckled at him.

"But it does also smell like rain." The smaller one sighed defeatedly inside.

"Then perhaps I'm just so far into denial that my nose is lying to me." A small paw inside moved to cover the dragon's eyes, only to slightly nudge at a bag and send the entire tent to collapse. Making the purple one whimper as his tail limped down over the side of the bench.

"...You okay?"

"Been better." Another chuckle from the furred one as he helped uncover Ipsum. "Thank you."

"What's wrong, Ippy?" A strange look at the nickname. "I thought you were staying at a friend's place during the... 'Event'." Another sigh from the smaller purple one, as he adjusted his spectacles.

"Apparently I have underestimated how much tolerance Lorem has with me and my environmental needs." The white one sat down beside him, wrapping an arm around the smaller walker. "I... Might have overstayed my welcome a bit."

"A bit, huh?"

"Maybe like 0.0045%." The two chuckled as the dragon moved in closer. "You are... Very warm."

"And you are freezing, Ip. Why would you put yourself through this?"

"I suppose you could say that I didn't have a choice." Those frilled ears fell a bit, but perked when Bartan started to adjusting the two. Laying his furred self on the bottom with the smaller one on top and wrapping those arms around the noodle. A bit of a whimper at such closeness, but he never realized how cold he was until those scales started to click in shivers.

"You'll get used to it."

"You are rather... Comfortable."

"But why didn't you just get a motel room for the next couple of nights instead?" Another defeated sigh.

"I couldn't afford it. Not after attempting to cover some of the... Property damages." A smirk over that white muzzle, and those frilled ears went flat against his head. "I made *one slight* miscalculation, don't you give me that look."

"Okay, okay. No judging here."

"And I would not have made such a mistake if things didn't get moved around." A breath from the smaller one. "...I just want to go home, bear."

"I know, but you can-"

"Can't. Not if I want any form of rational thought left." A chuckle from the furred one. "Honestly, I swear I'm even smelling it now."

"You're not imagining it." A strange look from those yellow eyes. "It's my job as a companion, and it doesn't affect me. I don't even smell it, which has gotten me into trouble-"

"Tail?" The two chuckled. "I can imagine so."

"Even recently. This afternoon even."

"It's hard to resist that musk if you've got a good sense of smell."

"Yours was damaged slightly when you were younger, I know." A rather surprised look from the dragon, studying those brown eyes for a few moments.

"...We really did then, didn't we?" A slow nod from the bear. "That's why this feels natural...?"

"And why I can tolerate your science talk." Another chuckle.

"...Back when you went missing..." A noise in question from the bear. "Lorem came up to me during work with the rather genius idea of searching through my sphere for evidence of you." A few pets against his purple back, encouraging him to go on. "...There was one with pretty much everyone in that group, and then some. But I..."

"You left yourself out." A faint nod. "Any specific reason why?"

"...Because I couldn't see myself actually falling in love. N-not just with an Outsider, but-"

"Hey, hey. No offense taken, lppy."

"I just..."

"Love makes no sense-"

"Makes **No** Sense!" Bartan chuckled at him. "I just can't..."

"Gunning Down Romance." A noise in question, as the bear cleared his throat before slightly singing. "Love And Other Emotions Are Just Chemical Reactions In The Brain. And Feelings Of Aggression Are The Absents Of The Love Drug In Your Veins." The words fluttered his plated heart wildly, like it's been ages since he heard it. "You used to love me singing that song to you."

"It sounds..." A grunt from the dragon as he took his spectacles off for a moment, almost stunned by the sudden recall. "So familiar... Like Deja Vu..." A white paw reached down towards a large white sphere and started pressing on it without even looking. Activating it to float before going back to holding the young dragon, getting Ipsum to look at it strangely. "You even know my password...?"

"Your favorite elemental compound, yes. Smile." The two looked at the sphere as it took a picture of them before getting instructions to come closer and be turned off by the bear. "Ipsum." Those yellow eyes returned to those brown discs. "Come back with me."

"What...?"

"To Lorem's place. It should only last another day or two, and he'll be glad to see you return." A bit of a sad look. "It might be hard to deal with, but it should only be a few more days at most." A breath and a few moments of silence as those white arms stroked him.

"...Okay." The two smiled. "I can't believe that I thought this bench was a good idea."

"It was a pretty poor one, but not the worst of your plans. Remember that time you mixed-"

"Curses, I even told you that!?" Bartan laughed at him.

The grey one walked into the dark room once again, now almost knowing the area by heart. Approaching the bed inside and nudging the lump in the middle that was wrapped with blankets, getting it to growl a bit in response. "None of that, Harrak." Maverick half grumbled back, yet smiling at the response. "The bear found you a place to stay."

"And just when I was beginning to like it here." The wyrmling snorted in his mumbles. "Let alone, just got comfortable." Another nudge set off another growl, then the bedframe started tilting.

"Alright! Alright, I'm getting up..." The smaller one cursed under his breath, getting picked up by the larger wyrm and carried out the door. "Taath, this better not be a sex dungeon."

"She might actually have one of those I don't know about."

"Wonderful." A large snout toss even made the two officers outside the door chuckle.

"Take care of him, Mav. I'll see you home." A solid nod at the drake as he carried on. Getting a deep breath and looking over Sebastian. "What're your plans for tonight?"

"Nothing much. Why? -But don't tell me why." The sudden interruption made Bryce almost laugh out loud. "I swear, boss. It's basically replaced your drinking habits."

"I'm not sure if that's a bad thing." He said, starting to leave the building and the beige one right beside him.

"I've heard too much of it will make you go blind." A snout toss.

"Please, that's just a myth. It's not actually that dangerous."

"With the amount you release, yes. Yes it would be."

"Only for the receiver. And as long as you've had a session with the bear, you should be fine from now on. Though, another one wouldn't hurt." A groan from the runner as he covered those faded purple eyes with his paw. "Relax, he's working tonight still."

"With Lorem?" A sudden stop and look at Sebastian, making the smaller one double take.

"...I thought you were going to stop spying on him." A faint whimper from the beige one.

"I..." He started, taking a breath. "It's a hard habit to break, Bryce."

"That's why he gave you those stories. Geez, we read papers and reports all day, I can't see how you would want to do *more* of it on your time off." A chuckle from the younger one.

"It's not that bad, boss. He's a pretty good writer. Besides, life isn't all about tail and beer."

"Maybe it is, and you're in denial." That scarred muzzle smirked at him. "I suppose I just want you two to be in the same room again and not feel awkward."

"Maverick, you mean?" A nod from the drake. "It's not awkward between us-"

"He's still holding something, Seb. I think it's guilt." A sigh from the raptor. "What happened between you two?"

"Nothing terrible. He just got carried away with his instincts and didn't stop when he should have." Sebastian tried not to blush while thinking back, but it was too difficult.

"And he overfilled you?" A whimper from the smaller one. "That means yes."

"Y-yeah... Almost a little too much. But I'm not holding anything against him."

"Oh, I know. But he's holding it against himself. Besides, I think it would be rather fun to have another three-way." Half a grumble from the runner. "What do you say?"

"Really, Bryce?" Those golden eyes got a little serious. "I feel like I can't say no to you."

"You're not doing anything tonight-"

"That doesn't mean I want to spend the evening getting shafted!" The drake seemed to look past the raptor, making him double take at a few dragons walking down the street, staring at the two. Forcing a whimper out of Sebastian's muzzle.

"Priceless." A sigh in defeat. "Come on, I'll owe you a favor after this. Anything you want-"

"What about reading a story-" An instant groan and large snout toss from the brown one. "You literally just said anything."

"I know, but it sounds like it's doing the bear a favor, not you!"

"I want someone to talk to about them. Considering how busy the fluffball is, I never really get to ask."

"Fine, fine." A grumble as they entered the drake's house gate, and the two dragon's stopped.

"Bryce..." The beige one said, looking at the house rather seriously.

"I know, I know." Getting a glare from those purple eyes as the golden discs looked rather guilty. "I... May have forgot that I invited him." That stare didn't let up. "But good news! It's not going to be a three-way anymore." A loud groan from the younger one as he covered his eyes with a paw.

"A four-way isn't much better!"

"Isn't it, though? *Really*?" Another groan that morphed into a whimper as Bryce entered the home. Holding the door opened for the beige one and seeing him sigh in defeated before entering.

"I swear, I'm going to find the longest book of his for this!" He quietly hissed, getting the chief to chuckle. Walking inside the already lit up house and following the drake to the bedroom. Seeing a white wyrm lying on the bed Sebastian didn't recognize at first. Then it clicked in after a moment, mostly after seeing a red tie on the nightstand. "...Remy?" He whimpered, getting a double take from the white one, now looking off the PSA.

"Oh, welcome home, you two." The drake purred while approaching the white dragon, sharing a small kiss.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice."

"No issue at all, Bryce. But I thought you were referring to Maverick when you said..." A sudden land outside caught the attention of all three, making the runner whimper a bit, and those blue eyes looking at Bryce.

"I thought I'd invite Sebby over-"

"Force Sebby over." The beige one grumbled, though still a little uncomfortable with the addition of the white wyrm. "I thought you had another term left at the library."

"I did, but I quit early after Bartan offered me a job as a Companion." Another whimper and Remy got up to approach the runner. "I've been working nearly every night, but the work itself is much less stressful. Are you comfortable with this, Sebastian?" A breath from the smaller one, and he nodded. Feeling that while muzzle inch closer to his own, and gently touch it. Nuzzling against it a bit before licking and feeling the beige one participate, soon going into a deep kiss that occupied the entire world. Let alone, didn't even notice the grey one's double take, then glare at Bryce.

"Welcome home, big guy." A groan from Maverick. "Thought I would give you a little gift for the evening, but it's a little occupied at the moment."

"Of course it is." The larger wyrm grumbled, tilting his head a bit at the white one, then whispering. "Is... Is that?"

"Remy, yes." Another whimper as the other two were still occupied. "Remember what I told you about him."

"That doesn't make it any less..." Another whisper, as they couldn't take their eyes off the pair.

"I donno about you, but I find this really hot." A snout toss from the grey one.

"Of course you would." The two finally stopped, the beige one almost losing balance and being caught by the white wyrm.

"Easy. You okay?"

"Y-yeah... Just didn't expect..."

"I had a lot of practice lately." Remy smiled, looking over at the two larger dragons spectating. "Good evening, Maverick." The pink blush invaded his grey scales.

"Hey... Rem..." A chuckle from the white one.

"Was he this nervous with the bear as well?"

"Like you wouldn't believe. But he got over it after a while." Bryce answered, approaching the wyrm for a quick hug and then taking the runner towards the bed. "I'd like to keep the mess in one room, if you don't mind. The bed should be big enough."

"And nearly ruined after weeks of use." Maverick snorted, getting an unexpected hug from the other wyrm and nearly paralyzing him. Taking a moment to study that bandage still on his chest and almost look in question. "It... Doesn't hurt much anymore. Don't worry."

"Still, it could've been in a worse place for my work." The largest one groaned at the thought of that, then whimpered when those white paws cupped that grey muzzle. Gently leading it to the other side of the bed where Bryce started working on the raptor. Pinning the beige one in the mattress and stroking those sides, the wounded one more carefully as he lapped into that muzzle. Taking that hat off and tossing it over to the side before feeling that badge slide up his neck a bit.

Meanwhile, Remy finally met that grey maw with his own. Encouraging it to participate with the session and study the strange texture of that tongue. The more he did so, the more the larger dragon purred and started to press forward. No longer getting caught in the stall of ethics and just wanting to drive that growing weapon under a white tail. The two pairs exchanging breaths with each other as they were carefully undressed and unsheathed. The white one finally being pushed into and up the bed, with the grey wyrm on top. Getting playful growls from the other that made the earth dragon just smile, half paying attention with the event as the runner whimpered in bliss.

Their tools, all slightly different shapes and sizes, rubbed up against another as purrs and growls were exchanged. Ready to get to work, but wanting to focus a bit more on the anticipation than anything. The two on bottom being careful with their claws, both hind and fore, but it was getting more difficult to show restraint. The bed creaking with every rhythmic shift of the larger ones rubbing against the smaller, all while never breaking that deep kiss. Driving those appendages a little deeper until the other whimpered in bliss before giving them a turn to fight back a bit. Really enjoying the idea of the bottoms nearly being prey that the two were going to have their way with.

The weapons of flesh all started to leak in no time, greasing up each tower as they lightly exchanged fluids that painted those walls. Pressing so deep into the other one's lower end that their ridges started to rub against each other, throwing thick waves between each body that nearly jittered in excitement before the predators finally took that step back. Nearly in sync as their tips pressed up against the runner's and white wyrm's rear. Hearing them whimper a bit with every small press, all while still never breaking that lip lock.

Press after press only made the other sing with an occupied muzzle. Those tools drilling a little deeper and releasing a bit more to help slide in and out. The flare opening those lower holes wider with every soft motion, rocking up and down while that mattress once again groaned with the movements. Whimpers grew in pitch from the runner and white wyrm as they were pressed into more and more, the smaller one getting a bit worried at the drake's intensions. But a sly smirk from that scarred muzzle showed Bryce knew what he was doing.

Several more presses and the two predators came to a stop, adding most of their weight against that stiff tool and enforcing a greater intake of each white tailpipe. Getting the smaller pair to sing their whimpers as more fluids left their own tips, leaking over their ivory underside scales. A slight shift left and right made those flares crawl into the preys, forcing them to take in more and more flesh. Pulsing

with fresh juices themselves and feeding them directly into their rears. A couple of light thrusts was enough to send out jolts through those smaller towers and make them whimper loudly, blushing as waves of pleasure rippled through them.

A few more presses and each lower horn retreated for a few moments. Once again locking lips with their playthings for the evening, nearly getting groans or growls from the two for the top dragons being such a tease. Pressing a bit harder under those tails with every slow movement, thrusting into those doorways like a battering ram. Getting those tighter tailholes to open up as they were greased and were near helpless as the two larger ones slowed to another stop. Putting pressure onto those weapons once again and feeling those tips reach further inside.

The two bottoms sang loudly as each flare inched inside them. Widening those inner walls with their smooth, yet pointed design. Until all at once they slipped inside, sharing sharp gasps all around and several heated breaths were exchanged before nearly gnawing at those predator muzzles. Only fueling their instinct to playfully fight back for dominance and press those tools deeper inside. Feeling them get slightly submissive as they drilled deeper and deeper, keeping track of every spine that slipped inside. Every point of flexible flesh as they pressed against their lower tunnel, painting a mural using the substance the large towers were leaking out.

Slight panic started to echo within the two preys as each weapon continued their journey inside them. Sending out warning signs as they traveled, yet waves of pleasure. Then, a growl from the two dragons on top as the first ridge was reached. Then the second. Third, along with heavy squirts. Both inside them, and from the two bottoms. Nearly releasing their accumulated contents from the sheer penetration over their white bellies. Almost whimpering as the larger ones came to another stop.

The four caught their breaths, getting a couple of squeezes around the ridges that threw rough waves throughout their larger bodies. Sending growls from their still occupied muzzles, but started to withdraw. Slowly adding long thrusts into the motions of each, getting as much out of those smaller weapons as possible. The small puddles already leaking down their sides and onto the bedding, nearly mixing with each other as the mattress rocked up and down. The movements of the predators getting faster after several minutes of work.

The release was non-stop, constantly flowing out of each rod in medium to heavy squirts after every few motions. Getting the raptor to whimper greatly as his breaths started to speed up, and a few taps from the white wyrm to move a bit to help out. Maverick almost sliding him back as Remy leaned over to lap at Sebby's tool, muzzling it's constant flow of pre as the drake started a slow thrust. Going in as far as he could and sending the runner over the edge.

His weapon thickened up, the streams started flowing into torrents, those beige paws grabbed those white horns and forced the wyrm to take the entire length of that smaller weapon. His tongue lapping at Sebastian's ridges and feeling his full body squirm until that lower horn exploded with a thick stream of white. Painting that red inner maw and throat white while letting most of it leak out onto his belly. Constantly moving, provoking the runner to release more and more as he went through that orgasm, pushing him to a near second one with slightly more fluids being sprayed into and swallowed.

It was nearly two minutes of work that gave the larger ones a bit of a break, but a good show. Feeling that white wyrm's tongue lap at Sebby's weapon a bit to clean it before meeting the beige one muzzle to muzzle. Getting a bit of a groan, but not fighting against what the bear likely influenced Remy to start doing. Letting the two share yet another deep kiss as Bryce and Maverick started their motions up again, dividing the raptor's release between the two of them, even though most of it was lost due to the constant movements.

After a bit, those maws went back to the predators once again. The white wyrm starting to lose his composure as they continued to hammer into those white tailholes. Nearly gnawing at Maverick's muzzle and clawing into his shoulder as that thick weapon pressed in again and again. Slipping inside and forcing the white one to accept those foggy white streams of pre, ones that were growing more and more with every little spray. Though it couldn't really be seen on the larger one's white belly, the runner's tail was constantly leaking. Even starting to round up a bit with the accumulation, feeling himself on the verge of another full release that could likely make him pass out.

But a heavy growl from the drake showed some hope, as he started moving a bit faster. Soon, the grey one followed the same instincts, inching closer and closer to their respective releases as they were building up. Ramming into those preys and hearing the bed take some serious punishment as those thick weapons went to work. Slowly growing larger and larger by girth until the dragon's started to stiffen up. One more full thrust, ridges and all, sent both of them over the edge. Roaring loudly as that first torrent started through that fleshy tower, spraying into each tailhole and adding it to the pool inside.

Torrent after torrent flooded each of the bottom ones, as they whimpered a bit against the pressure it caused. In no time at all, the runner's belly started to bulge out from Bryce's barrage. Starting off as a small bit of roundness, but was soon growing more and more with every release inside. Arcing up and pressing against his own tool on the verge of spraying itself, reaching past the point of no return as more fluids entered his rear. A few higher pitched whimpers of warning, but the drake was watching it closely. "Don't worry..." He grunted at the runner between sprays. "You can still hold a bit more..." Granted, it wasn't an answer the beige one wanted to hear.

Meanwhile, the white wyrm was enduring quite well. Getting a bit of a bulge after several sprays and feeling the pressure almost increase with the prolonged torrents. Though, keeping himself from climaxing as Remy watched his own middle start to bubble up. Touching his weapon in no time as the flooding continued. Getting him a bit concerned when it didn't slow down and meet up with those grey plates before morphing a bit towards. His own ridges rubbing up against his bloated belly and Maverick's before they started to slow down a bit.

Yet, Sebastian almost yelped at Bryce to stop, getting him to at least start to pull out, but fill in every bit of slack that was given. Soon slowing down as well though, giving him a bit of relief against his tighter form. Almost whimpering at the pressure, almost being able to see the fluids move within as the drake studied it, then Remy's belly. Smirking proudly at the grey wyrm. "I think mine's bigger." Seeing Maverick double take then look at them for himself.

"Only because yours is smaller." Another look at Sebastian's bloated middle. "And I filled him up more last time."

"So he can hold a bit more, huh?" Bryce teased, releasing another torrent and hearing the runner yelp then hiss loudly for him to stop. "Okay, okay. But one of these days we're going to force you to take both mine and Maverick's load." That harsh stare from the set of purple eyes didn't lift until that plug was released. Giving the raptor a breath of relief.

"What is with you two and wanting to do this?" Sebastian grumbled, looking at the other white belly a bit and seeing the two larger one shrug.

"I think you need the bear to mount you again, if you're feeling this tight already." Another glare from the runner as Bryce nudged that belly a bit. "I honestly am starting to like it, myself."

"Now that the danger is out of the way, you mean." Maverick snorted, getting off the purring white wyrm that was doing well to hold back his aggressive instincts. Seeing the drake still tower over the raptor, rubbing his weapon over that belly as it was slowly draining. Purring loudly himself, especially after it slipped off to the side and was caught by one of Sebbby's hind paws. Sliding it through the gentle grip and pressing that leaking tip between the talons once in a while before moving his full length through it again.

"Would you like one as well?" Remy asked the entranced grey one, making him double take. "It wouldn't be the first time I've been requested for a pawjob."

"Maybe next time." Maverick answered quickly, just now realizing he basically agreed to do this again with the librarian. Blushing a bit as the white dragon smiled at him, leading that grey muzzle to his own white one, but the larger wyrm didn't fight it. Locking lips with the Companion until his heart fluttered, now knowing what it wanted. Slowly stopping and climbing off the bed before moving to the side, as if to motion to switch places.

Remy returned to that maw first though, giving the larger wyrm a bit more attention before moving down and muzzling his tool for a bit. All while Bryce was nearly releasing once again within that hind paw. Feeling those dull points gently scratch the flesh, guiding the fluids between every spine as it rubbed up and down the underpaw. Eventually causing the drake to start pressing into it once again from above, pinning down the runner and laying on that full midsection a bit as the beige one whimpered. Bending that hind paw as the weapon over it continued its motions for a few minutes.

All at once, Bryce stopped and groaned within his shut muzzle. Soon feeling several larger streams release from that tip directly into that paw, the pressure tickling the raptor a bit. Taking a few breaths as Sebastian continued to stroke the thick shaft, letting it move up and down and leaking a near constant stream over it. "As long as it's not in my rear again, I don't care." The beige one grumbled, getting that scarred muzzle to smirk and slide that tip down to the base of his tail. Hearing a very angry growl from the runner that made him laugh before he lapped at the smaller tower a bit.

Before he was pinned down again, Sebastian started to move. Granted, a bit slowly with the

new weight as the drake took his place on the bed. Facing up and attempting to look cute and innocent to provoke the raptor a bit. "Do you have another one in you?"

"I have about ten in me, thanks to you." Sebby snorted, getting another chuckle as he climbed on top of the earth dragon. Pressing his own weapon into that tailhole, while getting a heavy reaction out of Bryce. Feeling that full white belly fold around the drake's tool, and stroke those ridges with every movement. *Perfect*. The runner thought, allowing him to almost sexually torment the larger dragon while nailing him down. Apparently his bloated form was coming into use as that smaller tower slipped inside with near ease.

Yet, it was just big enough to send signals of pleasure through the chief. More so when the movements started shifting over his ridges and causing more jolts of foggy white to leak out over his plated chest. The waves crashing through his body with every little movement, shifting his breaths and body around when it started to become too much for the drake to handle. Soon getting drunk from the bliss, and blushing almost constantly as that tongue lolled out of that scarred muzzle.

Soon enough, the white wyrm climbed in top of Maverick, sharing what Remy gathered from milking that bigger weapon before positioning his own. Nearly getting the same reactions as Bryce, whereas the Companion's belly morphed over those ridges as well. Granted, the wyrm's tool was definitely bigger, even bigger than the bear's that he was half used to. Feeling it stretch out his rear pipe a bit before slipping in and rubbing the grey one's ridges as the white one slid up those grey plates. Getting a spray of pre between them that landed on Mav's muzzle, and was playfully licked off by the now dominant one.

The room was soon full of purrs and soft growls, as Remy started slow but somewhat rough. Almost asking permission to no longer hold back against the grey one, and receiving an equally aggressive kiss as an answer. Slipping that weapon fully inside that grey rear, nearly making the larger one whimper in bliss as it went in deeper and deeper per motion. Stroking his own tool in the process, letting more and more fluids leak out over his chest and soak that bandage a bit.

Another stressed groan from the dark brown one and Sebastian started to slow down a bit, tapping at the Companion's shoulder a bit for them to share a look and nod at the runner. Continuing his work on the grey one as the younger officer tried to keep the chief ready. Getting a few more whimpers from the larger wyrm before starting his work on Bryce again, hearing both of their breaths climb up higher and higher in pitch as they squirmed. Their weapons thickening up as they were tilted to the other side of the bed.

One last groan and a roar before the two larger ones started spraying at each other, crossing streams of torrents and let the fluids splash all over the bedding and dragons. Bryce and Mav too paralyzed with pleasure to fight against it, even when streams were entering their maws and spraying on their muzzles. The streams were constant, slowing down from time to time but building up soon after as the two kept hammering into those tailholes. Forcing the larger ones to continually paint each other for nearly four minutes, before Sebby's hinds locked up. Unable to hold back anylonger as he released his own smaller barrage directly into the drake.

The white warmth was still easily felt as it traveled rather deeply into the earth dragon. Almost making his belly glow with heat before leaking out of his rear exit. Unable to seal it shut like the others could until that tailhole tightened around the runner's lower shaft. Doing its best to keep every drop inside as the raptor soon ran dry. Panting heavily over the drake as he was still getting the occasional jolts from the other side of the bed. Hearing the white one growl a bit after and ram his own weapon into that grey tail.

Thick purrs of pleasure were exchanged as the juices were transferred over, soon being too much for Maverick to keep awake and passing out before the final result. Taking a few breaths himself, Remy dismounted the wyrm to see the faint roundness within those grey plates. With Bryce passing out as well, the dumbest smile over his face, the white one helped Sebastian out of the room and into the guest's bed across the hall. Though it would mess it up a bit, they would have a better slumber overall.

"I still can't believe you agreed to this." The grey wyrm shyly said, watching the small wyrmling half explore the female's home. Though a bit cluttered, it looked rather clean. Like it's been tended to nearly every day.

"Yeah, well... I owe him, so."

"You didn't just do this because the bear asked you to." Maverick half grumbled, getting a snout toss from the pink one.

"Of course not. If he's half as unique as the furball claims..."

"Harrak is. I've got the wound to prove it." The wyrm snorted, getting Anna to smirk at him.

"When are you going to stop hurting yourself?" She teased.

"Last I checked, a spike of pavement did this."

"But you're the one putting yourself into danger." A snout toss from him, getting the runner to sigh before hugging him. Surprising the grey one for a moment, but giving the same embrace back.

"...I'm not sure how much he's told you about back then."

"Depends how far back you're talking about."

"Those weeks of his first visit here." She nearly whispered, getting a slow nod from the larger dragon. "...He fought damn hard to keep you here-"

"I know..." A heavy breath from him. "...I know, Anna."

"Then you better be giving him some tail for that." An awkward grumble from Maverick as he blushed a bit. Soon feeling her break the hug. "Thanks for the delivery. Just don't make it a habit of dropping hatchlings off at this door. No matter how supernatural they are."

"I hope this is the last. I'm not sure how many more piercing wounds I can take." He snorted. "I better get home to Bryce."

"He's got a surprise for you, does he?" She chuckled at his muzzle toss.

"When doesn't he?"

"Don't keep him waiting." Those red eyes rolled a bit, but he nodded. Taking off and leaving the small black one behind, and finally letting the weight of parenthood set in. Closing the door and following where the wyrmling ran off to. Finding him in the kitchen, looking at a bowl of water that was left on the counter. "That might not be clean-" She seen it suddenly ripple, without any movement or quake of any sort. Leaving her actually speechless for a moment, then seen it again as the small one grunted.

Taking a moment to look over at her then back at the bowl. "...Water was always the easiest." He mumbled. "Probably because of how formless it is. One would often think that fire would be, but with fire... You gotta make up to the fuel source when you control it." The pink one came around closer to Harrak. "Not to mention how easy it is to lose control of it. It doesn't just go out when you let go. Like a glutton, it's instinct is to eat up everything it can."

"And that can cause harm to others." Anna mumbled. "The bear told me quite a bit."

"Including what he did to me?" She curled her neck. "Or what his future self did?"

"Nope." A look from those purple eyes. "He more or less told me what you were capable of, so there wouldn't be too many surprises. Whatever happened to you... Whatever you did..." She shrugged. "You can tell me if you feel like it. I'm not that innocent either." The small one just studied her in silence. "Only thing I want from you is a blood sample, and to follow the house rules. You're not a child, so I'm not going to treat you like one. As such, I expect you not to act like one, understood?" No response. "If you make a mess of any sort, you clean it. Be it with or without powers. Nothing here is really valuable to me, it's just stuff. But that doesn't give you permission to break it."

The runner walked over to a small case with a type of injector. "I'm assuming you've had needles before." A growl from the little one, but he didn't resist when it came close to his bicep. "And I will end up studying this when I have time. Perhaps can get some interesting results out of your species' blood."

"You might want a sample when I can manipulate things properly as well then." He half grumbled. "Just don't make a habit out of it."

"You belong to me now, squirt. As soon as I sign the papers, that is. I'll do what I can to make you feel like less of a test subject, but don't expect emotional support from me. I'm far from the type that gives it, anyway."

"I expected such." Harrak grumbled, looking around a bit.

"It's very last minute, but I set aside a place for you to sleep in the next room. Bathroom is just

across the hall, and my room is down that way. Any questions?" A faint head shake. "Anything else you need before I turn in?"

"Just some fresh water." A nod from the pink one as she filled another bowl.

"Be sure to drink this one. No playing with it tonight." A snout toss from the black one.

"I still think this is a bad idea." The smaller purple one mumbled quietly, walking down the streets with half of his luggage. The bear behind him Pulling the other half. Finding it rather interesting how they seem to lock onto each other for easy travel.

"It won't last much longer, I'm sure."

"You're not the one risking your braincells towards it." Ipsum snorted. "It's like your brain being stuck in this constant loop, where all it can think about is sex."

"You say that like it's a bad thing." A snout toss made the white one chuckle.

"That's because it *is* a bad thing. You said you know me well."

"And why you don't like it is because it's one of the very few times you lose your composure."

"Exactly." Those yellow eyes studied the white one from a slight distance. "...How are you immune to it?"

"Talent, and a lot of it." Another snort made Bartan smile.

"It must be due to your species. Perhaps I can get a sample of your DNA for a possible Neutralizer-" A sudden stop and his scales clicked loudly, concerning the furred one.

"Everything okay?"

"...I think Anna just issued a death threat to me telepathically." A loud chuckle from the bear.

"I'm sure someone just walked over your grave." A very puzzled look from the eastern dragon. "Meaning, you got a very foreboding feeling."

"Like something bad is going to happen." He mumbled, looking ahead and those frilled ears went back. "And look where we are." Ipsum snorted.

"See? Wasn't that long of a walk-"

"That's not what I was whimpering about!" Another chuckle. "How did you ever convince me of this?"

"Better than sleeping on a bench."

"Hardly."

"In the Rain."

"..."

"With a very collapsible shelter."

"...Is it too late to turn back?"

"Yes." The white one answered rather quickly, getting another whimper from the small one. "It won't be that bad. Besides, I'll be there to help you guys through it."

"And if it doesn't stop?"

"Well, the deal was I stayed until it does stop." Another glare from those yellow eyes.

"How does this help me?"

"You get to be stroked off at nearly any time?"

"Okay, but how does this help me with my foggy mind issue?"

"It doesn't." A growl that time as the bear continued towards the door. "What's in all this anyway? Dragons rarely wear clothes-"

"It's important equipment-"

"Of course-"

"For my experiments."

"Well, now you can experiment how to keep yourself from needing to shaft everything that moves for the next two nights." A growl from the purple one as he came to a sudden stop and staggered backwards. "Stronger than you thought?"

"Much..." He grumbled. "I don't think I can do this, bear."

"It's not so bad after the first session." A whimper and a deep breath as he took a few steps forward. Almost grunting after each breath while approaching the door. Ringing the bell and smirking at the noodle dragon just giving him a glare while trying to resist the scent. "You now have the intelligence of Bryce-"

"Don't." Ipsum growled. Getting a blank stare from those brown eyes for a few moments.

"After he's spent-"

"Don't!" The small one hissed, getting a chuckle afterword as the door unlocked. The small blue wyrm opening the door quickly.

"Oh, thanks Bahamut you're-! ...Ipsum?" Lorem double taked, seeing his roommate struggling to keep himself composed against the smell.

"I found him on a park bench, in a shelter made from..." The bear stated, gesturing the luggage. Getting a sharp snout toss from the cyan one and nearly throwing the door opened.

"Questions, but they can wait. I need you, bear." Lorem almost growled, getting a chuckle from the furred one. "Now!" He entered after the purple walker did, dragging all the wheeled bags inside before the door slammed shut and a few paws dug into Bartan's pants.

"Easy, you."

"It's just... Bad today, Bartan. I'm not sure why-"

"Because you're stressed. Try to relax." He picked up Lorem and gestured the purple one to follow him into the room. Carefully fingering that lower slit that's been nearly swollen for a while now. "Bahamut, by the way?"

"It's a reference to one of his... Game things..." Ipsum half grumbled.

"Some people actually follow it as a religion." A slight nod from the furred one.

"We had a few of those on my planet as well-" He started, but was interrupted by a blue muzzle kissing him. Almost aggressively to help the white one get ready faster. Even putting that blue tail into his pants and stroking just behind that pouch, causing the bear to take a heavy breath. "Easy you-"

"Off!" Lorem hissed, getting a loud chuckle from the white one, then a reaction as a white paw let go. Causing the one that was penetrating the small dragon to take all his weight and whimper a bit, squeezing those fingers tightly as his member throbbed. The clothing fell to the ground and the wyrm was carefully turned about, having to break the kiss in the meantime, and face towards the noodle-like dragon on the bed. One still trying to fight to keep his reason, but from the swelling of his slit, it was getting too difficult to struggle.

The paw withdrew from Lorem's lower slit, and was soon replaced by a growing canine tool. Getting a satisfying murr from the cyan one, as that snout rested on Ipsum's thigh. Getting him to lick at the two rising tips from within it. The bear soon leaning over, reaching just about the same length as that blue muzzle as they both started to lap at the purple one's slit. Encouraging those weapons to come out, almost already leaking from the strong scent.

Slowly, Bartan moved up and down through the small wyrm, as they tended to the other. The mix of heated breaths and smooth tongues caused them to pulse up quickly. Almost growing bigger from the scent itself, and allowing each one to take a weapon for themselves. At the very first long lap and don, Ipsum whimpered loudly. Getting a thick jolt to come out of each tool of his and feeding the

two others a dose of warm milk. Though it's taste could be better, there was only purrs within the room.

And those purrs grew only louder as the three continued. The bear's weapon finally reaching its normal size and stretching out the blue one nearly into a state of unresponsive bliss. The eastern walker slowly thrusting into each muzzle as he laid on the bed. Near helpless against the waves that banished his intelligence, finally letting go and just let his body squirm with the constant barrage.

The squirts were getting more and more frequent, even from the near neglected tool under the blue one. Eventually getting a paw to help him through its urges, though it almost wanted to penetrate something. Moving with the bear's slow thrusts, but getting very impatient. The two tongues painting over the twin towers, making out every small detail along their journeys. Every small spine that softly attempted to grasp the massaging appendage, lapping against such flesh and across the ridges. As the two muzzles started getting a little faster, a loud whine came from the purple one, and two small paws gripped the white and blue snouts. Trying to keep them shut as several thick torrents flowed out of each weapon.

Though it was nothing the two couldn't handle, even continuing a little bit after to get some post release before stopping. Feeling that white muzzle nudge Lorem's and share a devious look, he nodded in return. Being carried up over Ipsum and sharing a deep kiss with his roommate that released a loud yelp. Gripping those blue shoulders a bit, but was still too enthralled to fight against it. Being fed his own release, not once, but twice. As the bear muzzle came soon after the blue one was done.

The noodle growled at the taste, even trying to spit a bit of it out, only to have it licked by Bartan and refed just to torment the purple one. Feeling that smaller snout with the whiskers almost bite at his furred one as Lorem started to move a bit. Getting Ipsum to yelp during the deep kiss and whimper loudly as something started prodding his rear. Though the position wasn't the greatest, and the bear had to withdraw a bit to help the blue one line up. Pinning the eastern one down in the process, but he didn't seem to be trying to escape.

As much as thoughts and warnings tried to convince him to stop them, Ipsum couldn't help but feel like he wanted this. At least see how it felt, first hand. The prods were enough to get him whimpering, as the warm draconic tip started to widen his tailpipe. Slowly drilling a hole wider and wider as it released a few jolts. Pressing up against the purple one until it could no longer hold up, the flare slipping inside the small dragon's tail and getting him to gasp loudly.

Though the warnings were still sounding, it wasn't painful. Slightly discomforting, whereas nothing that big as come through it, he tried to relax those muscles. Doing so, the pleasure of it started to seep through. The motions going slow at first, being led by the bear pulling out of Lorem quite a ways and letting him do the same. All before starting back in, causing the smaller weapon to move into the purple one as well. Clutching that red canine tool while squirting his own into Ipsum after every few movements, the blue one felt like he was a tool being used by the bear... And he loved it.

Letting the furred outsider maintain control and direction for several minutes, once in a while sending a paw around the wyrm to stroke off one of the twins. Encouraging the dragon to do the other,

all while still penetrating and being shafted. Soon sending a chain of thick prereleases up the path: from Bartan into the welcoming slit, from Lorem into his roommate, and finally the eastern one leaking greatly over the set of paws.

But it was getting harder to keep going without a bit of faster movement, soon increasing their speeds and causing each weapon to release more and more frequently. Jolts turned into sprays, sprays into small torrents of preseed. Painting the fleshy hallways and those bellies more and more with every motion, until it was getting past the point of no return. "Kn... Knot me, bear...!" The blue one whimper, feeling that density starting to increase at the base of that length. "Please...! Tie me...!"

A full thrust sent the wyrm over the edge, filling up Ipsum's tail with thick streams of white as that weapon inside him grew and grew. Spreading his lower lips widely as they contracted over and over, until the pressure started to be felt within. Coming out of that canine shaft and directly into Lorem's womb, fluids of orange rushed through his lower end. Nearly sending him into a second release into the purple noodle. Watching his white belly as the two weapons sprayed more and move between them.

Eventually, the pressure started to increase in the smaller dragon, something he's been waiting for all evening. Panting in heated whimpers as that bear filled him more and more by the moment, now starting to see a bulge in that white underbelly. Slowly stretching out and around to make room for the amount of juices that were being poured into his sex. Pressing up against Ipsum's two lengths, and the paws holding onto them as they continued to release, that small belly grew and grew.

Though, Bartan started to pull back when it was starting to become too much for the small dragon, forcing Lorem to withdraw from the walker, then slide up on top of him for a better position to untie him. That tight hold eventually giving out after a bit of work with a loud plop, even after the white one was still releasing. Sticking his weapon into the eastern dragon soon after and getting him to yelp at its sudden size and sprays, being almost pinned down by the blue one to do anything about it. Granted, unable to force the knot inside.

More and more, those orange fluids mixed and pushed Lorem's load deeper into the purple one's belly. The pressure increasing a bit, and even making Ipsum feel a little full after a few moments. However, it slowed down after a bit. Getting him to take a breath of relief and just inhale that scent over and over again. Losing his rational consciousness after a few moments and falling into a deep slumber. Not even noticing being adjusted and cuddled up against by the other two for the night... At least not until the next morning.

The morning was pleasant once again, though getting cooler by the day. Nearly feeling the chill on his wing membranes as the white one landed in front of his own home. Time for a quick shower, some relaxing, and taking a few more notes on the bear's old world for a bit. Quickly drying himself off from being washed of the previous night's 'coatings', Remy laid down in his large bed. Enjoying its warmth for a few moments, before noticing a blinking light on his phone.

1 New Message.

Likely some extra work for the dragon take part in. Though at some point the bear warned him that the wyrm should be taking a break, the white one just wanted to get enough ahead for his daughter. Tapping the device to read the text message sent from the bear earlier yesterday, then curling

his neck suddenly. "He wants me to do **WHAT!?**"