

Somewhere Out There Act 17 - Nobody's Watching

By Bartan Tirix

The large one purred awake, once again surrounded by darkness aside from the light of the moon. Though a bit chilly in the room, his chest was warm with the two holding onto his grey body within their own slumbers. Identifying them made his heart flutter again and that muzzle smile.

Yet, of course, nature nearly ruined the moment. Calling at the worst of times, but the bed was already enough of a mess. At this rate, they would have to get a new one due to how poor they were taking care of it. Let alone, it was made for two large dragons, not two and a bear... Even though no one in this world would really even take into consideration of the bear's existence.

Still, it was something he nearly had to keep reminding himself as the wyrm got up and enjoyed the comfort of their new bathroom. Remembering calling in for some extra additions to the modeling of the room over the phone, and mentioning the bear. Only for the dragon on the other end to double take into the receiver and ask "A What?"

How did he get this way, Maverick thought to himself. Let alone, in such a short amount of time. Nearly being healed, not only by the furball, but his own boss as well. His comrades, peers, even the last few weeks almost seemed surreal. In a few months, the dragon had made so much progress, all from one single decision.

But the question did come out, what would've happened if he never called the bear this summer? Would he fall into the endless cycle of despair that Bartan predicted? Giving into those instincts and would eventually become so untrustworthy that he would have to be put down? It was a hard thing to hear, but from what he could tell, Maverick rarely survived every timeline of that event.

Looking over the two sleeping from the doorway, those grey wings felt restless again. Covering Bryce and the bear up with a blanket, he left the home for a bit for a quick flight. Still seeing those hurt brown eyes in the night sky as his mind went back. "What happened to me?"

"Mav..." The bear stared at him, as they cleaned up the kitchen a bit. Holding the bag for the white one as he swept the area of a mess they recently made. "You don't want to know-"

"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't." The grey one grumbled, nudging the furball when he sighed. "I know I died a few times, as with everyone-"

"A few times is an understatement." The bear responded, finally seeing a bit of a morbid reaction from those red discs. "You barely survived a timeline, you weren't even supposed to survive this one." A sad look from the wyrm, but one he almost expected.

"What do you mean?" The bear remained quiet for quite a while, even after several nudges from

that snout. In the end, the dragon just hugged him. "Please, Bartan. Tell me-"

"This isn't something you need to know." A bit of a wet tear was felt on his plated neck. "I fought like hell to keep you alive, that's all you need."

"And if that's not enough?" A heavy sigh from the bear. "Bartan." The large one almost growled.

"...You know how I... Seem to know things that I'm not supposed to?" A nod from the wyrm was felt. "...I can see it when people are marked for death."

"What?"

"N-not physically or anything, like a number above their head, but... I can sense it when something's out to get them." Worry flooded through his heart. "I fought like hell, Maverick. Please, just leave it at that." And the dragon nodded, dropping the subject.

He was right, really. Ever since he first heard the very idea that the dragon's life was somehow sentenced to end during that period, he's felt uneasy. Like he wasn't even supposed to exist, especially if there was actually such a thing as Fate. Though it was hard for the grey one to follow the conversation the group had about the Forces and such... What if Maverick was causing some kind of ripple because he was still alive?

It made him uncomfortable, like there was some predator hiding in the clouds above ready to pounce on the dragon at any given moment. Every second, he was living on some kind of overtime. Living a life that wasn't supposed to be currently still running, as if he was borrowing it from someone else. But who?

Before he could think of an answer, his sight caught some movement below. Making those scales almost click and those instincts to dive down, landing a bit hard outside of the town fields and glaring into the thick forest. "No one's supposed to be out after Curfew." He grumbled loudly, feeling a breeze and instantly catching a scent that he recognized. Making him almost growl. "What are you up to now, Harrak?"

"Fiiiine." He seen the black wyrmling toss his snout, coming out and nearly double taking at how big he's grown since Mav last seen him. "I wasn't stealing anything."

"Then why are you out?" It was barely a question, but he the officer was being less stern with the young immortal. Now recognizing he had some kind of bag strapped to him. "What's in that-?" A far away rustle got the wyrm's attention, let alone hearing the smaller one almost grumble under his breath. Those red eyes once again glaring at the wyrmling.

"She was supposed to **stay put!**" Harrak half growled at the distance, where the noise was coming from, getting the adult to shift back and forth until he opened the bag. Seeing several small containers with some food already prepared. "Late night picnic."

"Picnic...?"

"More like a Barbeque." There was the less-than-pleased look from the grey one, causing those frilled ears to go back. Flat against his black head. "I'm getting my abilities back enough that I won't cause any large fires, don't worry!"

"And if something goes wrong?"

"You clearly don't know how many times I've lit Anna's kitchen on fire lately, and it's still standing." A neck curl from Maverick, as the black one shrugged his wings. "I disconnected her fire alarm." There was that look again, more turning into a glare that an angry parent would use. "Only for the kitchen!" Harrak snorted. "The others are still working in case something bad happens."

"That still doesn't explain why you're out after curfew with..." Another glance in the forest as he almost heard the hidden one whimper. "Who is she?" A growl from the black one. "Tell me."

"...Promise not to tell anyone?"

"Depending, yes." A sigh from the wyrmling.

"...Vara." A noise in question. "She's-"

"The orphan?" A stare from those purple eyes. "That's who you're turning into a troublemaker-?"

"Don't say that like we're going around vandalizing property!" Harrak almost growled. "...She needs some time out of there. Especially after..." A sigh from the officer, and Maverick nodded.

"...Don't make a mess." A nod in return. "You make sure that fire is put out, and that no one is in danger, understood?"

"You say that like I've never made a bonfire before." Harrak snorted. "It's how I used to cook food. You know, back before dragons could fit inside kitchens." He started to leave, but stopped after a few steps. Half looking back at the grey wyrm. "...Thank you, Maverick." A solid nod from the grey one as he took off. Allowing the wyrmling to meet up with the pink one, and getting a slightly troubling look from her. "...He's a friend of mine." A faint nod. "Do you know him?"

"...No."

"Police Officer. In this small town, you'd think that it wouldn't be uncommon who was on the force." The black one half grumbled, leading the way through the forest.

"...I didn't live there."

"No?" A noise in denial. "Even living on the outside of town, surely your..." The black one trailed off, trying to avoid the subject of her parents. Stopping and waiting for Vara to catch up before covering her with a wing. Keeping her there with a gesture of affection before moving on. "You'll like what I've prepared for you. We just need to cook it."

"You didn't...?"

"After the disaster that was last meal, never again." The black one snorted, getting her to quietly giggle.

"It wasn't bad..."

"You just don't know any better. But after tonight, you'll see what you've been missing all your life." A sly smirk from Harrak as they walked into an opened field.

"Your daughter?" Adine asked, overlooking the pink wyrm that was checking their surroundings within the dark hallway. Taking his own rifle and checking the magazine for a moment before sighing. "...Almost gone?"

"Yes. There's more of these creatures in here than I would like." Malic sadly grumbled, looking her over again in the dark. "How many have you killed?" She almost whimpered at the question as she looked over the one that was recently deceased. "Only one?"

"...And..." The yellow one looked back to where she thought she came from, getting the pink male to do the same. "Do you know Usite?" A puzzled look from his green eyes. "He is... Was a soldier..." She trailed off, and he could put the pieces together.

"The one who taught you how to operate that thing." A gesture to her firearm. "And I'm guessing gave you that..." A look at him, and the pink one tapped his own neck. Getting the female to touch her own and realize she was still wearing that collar. Nodding at him faintly, though still a little shocked from the adrenaline. "What does that do?"

"I-I think... It made me understand him." A noise in question. "He spoke to me in a different language until I put it on." Another glance at the mutated soldier. "I think he wanted me to find others, so that they could protect me."

"Or help them fight the threat off." That made those frilled ears fall and worry the wyvern. "I don't know how bad it is in here, I only killed a few of them."

"Who taught you to..." A glance at the firearm he was carrying; identical to her own. Light grey, with some black along the barrel and outer areas. Getting him to study it for a moment as well.

"It's my job to work with technology. I mean, it's rather far-fetched. But everything seems to go into place." A small point towards the trigger of the weapon. "Though, this little switch nearly killed me."

"What?"

"I don't know what they call it, but it prevents the weapon from firing. I'm guessing they turn it on when the threat is minimal." A look at her own, now half making out the small switch. "Odds are, yours was turned off this entire time. Especially if he helped you operate it." A faint nod from Adine.

"...Do you know what the Black Death is?"

"It's these things, isn't it?" Another worried look from those red eyes. "What do you know...?"

"Only that we're supposed to run from it, not fight it." Looking down once again at the black ooze. "I can only imagine it's a much larger version of this."

"Means hopefully we'll hear it coming before we find it-" A low growl was heard rather far away, towards where Malic came from, getting him to curse under his breath. "That's where I left Klay...!"

"Klay?"

"He's a wyvern, like you. Just with a hurt wing." A sad look from her. "Not like flying is going to do him any good around here anyway, but he couldn't hold..." A glance at his firearm. "I need to get back to him, knowing that there's more survivors from our town."

"What do you mean more?"

The younger female was sleeping soundly, the perfect distance from the crackling flames and leaning on a rather comfortable black pillow. A single wing covering her from the stray embers that attempted escape. A few starting to smolder in the cold grass, but were quickly snuffed out by some unknown force. Well, unknown to them. Really, it was just a set of purple eyes, glaring in the direction of any firestarters willing to attempt to consume the entire field.

Perhaps it was just the flame's way of sustaining. Being confined in such a space, but not wanting such a thing for its children. Letting them dream big while launching into the air and attempting to spread its eternal glow for ages to come. It was a sad thought really, reflecting into the dragon's eyes as he stared into the same fire as if it's been there all his life.

He could recall nearly every one of them, be it a simple bonfire, a saving warmth that they desperately needed, or a massive threat. Nearly taking those close to him at that time. Yes, he remembered them all. Mesmerized by how it danced before him, from the very first flame that he created with his small paws, to this one. Their very first, in hopes there would be many more.

Granted, it wasn't as memorable as he wished it would be for her. The poor pink one still nearly sleeping like a rock against his chest and forearms, likely so excited about her first dinner. Listening to him tell tales of many things, and like an old fart: putting the youth to sleep in the process of teaching them a lesson. Nearly irritating him at first, but it made sense now that he had time to think about it.

Not like he could be mad at her anyway. Staring into the yellow flames as if he gazed into her

own eyes that night weeks ago. Catching each other in the graveyard when he just needed to check for any signs of that runner. Aching his heart once again but finding another wounded soul staring at him in the darkness. "What're you doing here?" He recalled asking, being thrown back in time to when they met.

Of course, not really getting a response from the young pink wyrm. Just stares from those golden discs like she was caught. Going to be told that she's been a bad girl, slapped on the tail, and be sent straight back to that new prison she was forced into. Though, it wasn't *that* bad, whereas she at least got visits from the others, but recently... "Not very talkative, are you?"

Vara double-taked at the other wyrmling, just studying him for a few moments as he took a breath. Rolling those purple eyes a bit and looking off towards the town. "...I won't tell if you won't." A slow nod in agreement. "Granted, I think I'm more safe than you are, only because you're a mute." He snorted.

"...Mute?"

"And thank you for disproving me. I can already tell you're going to be a wonderful person to be with this evening." He grumbled, making those frilled ears of hers fall a bit. "It was sarcasm, yes, but it's meant to be a joke." No response, but those yellow eyes just trailed off towards a certain couple of graves. "I suppose if I'm looking for laughter, this would be the farthest place to be scouting. But I digress." The black one walked closer to her. "...Who were they?" Making the pink dragon once again double take at him. "I know pain when I see it. I know loss especially well. Parents, I'm guessing?" An exhale in defeat. "Forget standup comedy, I should make my living as a fortune teller." Another snort, but he looked over the young one.

A heavy sigh, and Harrak came a bit closer. Wrapping a wing around the young female and almost making her feel uncomfortable. "It's never easy, kid. And it doesn't get any easier." Those teal wings sulked a bit. "I know from experience. You lose your parents, you get sent off into some foster home if you're lucky, or thrown into an orphanage where you're almost neglected. Because of that lack of attention, you'll end up starting to act out. After all, negative attention is better than no attention at all, right?" No response as he continued.

"They'll label you as a troublemaker, soon criminal or vandal. Assume the worst of you, and be blamed for every little thing that goes wrong within the town. Perhaps get some followers and start up your own little gang called The Underbelly or something." A strange look from the pink one, and he tossed his muzzle. "Or whatever you want to be called, I don't care. Could be the Drunken Unicorns if it somehow relates to your pains or hopes." He snorted, looking away.

"...What's a Unicorn?"

"It's a horse with a sword on its head." Those teal ears perked up as Vara's head tilted, making him double take and toss his snout. "You're living in a world where dragons exist. There's bound to be Unicorns somewhere. As well as trolls, griffins, and a crazy old wizard that tends to be attacked by staplers." She started to speak. "Do. Not. Ask. Please, for the love of everything in existence, do not ask.

And do not say Huggbees." A strange stare at him. "You may think I'm crazy, but it's the entire universe that's insane." He snorted again.

"...How do you know...?"

"I'm older than I look, Pinky. You name it, I've been through it." A gesture to the gravestones. "This especially. Be it first hand or the outsider looking in. I've been it all. Taath, I've also been the one who..." A sad, almost frightened look from her that time. "At the time I could justify the action, now... I'm not so sure." A breath as he looked towards the grave he came to visit. "Sometimes I wonder if they're the ones being punished for the things I've done, because I can't be tortured anymore than I already am." There was quite a bit of silence between them.

"...How did your...?" She asked, staring at her own relatable gravestones. Getting the 'older' wyrm to study her for a moment.

"My parents? It's been so damn long that I can't remember the details." Harrak took a breath, looking up at the sky in the distance. "It wasn't anything horrific, that I know of. But it was rather tragic. They died almost betrayed, raising two sons: one they lost too soon from some stupid accident half caused by the other, and me...? I turned into a monster, in their eyes and those around me. All of dragon kind immediately feared who I was within a fraction of a second. As soon as they seen this contrast." The black one looked at the back of his own paw, almost snarling at it. "I get so tired of hiding it. This Ultra Heavy Black that never seems to fade away with the light unless I force it to."

"Force...?" Those golden discs studied him for a moment, and the male concentrated for a moment. Seeing those scales start to slowly shimmer to a red in her own surprise, but didn't last long.

"I lost my ability to do these things for now, but they'll come back in time. I just need to..." A half grumbled. "Age." Some silence, but Vara's gaze never left him. Not even after she shyly locked eyes with those purple circles. "What about you? What's your story?"

Really it wasn't much of a story, not compared to his anyway. That, and he never really got the full thing until a few nights later. Each evening drawing her close to being under his wing, to the point of companionship. That's why the pink one was out here, slumbering between him and a warm campfire instead of being in a warm bed, being shared with half a dozen others.

Stories were told of the orphanage after a while. Even for a smaller town, it was cramped, underfunded, and those in charge were trying their best... Something the black one observed himself, they couldn't provide for everyone. To the point where the young female just wanted to live outside once again, back in her old cave... At first.

Harrak warned her how haunting it would be. Aside from the fact that there was evidence of it once again being occupied by another, it was also making the pink one feel uneasy looking at it all. Reminding her of those horrible sights, those days where her mother could barely move, and she was required to keep her alive. Required to somehow trackdown her father and find help, but in the end...

A few grumbles omitted from the pink one as she started to stretch a little bit. Getting Harrak to

smile a bit. "Done with your catnap?" He playfully snorted, getting another groggy grumble from her, one that was in question. "I told you this would happen."

Another grumble from Vara. "It only happened because your stories are boring." That got a playfully shocked look from him, making her laugh a bit, and him as well.

"I'll make a true dragon out of you yet, girl." He chuckled. "But I suppose that was my fault. I just figured your system was used to tryptophan by now." A noise in question. "It's a thing in some meat that makes you sleepy, usually in dark meats." A grumble in response as he playfully nudged her, licking at those teal frilled ears and getting them to flick until that black snout got a paw. "Easy you."

"No ears. That's our rule."

"I know it is, but they do need cleaning." She snorted in response, shifting a bit to get more comfortable and facing the male. Looking into his eyes and seeing the reflection of the campfire within those glass windows, making her smile almost drunkenly before she gave that snout a little kiss. Surprising Harrak at first, but getting him to smirk and return it. "Let me guess, you always wanted to try that?"

"Maybe. Maybe you just deserve it." Another playful grumble that came off as a little 'out of orbit.' Watching her snuggle into his black chest for another slumber. "What happened next?"

"Do you even remember when I stopped?" He snorted.

"Something about locking a guy in a cave and nearly throwing him off a cliff." A snout toss of epic proportions was felt, making her giggle.

"Why does everyone remember *That* of all things?" He grumbled loudly. "And that was far from where I stopped. But we'll start from before that; I woke up in a meadow, finally fully rested. Granted, my back still somewhat bothering me..."

The door closed within the dark home, as the grey one attempted to be quiet while returning to the bed. Still occupied by two, with a wide space that was inviting the wyrm back in. Taking a breath before accepting it, hoping he wasn't noticed, but a set of paws stated otherwise. "Everything okay?" The bear whispered to him, getting a slow nod and a lick from Maverick as they held him a bit closer. "If there's anything wrong, you can tell me."

"I know, furball." He faintly smirked a bit, holding the white one back, while instinctively triggering the earth dragon to squeeze them both together in his slumber. "I just got restless and had to take a flight." A nod was felt, brushing against his plated neck as a thicker tongue started licking the side of his head. Painting those scales with the scent of yesterday's meal and orange juice, nearly getting the

grey one to grumble. "He's still licking in his sleep."

"Would you rather him be biting?" Bartan mumbled in a tease, getting another grumble as those wings shrugged. "If you want help getting back to sleep-"

"I have to work in a few hours, bear. I'll be fine." Another nod as they drifted away into slumber. His heart still fluttering, yet there was something wrong. Something off about all this, he just couldn't pin-point what. Still, for now it could wait. And before he knew it, that smell of cinnamon filled the room. Waking up the wyrm to get ready for work. Grumbling at the thought of it, but prying himself out of the embrace regardless. Leading to their new bathroom, and questioning why don't they just make all rooms a bathroom? It would save on their messes, if not a little bit. Easier to clean, and there would be toilets everywhere.

Yawning loudly as he turned on the shower, he half thought to himself that it was an idea Bryce would likely think up. Granted, not a terrible one, but clearly evidence that he's been hanging around the chief a bit too long. Though, a certain furball would claim it wasn't a bad thing, as long as he kept those habits in check. Mostly the drinking and sexual urges.

And just like that, he was back to the idea of sex. Grumbling to himself, nearly admitting that Bryce's over-personality was invading Maverick's near lack of one. Shutting off the shower, he couldn't help but look at the hose for a few moments. Recalling the chief's dream and session with such things, and wondering really how it felt. The two teased the wyrm that eventually the bear wanted to do it, but a bit safely. At least three times a week so far, Bartan's been getting into the grey one's tail. Enough for those strange juices to work their 'magic', for lack of a better word.

Still, another time. Last thing he wanted to do was ruin their new bathroom and get himself into a situation that he could not escape from. The idea of it making those scales click loudly as the water slid off him. Heading out of the room to meet the bear, a full blush over his grey muzzle from those thoughts before. "Everything okay?"

A long silence and stare from those red eyes as he faintly nodded. "Y-yes." A look in question, and Mav sighed, looking back at the shower for a moment, letting the bear trail to it. "Why... Do you like such things?"

"You mean inflation?" The two asked in whispers, as the drake groaned a bit. Getting a nod from the grey one as the bear lead the way to the kitchen where they could speak louder. "That's a question I've been searching for a long time. Never really found an answer."

"Really?"

"Fetishes just seem to work that way. They develop before you even realize that they are, making you just attracted to something normally people aren't attracted to." A noise in question. "Around here, when a female lifts her tail, you like the view, yes?" A faint whimper from the wyrm, making Bartan smile. "It's likely a little different here than it is on the human side."

"Because of your-erm... Their... Clothing?" A nod from him. "They hide themselves through

blankets of fabric..."

"So when you tease those naughty bits by stripping off those clothes, that's where the natural arousal comes from. Keyword there: natural. When you start adding in things that are unnaturally arousing..."

"It becomes a fetish." The dragon mumbled.

"Technically, the term Fetish is slightly more narrow than its normally used. At least, where I came from."

"What do you mean?"

"A fetish is an attraction to a certain object or material. So, high heels would be considered a fetish, over feet." The grey one just stared at the bear in question as he prepped their breakfast. Double taking when Bartan finally noticed it. "High heels, as in the shoes-riiiiiight."

"Shoes? So, paw-wear."

"Yeahhh, bad example. Latex, perhaps?" Maverick's head tilted. "Sometimes it's used to make condoms." A bit of a whimper from the larger one. "But I digress, and like to use Fetish as a more broader term. The one that most people think of when they hear it."

"So, just odd sexual desires then." A solid nod from the furred one.

"Like your belly fetish." Another whimper. "I know you've been liking it when I get stuffed. Don't see you doing it to Bryce that much though-"

"Because he doesn't get as big as you, for one." A grey paw covered his own eyes, trying not to blush over the conversation. "But, I..." A noise in question, as those brown discs studied him for a bit. "I... Used to have a pillow. A furred pillow, when I was younger."

"One that you often slept with. Likely about the size of you?" Another whimper. "So, body pillow."

"One that felt rather... Squishy. I'm not sure what it was inside, but it felt like..." A slow nod from the bear. "Feeling you full just..."

"Brings back those memories, though now that you're past puberty, it's giving you more feelings." A groan from the wyrm. "Nothing to be ashamed of, it's quite comfortable really." Another groan. "I can only imagine that if I gave you an actual body pillow your size like it now, I'd likely have to request additional holes in it." Bartan teased, getting a growl that time. "Okay, okay. But I like it too, y'know."

"Even when I...?"

"Bite?" A whimper that time. "I don't mind, though it does sting."

"I can only imagine that it does a lot worse."

"Normally it would. Likely even be fatal."

"Then how...?" A chuckle from the bear made Maverick curl his neck. "Seriously, how?"

"Future self." A bit of a snout toss from the grey one.

"Not this again."

"You asked." Bartan set their breakfast down; scrambled eggs with ketchup, a bit of salt, and pepper. "But he changed my liquids so they alter the properties of the receiver's cells a bit."

"This is going to go over my horns, isn't it?" The wyrm grumbled.

"Depends. Were you able to follow Anna's work conversations?"

"A little." He snorted at the white one.

"Well, let me give you a bit of a quick rundown." The bear reached over for a paper flyer and placed it on the table. "This is made of paper, yes?"

"And ink and such, correct."

"Alright." Bartan then took a small corner of the flyer and ripped it off, separating it from the rest. "Now, what is this?"

"A piece of the flyer."

"Alright, but is it still paper?" The grey one tilted his head a bit on question but slowly nodded. "This is what's called a physical change. You can cut it, fold it, crumple it, but it still remains as paper. Now, what happens when you burn this?"

"Burn? As in set it on fire?" A nod from the white one. "...It turns to ash."

"Right. Now, is it still paper at that point?" A slow head shake. "That is what's called a chemical change."

"When you burn a substance?"

"Fire is one example, but you can also alter the substance with something like acid as well. Sometimes even water."

"You're joking. Water is harmless."

"Have you ever tried tossing solid sodium in water before?" A bit of a concerned grumble from the dragon. "It has some rather surprising reactions."

"Moving on, your...?"

"Seed?" A near whimper from Maverick made the furred one chuckle. "When someone 'pops' or gets bitten into-" A full whimper that time, as he covered those red eyes with his grey paw. "It's a physical change. Think of the seed as constantly repairing any damage, even if they're being consistently stretched out more and more to fit more liquids inside-" A louder whimper. "If they erupt, the initial pain still exists, but they are quickly regenerated as if it never happened. As if the session itself never happened-"

"So, what you're telling me is... Your..." A whimper interrupted the dragon. "Can heal wounds?"

"In a way, likely. It's hard to place it in areas that require a sort of regeneration, but if you can place it on a wound or something..." The bear shrugged, chuckling when Mav dropped his head on the table. "Though it wouldn't be like magic. Your body still reacts towards wounds the same way as it always has. Likely still getting the swelling, bleeding, etc. and not doing anything against infections. It's possible it might treat such a thing as an infection, and do its best to be rid of it."

"So... Don't try to release your..." A loud swallow from the grey one.

"I can't say for sure if it would be any help. It's healthy to ingest, but I wouldn't recommend using it on wounds or opened sores." Bartan chuckled. "At least, that's how I see it functioning. I could be wrong, but it's a theory that seems to fit with the factors."

"It seems so..." A noise in question. "Strange, I guess. To find such a thing attractive."

"Again, you can't really question fetishes. The mind likes what the mind likes, there's no real definitive answer towards it, just ideas surrounding how it starts." A few nods from the dragon as he finished up the breakfast. Coming across the table to hug the furball and feel those paws gently move that grey snout towards the white one's muzzle. Giving Maverick a deep kiss that nearly caused him to exhale in a rumbling grumble.

"Be careful, bear..."

"Why? Because I might just get you to pay for my new kitchen?"

"More Bryce than me." He snorted playfully. "You're sticking with what he's got-"

"We've got." A bit of an awkward nod from the wyrm. "Heading out to work?"

"I should. People have been... Asking questions."

"About?"

"Whatever caused nearly every dragon in existence a sharp pain in their groins." A loud chuckle from the white one, getting a nudge from that grey muzzle with a faint smile over it. "I'll see you when I get back."

"Pants off?"

"They better be." He purred, getting a bright one back, along with a small kiss.

"What do you mean More Survivors?" Adine asked the pink wyrm, watching him gather a small plastic bag of objects. "And...?" Those green eyes met hers, then quickly went back to the small bag.

"I was able to get into a few rooms. I'm guessing one of the soldiers were hiding things from the kitchen to use for later." He pulled out a can of meats, at least that's what the display stated was inside. Apart from there, it was too dark to make out any of the wording, not like it would be in her language regardless. "And this was dumb luck. I've yet to find the actual kitchen, and if I do..." The yellow one never realized how hungry she was until now, nearly holding onto her midsection a bit while grasping that weapon strapped around her neck. "You're hungry too?"

"...Just have been too scared to notice until now-" That loud growl returned in the distance, where Malic came from.

"I hope he's okay..." He almost whimpered as he awkwardly started carrying the weapon and bag. "Come with. I don't have much, but I can't leave you here." A nod in agreement as she started to follow him. Being very careful with the odd layout that was the hallway floors, until they started moving uphill a bit. Using her light to scout ahead and notice the flat plates above them.

"...We're upside-down..." A noise in question from the wyrm. "Those are stairs."

"They do look like them, don't they?" The two glanced at the grounds they were standing on. "And this would be rather inconvenient as constant traveling space."

"How does a building even fall..." A shrug from those teal wings. "There was..." A noise in question. "Flooding. Freezing water, where I woke up."

"Wouldn't surprise me if the pipes warped during whatever did this." A sigh from him. "And before you ask, I have no idea. I just woke up here as well, in a room that almost looked like a jailcell."

"Jailcell...?"

"The bolted down half-bed on the ceiling makes a lot more sense now. Let alone the toilet." Malic snorted, getting her to almost giggle a bit. "My door was locked, but dented slightly opened. I was able to unscrew one of the pipes on the... 'Floor' and use that to pry it opened. Only to walk in the middle of this hell."

"Dark, cold... Soldiers fighting..."

"*Something*. I couldn't tell you what's causing them to do..." A gesture into a room they passed, seeing that black ooze on several corpses in heavy suits. It made her frown and those yellow scales click loudly in a shiver when the abyss slightly moved like it was breathing. "But whatever that stuff is, it seems to be using their corpses like puppets. If you... Well, 'break' them, the ooze stops functioning. At

least I think. Can't say I've done too many tests."

"Me either, but..." The yellow one glanced down at her rifle in her paws. "It does seem to stop them."

"Yeah, but for how long?" A noise in question. "...I went through here before, there were more bodies and a lot more ooze."

"Of people...?"

"Who were already... Overcome, let's call it." That made the dragons worry even more, sharing a look as another growl was heard further down. Along with some gunfire. "That's farther back than where I left Klay." The pink one gave a sigh of relief as they continued down. At least the air seemed to be getting a bit warmer the more they traveled. Less and less water was flooding the building and the rooms, but more evidence of hostile grounds were shown. Streaks of deep red and black painted the walls and floors in small murals, as well as leaving behind a few pieces of battle.

The occasional paw or head was left behind, making Adine thankful for the dim light when she made out what they were. Hoping she could perhaps find another few ammunition magazines, as horrible as it sounded attempting to steal from the dead. But she needed to survive this, as bleak as the situation looked... She needed to survive this.

Malic started softly knocking on the walls in a strange, yet familiar jingle. One that the wyvern's heard before on the radio, though she couldn't quite place it. Still, it was almost proof that this wyrm did come from that same town, but why couldn't she remember him? "Klay? It's just me. I found someone else and a little bit of food." The pink one whispered somewhat loudly, hearing a door unlock soon after and let the larger dragon inside. Leaving it opened for the female and letting the two share a look.

Then it hit her like a bolt of cold lightning. Dark green, white underside. She recalled opening that door to see him on the ground. Cuts up along his wings, torso, and a large gash in his neck. Along with blood in his maw, making Adine step back like she did before and stumble into the metal wall that was painted red. "Everything okay?" Klay asked.

"Y-you're...!" Her throat tightened, being strangled by her own fear. "You're... Alive...?" She whispered.

"You sure you're going to be okay here by yourself?" The white dragon asked, a bit of a frown on his muzzle as he talked with the young runner. One that resembled him quite a bit, with the patches of white and pink, along with similar coned horns. "I detest the idea of you being here alone."

"It's only for an hour, until Adine gets off of work." The little one giggled, smiling at her father's

somewhat worried look. "I'll be okay, father." The wyrm sighed a bit, pondering for a moment before Amely gave him a hug.

"...The client can wait that hour-"

"Only for you to have to make it up to them, and miss storytime." A disgruntled grumble in defeat from Remy as he held her back.

"I've been teaching you too well lately. You're getting to smart for your own good."

"I learned from the best." That made him chuckle and give her a gentle lick on that pink head. "You just won't tell me what you do for work."

"That's because I've already told you three times."

"And you're still hiding something." She giggled again, seeing his ears tint a bit red. "That's how I know you're lying."

"I'm not... Lying, but you've got me. Caring for people's needs isn't the full truth." Another sigh. "You're just not old enough to fully understand just yet." A snout toss from Amely made him smile.

"You said the same thing when I asked where hatchlings come from. Let alone every adult."

"That's because it's the truth."

"Well, Vara says it's when grown-ups spend a lot of alone time together." An embarrassed whimper from the white one.

"Wh-where would she get an idea like that?"

"Harrak told her."

"Who?" Remy's head tilted, getting her to giggle at his perked ears.

"Her new boyfriend, apparently, but don't tell her I said that!"

"I might just have to if she keeps telling my daughter little secrets." He playfully growled, nudging the runner a bit until those paws pushed him half out the door. "Amely..."

"You don't wanna be late!" A bit of a whimper from him. "I'll be fine, dad."

"You sure? This will be the first time you will be in the home alone..."

"I'll be fine." A defeated sigh from him as he hugged the pink one again. "Too tight!"

"My brave little girl..." Another deep breath and he let go. "Lock the door until Adine gets here. If anyone else comes around, you call the police-"

"And ask for either Sebby, Brycey, or Mavvy. I know!" Another small push out the door made Remy smile. "The adults are not going to tend for themselves!" That one made him chuckle a bit.

"Alright, alright. I'll see you tonight, love." The door shut and he waited to hear it lock. Taking another breath before taking flight and heading to his client. Though the air was chilly, it was still pleasantly sunny out. Looking over the town like he did nearly everyday over the past couple of weeks, wanting to keep working so badly just to have that little wyrmling in his home.

But now, he's finally got it. Still willing to work to keep her there, but conflicted because he wanted to spend time with her. Accepting a little less clients just to spend an extra day with Amely. Going out to do many of the things they've wanted and talked about, never getting tired of that smile.

At least during the holiday season the demand was lowering slightly. Likely due to having family visits and such getting involved with the lives of those clients. Something he was quite thankful for at this time, though he began to think about his own family. Wondering what they would think of the changes in his life so far, let alone this year. New job, new friends, new events that would be difficult to explain... And a new member to that family.

Member... His own Daughter... It still made him giddy just thinking about it, fluttering his heart greatly and making him smile. Though he wouldn't be this far if it wasn't for the help of others. And to think he almost turned it down. A simple glance, and he could pick out that very house, that very yard he landed so heavily in. Not hearing the bear pick up the phone, barging into that unlocked door and tracking him down in the shower room. Finding the furball sitting there with two passed out, yet clearly satisfied dragons. His mind still echoing with that conversation. "Everything okay-?"

"No!" The white one hissed, though trying not to be so loud to disturb the slumbering officers, but his emotions were just too flared up to be controlled. "No, No, No, No, No! No-No! No!" Bartan just blinked at Remy blankly. "No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No!"

"...Really? Eighteen Noes?"

"-NO!"

"Nineteen. And are you sure?"

"No!"

"-You sound like it." The bear chuckled. "And why not?" A near-violent head shake from the white wyrm.

"How!?"

"Well, it would be pretty easy. You already-"

"Do you expect me to do... That!?" Another blank stare at the dragon, those wavy ears flat against the side of his head. "And answer me truthfully, bear!"

"Seriously?"

"Yes! How did you ever come up with... This!?" Another blank look made Remy start to whimper. Now realizing where the idea came from. "Another time...?" A slow nod and he fell to his haunches,

staring into space. "No... Nope! I can't believe I would ever...! No!"

"Well, it wasn't easy. Even she said the same thing-"

"With **Anna**!?" Another slow nod made him almost whine in defeat. "...How...?"

"That was part of your job description." The furred one teased, though not getting a reaction out of Remy. "It's up to you though. 100%." It took a few moments for those blue eyes to signal any sort of understanding towards Bartan as he took a few breaths.

"...Just answer me... Why? Why her?" The furred one shrugged in response.

"Why not her?"

"Because...!" The wyrm exhaled a warm breath, looking away, even after that paw touched his shoulder. "...Why?" He studied those brown eyes for a few moments. "...Did we...?" A faint breath from the bear and then a small nod. "You cannot be serious... Me? And her...?"

"I know a couple when I see one."

"No..." Remy whimpered, shaking his head once again. "What could you...? What could **I** possibly see in...?" The furred one inched closer to that white muzzle, touching his black nose with the dragons and just smiled. Speaking softly.

"See for yourself." He landed in her front driveway. Never before was the wyrm so nervous about seeing a client for the first time. He knew that many were just surprised that the town clutz would pick up such a job, but aside from that, they knew nothing about the librarian. Anna on the other hand, she had her own opinions against him, and vice versa. Retracing those same steps as last time, looking over the rather expensive home, but this time with a more pleasant look. Nearly seeing the ghost of himself gaze upon it with worry, wondering if he should just turn back and cancel. Avoid the conflict that was about to sprout.

But pay was pay. And this runner paid well. If it was one step closer to his daughter, he would walk through hell and back for her. Taking a deep breath at the very gate, and knocking on the door. The very noise buried from the beating of his heart as it echoed through the silence, as small claw scratches were finally picked up from the other side. Clawing at the door, just below the handle.

A few more scratches, then a loud one that finally hit the lock. Making the white one just stare at it puzzled. A small growl before the one on the other side finally got the door opened, revealing a small black hatchling that Remy stared at with silence. Almost with questionable fear as he stared at those purple eyes. "...We don't want any." Another few moments as red invaded those wavy ears, leaving the adult flustered. "At least I don't think so. What the taath do I know, ask her yourself. She's in the bedroom."

All Remy could do was stare at the wyrmling as he walked off, leaving the door wide opened. A few moments of just standing there and checking at his surroundings, a few clashes of something came inside. Making those white ears perk and the white one purr a bit in curiosity. Leaning inside the door

with those instincts, he suddenly froze. (I'm... Actually inside her home...) He thought for a moment, before fully stepping in and observing the area.

He expected the fancy wallpaper and wooden floors. Still almost untouched, aside from a few large scratches here and there. Likely done by bigger dragons when they raided this place in search of evidence. Guilt fell over him like a veil, knowing he was the one that made that call. Tipping off the evidence for a warrant, and nearly getting her fired, let alone imprisoned. Though it soon took a backseat to curiosity once again, seeing the black one search through her kitchen. Reorganizing it while vocally complaining.

So many questions ran through his head, but first he had to find the bedroom. "-Down the hall, farthest door on the left." Harrak stated, not looking up from his work. Still leaving the white wyrm a little dumbfounded that there was actually a child in her home. Go figure, unsupervised. Making him a little angry once again as he followed the directions.

It was somewhat small, when you really looked at it, like she knew she was never going to have a family. As much as he didn't like the idea of pitying her, Remy couldn't help notice the walls screaming the very statements. The bear couldn't possibly be right about them being something in another timeline. Maybe in some sort of Bizarre world where they couldn't have conflicted with one another, but...

His heart stopped, looking though the opened door at a pink runner going through her closet. Almost looking like his late wife at first glance, like he seen a ghost. Causing the wyrm to stare until she half grumbled. "If you broke something, don't you start looking guilty to me. You're paying for it." Remy's neck curled a bit in question, catching those green eyes who only double taked at him. "Oh. You actually showed up."

"Yes." The white one said, almost passive aggressive. "Bartan told me that I can't always choose my clients."

"It's hardly a standard choice to put yourself in such a situation, butterpaws." She tossed her snout a bit, resuming her search. "You must be pretty desperate for cash to be accepting such a thing. Let alone doing-"

"If it will bring me closer to my daughter, then..." He took a breath to calm down. "But I have a choice here as well."

"Do you now-?"

"Yes." Remy growled, getting the pink one to smirk. "I don't have to be humiliated by you or anyone else. And you're under the same oath of confidentiality, biologist." A very faint chuckle left her muzzle. "A title you shouldn't even have anymore."

"An incidence I'm assuming you had something to do with."

"Maybe." He exhaled though his muzzle, trying not to get angry.

"And I'm guessing you love the thought of be behind bars. Losing my job at the very least."

"Something you should've lost the first time you tried a stunt."

"Don't even go there, clutz." A faint growl from him, but Anna was starting to get a bit angry as well. "Really, you should be thanking me for that *Stunt*." A bit of silence. "Surely the bear has told you by now who that was."

"...Yes."

"And you're welcome for that little gift she left you. How is she, by the way? Does she look like her mother-?"

"Don't." Remy warned her, stepping into the room and slightly spreading his wings. "You don't get to ask about her-"

"Don't forget that she has some of my DNA as well." The white one stiffened his jaw. "The records say her mother is dead, yes, but a simple test could also prove that I'm her mother as well. I could make the next few years very difficult for you, and there on out." She expected a low growl from the male, but it never came.

"...Why do you have a child?"

"I hardly consider him a child, more of a living experiment that I'm running at home."

"One I'm sure you're not allowed to have-"

"Ah, but you can't say anything, *Companion*." Another devious smirk. "Confidentiality and whatnot. I have you scheduled for a session after all, and you have no other reason to be here. Besides, I own him and have the documents to prove it. He is literally property that just has access to my kitchen."

"So, a slave."

"He's not cooking for my sake." Anna snorted, crossing her arms. "He's doing it for... Okay, I don't know why he's doing it. But he isn't a slave. He's an experiment."

"That is a horrible thing to call a child-"

"Last I checked, your daughter was an experiment as well-" A loud growl from the wyrm, and she smirked. "How is little... What was her name again?" Anna asked, being coy. "It started with A, just like someone else-" A half roar that time as Remy grabbed the runner and forced her on the bed, latching his maw with hers and feeling the female snap back just as hard. Trying to defend herself against the slightly larger dragon.

But the kiss was as equally deep as it was violent, nearly making her submissive to that tongue as she wrestled with it. Grabbing onto his shoulders and nearly clawing at his lower side with her hinds as Remy forced her down. Lapping at her maw aggressively, but restraining himself from drawing blood with his fangs. Rubbing his body against the female's as they shared near vicious growls.

Soon they found their own rhythm and synced it, a song lead by the wyrm as Anna undressed him of accessories. Nearly clawing at that muzzle after tossing aside his spectacles and collar. Feeling a rod of flesh thicken between them as that white slit started to relax and puff out a little bit. Waiting anxiously to be filled.

All that tension and anger morphed into nothing more than deep purrs and strong motions, as the two nearly clawed at each other. Scratching faint lines within their scales while their song played, while their dance continued, until the wyrm took a step back. Feeling the raptor's muzzle move forward to keep with their little fight, but nearly submit entirely when her lower lips were pushed aside.

The librarian was bigger than she expected, but she knew of bigger. Feeling that weapon slowly enter her lower end and gasp loudly as it drilled further. Almost it's full length within the first enter, causing her body to become stunned for a few moments as Remy retreated a bit. Soon going back to latch at each other's muzzles for several moments as that rhythm completed its pause.

The continuous motions were far from gentle like the bear would often do, giving the pink one a rush of energy through her body. Like the satisfying relief of an itch being scratched, letting loose those claws and no longer restraining her vocals. Letting him do the same, but in thick growls and almost roars. Those white paws digging into the bedding and ripping the blankets and sheets without concern of her property as he hammered into her sex.

The dance lasted for nearly an hour, progressively getting harder and louder every few minutes. Even after three full releases, the two didn't stop until their bodies demanded a break. Collapsing on top of Anna in heavy breaths, the wyrm licked at the small bit of blood from her neck wounds. Ones he couldn't hold down his instincts when that first series of torrents were passing through. Leaving a large mess on the already totaled bedding.

Heavy pants were all that was left of their song for the next few minutes, as they rested. Eventually getting the pink one to cough and reach for a nearby glass of water. Getting her fill before setting it down and feeling Remy get up and drink the rest without asking. "Is that... All you got?" The pink one grumbled between her breaths, getting a loud growl from the white one as he started up again.

Yes, that was the first visit of many over the past few weeks. To the point where the runner basically hired Remy as her personal Companion... At first. After a few sessions and overnights, the two actually started to become closer, finally seeing that spark that Bartan was talking about. It was because of Anna that the wyrm got to adopt his daughter before the holidays and keep her within his empty home.

Looking over the fancy house, he couldn't help but actually feel happy to be here. Happy to be seeing the pink raptor once again, to the point where that white muzzle was smiling. Walking up to the door, those wavy ears perked up when it caught a couple of voices. Unable to make out what they were saying, but he knew who they were. Ringing the doorbell and waiting patiently...

"I never understood why you females think like that." The black wyrmling snorted in the kitchen. "There's nothing cute about something being small."

"You're just saying that because I'm sure you've been caught with a little bit of red peeking out." Anna smirked at him, just enjoying his homemade coffee. Though not as good as her new favorite, it was rather close.

"That still doesn't explain anyone's reaction of going 'Awww' at it!" Harrak half hissed. "And I'm not talking about *that*."

"You're talking about the fact you look and act like a child."

"Look like a wyrmling, yes. Not acting like one." The black one snorted, hearing the doorbell ring and getting a signal from her to answer it. "There is no benefit to being small, no matter how many powers you have."

"I disagree. I'm pretty sure you've gotten away with a lot due to your current size. It would be a shame to lose it."

"Says you." Harrak grumbled, walking over to the door and double taking when Anna started to follow him. Getting those black spines to raise in irritation at the idea of slavery. Unlocking the door with ease now and opening it, to see a white worm lean in with a kiss, though going over the wyrmling's head. Letting those purple eyes just stare at an embarrassed Remy for a few moments with those frilled ears back, then glare at the runner down the hall. "This proves nothing-don't laugh!" A few snickers left that pink maw.

"I think it proves my point quite well. We should keep you short, I'd say." A loud growl as he stormed off into the kitchen, letting the two 'adults' greet each other with affection. "Thanks for the entertainment."

"I don't suppose you would believe me that I was expecting you to answer the door?" The white one almost whispered, looking past her where the wyrmling disappeared to. "He's grown very quickly these past few weeks."

"That's what good parenting will do for you." A double take from him, and Anna chuckled. "I'm a biologist, it's a proven fact."

"Of course it is." Another small embrace. "What would you like done today?"

"I was thinking of a day out, actually." A second double take.

"R-really...?" A nod from her, as those pink ears went back a bit. "It's just... You never wanted to..."

"And?" She asked a little sternly. "I think a day out would do us rather good, wouldn't you agree Escort?" A bit of a whimper from him. "Harrak will prepare us dinner in the meantime. Come, there's a certain... Bush I want show you in the park." The raptor said, leading them outside.

He awoke in the warm room, those brown scales clicking loudly like he was freezing. Though his vision was a bit foggy, the drake swore he could see his breath in the form of a thick mist for a moment. It took him a bit to get his bearings, to check his surroundings while that broad body calmed down. Adrenaline still in his veins and the instincts of conflict were taking over. Making the dragon more and more aware like he was in danger, yet he couldn't identify or even remember any threat whatsoever.

A quick shake of his scarred muzzle and Bryce shifted in his bed, now realizing he was alone in it. Even putting a paw on where the other two usually slept, it was near empty of warmth. Yet, the same could be said for his own spot, once again triggering a shiver through his body once he realized it. Regardless, something needed to be taken care of before any investigations. Getting up and heading towards their new bathroom, one he was still getting used to being there. The tiles still keeping that slippery look like covered in a thin ice, sending concerns through his large legs and getting them to once again brace a bit as he positioned himself. But it was purely cosmetic, at the very least.

Walking back out, those golden eyes couldn't help but stare at the bed. One that's definitely seen better days, and would likely need to be replaced soon due to how much punishment it has been taking with the three or sometimes four. Giving how old the bed was, it's a wonder it was still functioning, let alone comfortable enough to sleep in. But thoughts did worm into his head; did they actually make more heavy duty beds for such occasions? At this point, the three could be 'sleeping' on a rock and it would be breaking down.

Such thoughts made him miss a certain pillow, attempting to look through the walls of his home for any sounds that the bear might be about. But when there was nothing except silence and some noise outside, Bryce decided to scout for the furball himself. Leaving the room into the hallway, his target was spotted almost immediately down in the far room. Half laying down on a small couch, legs boosted up over the armrest, and tail presented towards the drake. That white muzzle smirking at him deviously as the dragon was stunned for a moment, letting those round ears pick up that whimper. "Morning, draggy." Barton purred, hearing another whimper as he started moving towards the submissive furred one. "Ah-ah-ah, you know the deal."

"Bearr...!" Bryce growled at him, and those brown eyes got slightly strict, though the smirk stayed. Releasing a grumble as the dragon prepared himself with a stance and a few breaths. Lifting up his front half and attempting to keep balance on his hinds for a few moments before taking a few awkward steps. Using one paw along the wallside for a bit of extra balance as he trekked down the hall towards his reward. One he was going to punish with a certain fleshy rod all day. By the time he was done, Maverick would be home to take over.

"You're doing better." The drake growled at him in response. "You wanted me to help you learn how to do this."

"I was thinking of using something else as incentive, not cutting me off from your tail!" Bryce hissed, nearly losing balance for a moment, but managed to keep it. Slowly entering the room without the safeguard of the wall and concentrating on just keeping his footing.

"Just a little more."

"I am going to ruin your haunches for this." The brown one grumbled, diving for the couch when he was close enough and pinning the bear into it. Playfully biting the back of his neck for a bit while pressing those dull claws into his naked back before letting up turn around and share a deep kiss. Those scaled haunches a bit sore from the extra weight, but building up. Yet after the kiss, that euphoria drifted away. Replaced by something else as those brown paws embraced the white one. Whatever it was, it made his large heart sink with near dread, one that shown in those sun-like discs.

"What's wrong?" Bartan asked, stroking his head a bit. Hearing the drake take a deep breath and just hold onto the living pillow.

"...Bear..." A noise in question. "Please tell me that this is real..."

"What do you mean?"

"Just..." Another breath. "Please. Tell me that you're really here with me." That hold grew tighter as the marked snout pressed into the bear's neck. Letting him see the black tirix behind Bryce a ways.

"That's interesting..." Bartan struggled to hold back his grumble towards the panther-like creature.

"What do you mean, Bryce? Of course this is real." A nod was felt, and those white paws just stroked his neck.

"...I've been having a lot of strange dreams lately." Another noise in question. "I hardly remember them, but I know one thing..."

"That I'm not there?" He nodded once again. "You have me, Bryce. I'm not going anywhere." That heavy breath again, one that was accompanied by a slight sob. "I'll always be here for you, drake. I mean it." Another tight hold made the bear sadly smile as he watched the tirix leave the room. Making the white one second guess his own words.

The crackle of fire and a slight pain woke her up, feeling a paw of one that was holding onto her pink form brush off her shoulder. Making a noise in question as she yawned loudly into the dark night. "Just a stray ember, nothing to worry about." The black wyrm said, licking at her and teasing those four fins. Only getting one set to flick and her to grumble a bit. "You feel asleep again. I beginning to think I'm a boring storyteller." Harrak grumbled.

"Maybe you are." Vara mumbled, getting a bit of a playful growl from him. But it made the young female smirk, pawing away that snout that was pestering those frills. Leaving that muzzle to just rest under her neck as the two rested, her golden eyes just staring into the small flames. Watching closely as the thin shower of smoke and sparks rained around them. "...How are you able to do this?"

"Do what?" A gesture to the warming glow. "You're a dragon. It's not that hard to start a fire, y'know." She tossed her head at his snort.

"Yeah, but I never..." She trailed off, hearing his black wings shrug a bit. "Not everyone here has it, and you did it without spitting anything."

"Of course I did. I've told you what I'm capable of." Harrak grumbled.

"Yes, but how?" Their eyes met. "How did you first learn...?"

"To control it? My first Atonement?" The pink one faintly nodded, letting him take a deep breath. "It's not in every dragon, Vara. But how we first learned was more to take a small piece of flame and then smother it." He lifted a paw to demonstrate, letting a sharp lick of red move onto his palm from afar and dance for her. Though small, it's threatening heat could still be felt from afar. But soon it grew smaller and smaller until it was nothing but a stream of smoke. "It's quite a while past that when we actually learn to start a fire."

"But you're able to do it." His black neck curled.

"Do you have any idea how old I am?" The larger one snorted, getting her to chuckle a bit. "And I've always been very good at these things."

"Something that's completely unheard of here. Some of us might have breath weapons, but that's about it." Another shrug from those wings behind her.

"Who's to say that is all your species is capable of?" A sad, but puzzled look from her. "Can you honestly tell me that you haven't tried to do such a thing?" Those frilled ears fell a bit at his question, then she looked at the flames once again. Getting a paw on her shoulder, thus getting her attention back. "Let's try with something a little less dangerous first."

"Like what?"

"Like the wind. Atonement of Air." A noise in question. "Usually, all we did at first was to just blow something light without using our breath or bodies."

"Like...?" A motion up towards the leaves behind them.

"Or the grass around us. Just try to make it dance."

"That's the thing... I don't understand how you..."

"It's not as simple as just wishing it will obey you. Like a separate appendage, you need grasp it and force it to do your bidding." A worried look from her, but the pink one nodded and stared at a patch

of grass. After about a minute of concentrating, she gave up. "It takes time."

"I just think we can't do it..."

"Why is that?" No response. "You know that raptor I'm living with?"

"Raptor...?" Half a grumble from Harrak. "Oh, you mean Runner." A snout toss that time.

"Raptor, Runner, Whatever!" A snort made the female chuckle. "But yes, the biologist. She's been... Looking at my blood, but you can't tell anybody. Understood?"

"Yeah, yeah. But what do you mean looking at...?"

"She's been studying it. Realizing that there's barely any difference between our DNA and such." A puzzled look, clearly going over the wyrmling's head and repaying the look with his irritated own. "In other words, it's possible for you to develop 'Magic', for lack of any better word," He snorted loudly, getting her to giggle. "in your own blood. Same with everyone."

"Meaning...?"

"That you discovered a way to make coffee before you learned how to sneeze electrical bolts, yes." Another series of giggles. "I can't say that's something to be proud of."

"But that doesn't explain..." Another look at the patch of grass.

"That's because you need to be a certain age to start developing the 'Magics' in your system." A near hopeful look from her.

"Are you saying...?"

"That you'll likely need a trainer of sorts soon? Maybe. Who better than the Elementalist himself?" He smirked, getting a smile back. Yet a yawn. "Want another story to help you sleep?"

"I think so."

"What do you last remember?" A moment of thought.

"You entering a flying contest, I think?" A growl from him as he remembered the damn race.

"You mean being forced to participate. Fine, fine." Harrak took a breath. "We'll start from *there*, if you like." Vara snuggled up against him as the black male started his tale once again. Glancing back at his bag while she wasn't looking to make sure the couple of syringes were well hidden. Ones that had a very small bit of red left within them.