

# Somewhere Out There Act 9.5 (Sidestory) - She Paints Me Blue

By Bartan Tirix

The fog of a deep slumber kept him still for what felt like ages. Uncovered, as he usually woke up, though not used to the brightness of the sun's rays. Let alone the smell of a bed being shared by two others; ones that grey snout defined as Friend, while his heart was defining them as a little more.

His instincts were still on cautious alert, not quite deeming the new environment as Safe whereas it's only been a few days since the move. Yet, during that time, the wyrm had already made a lot of... 'Progress', according to the others. Let alone himself. Finding one of his recent exhales turn into faint whimpers when he thought about what he recently did with Bryce; a friend he's had since they were wyrmlings.

Though his grey scales hid it quite well, his face started to flush and become warm in the streak of sun. Still trying to rationalize that kiss they did earlier was okay, at least according to the bear. Recalling the feel of that brown and scarred muzzle along his own tongue, lapping roughly-

That memory suddenly got Maverick to cave in, curling a large wing over his head to hide from such a thought. What was he thinking accepting such a thing!? Let alone with his best friend! His Boss! Then with his boss' *love* interest! One that he even admitted that he was falling for... Now he was stuck in this weird love triangle that just seemed...

...Strange. It wasn't bad in any way, but it was definitely strange. Like there should be a set of rules written somewhere, along with a book of Dos and Don'ts when it came to such a thing. What was considered Cheating? Not Okay in this relationship? What if he did one of those things without realizing? What would they do? Would the grey one end up hurting one of them?

Some part of him wanted to escape, go back to that dark bland apartment he resided in for eons. Like a cold dark cave where the darkness could comfort him, lift off the weight of his stress until the next morning came. Where he could comfortably wear it like a vest of nails, all pointed towards himself so he wouldn't have to worry about hurting anyone else.

But it was too late. He moved all his things in, left that apartment behind. And now he was sharing a bed with two other males; his mark had been made. If the wyrm attempted to run now, he would be giving into his greatest fear. Maverick was now exposed to the light of day, and now he had the thoughts of others residing in his vest as well.

...As terrifying as it was, he couldn't deny that the warmth felt good. That the sessions with Bartan even felt good, regardless of how foggy it left his brain after. The location was a little bit of a walk to work, but that wasn't a problem with wings. And... The dragon wasn't alone. At least not with his dark thoughts.

Granted, today was a bad example of such a thing. Barely recalling Bryce complaining about needing to work, resisting to add more money into that jar on the dresser. The bear half teasing him, but only playfully. The shower going, the scent of breakfast being cooked, and the two leaving after sneaking in a few kisses on the slumbering grey one. Well, one that was half slumbering on his day off.

Yes, Maverick was alone today, but it didn't feel the same like before. There was still a warmth, still a lightness within the large home. It didn't feel... Empty, like he expected it would. Regardless of how vast it was, how many rooms had quite a bit of floorspace. Next to no area had a dark sense to it, which was honestly taking some getting used to. More than the wyrm wanted to both admit and show towards the others.

A natural alarm went off in his head, getting the grey one to grumble loudly through his plated throat. As much as he didn't want to get up just yet, there was enough stains on this half broken bed. Another thing that took some getting used to, as Maverick tried not to think about what he was stepping in while treading across the old mattress. Talks of a new one were still coming in conversation every night the three staggered into it, but most beds were just not made for such weight. Maybe a single drake, sure, but not also a wyrm the grey one's size. Let alone with a third body on top of that.

...An odd way of putting such a thing, the dragon thought as he relieved himself in the still new looking bathroom. Gazing over the shower that took up at least 70% of such a thing: basically a giant glass box with a few large grated drains. A few showerheads hanging down below the water-proof protection for the lights, as well as the many levers on one side; able to control or turn on multiple of the showers or just a single one to save water.

His body longed to get into it, now that he thought about it. But a growl from his middle demanded priority instead, getting the dragon to sigh and wash his paws before heading down the hallway. Passing the closed door where the bear started his little business: 'Companionship'. A concept that went so far over the wyrm's head that he honestly felt alone in the fact that he had no idea what such a term meant. He thought it was just basically hired sex or pleasuring, but Bryce ended up telling him different a while back. "Escorting can be part of it."

"Please don't call it that." The past grey one grumbled, while the present headed towards the kitchen. Spotting some cold breakfast ready for him on the table, along with a small little note from the two. Telling Mav to 'Enjoy his day off', able to still hear the drake chuckling at him. "What else could he possibly do?"

"You'd be surprised how much people get lonely."

"Enough to pay for..." His past self trailed off, trying to hide his blush.

"Services, yes. But that could mean many different things." A half grumble in question from the grey one, while the drake finished a drink. "Things you might not think of-"

"Like bathing?" A double take from those golden eyes, making those maroon ones shift away trying to avoid the curious stare.

"Where did-?"

"Nothing! Nevermind! Forget I said anything."

"Well, you're not wrong. There's quite a few dragons that do have hard-to-reach areas-" A faint whimper was heard from the grey one, getting Bryce to chuckle. "But massages, cooking a good meal-(though sometimes I beg to differ on his cooking ideas)" The chief grumbled under his breath.

"What was that?"

"I said: sometimes using himself as a body pillow. Spending the night either in his arms or vice versa." The wyrm curled his neck, though not getting the attention of the drinking drake. To this present day, such an idea seemed so strange to Maverick. But waking up yesterday with his head on that furred body... Maybe it wasn't. Maybe it didn't make him weak-

The doorbell rang loudly, almost putting him on alert from the still unfamiliar sound. Swallowing what food he had in that muzzle and licking it clean before heading towards the door, making out the shape of a wyvern on the other side through the foggy glass. Releasing a faint purr in question as he opened the door to the female, recognizing her as she looked around the porch and surrounding areas. "Oh." A double take from her, perking those multi-colored ears in almost surprise. "You're, erm... That waitress from-"

"Maverick!?" A slight whimper from him at the yellow one's surprise, still unable to recall her name. "What are you doing here?"

"I..." The wyrm cleared his throat. "Live here." A little bit of a pause and soon the female started to giggle uncontrollably. "Don't-! Don't laugh!"

"Did the bear...?" She barely got out before nearly falling over laughing, causing the grey one to blush deeply. Even more so when another dragon started staring while walking along the street.

"L-look. Just come in before people start getting the wrong idea." He invited the yellow one inside, watching her stagger from the excessive giggling. "And stop thinking about that! We haven't..." The wyrm grumbled, shutting the door a little too hard and startling her for a moment. "...Sorry, still not used to how easy that shuts."

"I-it's okay."

"The... Erm..." Maverick half stumbled over his words. "Bartan. He's not here." A double take from the yellow one and he sighed. "And... I can't remember your..."

"My what?"

"Name." Another giggle didn't help his blush.

"It's Adine."

"R-right." The female chuckled at him.

"Is he going to be back soon? I have a... Meeting with him." Even she started to blush through her giggles.

"I'm..." A heavy breath from the large one as he shook his head for a moment. Gathering his words and thoughts. "He had another client earlier this morning, as well as booked for most of the day."

"He really does get around, doesn't he?" Adine chuckled, leaving the wyrm to not really know how to respond. Pondering after a bit. "I'm sure it was today."

"The only thing I can suggest is call him." He shrugged, motioning towards the door at the end of the hallway. Granted, he didn't expect her to actually start walking down and take such a suggestion into consideration. Now just realizing that he invited in a young female who likely arrived at this location for adultery... And he was the only person within the house at the moment.

Violently shaking his head to scatter such thoughts he returned to his breakfast in the kitchen. Trying not to hear the conversation through the walls, but the silence was only aiding such a thing. "Hello, is the bear there? Can I speak with him for a moment? ...Tell him it's Adine." Bringing over his plate to the sink to distract himself, but it did no good. "Hey bear. I'm at Bryce's house, or should I say yours and Maverick's now?" That giggle returned. "...We had a meeting today, that's why, silly... Tomorrow? But I... No, I kinda needed it today instead. Tomorrow's the shoot..." Her sigh in disappointment made the wyrm half glance at her through the wall. "I must've gotten the dates mixed up..."

(It's bound to happen.) The grey one thought to himself, looking through the window over the sink. (Not even schedules are perfect, much like our own timesheets down at the station. Odds are he'll try to call up Remy to take over-) "Maverick?" The wyrm double taked at the wyvern in the doorway, blush over that stripped muzzle. "The bear would like to ask you something."

The large one tilted his head, releasing a low purr in curiosity as he moved along to the hallway. Almost detecting a warm gaze on his haunches and a bit lower, but was too enthralled

about what the bear wanted. To escort her to a different location, just in case? Perhaps safely to Remy's home?

He shut the door behind him, looking over the phone receiver and snorting at the thing. All wyrms in the world detested these things, and the strap to make holding these things in place 'easier' was lost in the move. At least they had a speaker-phone option, lightly tapping the button and half grumbling. "Hey Bartan."

"Hey Mav. What were you planning to do today?" (Here it comes...) The grey one released an exhale.

"Nothing big. Maybe stock up on a few things if I can find the list-"

"Oh, I have that. I was going to do it inbetween jobs." Half a grumble in response. "But anyway, as you probably guessed: there's been a mis-scheduling. I was wondering if-"

"Yes, yes, bear. I'll do it. Where do you want me to take her?"

"Wait, really? I was expecting more of an argument."

"It'll only be a few minutes, right?" Maverick grumbled.

"Well... I was thinking more of a couple of hours at least." (He likely wants me to wait until the session is over and escort her back.)

"Fair enough. Where do you want me to escort her?"

"The shower will be fine." A noise in question from the grey one as his neck curled. "She needs to be cleaned thoroughly for tomorrow." A long pause as those dark red eyes stared at the phone. "Mav-?"

**"WHAT!?"** Laughter from both the bear and Adine could be heard.

"I thought you were misunderstanding." Bartan chuckled while the dragon was stumbling over words. "Me and Remy are both tied up for the day, and she can't wait for tomorrow. I was wondering if you could tend to Adine instead." A loud whimper was heard. "Y'know, be a Companion for a day. I'll even pay you." No response. "Scale of 1-10, how much are you blushing right now?"

"Bear...!" The large one attempted to growl, but it came out more as a whine. "I can't... Do-"

"I've given you a scrub down before, there's nothing to it. If it leads to something else, you know what to do." A whimper in question from that last part. "Sebs vouched for you."

"...Eleven." Mav admitted, getting another chuckle from the bear. "Bartan..."

"It's alright if you don't want to Maverick, I won't force you." A heavy sigh from the large one.

"I owe you, don't I-?"

"Do not think of it like that." A noise in disagreement from the dragon. "I mean it. If you really don't want to do it, I can think of something." (Can I really afford to disappoint him...?)

"...What about Adine?" Maverick asked, attempting to look through the closed door where the wyvern was last seen.

"I asked her about it before I got you here, she's... Surprised at the suggestion, but fine with it." An awkward whimper that barely escaped, starting to hear another dragon's purr on Bartan's side. "So how about it? My client is getting a little impatient."

"Not that I mind the drama." Another voice was heard from afar, female.

"She... Heard?"

"She heard you yelp, yes. I'm pretty sure our neighbors heard it too." A half grumble, half growl was let out as the wyrm covered his eyes with a paw.

"You're not helping, bear." He sighed, taking a deep breath. "...I'll..."

"Do it-?"

"Try-"

"Do it." The furball teased. "You'll do fine, Mav. Just don't hold yourself back, and keep everything private. Unless she attempts to suck your blood out through your neck or something."

"...What?"

"Nevermind. I'm being pulled away from the phone now, good luck!" And the receiving side hung up, making the wyrm stare at it for a few moments before shutting the phone off. Never feeling so nervous about such a thing since the last time he ended up calling the bear quite a while ago. A glance up at the wall, a large calendar with a schedule on the wall with many things written on it, both the furred one's name and Remy's, along with many different other words. Massage, showers, baths, dinners, and of course: sessions. Was this really the work ethic of a Companion?

As much as it made the adult sound like a wyrmling, maybe just playing the role of such a thing for one morning was kind of... Fun. Nerve wracking, borderline frightening, and in some ways terrifying, yes. But also... Exciting? Thrilling?

A deep breath from Maverick as he slowly turned around and opened the door, spotting the yellow one instantly in the hallway. Back turned, but looking behind at him nervously. Giving

him a small wave as he stepped out. "Sorry, I'm... Not good at this." Those frilled ears of hers fell.

"Oh... That's understandable."

"I mean, I'll try, but..." They perked that time, not helping against his blush.

"Try...?" She asked. "Does that mean you're...?"

"I can... Try. Just don't expect me to be as good as the bear." He mumbled, gesturing down the hall where the shower was and taking lead. Trying to keep calm and composed until the bedroom came into the female's view; along with its messy glory, making Adine giggle.

"What?"

"S-sorry...!" She attempted to breathe, giving Mav enough time to look towards the doorway and toss his muzzle.

"Yes, yes. That's where we sleep. Get over it-" That only made her laugh even harder and actually make the grey one grumble loudly. Swearing his scales were so hot from blush they were creating heat waves. "Why does it make you laugh so much?"

"N-nervous... Reflex..." She heaved out between giggles and breaths, trying to keep calm and wipe the tears from her eyes. Only to spot those red ones half glaring at her and getting her to giggle a few more times, covering her snout to try to keep them in.

"Just..." The wyrm grunted. "Try to think about something else, okay?" He lead her into the large shower room, opening the glass door and setting the water temperature.

"H-how far has..." A few chuckles escaped, nearly giving her hiccups. "Bartan...?" A deep sigh from the grey one.

"I feel like I shouldn't be having this conversation with you, considering your speech impediment with such a subject." An honest chuckle that time as he glanced over at the yellow one: taking off her large bag and gathering her own soaps and such. "...He's done muzzle stuff with me, that's it. You already know he's done something, so..."

"Right, when he disappeared that one time."

"I still don't understand what happened, how I could've woken up one morning and forgotten about him."

"Even after he explained it to you?" The yellow one asked, placing her bottles in the shower's corner: where a few shelves were built in. Noticing the grey one's rather discouraged look. "I couldn't follow either." Maverick curled his neck at her. "And the more he attempted to explain, the more lost I became..."

"I feel like the only one who can understand is... That skinny purple one."

"The noodle?" A double take and a neck curl from the wyrm, sending her into giggles at his expression.

"...Noodle!?" He half whispered, grumbling at her flabbergastation. "Let me guess: The bear."

"T-told me, yes...!"

"He's always had a strange way to describe things." He snorted, turning on the water.

"But now that you seen it, you can't unsee it." Another grumble as he moved towards a water proof cabinet, pulling out a large glove that worked like a facecloth. Struggling to put it on and feeling a touch on his wing as the wyvern moved closer. "Here, let me help." Adine suggested, holding the opening up wide enough to get his clawed paw through. "There, together we have the capabilities of a single runner." Those red eyes rolled at her chuckle as she retrieved the bottled soap, adding several stripes to the mitten and meeting the wyrm in the rainfall. Still blushing at such a thing, and releasing a few giggles that still remained inside as that cold glove was felt against her back.

The chill didn't last long though and strength of that large paw was more than she expected, nearly getting her to step forward before putting up her own resistance. Almost watching the paw move with her scales across the shoulder blades, going a little too quickly. "S-slower..." It paused for a few moments. "I-if you don't mind..." A bit of silence, but Maverick started to move at a more relaxed pace.

The soap reacted with the water rapidly, creating thousands of suds to erupt within the furred-like glove. Painting the yellow canvas with very light purple streaks, slowly turning white the more they were exposed to the air. Slowly lowering down towards her mid-back before retreating back upwards, being mindful of those spines and fins along the back of Adine's head. However, reaching the back of her neck caused the female to begin purring.

It made the wyrm nervous still, but he tried not to let it show. Almost thankful that she couldn't see his expression, which was likely the very reverse as well. Slowly covering the wyvern's back with purple suds and thick streaks of iridescent bubbles, still putting strength into those strokes to make sure those scales get cleaned. Creating a steady rhythm for the two to follow as he washed up and down her back, soon getting to the base of her tail and hips. Causing them to flick a bit in instinct.

Along the first hamstring the yellow one released a whimper of pleasure, getting the wyrm to slow down and begin moving back upwards again. "S-sorry." Adine chuckled uncomfortably.

"No-no, it's..." The grey one started, but his mind stalled out mid-sentence. Wondering just how that bear seems to do such a thing so damn easily, but taking a breath it came to him: ask a simple question. "Why... Was this so important today?" Those pink eyes attempted to look

back towards Maverick, only being able to turn so much. "Not that I don't want to... But, you said earlier that this couldn't wait."

It was the wyvern's turn to take a breath as that washing paw moved towards the wings. "I'm... I've never did anything like this, so don't judge."

"I won't. I'm just... Trying to make a conversation-"

"To keep this from getting too awkward?"

"Exactly."

"Bartan."

"Something he would do, yes-"

"What? O-oh no-no. He..." She giggled a little bit. "That spot is a little ticklish. But he..." A playful nudge along the neck for her to carry on. "You probably don't know much about me, aside from being a waitress." A bit of a pause from the wyrm for a moment before he spoke up, interrupting her just as she was going to continue.

"You like children. You've been helping out a nearby orphanage quite often." She stopped and looked at him in surprise, letting the two lock eyes for a few moments. "You've also been the one making sandcastles down by the beach, according to the bear." A moment of silence as his gaze fell awkwardly. "He... Talks about you once in a while, as well as most of the town." The yellow one broke into giggles that time, getting him to half grunt. Taking a guess at what she was thinking about. "You've been practicing to become a stunt flyer as well."

"Y-yes, that's actually the reason why I wanted to do this..." She turned around again, spreading her wings and feeling him start again. "The competition... It doesn't come free, obviously. And they've been having a hard time breaking even lately with all the costs..."

"Even with that crowd?" A noise in confirmation from the female. "So then...?"

"Somewhere they got the idea of..." She giggled again, soon getting another nudge from the grey one. "S-sorry. But they were asking for some of the competitors to..."

"To...?"

"P-pose for a-"

"Calendar." She cracked up at his grumble.

"You seen the flyer?"

"I know who's idea it was." Mav half growled, getting her to laugh out loud and nearly choke inhaling some water.

"Bartan's?"

"Bryce's, actually. Though I wouldn't doubt that the furball helped encourage such an idea." A few more chuckles, as the wyvern was nudged once again. "And I'm guessing...?"

"Y-yeah... He 'encouraged' me as well." A faint grumble from Maverick.

"He's very good at flattering people."

"I wasn't even going to consider it at first."

"Why?" The question just came out, even causing the large one to freeze up for a moment as those chuckles faded. The yellow wings slumping over time, closing over the front of her body until that soapy mitten was felt on her shoulder.

"I'm... Not what most would call attract-"

"Don't say that." Maverick said a little sternly, once again coming out before he could even think.

"Well, it's true in a way. It seemed like no one really paid that much attention to me aside from Amelia. The only one that took interest recently was an outsider."

"One who likely has been in the entire town's tail by now." A few sad chuckles from her as Mav took a deep breath. Once again thinking what the bear would do, letting an idea soon come to mind. Regardless of how awkward it was for him to try such a thing, the wyrm took a half step closer. Letting that mittened paw slip down to her frontside and gently pull the flyer back against his chest.

"...What are you doing?" She honestly asked after several long moments of silence.

"I'm..." He cleared his throat awkwardly. "I'm... Giving you a hug." Though he couldn't quite see it, he could feel that yellow muzzle smile. Then a slight pull down on the grey arm wrapping around her, thinking she was breaking the embrace but Adine was only adjusting his arm to a more comfortable position. Touching the other side of his muzzle with her other wing.

"Thank you." She said, feeling Mav nod and take a breath and hold her a little tighter.

"...For what it's worth, you..." Another awkward grumble that made the wyrm wish he could kick himself. "You have very pretty eyes." That made her chuckle lighter.

"That's what Bartan said too." A deep rumble in confirmation from the large one. "I never cared for pink, but your eyes are gorgeous." She quoted.

"Sounds like him." Another giggle and a bit of silence.

"Maverick?" A noise in question. "Why are... You doing this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, why did you agree to this so easily?" Even when he was expecting this question before they started, it still stunned the male for a few moments. "N-not that I'm complaining. But it's just so--"

"Unlike me?" Adine stared at the grey head, turned away slightly to hide most of his gaze into space as he took a breath. Recalling that same question the bear asked him several weeks earlier. *Say That Everything Is Going To Be Alright, What Would You Do? Would You Change?* "...I've been distant for a very long time. Focusing on my work for what felt like decades, looking for one obsession after another. All just to..." That paw stroked the far side of his head as he exhaled. "...Bartan can read me well. As much as I hate to even admit such a thing, he can. And he's been... Correct about nearly everything."

"And that makes you feel vulnerable." The grey one half glanced at her, barely meeting those pink discs before they started to fall. "I... Felt the same way the first time we did this."

"With him?" She nodded in response. "...Me too." Mav half grumbled. "...It took a lot to trust him."

"Why did you?" A slightly annoyed glare from him. "I shouldn't be the only one in here naked." That grey neck curled, morphing into a look in question.

"But I'm not wearing..." Those red eyes then glanced at the mitten, getting her to do the same and toss that striped snout.

"I'm not talking about that."

"Then...?" It came to him a little late, but Maverick understood: no armor. Be it physical, or... He sighed but nodded, once again opening himself up to another and exposing the truth. "...He opened up to me first. Offered to, and for the first time in a while, I listened. Not just heard." A heavier breath. "...I realized we weren't so different. That he understood me, because he too was covered in the same scars."

"So, you decided to help me because--"

"He told me we were friends once." A double take from the wyvern, almost feeling his neck warm up with blush. "That in some... Timeline we..."

"When the bear was shot in the leg?" That time she got the full attention from Mav's dark red eyes. "He gave me a map of some old building..."

"And you convinced me to take the back way." She nodded in response as he half sighed through his muzzle. "He told you the same story."

"Actually... I swear I dreamt it." A look in question from the large one. "It's weird, I

vaguely remembered it after Bartan told me, like having Deja vu."

"Something to do with that portal?" She nodded faintly, looking slightly spooked. "It would explain why he knows so much about us... And why he never looked lost."

"Unless he can read minds." A double take from the grey one, getting Adine to giggle a little bit and shrug. "I seen it on TV once."

"I don't even want to think about that outcome." He grumbled, breaking the hug and washing the female once again. Working on the other wing as instructed, he took another breath mid-wash. "I don't know what's real. Sometimes I often wonder if any of this is real, to be honest."

"What do you mean?" She asked, attempting to resist the ticklish areas and slight purrs.

"Well, for example: me waking up and asking to wash someone after breakfast." He half grumbled, feeling that blush once again. "Moving out of my apartment for several years and into another... Sharing a-" A series of giggles as he sighed.

"S-sorry!"

"It's..." The grey one exhaled. "Surreal, to be honest. Like one day I'm going to wake up in that darkness again, like this was all some fantasy." Those pink eyes looked at him. "No humans. No portal. No strange weapons to get 'shot' with, if I used that word correctly." An exhale though his nose that time. "...And no bear. No bear to rest my head against at night and wake up to in the morning." No giggle that time. "No bear to make me strange breakfasts that I can't taste. No more trying new things because he encouraged it. Just back to the same old monochrome routine." That winged paw was felt against his neck and those red eyes gazed at her. "Naked enough for you?"

"Almost." Mav curled his neck at her. "You forgot one: no more bear stroking-!" He tossed his muzzle when she started giggling uncontrollably.

"Yes, yes!" He grumbled. "And then keeping half of it in his maw and force feeding it to me." The wyrm snorted, only to get the yellow one to laugh harder. Suddenly remembering that she was female and Bartan likely wasn't able to do such a thing with her, making him blush deeply once more and almost whimper. "...He n-never did that... With you, did he?"

"N-no...!" A grumbling whine in defeat as he covered his eyes with the wrong paw, causing a splatter of soap that looked a lot like a certain release to Adine, causing her to lose balance and roll on her back. Taking a breath and tossing his muzzle, looking down at her new position as the female was flabbergasted and noticing her slit. Swallowing his whine and trying to focus on something else for a moment.

"It stays private, understood?" The wyvern nodded through her laughter, even after

Mav sighed. Spotting one of her hind paws and doing his best to lightly grapple with it. "Guess I'll start here then." He mumbled, sliding the soapy mitten up and down her leg a few times before going over the two toe-claws. Carefully flossing it between them then under as it lightly squirmed from the softness of the brushing, aiding in her giggles. Once in a while flexing and gripping that glove quite harshly, making the wyrm realize just how strong such appendages were.

Regardless, he still continued to scrub between reflex squeezes. Listening to the barrage of giggles as the larger dragon continued his work, actually making him smirk very faintly at her reaction. The goofiest smile over that yellow muzzle, hard to tell if there was actually tears coming out of her eyes or it was just from the shower, and of course; that tail flailing around from time to time. Just now realizing that it was between his haunches, once in a while pressing up against his own rear.

But he kept such thoughts suppressed. After all, he didn't know exactly how far Adine wanted this to go. What if she did want a session, much like Bartan did? *If it leads to something else, you know what to do.* That white furred voice echoed through his head as his paw went on autopilot, wondering how to respond or even bring such a thing up. What would he say? Was he required to do it? Even so, how far did it go?

Before he could even finish such a barrage of thoughts, Adine's whimper snapped him out of it. Instantly double taking at her now lowered and deeply blushed ears, those pink eyes staring at the far wall while Maverick's slowly traveled down her underside. Stopping at his paw, covering her pelvis with both slits under that mitten. Getting him to whimper at the sight as well before moving up to the other leg.

A blanket of awkwardness covered the shower, though ticklish chuckles did fill up the silence. Trying to think of anything else besides that damn question, that damn encounter that they were bound to have. However, he just had to know. "How... Erm..." Mav cleared his throat. "Does... Bartan usually end...?" Though he was trying to avoid eye contact, seeing those pink discs move towards him instantly got those red ones to lock on. Then spot them shift down to another red peak starting to show, getting the yellow one to giggle. "Please don't laugh at it."

"S-sorry!" She attempted to hold back. "H-he... Well, more like we..." She blushed deeply. "But I didn't think you wanted..."

"I'll do anything he'll do." The wyrm managed to say without choking, though his body was completely frozen stiff for a few moments. "...Within reason." He mumbled, washing down the leg and back towards her pelvis when the other yellow leg took a grip on that washing arm. Stopping it in its tracks for a moment, getting him the impression the young female probably didn't want to do this with a stranger. Let alone a grouchy one that was inexperienced, or so the grey one concluded.

That is, until that same yellow foot took a somewhat hold against his plated upper neck.

Forcing him to release a noise in question and look at the clearly flustered Adine who was avoiding eye contact... Only to then get a pull down, instructed to follow the wyvern's paw to the now rinsed out pelvis. Making Maverick slightly whimper... Yet become rather excited at the same time. Pressing his snout carefully against her upper slit and stopping for a moment to get any rejection.

But nothing came. Just the sounds of the water and shower over them. A strong lick against those yellow folds and the female gasped, gripping that upper foot on his shoulder but not pushing him away. Leading him to try a second lick, then a third. A fourth, with less and less time inbetween. Each one getting the wyvern to take a breath, louder and louder the harder that tongue pressed against her lower lips. Separating them ever so slightly while his mitten resumed washing that inner thigh.

It was more difficult than expected to multitask like this, attempting to get the yellow one washed while putting more of his focus on pleasing her with that tongue. Let alone his throbbing member nearly growling at Mav to pin her down and thrust into this... *Wonderful* scent of hers. Unable to hold back his deep purrs as lapped at those folds harder and harder. Feeling his smooth muscle start to bend its surface slightly inbetween every crease that was made as Adine started to whimper.

But it wasn't a whimper of fright or concern like he first thought, it was a song of pleasure that was filtered with the indoor rain. One that spread a cocktail of wonderful feelings in his mind and body; happiness, excitement, confidence, and of course; arousal. At least not enough to cloud his judgement too much, though he did realize the reason why the wyvern's breaths started to increase. Following the placement of his washing paw directly under his chin, pressing up against Adine's tailslit and giving it a good steady scrub. All while that yellow tail thrashed wildly under him.

Though he did move it down the undertail, it soon returned back up. Pressing into that sensitive slit while his pink tongue continued to lap at her other. Getting a firm grip from that other foot against his bicep, but Maverick didn't stop. Only pausing to take a deep inhale of her scent, one that was growing stronger the more he continued, as were the female's vocals.

But such a grip started to make sense, her energy needed to go somewhere or focus on something. It didn't completely trigger in his mind until he felt that yellow pelvis press up against his muzzle a few times. Getting his neck to curl a little after snapping out of the rhythm, only for it to match said height in surprise. Adine was pulling herself up using her raw hind leg strength! Slipping that yellow tail out from under him and letting the larger wyrm sit down. Using his free foreleg to help hold her up while the other washed her freely, and that muzzle continued to work.

Up and down the thrashing tail. Up and around her backsides. Circling around her lower back and belly until it was all covered in suds. Each area being scrubbed clean several times over as his tongue slowly separated those lower lips, ones absolutely soaked in juices he wish he

could taste. Yet, not letting such a thought ruin this for her. Pressing harder into that slit until that muscle managed to pry itself inside, getting greeted by a heavy squeeze! Then a second one, followed by a squirt!

For the moment, he put washing Adine a lower priority. Focusing on slipping that tongue inside that tunnel a little further, but very slowly advancing. Lapping at her folds, swearing they were swelling up a little as Mav progressed. As she sang loudly into the bathroom over the rain, over the sounds in the pipes and the males bassy purrs. Vibrating against her lower end and causing her to squeeze that appendage time and time again, more so when it ventured further. Deeper into that fleshy tunnel, regardless of the near constant grips and squirts.

That yellow tail thrashed so much that it whacked Maverick's side quite harshly, getting him to growl and actually rebalance himself. Giving the wyvern enough relief to rest her now straining hinds as she rested on the floor, letting the two pant heavily. Adine more than the grey one, but she could detect there was something wrong. Like he was trying to hold himself back and repress those male urges that the bear warned her about in a previous session.

But if Mav was willing to go this far with her, client or not, he shouldn't be alone. No Armor. Placing her winged arms along that grey plated chest got his attention, letting them lock eyes as she started to climb down. Sliding herself along the wet flooring under the wurm, despite his nervous, yet curious, look. Piecing such a thing together quite soon and wondering if he should stop the female.

However, he waited too long. Feeling that yellow snout lightly nudge his draconic tip, drenched in what she thought was water but the clear webbing that seemed to latch onto her muzzle stated otherwise. Getting her to slightly giggle of the idea of getting a male off so much that he nearly jolted- but the wyvern's thought was interrupted by a groan. "You're laughing at it again."

"S-sorry!"

"And I know it's not because of its size. The bear told me so-" A soft lick was all it took for that large grey body to tense up. Needing the attention like an itch he couldn't scratch and releasing heated huffs with every movement of that pink tongue. Adding more steam to the shower room as that muzzle got closer and closer, soon giving the pointed tip and flare a kiss while Mav released a deep purr.

His scales clicked loudly as the wave of pleasure passed up and down his mass, letting that grey tail flick in reflex to such a thing as the female lapped at the tower's top. Not realizing just how odd a normal male's release taste compared to a certain furball she was more used to, but Adine didn't let that ruin such a thing. Taking the salty substance and washing the deep red walls with it, down the spineful flare and following the trail of soft spikes. All the way down to the large ridges towards the base, a light tickle with the end of her pink tongue against them

made the large male growl loudly as the weapon flexed.

Looking at it up close, Maverick's was easily bigger than Bartan's. But they did have similar designs and even textures. The big difference was size and taste, as that soft tongue moved up and down the length a few more times. Giving that tip a few more kisses and thankful for taking lessons from that white furball. Gently pressing the end of her tongue against the weapon's orifice and hearing the dragon above her growl while gripping the floor with those hind legs, Adine parted her muzzle.

The feeling of those white teeth against that deep red flesh was nearly treated as an instinctively alert to the wyrm, actually picking up a paw and restraining himself from stopping the wyvern. Trusting her like he did when the bear first did this, and likely the reason why such an idea popped into the yellow one's mind. Mav swore, whenever he finally got to mount that furball, he would really give him one hell of a-

Those fangs went deeper across his flesh, letting him release another grown as she attempted to fit such a girth in her maw. Wondering if Adine could actually do it, always seeing the waitress deliver food, never actually eat it. Using that soft pink appendage as a guide, slipping across and marking every flexible spine as a milestone. The pressure of her teeth reaching near concerning levels as the wyvern slid them up his flare, reaching the other side and feeling her pull on it a little bit.

But it wasn't painful at least, and that yellow muzzle did open wider to start over. Slipping up Mav's spread and lapping around it while it was inside. A few more times before going forwards, taking more and more of his length as Adine slowly studied his form. Being cautious, yet adventurous towards such a thing as the grey one struggled to hold still. Deep purrs morphed from his instinctive growls the further she went, playing the male just as the bear instructed.

Lapping with that tongue on a slow advance. Lightly tugging with her fangs on the retreat. Though much bigger than what Adine was used to, her little practice with such things did seem to be coming in good use. Especially from the wyrm's heavy huffs and deep purrs, the strains from his body as a large mittened paw was felt against her main frill. Lightly making her whimper, but knowing that Maverick's reflexes were still being held back firmly.

"All males had their limits." Bartan's voice echoed in her mind, making the same noises as the grey one currently between breaths. "You can't blame them for being unable to stand still. Think of it more as that you're doing a good job, but be careful. Especially on the bigger ones who cannot hold back their own strength. We all lose control eventually, just like you."

Taking in a little bit more of that red weapon caused the dragon above her to step back, seeing those haunches nearly get weak as Mav started to sit down. Slipping it back to the very tip, a winged paw to his side guided him to the floor before continuing. The hot fluids from such a tower being released more and more frequently, sometimes in jolts as that mittened paw

moved to her shoulders. Sliding across her back as if trying to do some work but the wyrm couldn't concentrate enough.

Adine's tongue lightly touched the first ridge, sending the shaft vibrating in several jerks as a half torrent of pre slipped down her throat. Nearly triggering a light gag-reflex that caused her jaw to tightened up around Mav's tool, really making him growl and huff heavily as he attempted to hold back. Warning her that a break was needed, retreating slowly and lapping at that soaked red tower. Kissing the tip and gathering up much of the pre it was still leaking before almost waddling out from under that heavy played chest.

The grey one was leaning off to the side, panting near steam by the time those pink eyes laid on him. Almost getting her to chuckle at the reaction as she gently cupped that somewhat spiky jaw and brought it over. Letting those red discs gaze into her with slight embarrassment at his reaction, lack of composure, and the situation in general as that yellow muzzle touched his own. Feeling that pink tongue lap his jaw opened and slip inside, causing that grey maw to scrunch up and almost growl the word Bear as that slimy feeling was detected on hers.

But it drove him! Getting the larger dragon to press into the female's muzzle so assertively that she rolled onto her back. Standing over Adine while still deeply her striped muzzle while that tool throbbed and dripped over her lower belly and tail. Swearing that a few drops were landing just above her folds and sliding down between them, tickling her sex as it nearly begged for that flare to come down.

It soon did, after several seconds, the grey one couldn't keep his instincts in check long enough to request permission. So riled up that he needed a hole to fill, and fill it he was going to! Still lapping that pre-soaked muzzle against the floor, his tip searched up her tail. Dabbing areas and leaving wet spots like breadcrumbs as it ventured to the base. Pressing into her tailhole for a moment as she whimpered before sliding up those familiar folds, releasing several jolts of fluids over them before that tip found the center.

Those yellow hind legs grabbed a hold of the grey ones, spreading her own widely while lightly aiding the wyrm's prodding. Every press into those lower lips sent a sharp wave of bliss through Adine's warm wet body, biting into that larger muzzle a little harder as her muscles tensed with the energy as it passed through. Getting another for each prod the two choreographed slowly, the slight pain of her jaws keeping Mav's mind rooted in reality and concern: Adine was indeed much smaller than the wyrm. They would need to be patient for this to work.

Tails swayed wildly behind the two, reacting to the very waves that passed through them. Sweeping the wet ground and warm air that the dragons exhaled as that tool pressed against her yellow folds. Leaking jolt after jolt of pre between them, and feeling those hot droplets make a path within that fleshy tunnel. One who's entrance was slowly stretching wider and wider as those light pulls became borderline thrusts.

Instincts started to cloud the grey one's mind as the wyvern pulled on his hind legs harder, causing that tip to almost be used as a crowbar. Wedging inbetween that slit little by little as Adine whimpered in pleasure, feeling that tip start to separate her folds. Still wet from that red tongue she was practically gnawing on.

The two dragon's purred and sang loudly, completely immersed into their movements like a dance. Neither leading the other, but they nearly became in sync from such suggestions. Each moving towards and away from such prods, what little gap the tip made from those lower lips was still connected by a thick webbing of pre. Folding it over and over again as more of it dripped down towards her lower slit, causing that yellow tail to flail wildly under the grey one's.

Presses became harder and harder, forcing those folds to slowly and carefully separate to make way for the flare's girth. Every wet kiss from that tip making a little more progress within such security as the female sang loudly to the male's deep rumble. That tool twitching to add just a little more distance within her, almost feeling those underside spines touch the inner walls.

A harder thrust caused the two to break the kiss finally and huff loudly, each trying not to just give into instinct in case one hurt the other. But the more Adine pulled, the more that hot fluid seemed to leak out. The more Maverick rubbed against that slit, the more the wyvern wanted it. Eventually causing the two to nearly cave in and press into each other. That flare throbbing and leaking out pre, those lower folds separating with that wet flare! Slipping over the deep red flesh further and further, taking a few more thrusts to widen her up more and more! Nearly to the female's limit, but progress was still being made!

Shifting her hips side to side, rotating her body so carefully around that draconic tool until she finally felt it slide inside! Causing the two to gasp loudly and Mav to almost collapse on top of her while she let go of his hinds! The two panting heavily, sending more and more steam into that shower room with every breath.

Those grey back paws clawing harshly into the floor while every twitch of that tool nearly crawled deeper into the female's sex. Releasing heated jolt after jolt as the wyrm started to pull out gently, feeling his flare catch on the inside of her folds, but blissful whines from the yellow one told him that it wasn't painful. Taking that extra effort to pull out with a near plop as a wave was sent through both of them, leaving them almost breathless.

A few nibbles and licks against his neck nearly invited Mav back in, as well as her surprisingly strong grip on his hind legs again. Keeping the wyvern steady while that tool pressed in again, making them both growl in pleasure before another give was felt. The two nearly shocked at the sudden plunge of that tool slipping it, so wet and coated in those hot fluids making it travel deeper than intended.

Adine squeezed the red member with those contracting walls, stimulating them both as that tool released more and more pre inside her. Sliding out slowly until that resistance of those

gripping lips were felt, and Mav slid back into her. Trying to find the female's limit and actually encountering that inner wall faster than he expected; barely feeling those folds touch his first ridge. Something that made the male retaliate with several jolts and a growling pant.

A full exit was performed as that tip gave that slit a wet kissed, given permission to once again enter the warm hallway. Slipping in a little faster and faster everytime it was granted, feeling those soft spines wash her walls thoroughly. Scrubbing them clean as the dragons became louder and louder with growls. Purrs and whimpers. Each making their way to near roars as the wyrm plunged into her. As more and more fluids were pumped inside the yellow one, squeezing that member tightly and nearly causing it all to build up within those grey hinds!

Once again, Maverick nearly stumbled while thrusting into the female. Reaching her limitation and soaking that inner wall while she clenched on that ridge, causing the wyrm to growl loudly as she did it again and again. Finally forcing him towards that edge early as he broke free from the yellow one's grasp! Giving into that instinct to just pound that sex over and over until that grey body stiffened and the male roared loudly.

It felt like it shook the very house with his vocals as that first torrent sprayed directly into that inner wall, swearing that some of it leaked through! Then the second did the same, flooding the deep room at the end of her hallway with hot seed until it became full! Actually causing the wyvern to reach down and place her wings against it as that tool pumped more and more into it, creating a small bulge until it couldn't fit in another drop!

The two dragons got into a small stalemate until that weapon was forced back, flooding the tunnel with every give it took with that white fluid. Retreating again and again while filling the female to the very brim until that flare was caught on the inside of her folds, swearing it was bigger than before! Getting Adine to whimper as she squeezed it hard and greased it with her own, causing it to finally escape with a wet plop!

The wyrm staggered backwards and collapsed half over the yellow dragon, reaching down with that mittened paw and covering his tool as his release continued. Heaving with every torrent released and creating a large pool of white on the ground, escaping to one of the many drains around. Accidentally pinning the female down, but preventing most of that seed from touching her as Maverick recovered.

A nearly half drunk movement from the grey muzzle as he shook the clouds from his head, those red eyes meeting her rather puzzled looking pink ones as wyrm curled his neck. "Are you...? Alright?" She shyly asked, only to get him to toss his snout and get up. Revealing the now completely soaked mitten that got her attention.

"This... Is an absolute pain to wash off." He grumbled, shaking the mitten away from her until it slipped off. "I thought... It would be for the best if I didn't get it on you." The large one mumbled, still feeling slightly guilty about his instinctive actions before, but that yellow muzzle snatched his. Lapping against that red tongue while Mav did the same for a few moments,

breaking it with a very very faint smile on his face. "How did I do?"

"Great." She giggled, giving a friendly lick between his nostrils. "The bear is still better-" A louder giggle as that snout tossed in the air, hearing the male growl.

"Of course he is! He's had eons of practice!" Maverick snorted, taking a few breaths for himself while the wyvern recovered. Getting up and grabbing another mitten, tossing it at Adine before getting more soap and bringing it over.

"You're not tired?"

"Exhausted and drowsy, but I still have work to do." The wyrm nudged her to her feet. Once again getting assistance putting on that mitten and the soap, then washing the spots he missed... As well as a few newer ones.

He found himself breathing in that scent again. Holding the living body pillow tightly in his slumber while also picking up the aroma of something cooking a little ways away. Giving it a strong squeeze as his grey body flexed and stretched, causing his current comfort object to chuckle at such a thing. Half grumbling, but nuzzling against that soft fur a few times. "Have a good sleep?"

"M'what time is it...?"

"About 5pm." A louder grumble. "I'm taking care of supper, don't worry-"

"M'it's called dinner if it's late afternoon." Maverick yawned, snorting afterward at the bear's chuckle. "...Please don't talk about it."

"I won't pry, but what did you think?" A few moments of silence before a deep breath was exhaled over that white forest.

"...I don't know how you do it."

"A little tongue for the most part, after consent of course-" A growl from the grey one, making Bartan smile.. "Do what?"

"...Live with yourself." The dragon mumbled, though lightly whimpering after. "I-I mean... Live with the..."

"Thought that you got into someone's pants that you've known for a long time or rarely met?"

"We don't wear pants, Bartan." Mav grumbled.

"I know, that's likely the reason why I've been getting so much eye-candy." Another playful growl as that grey tail attempted to slap the white one. Missing and hitting the bed, but it's the thought that counted. "Can I ask you a different question? Why do you feel embarrassed?"

"...Because it's not me."

"It's not?" No response. "And that cannot change? You've made a lot of changes recently, Mav. You're definitely capable-"

"It's not who people think of me as." He interrupted, feeling a smaller paw on his.

"...I know it isn't." The white one mumbled. "And I'm not trying to get you to change jobs or anything, but... Did you feel better doing it?" Silence, but he swore the dragon was heating up. "Push aside the embarrassment for now. Did it feel good?"

"It was sex, Bartan. It's always-"

"To help her." Again, no response. "Especially when she needed it. Even if it didn't resort to a session afterwards, did it feel good to help Adine?" A nod was felt. "Did you learn more about her? To the point of making another friend?" A slight whimper barely escaped as the bear turned around in Maverick's embrace, facing the large one and looking into his eyes softly. "I tell this with everyone after they try a session: don't make it awkward the next time you see them. Okay?" Worry filled those red eyes. "I know it can be hard, and you can stumble over your words or even overthink things. But one of the worst things you can do to her right now is treat it like it never happened. Keep it private, yes, but show her a little more friendliness. Okay? Even if it's taking your lunch break tomorrow to watch that photoshoot."

A deep blush invaded that grey muzzle as the furball gave Mav a hug. "You don't have to, but it's a suggestion. Support her, she's taking the same steps you are." Bartan started to get up. "Now, I gotta check on our supper-"

"Dinner."

"Before the Chief gets home." A smile from that white snout, giving the still tinted grey one a small kiss. "Rest up. I'll let you know when it's done." A nod in response as the wyrm carefully listened to every soft step towards the kitchen. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, seeing those bright pink discs in his mind. That striped yellow snout covered in blush like his very own.

*And Smiling.*