
All for the Dragon King: Section Three
by Zennith Mehathvin

Looking down at his new set of armor the blacksmith had given him, Mike admired the metal's sheen and paper-thinness. The lightforge fit well over his rear and fore legs, and did not give him discomfort on his belly, neck, tail, or head. Nor did the armor make loud, annoying grinding sounds over his blue scales when he moved. "Brian, this stuff's amazing. Why don't we have this back in our world?" "I dunno, Mike. It fits well on me too. I feel so safe in it!" Indeed the armor did give them a sense of safety. The castle, surrounding city, and especially the armor eliminated any thought of threats to them.

A man clad in a black robe laced with gold and embedded diamonds walked in the direction of the castle, eight or nine blocks distant, where Mike and Brian were staying. Peering over his shoulder, he made sure nobody was looking before he placed an egg, eliciting a faint red glow, underneath some hay in a pull cart. He muttered something to the egg before walking away briskly.

After a minute or so, the egg's glow grew greater in intensity. The red glow penetrated the layer of hay that had hid it. Shortly thereafter the hay caught fire, which spread to engulf the pull cart. A small group of people gathered around to watch the pull cart ablaze, curious at how it had caught fire.

Then, a low-pitched, smooth sound, barely audible, originated from the egg. The sound, similar to that of a helicopter's engine spinning up, changed into a higher pitched sound, growing ever louder. The small crowd that had gathered put their hands to their ears and fled the scene. A few people fled to the safety of the castle, visible in the distance.

The pitch continued increasing, eventually going out of the hearing range of humans. Dark clouds gathered in the sky, which was turning red despite the time of day. Wind was blowing towards the egg and charred wood of the pull cart, sending all sorts of paper and things down the street. The glow of the egg, now a blindingly bright whitish-red, could have easily served as a super-bright light bulb as required by lighthouses.

Then, the wind died, dropping the paper it was carrying. The egg stopped glowing as well. The clouds, still forming, organized into a spinning vortex a thousand feet above the city, with bright red lightning radiating from the storm's center. A bolt of lightning snaked its way down to the ground, striking the egg. To the horror of a child looking on from the safety of a window in his parent's store a block away, it exploded.

The explosion, bright yellow, sounding like a dozen cannons firing at once, consumed everything within three city blocks of it. The fireball continued on for another two or three blocks before dissipating. Everything was ablaze. Black smoke poured from the buildings on fire and arose from the crater caused by the egg. Everyone panicked and screamed and ran every which way.

That is, Mike and Brian felt safe until a servant burst through the door of the armory room they had just suited up in. Breathing hard and horribly pale, the servant shook from obvious panic.

“What's wrong?” Brian asked.

“Sirs...th-...th-the city! It's under at-...attack!”

“How?! I thought we were supposed to go on some mission!”

“We don't know! The...it came from no-...nowhere. They're killing everyone, the women and children. Come quick!”

Mike met Brian's eyes and nodded.

The servant desperately motioned for them to follow. “Come!”

While they ran out of the armory into the castle courtyard, Brian tried to get more information from the servant. “What was that strange sound?” Before the servant could answer, they arrived in the courtyard. The dragons stood aghast at the red sky and dark clouds lingering. Dense smoke continued pouring from where the egg weapon went off. “An explosion in the city. The sky...it turned red right before it happened.”

“What do we do?” Mike asked.

“Honestly, I don't know. Just go...you'll know what to do.”

“Let's go, Brian.”

The dragons squatted down, tensing their hind legs. Giving their wings a hard pump, they leapt into the air and flew off in the direction of the fire. Only from the air could they see the tremendous destruction wrought by the weapon. Buildings were still ablaze in bright yellow and red flames. Dense, black smoke rose from the burning buildings and from the crater caused by the explosion. The fire had started to spread to surrounding buildings as people were still evacuating the immediate area.

Looking down, the dragons saw a few men battling the blaze instead of running. They had formed a line from a well to a burning building, passing buckets full of water towards the inferno and taking the empty ones back to the well to refill. “Mike, that's what we need to do. Get the people together and let's battle this fire. You go that way and I'll get people to battle this area over here.” “Good idea.”

Lightly flapping his wings, Brian allowed himself to ease down. He extended his legs and landed, but nobody noticed his arrival. Chaos reigned. He saw one woman hanging out the window of a burning two story shop, yelling for help as black smoke billowed out the window past her. He ran over to her and positioned himself underneath her window. “Climb down!”

Hanging off the window ledge, she dangled precariously before letting go. Sensing that she would miss, Brian moved a little bit to the side and put up his wings to catch her. She fell, but the green dragon's wings kept her from tumbling off of him and hitting the ground hard. He smiled and eased her down, sighing with relief. The woman still displayed concern, though. "My baby's in there! You have to save him!"

Brian's eyes grew wide with concern and jumped in the door. Finding the stairs, he went upstairs and searched around. The smoke was intense though, stifling him. Fire was spreading from one of the walls towards the staircase. Coughing, he felt a tickling sensation in his nose. "I can't sneeze now," he told himself. He stopped for a second to listen to where the woman's baby might be. Hearing a low crying sound emanating from the next room, he burst through the door to find a baby hiding in the corner crying. The tickling sensation in his nose returned, subsided, and returned again. Pawing at his snout, Brian was unable to take the baby out of the burning building. He opened his mouth, drawing his head back, and sneezed...and a stream of gaseous ice flew out his nose. "WHOA!!!!!" he said. Sneezing again, more gaseous ice flew out of his nose, knocking a good bit of smoke out of the air.

Relieved now, and quite surprised, Brian took the baby into his right fore leg and turned around to go down the stairs. The fire from earlier had spread and now blocked his path. "How did I do that?" he pondered. The green dragon tried to sneeze again, but nothing came. Then, he tried simply blowing out of his nose. Still nothing. Concentrating hard, he tensed his throat and tried to sneeze again. At last, the ice flew again. The ice extinguished the fire within two or three seconds as Brian raised his eyebrows. "Oh, that's how! Aha!" Hobbling on three legs with the baby in his fourth, he went down the stairs and out of the building to the waiting woman.

He didn't wait for the woman's praise, but rather went around using his new ice sneeze-breath to extinguish the fires in his area. By the time the last fire near him was extinguished, a large crowd had stopped running around and began observing him.

The green dragon payed no attention to the crowd, but rather took off into the air again to search for Mike to help him in his area. Looking down and to his left, he saw that Mike had organized another water line that was not too effective. "Mike!" he yelled down to him. The blue dragon looked up and saw him coming in to land.

"Mike! We have ice breath! Use it!"

"Whaaaaa...?"

"Look!"

Brian demonstrated by blowing his ice breath on a pub that was burning. "Sneeze while tensing your throat."

The blue dragon tried this, but a cone of yellow and orange fire came out. "Oh great. Look what you made me do."

"Huh. Well, I guess I'll have to handle this."

The green dragon moved around, putting out the fires with his ice breath. The blue dragon could only watch, as fire breath wouldn't exactly help to solve a blazing inferno in the city. He went around, putting out fires in a restaurant, inn, and numerous shops and a few stables. Satisfied, Brian went back to Mike and suggested they get back to the castle to tell the king what had happened.

Before they could take off, though, something caught Mike's eye. "Brain, hold up. Lemme look at something..." Moving over to it, his eyes grew wide. "This looks like the egg that transformed us..." The egg, decorated with all sorts of odds and ends attached to it and eliciting a faint red glow, started making a small, low pitched sound. The clouds above that had been dissipating began reorganizing as the sky once again turned deep red. The egg's sound grew louder and went higher in pitch, sounding exactly like a helicopter's engines spinning up before lift-off.

"It's a bomb!!!!!" Mike chucked the egg into the crater a block away formed by the explosion. "GO!" Both dragons leapt into the air and pumped their wings as fast as they could, straining to get all the speed they could. Lightning branched down from the sky and struck the egg, causing it to explode. However, the buildings, already charred, did not catch fire again. "Dear God! That's what caused it, the explosion and the fire, the egg!" Mike exclaimed. "We have to tell the king that!"

Landing back in the courtyard, the dragons ran into the castle's main building and sprinted into the king's chamber. "King Renton! King Renton!" The king ran over to meet the dragons, seeing the obvious urgency in their stride. "Yes, my friends?"

"You know bombs went off in your city?" Brian asked.

"I know, Lord Joshua told me that. I'm trying to get the firefighters together to fight the fires."

"We took care of those...Brian used his ice breath."

"Ah, that is good then. Anyway, to my understanding those are the weapons of great destruction that we are seeking. I had no idea they would use them so...soon." The king's voice fell a bit flat on his last sentence.

Mike looked at him strangely, sensing something...strange, but continued. "How can we stop them from using more? And why are they eggs?"

"I had intended for you to go on a covert mission to destroy their stash of weapons, but the stash has been distributed already. We have no choice any more but to initiate a full scale assault in this larger war to prevent more of these weapons from being used against us. I will gather the army at once. Mike, Brian, tell the captain to have his forces ready within the hour. We must be able to strike with the main army by tomorrow, as the Exiled Ones have obviously not heeded our warnings. As for the weapons...I do not know why they are eggs."

"Yes, your majesty!"

The dragons ran down the king's hall into the hallway leading to the barracks, where they ran into the captain's office to deliver the king's message. Mike gave the message to the startled

white dragon. “The king wants your forces ready within the hour!”

“Good Lord! Are you sure of this, Mike?”

“We just talked to him. We're going to initiate a full scale attack on the Exiled Ones.”

“Dear Lord...follow me. I must ring the city's War Bell. That'll get our army together, and messengers will leave to alert the other cities. Come!”

Following Captain Walker to the War Bell, Mike couldn't help but start shivering lightly at all the events that had occurred within such a short frame of time. “Brian, I'm...scared.” “So am I, Mike.” The white dragon stopped at the structure where the War Bell was housed. The structure, four stories high and fifteen feet wide, tapered slightly. The bell was hung at the top and was visible from a window on each side of the tower. If the tower had four or so more stories, it would form a sort of elongated pyramid shape. Opening the door, the captain motioned for the other dragons to enter. “I need you guys to help me pull on this rope. It's heavy.”

Grabbing onto the rope, they all pulled down, causing an ear-busting thud four stories above their heads. The War Bell rang powerfully as the structure housing it strained. The sound reverberated throughout the city with a slow “bong bong bong” pattern each time the pendulum struck the inside of the large copper and tin bell, which had a large visible crack in it. Measuring eight feet tall and seven feet across the lip, the bell was impressive, though rarely used.

The city, already quite lively after the two explosions, went into high gear. Soldiers that were dispersed throughout the city ran quickly to the castle's walled-in field, behind the main structure and the barracks. Women and children that were going about their matters, disciplined by the king to distribute armor and weapons should the need arise, also came to the castle. They went into the armory and passed out the swords, bows and arrows, and armor that was stored in there to the men forming on the castle's back field. The few men that were already housed in the barracks joined the others on the field.

Meanwhile, the members of the Dragon Corps were gathering on the courtyard next to the barracks as Captain Walker ran back to organize them. Dragons that had been dispersed throughout the city at bars, inns, and houses landed. The Captain organized them into rows and columns while women and children passed our lightforge armor to all the dragons.

“We have been attacked today, my fellow fighters. The king has decided that we will strike back at those who have assailed us, and we are the point of the king's sword. We must strike...now! We must avenge those who have died today!

“Your mission will be to destroy the catapults behind the enemy's fortifications so that our army may advance unimpeded. Stay low and out of sight, and you will survive well. As soon as your armor is prepared, we will head forth to Gonem'Hill, refuge of the Exiled Ones!

Mike and Brian watched Captain Walker give his orders with a detached curiosity, before Mike wondered what he and Brian were supposed to do. The Captain, sitting on his haunches, continued watching the Dragon Corps suiting up as Mike came over.

“Captain, what are we supposed to do?”

“I’ve got something special in mind. You will not be going with the main attack force. Come with me to my office, I will brief you.”

The Captain walked to his office with Mike and Brian close behind him. Holding the door open, the white dragon allowed the green dragon and blue dragon enter. He closed the door when they sat down before going over to his own chair and pulling it up to the table between them all.

“This, my friends, is a very important mission. Needless to say the previous mission we were planning is now void. Our intelligence has indicated that a person named Serpentialis orchestrated these attacks today. We don't really know who he is, but we suspect that he has a contact within the king's inner circle. We need you to seek him out. He should be hiding somewhere in the mountain range east of here, far in the distance, past the shimmering Etlentoc Lake. That is far, far away from the enemy's fortress of Gonem'Hill, which our main army and the majority of the Dragon Corps will be raiding. Anyway, Serpentialis will be hiding around a small town in a valley in the mountain range to the east. The locals seem to support him, so be prepared to fight. You MUST bring him to me.”

“Yes, sir!” they replied.

Wind rustled by the dragons' ears. Below them, mountains stretched as far as the eye could see to the east and south, while the Etlentoc Lake had already disappeared from view, behind them to their west. Dry plains extended from the edge of the Lake to the mountainous foothills just behind them to the north, west, and southwest, in the direction of Gonem'Hill. The sky was a light, flat blue near the horizon that became a deep blue towards the top of the sky.

Below them, a village came into view tucked into a mountain valley. “That's it,” Mike said, “let's land over there.” The blue dragon pointed towards a mountain pass just above the village. As they landed, he suggested they start looking for their target.

“Serpentialis! Come out!” The dragons peered around nervously in their glimmering armor as they walked towards the village. Above them, a dark figure wearing a black hood observed them from behind a rock.

“Serpentialis! In the name of King Renton the Third, come out!”

Silence.

“Serpentialis!”

The dark figure prowled down the side of the mountain pass, ducking behind rocks on the way down. He stopped behind one rock to watch them for several moments.

“In the name of the King, come out!”

Looking around, the dragons still couldn't see anything. "Serpen-" rocks slid down the side of the mountain pass. "What was that?" "I dunno..." Mike turned around to look around some more... "Just rocks sliding..." Taking a knife out of its sheath on his belt, the dark figure walked up behind them. "Serpentialis, show yourself!" The dark figure, holding his knife firmly in his right hand, and taking a sword into his left hand from where it was also holstered on his belt, took a jab at the blue dragon's left side right as the blue dragon started to turn around to the sound of light footsteps behind him. "AHHH!" Mike cried out in pain.

"Serpentialis!" Brian exclaimed, in obvious surprise. Mike turned around in spite of his wound and threw his weight behind his right fore-leg, aiming at the dark figure's head, as Brian crouched down to leap at the dark figure. He dodged the blue dragon's attack, but was knocked over by the leaping green dragon. Brian sneered to him, saying "You fool! You will come with us to the king!"

Just then, another dark figure popped up from behind another rock in the pass. "STOP!!!! You fools!"

Everyone looked towards the new dark figure. He was fair skinned and clad in a black robe with gold embellishments and embedded diamonds. "Let Serpentialis go! I am Lord Joshua!" Mike's jaw dropped, and Brian stuck out his tongue while partially squinting his eyes. "What are you doing here? Stay out of this!" Mike commanded. "It is not Serpentialis you want! Let him go!" Josh walked closer so he didn't have to yell. "The king has ordered us to take him! You will not stand in our way." "My friends, have a seat. There is much to tell." "There is nothing to tell. Stay out of this, Josh." "Will THIS convince you?" the dark figure said, taking out an egg, glowing red.

The dragons fell back on their haunches. "What?!" the green dragon asked, letting go of Serpentialis.

"This is another weapon of great destruction. Your king ordered these made himself!"

"...You lie."

"I do not. Sit down, there is much to be told." The dragons grudgingly complied. "Good. To start off with, I should say that I run the king's intelligence organization. Your king has been quite complacent throughout the war, and especially today during the attacks."

Serpentialis looked at Josh strangely, seemingly asking him about something he didn't know about.

"But Serpentialis attacked us!"

"No, Brian, Serpentialis AND I attacked you. And the king approved it all."

"You LIE!"

"And guess what? You will not interfere in our operations. You will not reveal this conspiracy. It

is in the interest of the King's lands, and your survival, that you do not interfere. Do you realize what this war is for?"

"It's against you and your damned Exiled Ones who attacked us."

"Hmm...when I first met you, I thought you were intuitive. Let me tell you what this war is about...the king asked me to 'find' some weapons the Exiled Ones possessed. I gave him a report saying that we had proof that the Exiled Ones did indeed possess great weapons. He knew it was fabricated, but we needed to attack them, for the continued prosperity of the King's lands. The bastion of the Exiled Ones, Gonem'Hill, sits atop great gold mines. He needed to spur his lands towards war, so he called for me to cooperate with Serpentialis. Serpentialis is an Exiled One, but he had no idea I was working with the king. He provided me with the eggs, which the king had ordered me to acquire. Serpentialis also provided me with that egg that transformed you two even though I'm the one who enchanted it...Or, that transformed Mike at least, I mean. Ieuso firmada..." Josh chuckled. "Anyway, if you care about the King's lands, you will not interfere with this operation."

"You pervert...argghhh... If the king is in on this, then why did he send us over here to arrest you?"

Lord Joshua shifted his weight uneasily. "He sent you to arrest me?"

"Well, Serpentialis then. And Captain Walker told us to. Same difference."

"What?! Captain Walker?! When did HE learn Serpentialis was here? You were supposed to be sent to fight at Gonem'Hill!"

"His intelligence told him that he was the orchestrator of the attacks on Tenakeil, and that he had a contact inside the king's inner circle. Evidently, that contact is you...Enough talk. You and Serpentialis will come, with me and Mike, to Tenakeil. The Captain will decide what to do with you."

"HIS intelligence?...No matter, I will not come with you. You're dragons! Use your wisdom! See that I am thinking in the interest of the King's lands!" Turning around, Josh started sprinting down the mountain pass.

"Stay with Serpentialis, Mike!" Brian jumped after Lord Joshua. Seeing the green dragon pursuing him, Josh ducked into a small cave entrance on the side of the pass. Brian went in after him, but was unable to see in the darkness. He had to stop. Then...he heard footsteps heading away from him. "Stop!" he commanded, before running after Josh again. "This way, my friend," Josh taunted. Following the sound of Josh's footfalls, the green dragon found himself in a small, dimly lit open area inside the cave, about one hundred yards on a zig-zagged path from the cave entrance. "Where are you, coward?"

A loop of rope was cast over Brian's head, seemingly out of nowhere. "WHAT! What is the meaning of this?!" "...Hello, Brian. Since you seem unwilling to let the King's plan go through, I will have to resort to...other methods of persuasion." The green dragon struggled, but the rope was anchored on rock, and the knot was tight. "Pathetic...you look pathetic, trying to struggle."

Lord Joshua appeared out of a dark corner of the room, walking up to the green dragon. He grabbed one of Brian's kicking legs, slipping a metal clasp over it anchored to chain. At this point the green dragon's eyes were full of terror. Josh took his three other legs into metal clasps as well, then walked over to the cave's wall, where a wheel was bolted onto it. He put his hand to the wheel and turned it, causing the chains on the metal clasps to disappear into the cave floor. With the green dragon's legs secured, Josh walked back over to him.

He whispered into the dragon's ear. "You think you control me? How about I control you, Brian!" Taking another rope into his hands, he knocked the green dragon down onto the ground and slung the rope over him. He then tied the rope to two anchors in the ground, making the dragon virtually unable to move. "How about I control you, Brian! This is what I meant when I said you didn't have a choice serving me!" He lifted the dragon's tail up, and secured the end of the rope on yet another anchor in the ground. Brian's eyes were glistening with terror.

Josh took out a long object from the inside of his black robe. "This has a special acid on it that should be quite...*excruciating*...for you," he said chuckling. Positioning the object near the green dragon's tail hole, he shoved in. "This'll teach you! Not too pleasant, is it?! This'll teach you to interfere in my plans! This'll teach you, above all, not to mess with my plans by having sex with the one dragon that was supposed to help me and King Renton the Third, thereby making you a dragon and allowing you two to get out of my control!"

The green dragon squeezed his eyes closed as he squirmed, trying to lower his tail.

Outside, Mike kept his watch steady on Serpentialis. He was still trying to get away, but the blue dragon kept a firm grip on him. Thinking "I'd better see if he's okay...", the blue dragon yanked at Serpentialis's arm, forcing him to follow. He walked into the same cave he saw his friend leap into earlier, trying to get a sense of which direction he should walk. Seeing a faintly glowing light at the end of one of the numerous tunnels leading away from the room he was in, he walked towards it. "Brian?" He heard a muffled shout of pain. "Brian! I'm coming!"

Arriving in the room with a hold on Serpentialis, he was shocked to see his friend tied up such as he was. "What the...", he said before seeing Josh. "...Josh...you *BASTARD!*" Brian tried to turn his head around to see what was happening, but couldn't due to his restraints. "Mike?"

Josh twirled around, surprised to see him standing there. He reached under his black robe again, taking out a wand and pointing it at him. The blue dragon didn't wait for Josh to make his move, rushing at him. Closing the distance between them, he lunged at him, slicing his right fore-claw almost all the way through Josh's neck. He fell to his knees, staring blankly ahead. He shook his fist weakly, though Mike had already landed from his lunge behind him. His legs grew weak, and he collapsed on his left side. Copious blood spilled on the ground where he lay, mouth agape.

"What was that? Mike?" the green dragon said, trying to look behind him.

"Hey, it's me."

“Oh my God...thank God...ughhhhhh.” Brian relaxed, shutting his eyes lightly.

“Here, lemme get you out of that. What was that all about?”

“Ughhhhhhhhh...” he moaned tiredly, “...he stuck that thing up my butt, saying something about punishing me.”

“Dear Lord!” Mike exclaimed, beginning to untie the restraints. “That guy's seriously crazy. Or was.”

“Huh? You killed him?”

“What else would I have done?”

“Good.”

Mike untied the last restraint, patting the green dragon gently on the butt. He got up off the ground, stretching his legs, then glanced around the room. “Hey, where's Serpentialis?”

“Um...” he looked around the room “...aw fuck. I let him get away.”

“Meh...who cares. Let's get out of here.”

“Yeah. Are you sure you're alright?”

“I'm fine. Just need rest.”

“'K. Let's get back to Tenakeil and talk to the Captain guy about this.”

“Yeah.”

The dragons burst into the Captain's office as the sun was starting to set. He was sipping on a cup of coffee, looking over some papers. He looked up, and motioned for them to sit down. “How was your mission?”

“Captain Walker!” “...Yes? You have something to say?” Mike began telling the white dragon about the incidents of earlier today. He mentioned Serpentialis's role in the attacks, and how Josh had actually been the one to execute the attacks. “Serpentialis got away from us, but it we found out Lord Joshua was connected...” The Captain's face took on a look that grew ever more concerned with Mike's continuing report, and took another sip of coffee. “Lord Joshua has told us he was under the orders of the King.” The captain spat his coffee out. “WHAT?!”

“The King, yes...” So continued the debriefing. At last, the white dragon moved in his chair and spoke up. “Okay, you know what this means, don't you?”

“No, sir.”

“We...have to overthrow the King.” He swallowed with difficulty. “A coup d'état, if you will. I need to contact Wizard Larithall; she should know how to do this. She's been a friend of mine for some time.” The captain took another sip of his coffee.

A woman dressed in a blue robe stepped through the door with a coy smile. “I hear you need to overthrow a certain king.”

“I'll be damned...you really shouldn't have been eavesdropping,” said the Captain.

“Oh well, it simplifies things, doesn't it? So, do you think we should overthrow him by force or action of his council?”

“The council is irrelevant, you know that. We have to overthrow him by force.”

“There's no way we can get the army after him. Even if they did obey you, they're all the way over in Gonem'Hill. Same goes for the Dragon Corps. Captain, I suggest you consider these two who have served you so well.”

Brian interjected. “Yes, we could do that, easy. Tomorrow, then? What do we do, just arrest him?”

The Captain and Wizard answered together in the affirmative. “Yes. Do not be so confident, though. It will be a tough battle.”

“Yeah, sure. An old king. It's not like he'll pull any stunts on us.”

Silence.

“What? It'll be simple.”

“Do not be so confident.”

“Well whatever, we'll do it tomorrow. If you don't mind, me and Mike have to get some...rest. It's getting late. G'night.”

Going out of the Captain's office, Mike and Brian headed out of the barracks towards the castle's main building, where they had stayed the night before. They went down the same hall they had went down yesterday evening. Opening the door, they looked down either end of the hallway before ducking in. They could see the sun setting outside their window.

“You know, Mike, this is some serious shit we're in,” Brian said as he was taking off his lightforge armor from the day. Mike also threw off his armor, going over to look at the sunset through the window.

“Your mom's in some serious shit.”

“.....booooo.” Brian rammed his shoulder into Mike's side.

“Hehe...” Mike returned the blow. The green dragon tackled him, bringing him down to the ground. The blue dragon struggled with the green one, managing to reverse the situation so he was on top. He bit at the green neck below him, and Brian retaliated by giggling and knocking the blue dragon off, getting back on top. “Hah haha! Got you!”

Mike smiled, making the green dragon stop the horseplay and roll off of him. He reached over with his fore-leg and touched his green dragon friend on the shoulders. Brian winked at him. Wrapping his arms around the green dragon's back, he pulled him towards himself, as the green dragon returned the blue's embrace. “Love you, Brian.” “Love you too, Mike.” “I think I'll have to make up for what happened earlier today, if you know what I mean.” Both smiled at each other mischievously before Brian brought his lips in contact with Mike's. “Mmmmm...” they said in synchrony before each opened his lips and explored the other's mouth with his tongue.

The sensations! Mike loved the taste of his lover's saliva, and how their tongues slid by each other! Mike held the green dragon tighter with one fore-leg, bringing the other up to hold his lover's head close. “Bli bluvphhh bruuuuuuuw...” said Brian. Mike chuckled with the green dragon's serpentine tongue still inside him. Reaching down, the green dragon rubbed at the blue dragon's sheath which already showed signs of excitement. The blue dragon returned the favor by pinching the green dragon's butt before rubbing his lover's sheath. Mike sighed with satisfaction, breaking the kiss and wrapping his tail around the green dragon's. With Brian still massaging his sheath, the blue cock peeked out, as did Brian's green member under the blue dragon's caress.

Mike reached around his lover's shoulders with one fore-leg, bringing the other down to take his scaled green butt in hand. “Ohhhhh, Mike...” The blue dragon smiled, feeling all around his lover's butt. He rubbed around, feeling all the curves. He concentrated around where tail met body, moving his hand to and fro. Prying his hand under the tail, he felt his lover's wonderful warmth and dampness. Clamping his hand down, he pinched the green dragon's butt again, firmly this time. Brian gasped, hugging Mike closer. The blue dragon responded in kind by tightening his own hug on his lover and hiking his rear leg over his lover's hips, causing their arising cocks to rub together.

Closing his eyes, the green dragon reached around Mike's backside and felt around under his tail in a similar fashion as the blue dragon had been doing. “Mike...” “mmm...Yes?” “I want you inside of me.” The blue dragon quickly squeezed his lover before letting him go quickly, revealing excitement in his movements. His lover rolled over on the floor, wagging his tail and waving his behind just a little in the air. “Dah dahdahdah, Dahdah, Dahdah! Can't touch this,” he teased. The blue dragon eased himself on top of him, positioning his cock near that of his lover's warm, damp, deep abyssal. He lowered his head to rest beside his lover's head, looking into his eyes, and drew his cock back. “Hammer time.” He shoved his cock in the green dragon butt, causing his lover to close his eyes. “MMmmmm!!!!” they exclaimed.

Pulling out to the head of his cock, the blue dragon shoved his member back into his lover. Mike couldn't help but close his eyes just as the green dragon had. He reached with his fore-legs to hug Brian from behind, bringing his claws under his lover's underarms up to the front of his lover's shoulders. Using this position as a brace, he took his cock nearly all the way out again, leaving just the tip inside the wonderfully warm and tight butt. The blue dragon eased in again, all the

way up to clapping his balls on the cheeks below him, then out again, building a slow rhythm that drew heavy breathing from Brian (not to mention himself).

The blue dragon's cock purged all other thoughts from Brian's mind. All he could manage to think about was the gigantic member penetrating him. He loved how it pressed against the walls of his entrance. "MMMMMMMM!!!," he cried, upon the cock hitting his sweet spot, jabbing him on the inside right behind his prostrate. It hit him again, sending his mind spinning. Smiling blankly, completely absorbed in the sensations emanating from his posterior region, he didn't even notice how his own cock wasn't being attended to.

Meanwhile, Mike was experiencing a similar mental state. When Brian cried out, he only focused even more on how wonderful his friend's butt felt. He had jumped, making Mike's cock jiggle and bend a bit inside his friend's anus. How wonderful it was, how his lover's butt cheeks cushioned him. And how his balls were running into the green dragon's body each time he pushed in. His mind swam in wonderful sensations. Breathing harder, he sped up the pace. Moaning in pleasure, he struck Brian's prostrate area again, forcing a moan out of him as well. He grabbed his lover's shoulders tighter, using him as a firmer brace as he pushed farther into the green butt below him.

Brian tensed up as the dragon above him prodded his prostrate again. He curled his claws tightly, unable to deal with the stimulation. His cock tickled with pre-cum, tensing, begging for release...and he hadn't even touched it. Lifting up his right hip, the green dragon brought his right claw down to touch his lightly pulsing cock. He wrapped his claw around, traveling down to the head and rubbing there for a second before coming up to the base with a twisting motion. He moved his hand down his green cock again, twisting his hand to the right and left. Brian's whole body tingled and shook each time he went down his cock, and tensed up every time he came back up to the base. The blue dragon prodded his prostrate again, making him moan louder than he had at any other time that evening. He moved his hand faster, gripping harder. His cock tensed and pulsed lightly, dribbling another small stream of pre-cum. Resting his legs, the green dragon let his hips down so that he rested on top of his hand while still pumping into it. He developed a humping motion in tune with that of Mike above him as his cock strained. Breathing faster, he humped into his hand more intensely. The blue dragon sped up his own humping motion to match that of Brian.

Unable to go any faster, Mike had to be content with how fast he was pushing his cock into and out of his lover's butt (which was still quite a respectable pace). His pace grew more desperate and uneven as he tried to push farther into Brian, though he couldn't go any farther. He also stayed inside the green dragon longer with each push. He pulled out extra far, accidentally letting his cock slip out of his lover's ass. He poked around the scaled green butt, leaving a trail of pre-cum, until he got back inside. He pressed in, then again, then one more time, and held there. And he drew back as his cock tensed, and shoved in again, striking squarely on Brian's prostrate. "OHHHHHHHHH!!!!," they said, as Brian's cock exploded with cum onto the floor. His cock set off vibrations throughout his butt, causing Mike to strain with a moan of "OOHHHHMMMMMM...!!!!" as his balls scrunched up, forcing his cock to also shoot cum.

A pool of white, sticky liquid accumulated underneath the dragons as cum flew out of Brian's orgasming cock and his butt that was being flooded with the cum of Mike. Their cocks jetted cum in synchrony; as Brian's cock pulsed, his anus tensed, encouraging Mike's cock to pulse at

the same time. Their minds were absolutely swimming as the overwhelming sensations coming from their midsections cut out any other possible thoughts. Eventually, their orgasms tapered off. Their powerful jets of cum turned into less powerful pulses until their cocks stopped shooting cum altogether. Withdrawing from the green dragon below him, Mike got up with a moan. "Mmmm...that was great, Brian." "Ohhhh yeah..."

The green dragon also moved his hind legs beneath him, bringing his fore-legs beneath him as well. Mike reached down with a claw and helped Brian up to stand again, meeting his green dragon friend in a hug. The last rays of the sun disappeared from view, leaving the dragons' room in near darkness.

Yawning, Mike went over to the bed and sat down. "I'm tired, Brian. We can clean that up tomorrow."

"Alright. Yeah, that really...eh...took it out of me."

"Or put it in you."

"Okay, that's enough." Brian playfully slapped the blue dragon on his maw. Mike smiled back as he sat down on the bed beside him, wrapping his fore-legs around Mike's scaled blue shoulders. They met each other in a gentle kiss, letting their serpentine tongues slide by each other again. Breaking the kiss, Mike lay down on the bed as Brian lay down beside him. The blue dragon rested his right fore-leg and hind-leg on top of his lover as he closed his eyes. Brian wrapped his left fore-leg around Mike, also closing his eyes with a satisfied exhale.

Mike approached the throne angrily with Brian following, showing his teeth as he talked: "You have deceived and killed your own people, all for your own personal gain! I demand you step down from your throne immediately."

"Hah! You expect me to pay any attention to you, fools? I will not waste time reasoning with you. I am the King of men and dragons!" He stood up from his throne, grabbing a sword that was hidden underneath it.

"Brian...?"

"...Ready."

The two dragons, Mike on the right, Brian on the left, leapt at the king. As they passed by, he ducked and slashed the sword across Mike's left shoulder, more or less where the dragon in his dream had bit him. He cried in pain, and didn't land quite so gracefully from his leap. Brian, however, managed to whip the King on the face with his tail as he was hurtling through the air. That disarmed him long enough for the green dragon to land, turn around, and claw the king's chest, knocking him down on the floor skidding.

Putting a claw on the King to keep him down, Brian looked over at Mike. "You okay?" "Gahhh...yeah," he said, clutching his injured shoulder. The green dragon turned back to the

King. "You will step down and be banished from these lands, else we will detain you and have you executed. You have no other options."

Grinning, the King remained silent.

Mike hobbled over to them. "Make your decision, ...your majesty."

"I have made it." The King stared the green dragon down.

Brian noticed something...strange in the king's eyes besides resentment. They looked a little bit red, giving off a faint glow.

"Hey, Mike?"

"What? ...Whoa, his eyes are glowing."

"Let's get him over to the dungeon quick."

"Yeah...Good idea."

Each grabbed onto one of the King's arms, pulling him upright and forcing him to walk with them to the armory's dungeon. They noticed his skin turning red beneath his red robe. His muscles bulged as scales formed on his skin and a tail lengthened out from under the robe. Mike and Brian looked at the changing King, then at each other. "Let's get him into a cell quick!" said Mike. But before they could start running, the King spun to the right, breaking free of their grip. He landed a punch squarely on the green dragon's side, then punched again with his other arm. The blue dragon came from behind and strangled his neck, but again the King broke free as he continued growing. Red, leathery wings grew out of his back, and he cast away his robe before it tore.

"Shit..." they said, gawking up at him.

The red dragon grew to stand at the height of a two story building, but he retained a humanoid body shape. "I'll crush you two! I am the Dragon KING!" he bellowed, clenching his basketball-sized fists.

He swung down with those gigantic fists, knocking the two smaller dragons over before they could dodge. They hopped up, glancing at the menace before them and chocking a cry of pain before he came around again with another powerful punch. The King focused on Brian while he was down, powerfully slinging his spiked tail around to slap on the side of his head. Brian wavered, rolling his eyes up at the sky before collapsing on his side.

Mike got up again from where he was lying. Rubbing his side, he found his friend sprawled limply on the ground. He felt his eyes watering a bit as he drew his breath in. "Brian..." he said to himself. He felt the sort of sickened feeling one gets when seeing something like a squirrel squashed on the road for the first time. He turned his head back towards the red enemy in front of him, just in time to see him making another move. He dodged by jumping high and to the left with a pump of his wings, but the King grabbed his leg and pulled him down.

He yelped, of course, at the sudden jerk. "But wait," he thought, "what can I do to beat this guy?" He was thrown down to the ground, knocking the air out of him. The gigantic red dragon threw another punch again, and when he dodged, the King breathed fire at him. He dodged again. "I can't just dodge this stuff forever, gotta think of something now, something now, now...what can I do...?" He saw the red dragon run towards him, breathing fire and trying to swipe at him with his claws again. Mike's face revealed intense thought, as he was trying to look for a weak spot. Then...he got something. "My dream!" It had to be some sort of sign, or have some sort of hint, or *something* at least, he thought.

Well, the red dragon looked at him strangely. He knew something was up with Mike, but he didn't know what. He ran at the blue dragon, but again Mike outmaneuvered him. "The *throat!*" If he could just get the King to expose his throat, then... But how? Unless, if he got him to bite his shoulder? But...that could break a bone. "To hell with my collar bone...I gotta expose his throat." But how could he get him to bite his shoulder? Hmmm...

The hulking red dragon took another run at him, but Mike couldn't dodge in time. He crushed the blue's tail under his red-taloned foot, so that the blue dragon couldn't escape. Aha! He got it. Now, if he could only get the red dragon to...

The King bent down to inspect his catch, grabbing onto the blue dragon's right wing roughly with his right arm.

Perfect!

Before the red dragon understood what was happening, Mike swung around to face under the red's bent-over chest. He shot up, and bit at the red's throat. Good thing his neck was so long. The King cried out in shock, trying to shake him off. But he rotated his head, biting hard into the neck, puncturing the arteries and the voice box. The King tried to scream, but only air came out. He tried to pry Mike off again, but his arms were weakening. Sensing the King stop struggling, Mike let go of his throat and stepped back. Blood gushed from his throat. Alas he fell to his knees and collapsed with a thud flat on the ground.

"Ptfpfpfpf...", he spat, getting the blood out of his mouth. Brian! He realized that his friend was still in trouble. Running over to him, he shook the green dragon's shoulder. "Hey, hey, we won. Hey..." The body beneath him stirred.

The green dragon began speaking softly: "Goddang it Mike, why do you always have to be the hero and I be knocked out?"

"Hey, we won."

"Did you kill him?"

"No, I beat him at monopoly."

"..."

“Of course I killed him.”

“How?”

“Throat. Can you get up? We need to see the Captain.”

“Yeah,” he moaned, getting up on his legs again. “Let's go.”

“Well, congratulations you two. Thanks to you, Tenakeil and its surrounding cities will be safe once more. I extend the thanks of all our people to you, and I'll ensure that a just king is sworn in to replace King Renton III. He has no siblings or children, so...I'm sorry, you probably don't care about our process of succession. What is important has already been done, and I thank you for that.”

After the two dragons pronounced a shy thanks in response, Mike spoke. “So what now?”

“It depends. You could go home, or you could stay here. Which would you prefer?”

Brian met Mike's eyes; both their eyes revealed a hint of longing for home. The blue dragon smiled, turning back to the Wizard. “Home.”

“As you wish,” she said. She proceeded to recite a spell; the dragons remembered it as the one that had transported them once before. Little points of light appeared around them, swirling in a lazy circle. The light grew in intensity as the sparkles multiplied. Ambient light came from all directions as the dragons' surroundings spun about them. The floodlight-intensity light eventually prevented them from even seeing five feet in front of them, like a thick fog, except it was light. They had to close their eyes to block out the brightness.

Finding the light diminishing, Mike and Brian were able to open their eyes. They found themselves back in Mike's bedroom. The clock on the night stand read Saturday at 11:53 PM, just about the time Brian had come to his house.

“Are we back home?”

“Yeah, Brian. And...huh. We aren't dragons anymore.”

“What on earth...”

Looking down at the bed sheets, Mike noticed there was still cum from where they had their first sex a couple days ago...or, a couple minutes ago.

“Fascinating. Did all of that just happen?”

“I guess so, Mike. String theory again, maybe?”

“Simply fascinating. Here, help me get a wet rag and clean off the bed. And let's get our clothes on.”

Each grabbed a towel and put it under the faucet. Glancing up, something caught Mike's eye in the bathroom mirror. "Mike, your shoulder. Are those...bite marks?"

Mike gasped. "I wonder if that means I can...or we can..."

The door opened downstairs.

"My parents are home! Here, quick, put your clothes on and help me clean up!"

To the reader: This story series has been based on true events. However, the events occurring in AftDK: S3 do not express the views of its author. I don't actually think that the President ordered the CIA to commission bin Laden to attack us. It just made an awfully appealing parallel for this story. (I bet that if you didn't catch the symbolism, you're just like "whoa omg hax!" right now. It's ok.)

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