Chapter 9:

When the elf awoke once more he found himself in the inn room that they had deposited their gear in earlier, laying on the bed with someone staring down at him. At first he thought it might have been Flynn, but when his vision cleared and his faculties returned to him fully he found that it was Samiel that was staring over him. “You passed out,” he said simply. “I carried you back here to rest, you have been asleep for quite some time.”

“Great…” Ryonir stated as he slowly began to sit up, looking around the room to see that the werewolf was the only one in there with him. “Where’s Flynn? Did he switch rooms with you or something?”

Samiel shook his head and leaned back in his chair. “By the time I managed to drag you back here it looked like the other elf was already gone,” he reported. “At least his books and all that other junk he usually hauled around was. While you were resting I did go down to ask the innkeeper and Zefrit, and though the dragon saw nothing the innkeeper remembered seeing an elf matching his description come through the area with a bag of books.”

Ryonir couldn’t help but scowl as he realized that Flynn had actually left, probably already out of the city by now if he had mind to do it. He couldn’t believe their fight had caused him to storm off like that, especially without leaving a note or anything else to explain why. Then there was the revelation at the magic shop… did Flynn possibly know his false identity was going to be exposed and that was the reason why he left? Even if the archivist wasn’t an elf it didn’t mean he had to run off like that, which just brought him back to the fight they had on the street.

After checking with Samiel to make sure the Aborrna archive hadn’t contacted them about seeing the dragon registry he asked the werewolf to give him some space, telling him to wait in the inn for him to come down so they could start talking about the next stage of their plan. He nodded vigorously and immediately went out the door before closing it behind him. “At least someone in this group listens to me,” Ryonir grumbled as he laid back down on the bed. “Some leader I am.”

For a while the elf just sat there, letting himself stew in his own emotions ranging from sadness to hurt to betrayal. This was not only his first mission but the biggest one he would ever undertake, and instead of being there to support him Flynn just says he’ll fail and then leaves. He thought they were friends, especially the way he doted on him and helped him through his injury, but friends don’t just abandon one another in their time of need. For a brief second he found himself agreeing with Xarlix on the subject before he quickly shook his head and got up from his cot.

The reminder that the dread dragon was still out there and threatening to unleash himself upon the world once more was motivation enough for the elf to get ready again. Plus they didn’t really need Flynn, he reasoned as he put on his armor, once they see if his hunch was right in the registry they already knew the general location of the lair. Though the sheer winds would make it impossible for Zefrit to find it in the air they would just use process of elimination to find it. If his visions were correct then Xarlix preferred caves higher up on the mountain, and given his size it was unlikely there would be a lot near the top that would fit a creature of his size.

When he went down to the tavern area he found Samiel sitting alone as per usual, occasionally getting looks from the other patrons in the room as he had grown out his claws and was sharpening them with a knife. “Alright, so Flynn is gone,” Ryonir reaffirmed as he sat down on the bench. “Since we’re already getting access to the archives and know where Xarlix is we didn’t really need him anymore anyway, so our next steps have to be how we’re going to fight the dread dragon if this search comes up with nothing.”

“I can think of a few places where I can dig in that a dragon won’t expect,” Samiel stated, blowing on his claws before retracting them back into his fingers and looking straight at the elf. “Before we go too deep into this though there is something I wish to ask you, something that I’ve been meaning to bring up but have found a bit… embarrassing with the others around. Now that it’s just you and me I feel like we can speak more freely, warrior beast to warrior beast.”

“You know you can come to me about anything Samiel,” Ryonir said. “I’m not sure about being called a warrior beast though.”

“Do not sell yourself short,” Samiel quickly retorted. “I’ve fought with you twice now and you have a fierceness in you that would be comparable to any werewolf, and I have known quite a few. Not only that but you’ve shown yourself to be quite the leader, even with Flynn leaving, and that is something I realize I’ve been missing ever since my pack died. While their loss still weighs heavily on me I know that it is our way for me to move on and start looking for a new alpha to follow.”

When Ryonir put the pieces together of what Samiel was saying he found his eyes widening slightly in surprise. “You want me to be your alpha?” the dragon knight asked, the werewolf quickly nodding. “But I’m not even a werewolf.”

“An alpha does not need to be a werewolf,” Samiel explained. “Merely someone who possesses the traits of a leader and the soul of a predator. You’ve shown leadership before and when you fight you let lose that predator spirit you positively shine. I find it… rather intoxicating really…”

The werewolf’s tone shifted and he leaned forward, licking his lips as Ryonir could see fangs starting to poke out past his lips. “Just thinking about it brings out the beast in me, something that only a true alpha can do,” he stated, his tone almost becoming seductive in nature as he reached out with his slightly fur-covered hands towards the elf. “If you say yes I will be your loyal packmate forever, ready to follow you over the Frostward Vale and into the belly of Xarlix himself if needed. All you have to do is say that you’re my alpha… please… I need this so badly…”

The look in Samiel’s eyes was practically pleading and Ryonir didn’t realize how much werewolves were dependent on their packs, which also meant if he accepted such a responsibility he would have to take it just as seriously. While joked about being a leader he found himself shaking slightly as the opportunity presented itself, especially as the other male took his hand and squeezed his clawed fingers against his own. It was clear if he said yes he would follow through on his promise, taking care of his alpha. He would be anything he needed to be, a fellow fighter, a loyal follower, even an obedient servant if he wanted him to be…

“Yes…” Ryonir found himself saying, his heart pounding in his chest. “I will be your alpha.”

The werewolf nearly knocked over his chair as he stood up, a gleam of pure joy in his eyes as he took the hand he had been clasping and pulled the elf out of his. Others looked up at him but it was clear Samiel didn’t care, almost dragging him over to another part of the tavern and opening the door. The pause gave Ryonir the time to get back onto his feet as he asked where the creature was taking him, the werewolf merely muttering something about dragons as he dragged the elf down the stone stairs and into the hallway. It was clear he wasn’t going to be getting through to the other male anytime soon so the elf merely focused on keeping his balance as they continued down the somewhat long downward stairs.

When they reached the bottom Samiel continued to drag Ryonir through the stone hallway that followed until finally they reached a heavy iron door, one that even the werewolf strained to open before letting them both inside. It was pitch dark and Ryonir couldn’t see a thing as the doors were closed behind him, though that was only momentary as a sudden flame sprung up from a lantern that Samiel lit. “Apologies for being overly excited,” he said as the elf rubbed his shoulder where he thought his arm would be yanked off. “Admittedly I’ve been waiting to hear you accept for some time and when you did it all became kind of overwhelming.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Ryonir replied, waving his free hand dismissively before looking around the rather large, man-made room. “So where is this place again? You mentioned something about dragons?”

“Ah yes,” Samiel started to explain. “In preparation in case you said yes I asked the innkeeper if he knew of any locations that would be out of the way and relatively sound proof, telling him that we needed to practice sparring and didn’t want to disturb anyone. That was when he told me that the inn and several other buildings were all connected to this room that they could run into in case of a dragon attack, and with a few gold coins he allowed me to use his entrance and left it unlocked for me.”

“I see…” Ryonir said, noting that not only had the werewolf grown out his tail but it was wagging furiously behind him. “Still wondering why you needed to bring me down here.”

“I figured doing it here would be easier then traveling all the way out of the capital and then trying to find a quiet spot,” Samiel continued to explain, the elf looking at him in confusion. “There is more to becoming my alpha then just saying that you will. There is a ritual that is common among packs where the alpha werewolf will show his dominance by pinning the newest of the pack and breeding him in front of the others… though since there are no others it’ll just have to be you and me.”

“Oh, well… wait…” Ryonir started to say, holding up his hands as Samiel began to take off his clothes. “There’s no way I can wrestle with a werewolf! I’m not one myself and I’m not going to use my gauntlets on you!”

The werewolf chuckled at that, his voice growing deeper by the second as more of his long black fur began to grow out of his body. “You don’t have to worry about deadly combat, I’ve already accepted you as my alpha,” he said, his tongue flicking out past his darkening lips as teeth grew into fangs. “The other reason why I wanted to do this now is from what you said back in the magic shop, where you said that you were turning into a dragon. Something about that signaled to me that fate has already decreed you to be my alpha, but I knew I had to act soon before the magic wore off and you’d be unable to change.”

Ryonir couldn’t believe what he was hearing, the werewolf actually wanted him to turn into a dragon so they could have sex? Even if he could somehow control the change, the last one happening by accident after his lustful encounter with Zefrit, there was no guarantee it was going to happen again. Plus he wasn’t sure if it would work with a werewolf, what if the only reason the tooth activated was because he was in the presence of another dragon. As the elf continued to watch the muscles ripple and bulge under the increasingly furry form of the other creature he found himself licking his lips, his worries and objections starting to fall by the wayside as he began to move forward towards Samiel.

“Wait… I can’t do this…” Ryonir said as he stopped and turned away, causing the growing ears of the other creature to perk up in surprise. “I’ve just started seeing where things are going with Zefrit before the changes first started happening and now that I know it’s just a dragon tooth causing them my first partner shouldn’t be a werewolf I just met! I’m sorry Samiel, I can’t do that too him, I think I really have feelings for him.”

“Do not mistake this as some sort of declaration of love,” the werewolf replied with a slight growl, his voice having a snarling quality to it even though he appeared to be calm as he rubbed his sheath. “While I will be fiercely loyal and ever obedient this does not mean I share those feelings, though some werewolves do fall for one another after this ritual it is usually not the case. If it makes you feel any better this is merely a show of our bond, of your dominance over me and my subservience for you, a lustful display of hierarchy that I’m sensing you enjoy the idea of.”

Ryonir frowned slightly as the werewolf’s muzzle curled into the grin, practically sniffing the desire rolling off his body. Though he didn’t want to admit it he had also admired the werewolf for his prowess and… his lupine form as well. There was something so primal about it that drove him wild, though until this moment he failed to realize just how much until he found himself gazing up and down the creature standing there waiting for his move. It was also starting to become clear that the dragon magic from the tooth hadn’t worn off yet as he began to feel his own hands and feet trembling, not from nervousness or anxiety but growth as claws began to form from his fingernails and overwhelm the tips.

“Damn…” the dragon knight said, feeling the heat of his arousal rising up from him as he grabbed his clothes. “You really do know how to draw the beast out of someone.” Even with the haze of his need clouding his thoughts Ryonir could see that the werewolf was right, this was not going to be some sort of passionate embrace between two lovers. This was going to be a dominant creature showing its lesser whose boss, an idea that excited the elf more and more as his breathing quickened.

It wasn’t just going to be as easy as mounting the other creature though, Ryonir quickly found out as he suddenly saw a wall of fur and muscle leap towards him. The instinct to fight for dominance was ingrained deep into the werewolf, Samiel attempting to use his body to push the elf around since he was the bigger beast… for now. Already the dragon knight could feel his stance shifting as he continued to let the ancient magic flow through him, augmenting his body as more of those black scales began to spread on him. With no worries about this being a trick from Xarlix, at least not one that he could see the use of, Ryonir really let himself loose as his thick cords of muscles bulged while trying to wrestle the werewolf to the ground.

As Samiel attempted to push the elf back there was a loud crack, Ryonir’s legs bending backwards as they were pushed into their new configuration. From the sound it made it should have hurt, but all he could feel was power and exhilaration as he managed to swing his body around and get the werewolf to the ground. At this point they had been sparring back and forth for several minutes and the more the elf grew the easier it was getting to counter the other male’s attacks. Combined with his training as a dragon knight, which taught him how to take down bigger beasts then himself, he eventually got the werewolf pinned to the ground on his back with his newfound weight on top of him.

The two laid there panting for a few seconds, staring at each other before Ryonir’s partially formed muzzle met the lupine one in a deep kiss. It felt like they were stealing the breath from one another as the transforming elf shifted his legs, which were more like the hindquarters of a dragon, between Samiel’s legs. Since the werewolf was still mostly humanoid while the growing dragon was gaining a feral stance it was easy for the lupine creature to stretch his legs, allowing the thickening cock pressed against him to rub and poke until it found its target. Ryonir could feel the sheer excitement building in his widening chest as he finally pushed the tip in, causing the werewolf to tip his head back and let out a howl.

Though lustful instincts flooded Ryonir’s mind he was still in control of himself enough to keep it so he could make sure that Samiel was enjoying himself, though it was very hard as the tailhole of the creature swallowed his length. When he had first penetrated the other male they were muzzle to muzzle the same size, but Ryonir was starting to grow bigger than the werewolf to the point where he might also be bigger then Zefrit as well. But the elf didn’t care about any of that, his feelings of lust and dominance and pleasure and sheer need to plow into the male beneath him was spurring him to piston his back legs up and down. He could feel claws scratching down his sides and over the fog of lust Ryonir was very glad that more scales had grown over his otherwise vulnerable elf flesh as they both began to growl at one another.

“Do it alpha!” Samiel snarled, his own cock rubbing between their fur and scales as he managed to reach up and smack Ryonir on his flanks. “My dragon alpha… I am yours!”

“Yessss…” Ryonir hissed, his mind overwhelmed with the sheer euphoria coming from the otherwise powerful creature squirming beneath him, impaled on his cock while declaring him. “I am your alpha! Forever mine! My werewolf!”

The sheer ecstasy caused by their words caused Samiel to cum, his back arching as rope after rope of hot seed splattered against both their chests as a mark of pure submission. With that sweet tailhole clamped around his ridged member Ryonir found himself roaring, the sound reverberating against he walls as a pair of horns and wings pushed their way out of his back. Even after their orgasms the dragon remained firmly lodged in the hole of the werewolf, the two of them huffing and panting as they let themselves ride the pleasure all the way down into the warm afterglow of their climax.

Finally Ryonir started to feel himself slide off the furry form of the other male, but it wasn’t because he was moving. He let out a small sigh as his body began to shrink, his back arching as the tail that had grown out during their intense rutting began to slide its way into his body. With the lust fueling the magic gone it appeared it didn’t have enough power to sustain itself, his form quickly reverting back as he found himself sliding out of the werewolf’s tailhole and onto the cold stone floor. Samiel decided to change back as well, his reversion much smoother then the one the elf underwent as he became a human once again. He also seemed to have a quicker recovery, the naked male walking over to a small bucket of water and a cloth that he explained he had put down there before.

“Here, let me get that for you alpha,” Samiel said as he helped Ryonir up before taking the cloth and wiping the cum off of him, kissing him on the forehead as he did. “Part of my thanks for allowing me this honor.”

“I think the honor is all mine,” Ryonir said, still catching his breath as he watched the water cascade down the scales that remained on his chest. “I’ve never felt anything this intense my entire life, is that how werewolves have sex all the time?”

“No… as I mentioned the joining of a member of the pack by an alpha is one of the most primal things that we have as werewolves,” Samiel explained as he finished up with Ryonir’s body and started on his own. “That’s why this would have never worked if you had stayed an elf, like you had feared I probably would have clawed or bit you and then we’d be cleaning up a much different mess… or possibly just me. Still, you are a sexy beast as a dragon, it’s a shame that you’re not going to use it anymore.”

“Well I’m starting to see a problem with it when I do,” Ryonir replied as he exposed his inner thighs to show that more of the black scales had remained, just like the ones on his chest. “I’m starting to wonder if this is how kobolds are formed, they’re just people who mess around too much with dragon magic and get their bodies warped until all they can think about are dragons. It would also be nice if they weren’t black scales… it’s starting to make me wonder if, you know…”

“You’re evil?” Samiel said, chuckling slightly when Ryonir looked down. “I highly doubt it, you’ve saved my life twice and Flynn’s life once, plus you’re about to put down a dread dragon so it doesn’t hurt anyone anymore. I think if you were any kind of dragon you’d be one of those regal gold ones, or maybe a silver like Zefrit.”

Ryonir smiled at that, though once more he felt his chest falling slightly as he took the towel offered him and dried off his naked form before getting dressed. “Still not sure how I’m going to tell this to him,” the elf said, his voice tinted with guilt. “I know you said that it was just a ritual to solidify being your alpha but I still feel bad that my first time with another creature wasn’t him, especially holdng off like we did. But… at the same time I think I just really needed that too, I feel… strangely good about the whole thing, like my head is clear.”

“Well anytime you want some extra clarity let me know… alpha,” Samiel said, once more nuzzling against the elf before going to his pile of clothes and getting dressed. Though the elf practically trembled in pleasure and he felt his member twitch at that he just shook his head and finished putting on his armor. Intense primal rutting with a werewolf as part of a ritual was one thing, he thought to himself as they opened the door once more and walked through, casually having sex with one was going to be an entirely different matter.

When the two got back up the stairs and into the inn it appeared that their location had kept their activities a secret, no one giving them a second look as they walked towards the stairs to head up to their rooms. Before they could however the innkeeper noticed them and called them over, telling him that a messenger had come to tell the dragon knight that they were ready. Ryonir felt his heart skip a beat when he realized what that meant and after grabbing the rest of their gear they went to the stables and collected Zefrit before moving out.

The sun was just starting to set as they reached the archive building, heading through the doors and going right up to where the female elf they had met before was standing. “I hear you’re ready for us to look at the directory?” Ryonir said after taking a second to catch his breath, both he and his companions having ran up the stairs in order to get there. “We’re ready when you are, lead the way.”

The archivist nodded and motioned for them to head towards the back of the tower, going through a series of rooms before arriving at an elevator lift. Ryonir had seen such devices before, two of the taller buildings in Gildeon were equipped with such things with one of them being big enough for dragons to ride in. This wasn’t nearly big enough for all of them to fit though so they decided to take Ryonir and Samiel first and then have the lift come back for Zefrit. As he and the werewolf entered into the car they looked up to see the rope about to carry them up ascending until it disappeared into the shadows themselves.

Once they were ready the elf pulled the lever and they immediately started going up, the two losing track of the silver dragon staring up at them until they entered into a shaft were completely surrounded by the stone of the building. Ryonir quickly realized there was only one stop this elevator had, and that was likely wherever they kept the dragon directory. They went up so far that it was almost dizzying, the elf worried he might be passing out before they finally arrived at their destination. AS they stepped out they realized they hadn’t just gone to the top floor of the tower, they were all the way up on the roof as the entire capital city of Aborrna stretched out before them.

When the archivist went back down to get Zefrit the two looked around for where the book might be, only to see nothing there. It didn’t make any sense; why waste almost two days of their time and bring them up to the roof of their archive building only to leave them standing there empty-handed? The werewolf suggested that maybe the book was being brought up to them after they got there, but as a strong wind blew by the elf noted this was a terrible place to try and do some reading.

“Maybe the information you seek is right in front of you,” a loud voice said, causing both of them to jump. “Sometimes we look so hard for knowledge that we don’t realize that we’ve been looking in the wrong spot until it’s too late.” Both Ryonir and Zefrit continued to look around in confusion until something began to materialize out of the air in front of them, complex patterns forming into a familiar shape that took up almost the entirety of one corner of the archive tower. “And once in a while we just need someone else to help us reveal the hidden secret.”

“I don’t believe it…” Ryonir said as he slowly stepped forward, rubbing his eyes in disbelief at the crystalline creature that had fully materialized in front of them. “A prismatic dragon! I thought your kind were just myth and legend.”

“No, we merely deal in such,” the dragon replied with a knowing smirk. “My name is Rytalis, I am the lorekeeper for the dragons of the Forstward Vale as well as several other neighboring nests. When the archivist behind you said that you had urgent need to speak to me I decided it was worth the risk of my discovery to come and see what a dragon knight was in need of.”

Ryonir turned around to see the female elf smiling at him as she and Zefrit came off the elevator lift, the silver dragon just as much staring in awe as they were. Prismatic dragons were considered to be the most magical of any dragons out there, the oldest were said to spend space and time to their wills while others were able to fly between multiple worlds in order to record the stories there. If this one was saying that it was essentially the archivist for the dragons of several areas then another legend about them was likely true that they had an eidetic memory and once they heard or saw something they never forgot it.

“Thank you for coming lorekeeper Rytalis,” Ryonir said as he found himself bowing slightly. “I am here on a mission from the dragon knights to destroy the dread dragon that lives in these mountains to prevent a massive wave of destruction from sweeping across these lands. I was hoping to consult the directory for more information on the dragon… I just didn’t realize the directory WAS a dragon.”

“Indeed, as part of a deal struck between my kind and these people we agreed to be available for all knowledge relating to dragons of the Frostward Vale in exchange for them telling us their tales in return.” Rytalis explained. “I also know of whom your talking about, though I must admit I’m surprised an elf as young as you would be tasked with defeating the dread dragon Xralix. You must have some special ability for your elders to trust you with such a task.”

“I suppose that it’s because I was originally from here,” Ryonir said, pausing slightly as something clicked in his brain as odd that he couldn’t quite see. “But in all honesty I’m not here for him, I already have quite a bit of insight into the one known as the black death, I’m actually curious about other dragons that might have been in his hunting grounds.”

“I see…” Rytalis stated with a nod of his head. “In the earlier years there were a few other chromatic dragons that also attempted to nest where the dread dragon made his layer, though many were either driven out by the one they hoped would protect them or they died attempting to lay siege to some city. As far as my knowledge goes there weren’t any others that shared in his hunting grounds even after he had started to expand his reach.”

Ryonir took a second to digest the information, thinking back to the visions he had while he got to this point. There had definitely been another dragon there, but if there wasn’t any other chromatic dragons then it was either a false vision or he was seeing something from a very long time ago… unless. “Forget about chromatic dragons,” the elf said, waving his hand. “What about metallic ones? Any of them ever overlap with him, possibly one that might have been the guardian of a magical artifact?”

“Hmmm… now that you mention it…” Rytalis pondered, tapping his crystalline jaw with a claw. “There was one dragon who was constantly butting heads with Xralix; he was a gold dragon named Jalru, and it was believed that he was in possession of an artifact known as the mirror of the heavens. Tales have been told of the mountains being lit afire with their orange and blue flames as they clashed, Jalru attempting to stop the dread dragon while the other attempted the opposite.”

That sounded like it might have been possible, Ryonir said as he ignored the buzzing sensation bugging him again as he continued to think back. “I guess that enemies might make sense…” he said, remembering their conversations. “Was it possible though that the two might have been… something else? Maybe there was a reason why the two never actually were able to kill one another.”

“If you are suggesting what I think you’re suggesting then I can put your mind at ease,” Rytalis stated in a matter of fact tone. “There is no way a metallic and a chromatic dragon would ever be friends, and especially not lovers. Not only would they constantly be at odds with one another but it would be extremely shameful for a noble gold dragon like Jalru to lay with a creature of destruction like Xralix. I can assure you that the fighting between those two was quite real.”

Once more Ryonir was beginning to feel frustrated as the pieces he thought he was fitting together no longer did so, something about this whole thing just rubbing him the wrong way. “I suppose we’re just going to have to see for ourselves,” the elf said resolutely. “Could you give us directions to where Jalru is? I would like to speak to him myself.”

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” Rytalis said once more. “The other reason that it’s unlikely the two were anything more than enemies is because after the last time these lands saw the black death flying overhead Jalru had attempted to ambush him coming back from the mountains to try and stop him once and for all… except he didn’t succeed. It was on that spot in the Frostward Vale forty years ago that the gold dragon Jalru was murdered…”