When Tachyon opened his eyes, the first thing to meet his gaze was an eternal sun hanging in a perfectly blue clear sky. Blades of grass cut down to just the right size swept across rolling hills, while in the distance, an impossibly large mountain loomed over him. Each of his three separate heads inspected each of these details, the young dragon with scales as silver as glittering snow curious as to where he could possibly be. Undeterred by this strange new place, his first thought after looking around his surroundings was to make sure the precious treasures he kept on his person were still there. The left head looked behind at his tail to find a glittering amulet with a phrase written in draconic wrapped around it, the middle head looked down at his neck to discover their half-snowflake necklace the other two heads wore still gleamed in the light, while the right head insured their crystalline hornbands remained worn. All seemed right… until one hornband had fell off as the middle head had bent down and was now rolling down the evergreen hill they found themselves to a nearby road.

“Oh no, oh no!” they cried out in unison. In his mind, losing such a precious gift from a friend would be tantamount to betrayal and he quickly ran off to nab it before it was lost forever. He bounded down the hill with haste and right before it reached the path, his left head was able to nab it with his jaw. Tachyon wiped the sweat off his brows and sighed with relief as he adjusted and tightened the hornband back to where it should be. All being well now however, he sat down and looked around for anywhere he could go to leave this odd paradise. It was all just rows of green for miles however as far as his eyes could see. All paths led towards the mountain at the center of this land, though it wasn't long when he heard a strange noise he was unfamiliar with. It sounded like someone was making use of a *horn of blasting* to alert others of their coming and it all came from a strange vehicle that belched out compressions of air from a pipe that was attached to the side of a great red beast with a multitude of translucent eyes that carried a container of gargantuan size behind it.

Tachyon didn't budge an inch as the beast approached, though his heart screamed at him to move, but when he saw a dragonborn poke their head out of one of the eyes, he let out a yelp. The dragonborn had scales colored like platinum that gleamed in the unceasing sunlight so well they could be a torch in the dark if given the chance. He had a smile as wide as the mountain before them and wore a simple red hat with the words *Bahamht Trucking Company* underneath the visage of the famed draconic deity on it.

“W-Who are you?” squeaked Tachyon's left head. “You look like a dragonborn, but I've never seen scales like yours,” claimed his right head.

“Well, I'd be Bahamut, young wyrmling,” the dragonborn said as he tipped his hat.

“Like the one in the stories?!” Tachyon's middle head perked up.

“Just the one! And you're in Mount Celsstia, home to myself and other gods. Though you don't seem dead. You a planar traveler?” Bahamut asked.

“O-Oh no! I don't know how I got here,” Tachyon's left head claimed. “I just woke up here,” his right head added. “Do you perhaps know a way out?” they all asked together. “If it’s not an issue at least. It's not everyday I meet a god after all and I wouldn't want to bother you,” his middle head finished.

“Well, I was going to dropping some stuff off to my family and I'm always glad to help out one of my children,” he smiled warmly. “So, hope right on in kid and let's get you home!”

Tachyon thanked Bahamut and flew through the eye of the strange beast the deity drove, getting himself snug in one of the silver faux leather seats, gold and gemstones inlaid around it.

“Make sure to wear your seatbelt, don't want you getting hurt,” Bahamut mentioned. He nodded over to a leather belt next to the seat. Tachyon pulled it out and after a few moments of inspecting how Bahamut wore it, figured out he had to fasten it into a slot nearby. Once he was all set however, Bahamut grabbed the wheel and put his claw to the pedal, the beast roared and began moving forward towards home, but first… a pit stop.

As they drove down the road, Tachyon's left head looked over to Bahamut while the other two were fixated ahead.

“What is this… monster?” he asked.

“Oh this? This here is a truck, no monster at all. I use it to easily transport goods around the Multiverse when it's not worth it to use my magic and would take too long to lug around. Some creatures on the Material Plane have them, but this here innovation isn't ready for your side of Faerun just yet.”

Tachyon's heads then began mouthing the word. “Trrrrruck… truuuuuck… truck!” they said in understanding. “I like that word very much.”

“I'm glad you do! Felt the very same when I first learned of the concept. Handy tool this is.”

Down the road, Tachyon’s middle head saw a large arching gate made of gleaming gold, a white light shimmering around its interior.

“Uh, Mr. Bahamut… what's that?” he asked.

“Oh, don't worry there, just a little portal to the Outlands! Got to drop off a haul of books from Deneir to my kid, Kereska. She's got an ol' fancy library being built.”

“Ayy, Bahamut, how's it hanging man?” a voice suddenly spoke from a metal box within the truck.

“Hey there, Heimdall, mind opening the planar portal to the Outlands for me?” Bahamut said back to the metal box after pressing a button.

After the sound of static, the voice replied back. “Ay, I can do that. Got someone with you, eh? Make sure to send a bit extra over to Yggdrasil.”

“Will do, thanks a ton, Heimdall,” Bahamut then turned down a dial on the metal box and smirked. “Always love talking to that fella. We struck a deal where he opens up pathways for me so the truck can get through without issue and I send the Aesir a bit of my hoard whenever he does,” he explained to Tachyon.

Tachyon's eyes glimmered, “it sounds like you two are great friends!” his middle head declared.

“I guess we are in a way, aren't we?” Bahamut chuckled. He then turned his hat backwards and gripped the steering wheel. “Hold on now, kid, things are about to get bumpy.”

The light shimmering within the portal expanded inwards and an unnaturally beautiful forest shimmered within like a mirage in the distance. Tachyon gripped the door as the truck accelerated through and in a flash of blinding light they were on the other side.

“Whew! That'll never get old! How you feeling, kid?”

“Not good one bit,” his left head replied. “Bleh,” his right head said. “I hope we don't have to do that again,” his middle head sighed as he clutched his forehead.

“I wouldn't worry too much about it, but let's see here.”

Bahamut lifted his hand off the wheel and placed it on Tachyon's shoulder. It glowed vibrantly for just a moment and then Tachyon felt perfectly fine. “The ‘ol healing hands trick. Came in handy a lot when I was the Grandmaster of Flowers,” Bahamut said proudly.

“Thank you very much, Mr. Bahamut!” Tachyon’s heads smiled. “Maybe it won't be too bad if we have to do that again,” his middle head added.

“Like I said, don't worry about it! Now, let's get these books over to Kereska.”

With that, the truck began accelerating through the wild thicket of the Outlands, cutting through vined and sending pollen spraying from nearby flowers.

The Outlands had little sign of civilization, nature boundless and free. Everywhere Tachyon looked were trees, vines, and flowers as tall as he was. Nestled within this wildness however was a small building constructed completely of wood that looked something akin to a small schoolhouse. After a few rough bumps in the road, Bahamut pulled up in front of the building and parked the truck with relative ease despite the obstructing plants.

Pulling up the weathered overalls he wore, Bahamut snapped his fingers and the doors slammed open. “Alright, this'll take a few minutes, want to help me carry the books?”

“Oh yes, yes!” Tachyon’s left head replied with enthusiasm. “We’ll carry a ton!” his left assured.

“Then let's get moving, kid!” Bahamut laughed. Walking over to the back of the truck with Tachyon, Bahamut hit the side of the shipping container it carried, making the hatch on the back fly open. Inside was piles of books, dozens upon dozens of titles weathered and new.

“I'm not sure I can carry *this* much,” Tachyon's middle head gulped.

“Ah no worries, take this,” Bahamut said nonchalantly and threw him a scroll. Tachyon grabbed it with his tail and then unfurled it with his claws, reading over the arcane writings. “You know how to activate these things? Not everyone is exactly clever enough for it, but you seem like a smart kid,” Bahamut mentioned.

“Yes, I think so!” Tachyon's left head said with assurance. Reading over the script, all three heads began chanting the words wrought with magic, though they did have trouble pronouncing a few, once they finished however the scroll disintegrated into blue flames and a floating silver disc appeared besides him.

With a flap of his wings then and slashing gust from his tail, Bahamut sent wind rushing through the container that sent all the books flying out on to the disc in a neat and organized pile. “See? Easy as that. Now you just direct the floating disc and get these to the front door. Alright?”

“You got it!”

Moving the disc was as simple as just tapping it with a claw and it arrived at the front door with relative ease despite the burden, Bahamut and Tachyon right behind.

“Hey! Kereska! We got your books,” Bahamut yelled as he knocked on the door.

“Just a minute!” a feminine voice replied. Then, a purple dragonborn with amethyst wings and a visible pulsating aura of power around her tumbled out. Another dragonborn with scales of gold and wings that took up a ridiculous amount of space followed soon after, both having kobolds a quarter their size crawling all over them.

“Kuyutha? What are you doing here? And what's with the kobolds?”

“Oh! Sire! Hello! Didn't expect to see you here, sire sir,” the golden dragonborn replied. “I'm here helping Kereska,” he said pointing to the amethyst dragonborn. “But, one of my worshippers really needed someone to watch her kids today too, so…”

A kobold then bit into his wing and be let out a yelp.

“Thanks for bringing the books over, gramps, really do appreciate it,” Kereska said as she shook a kobold off her leg. “Though could you and your…” she saw Tachyon gleefully playing with a few of the kobolds who seemed quite entertained by the wyrmling, “friend, perhaps take the kids off our hands for a few hours so I can get the books sorted? Hlal should be able to entertain them, she’s at grandma's diner. Just let them know you're coming,” Kereska asked politely.

Bahamut seemed confused by the situation, he knew his champion was the bridge between him and dragonbornkind, though the kobolds seemed like a bit much. However, seeing how Tachyon was with them, he figured it couldn't hurt.

“Sure thing, kid,” Bahamut smiled.

“Thank you very much, sire! This will help in my duties immensely,” Kuyutha saluted. Kereska just gave her grandfather a big hug instead of keeping formality, then began dragging the floating disc into the library. Once she was gone, Bahamut looked over to Kuyutha before he left.

“Don't get in over your head next time alright?” Bahamut told him. “Nice of you to take care of the kobolds, but you shouldn't overwhelm yourself either.”

“Yes, yes, I know. I just figured I'd try, sire. But it was a bit much. I need to go help Kereska however. Thank you very much,” Kuyutha said, then ran back inside. By this point, the kobolds were climbing Tachyon like he was a jungle gym, but he didn't seem to mind at all.

“Alright, everyone! My cousin, Hlal, is going to watch over you for a bit. Don't go causing much trouble, alright?” he said authoritatively.

The kobolds all listened intently and calmed down upon hearing his voice to Tachyon's surprise and began walking over to the truck, following his lead.

“Wow! How'd you do that?” Tachyon's middle head asked as he ran to the front of the line.

“Easy, my sister may have her color theory brigade and her friend, the kobolds, but me? I got a little bit of power over any dragonfolk with a good heart and these kobolds are plenty nice, aren't you little guys?”

The kobolds yipped joyfully in response to Bahamut's comment. “Likely why I found you too,” he added. “Now let's get going.”

Everyone hopped back into the truck, though it was a bit cramped around where Tachyon was, he was still able to manage a modicum of comfort by contorting his body around. Though there wasn't enough seatbelts, Bahamut snapped his fingers and everyone was held in place firmly and safely. Then, they were off to their final destination. During the ride however, Tachyon couldn't get it out of his head a god complimented him, especially Bahamut… but there was a strange yearning for home.

The last part of the journey didn't take long. After Bahamut called up Hlal on the radio, everything was set. They eventually arrived to what could be described as a building made entirely of chrome with red accents and the picture of a smiling platinum dragon on a sign outside, the name *Tamara's Elegant Eats* underneath it.

“Alright, we already got a table inside kids, so go get some food from Grandma Tamara,” Bahamut announced. The kobolds spilled out of the truck and over to the diner with alarming speed, leaving just Tachyon inside with him. “You want some food before you go home?”

“Yeah, that'd be nice, though all of this reminds me of home too,” his middle head sighed.

“It can be tough, I imagine. But, you take this,” he said as he gave Tachyon a platinum scale. “Keep it close, alright? We'll get you home soon.”

Tachyon nodded his heads and the two of them flew out of the truck and over to the diner. Inside, kobolds were everywhere being entertained by a tiny faerie dragon with a golden aura surrounding her.

“Cousin! Sorry to drop this on you so soon,” Bahamut told the faerie dragon, but it didn't even react. Then, he felt something on top of his head, it was the very same faerie dragon he just spoke to as the other vanished in a haze.

“Nice to see you too, Bahamut,” Hlal joked. “You were always the easiest to fool,” she laughed.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. Can the kid and I get some food?” Bahamut said defeated.

The faerie dragon flew off his head and put her hands behind her back for just a moment.

“This food?” Hlal said as she pulled out two burgers with sides of fries. The kobolds cheered nearby in amusement.

“That was cool,” Tachyon's heads agreed. “How'd you do it?”

“A goddess of trickery never reveals her secrets,” she smiled as she booped his middle head's snout and flew off to join the kobolds in more merrymaking.

“Don't mind my cousin, she may be the messenger for dad, but she's… weird,” Bahamut said. “My wife however makes some amazing meals when she's not out there saving lives though, so let's eat!”

The two of them pulled out seats at a red round table and began digging in. Tachyon divided up the burger into three slices so each head could enjoy the food at the same time, while Bahamut took his time eating.

“This tastes amazing! It reminds me of my mom's cooking… let's just,” his left then let out a spew of chilling breath upon the food, cooling it down immensely. “Much better now!” his right head smiled as he took a bite. Though, as they finished up their meal, there was a bit of sadness in his eyes.

“You ready to go?” Bahamut said as he finished his meal.

“I do… but I also will miss you,” his middle head aid glumly.

“It'll be alright, kid. Your mom is probably worried about you. I'll always be around you know, I'm your friend after all,” Bahamut reassured him

“You promise?”

“I promise. Let me call up Hlal, okay? Hey, Hlal!” Bahamut called out. The faerie dragon flew over from the kobolds to their table.

“Yes? Need something? Perhaps desert?”

“Not today, but I do need a portal to the Material Plane open to get my friend here home. You go there loads, mind opening one for me?”

“You got it, cousim,” Hlal smiled. With a whisk of her claw, a portal opened before them.

“See you later now, kid.”

Tachyon looked over to Bahamut and to Hlal and then to the portal. “I'll miss you,” his heads said.

“I'll always be with you, Tachy, watching from above. Remember that,” Bahamut smiled. With a tear dropping his face, Bahamut gave the wyrmling a hug and when they finished, Tachyon waved a farewell and walked through.

Tachyon woke up in his lair, body sore and tired. He was snuggled up and warm in his sleeping area with no sign of a portal or dragon gods anywhere. Was it all just a dream? What a weird one if so. Why would Bahamut be driving a truck. What even was a truck really? However, he felt something when he got up from bed. On the ground besides him was a platinum scales that radiated glory, justice, and most importantly, kindness and there was a warmth in his heart. He placed the scale on one of his hornbands and smiled before bounding out of the lair to celebrate a brand new day.