

Verdigris
A Liquid Wyverex Story
Written by [Draythix](#), art by [Nakase](#)
Liquid Wyverexes belong to [Nakase](#)



“Hopefully this will keep me distracted for a while,” Darion muttered to himself as he looked at the new video game he had just bought. Between his job and his worries, he had been especially anxious lately, and needed something to take his mind off things. He just hoped that a good rpg would be enough.

Without really paying attention to where he was going, Darion stepped out of the store and into the cool night air. There weren't many cars parked outside, and only a few humans and anthros were walking about. It seemed as if it would be an uneventful night, but right when he stepped out from under the street lamps he bumped into something squishy.

Looking down reflexively, Darion saw a huge coppery tentacle wrapping around his legs, and it yanked him up into the air before he could even process what was happening. He cried out in surprise and dropped the game he was carrying as he tried to grab a hold of something. There

was nothing within reach in the empty parking lot however, and he found himself being carried away with frightening speed.

Darion managed to get a glance at his assailant as he flailed about, and was utterly surprised when he saw that he seemed to be caught by the tail of a huge dragon. Why in the world would a dragon be after him? Realizing how much danger he was in, Darion tried to call out again, but the creature's coils somehow repositioned themselves and closed over his mouth. He could only watch helplessly and he was pulled into an alley before anyone else even realized something had happened.

Despite his situation, he found himself surprised by how strange the dragon's touch felt. It felt soft and gooey rather than the flesh and scales that he would have expected. The coils around him seemed to switch between being solid, sticky, or liquid at random as it kept him secured. How could such a creature even exist, and what did it want with him?

With a shiver, Darion realized that it wasn't just the consistency of the dragon's body that felt odd. His skin seemed to tingle wherever it touched, as if he was reacting to it somehow.

The creature finally stopped behind the strip mall, and in the dim light Darion finally got a good look at his captor. It was a serpentine dragon with a set of huge bat-like wings, but no legs or arms. Parts of its body briefly showed signs of having scales and spines before liquifying again as it moved. It looked as if it was made almost entirely of a shiny copper liquid, with blue verdigris-like accents, but it seemed to be made of some sort of goo rather than liquid metal. The dragon's fierce looking snout and its white, pupil-less eyes stood out even in the darkness.

With a start, he recognized the creature as a wyverex of some sort. They were a rare type of dragon that a friend of his, Nakase, often talked about. The dragoness had mentioned only a few days ago that she had been doing research into the creatures and found something big. Somehow, he felt that there was no way it was a coincidence that he was seeing one now.

Darion watched with apprehension as the wyverex laid itself belly up while still holding him suspended in the air. It was looking at him with a strange expression that looked like feral hunger, but something about the way it had been carefully carrying him made him wonder if it really had any intention of harming him.

Then, to Darion's surprise, the wyverex's body began melting right before his eyes. At first he wondered if it was going to melt into the ground, but instead its chest flowed apart and opened as if the creature had made itself hollow. There were no signs of any blood or internal organs inside the wyverex; instead there was just more liquid copper and a suspicious looking cavity which was more than large enough for a person. Then the long tail the dragon was restraining him with began to move him towards the gaping opening, and it didn't take much for Darion to realize what the creature was about to do with him.

Fresh fear set in, and Darion once again tried to wriggle free. Unfortunately, there didn't seem to be any way to escape from the dragon's sticky grasp. On top of that, the tingling sensation from the dragon's touch seemed to be making him feel strange, and it was hard to put up a proper fight. The best he could do was try to lean back from its open chest. His mind whirled with all the terrible things that would happen if he didn't get away. Even if the creature wasn't going to eat or absorb him, it was almost certainly going to suffocate him!

As the wyverex lowered him into its chest, he found that his mouth was finally uncovered, but he found that he was too light headed to cry out. All too quickly, gooey tendrils from the sides of the opening grabbed hold of him and pulled him inside. Within moments, he was even more trapped than before, and more of the goo was closing in.

It felt as if he was in a tub that was being filled with putty. Soon, every inch of his body was submerged, and he found that he could barely move. He could see nothing, hear nothing but his heartbeat, and all he could feel was the strangely warm wyverex embracing every inch of him. The tingling was going through his whole body now, and strange sensations were flooding his senses.

It didn't take long for him to realize that struggling was futile. Even though the gooey dragon was soft and squishy, it felt almost as if he was trapped in concrete. Slowly, he had no choice but to calm down and try to make sense of his situation.

It didn't feel as if he was being digested or absorbed. If anything, he felt strangely comfortable, and the wyverex appeared to be supplying him with fresh air to breathe. It seemed that he was being kept alive, but to what end? He tried to recall if he had ever heard of a dragon doing this to someone before, but whatever it was doing to him was making it hard to think.

After laying there for a few minutes, Darion couldn't help but feel more and more relaxed within his strange prison. He felt like he was lying on a water bed, or perhaps floating within warm water. Ripples of motion occasionally went through his prison, giving him the sensation that the wyverex was gently rocking him. Occasionally, he could swear that it was even stroking his sore muscles, as if it was trying to relieve his tension. The wyverex was taking care of him, and all he needed to do was relax...

Despite his predicament, he felt himself begin to feel sleepy as time went on. He couldn't remember the last time he had felt so comfortable. His mind felt incredibly at ease as well, like all the worries he had only a few minutes earlier didn't matter. However, some alarm bells were going off in some part of his mind, telling him that the wyverex was doing something to him and that he needed to stay on his guard. It was so hard to resist it though, while simply relaxing into the wyverex and letting it take care of him was so much simpler.

As time went on, Darion's mind began to feel more and more muddled. Sensations of happiness and contentment seemed to emanate from his surroundings. It was almost as if he was feeling

the wyverex's thoughts and emotions. It didn't mean him any harm, rather it wanted him to be happy. It would stay with him forever.

Slowly, Darion's will faltered and he drifted to sleep within the wyverex's liquidy embrace. Soon, his mind was filled with vivid dreams about a serpentine dragon dancing through the sky.

Darion groggily opened his eyes and found himself staring at a familiar ceiling. After a few confused moments, he realized that he was lying in his bed. The problem was that he didn't remember getting in bed the previous night. In fact, he was still fully clothed and wearing his shoes. He hadn't even gotten under his blanket.

Despite having slept in his clothes, he felt incredibly well rested. He couldn't remember ever having a better night's sleep. To top it off, he could even remember very vivid dream about a dragon of some sort.

After a few moments, Darion became uncomfortably aware of just how vivid some of those dreams had been. He sat up and glanced around the room, as if the wyverex was going to be waiting right there for him. There was no sign of it, however, and he couldn't help but wonder where the thing had gone.

A part of him tried to reason there was there was no way the wyverex had been real. After all, even though dragons existed, he had never heard of a liquid dragon before.

As he sat there on his bed, Darion became aware of something wrapped around his right wrist. Glancing down, he saw that he was wearing some sort of coppery bracelet with bluish accents. Not only did he not recall ever owning such a thing, it felt strange against his bare skin as if it wasn't made of metal. It wasn't until he looked closer and noticed that it was decorated with a distinctly wyverex themed design that the bracelet's implications began to dawn on him.

With a trembling hand, Darion grabbed the bracelet and tried to remove it. It was so tight that he didn't see how it had even fit over his hand in the first place, and he didn't see any signs of a way to take it off. On top of that, the strange bracelet seemed to grip at his skin as he tried to pull it off, as if it was resisting him.

Suddenly, the bracket writhed in his grasp. The previously solid trinket liquified into an eerily familiar goo and engulfed the hand he had been gripping it with, trapping it. Then the goo grew larger and took a serpentine shape even as his hands remained trapped within it. Darion cried out and fruitlessly struggled to free himself as the liquidy mass suddenly increased in mass until he found himself pinned under it.

As the goo took shape, Darion felt a shiver go through his body. Somehow, he could “feel” the creature. Even before it fully took shape, he somehow knew that it was the same wyverex that had engulfed him the night before.

The wyverex grew until it was a bit larger than he was, though it was still far smaller than it had been the night before. With its tail still trapping Darion’s arms, it laid on top of his chest and slowly coiled around him as he lay on his bed. Despite the situation, he found himself feeling oddly calm. He wasn’t sure how, but he knew the wyverex wasn’t going to harm him. It felt as if it was connected to him, and he could faintly tell what it was thinking.

Darion found himself warily watching as the wyverex fully formed and looked down at him. As their eyes met he somehow sensed that the dragon would understand him if he talked to it.

“What... what are you?” Darion stuttered, “and what do you want with me?”

For a few moments, the wyverex simply continued staring at him, and Darion couldn’t help but get the disconcerting sensation that it was amused by his discomfort. Slowly, it opened its reptilian maw and slowly spoke, “Wyverexx... need... hosst.” Its voice sounded distinctly serpentine.

“Host? What?” He replied as he tried to grasp what it was trying to say.

“You... are my host,” the wyverex said. This time it spoke faster, as if it was gaining confidence in its speaking ability. Each time it spoke, Darion felt an odd sensation in the back of his head, and he got the disturbing feeling that it was somehow looking into his mind to learn how to speak.

“What does it mean to be your host?” Darion asked as he shifted uneasily under the wyverex’s weight. He wasn’t sure he liked where this was going.

“Can you... not feel it?” The wyverex replied before drawing its coils more tightly around Darion in what felt oddly like a hug. “We are bonded. We will never be separated.”

Even though the dragon’s limited vocabulary was making things difficult, Darion was finally starting to get an idea of what was going on. “Wait, you’re a... symbiote of some sort?” Even as he spoke, he felt as if he had already known the answer. It was an odd sensation, as if he was tapping into knowledge that didn’t belong to him. He couldn’t help but wonder if it was similar to the way the creature seemed to be learning English from him.

“Yesss,” it replied happily, “I will protect you, and you will protect me. Together forever. Serve the queen together.”

As the creature spoke, Darion felt it begin to melt over him, as if it was going to encase him again like it had the night before. He struggled a bit, but was surprised to find that it was a half-hearted struggle. The last time he had been inside the wyverex had been unbelievably relaxing and comforting, and he almost wanted it to happen again.

“Wait...uh, why me?” Darion quickly asked, as he tried to keep the thing talking to him. He hoped that if they kept talking, then he could find out enough about the wyverex to convince it to let him go.

“The queen’s host choose you,” it replied, now speaking in a way that seemed very similar to the way that Darion spoke, “She... wove your energy into me as I awoke. I was made for you.”

“It must be Nakase,” Darion said more to himself than the dragon, “Can I see her, umm, what is your name? I’m Darion.”

“You are to name me, Darion,” the wyverex said before looking at him expectantly.

“Uhhh,” Darion was caught by surprise at this sudden request. As he looked the liquidy dragon over for inspiration, his eyes were drawn to its blue accents. “How about... Verdigris?”

“Ver..digris,” the wyverex said slowly, as if it was tasting the words, “Verdigris. I like it. I will take you to the queen.”

Then, with little warning, Verdigris suddenly began to grow larger. As it grew, its liquidy body quickly engulfed Darion, and he once again found himself trapped within the creature. This time however, he could feel its body flowing and moving around him. It felt as if the serpentine dragon was slithering somewhere, with him as just a helpless passenger.

Apparently, Verdigris had decided that this was the simplest way to bring him to Nakase, and Darion hoped that the thing wasn’t always going to be so domineering. Either way, he wasn’t sure that he was ever going to get used to this.

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