

Prinsannias were regarded as highly individualistic beings, not selfish per say, but it is expected that their children would be able to take care of themselves at a young age.

Helios followed the status quo pretty well. He was capable of purchasing his own food, fetching groceries and managing his resources, although he still lived with his parents, which was something he would like to change.

He wanted to rent a simple apartment room for himself, which was all well and good, but the conditions were less than optimal, and was located in the middle of nowhere.

His mother insisted that he rented from a block not too far from here, the rooms were spacious and there were an abundance of nearby amenities. It will cost him obviously, so much so he couldn't afford it.

It wasn't implied but he was fully aware of what she was trying to do here. She wanted him to get a roommate to improve his social ability and be able to cooperate with strangers. Which was fine by him actually, in this world you wouldn't get very far without teamwork. Only slightly ironic due to dragons being almighty by themselves in the past, which amused him.

So far he's contacted a few individuals that are interested in sharing a room, some of them even willing to split it for 3 to 4 people due to how wide the area was, but from the negotiations and rather forgetful banter he can't seem to trust any of them.

There were however, a few who were willing to meet him in person to help assure each other on the logistics of this operation, which was fine by him, Helios certainly wasn't a very social type, but he'll do what is necessary for the sake of being a proper Prinsannia.

The first meeting went poorly to say the least, his partner getting the wrong street to the cafe they wished to meet in, and when he finally arrived there were signs that he was.. irresponsible. Firstly his teeth were a bit messy, highly noticeable due to his grin, manners were barely acceptable, and he was a bit loud. Those qualities weren't acceptable to say the least..

The second meeting was even worse, they didn't even arrive, without informing him on why he failed to show up, he just seemed to disappear.

Today would be his third planned meet-up, a Kasoran by the name of Bogue, who claims to be a proud resident of Port Sapphire, but alas, it was far from the university, so he had to book a dorm.

The rendezvous point was a tad unusual.

Road Almoath.. 3rd block.. a coffee shop next to the supermarket, with Blackstone Gym across the street.

This was the place.

It wasn't very far so the Prinsannia took a stroll along the streets. The roads were mildly busy with enough trees to sooth a dragon's natural instinct, it was quite nice a change of pace from his more quiet housing block.

Now back to the matter at hand, his potential roommate wanted to meet here, Earthworks Coffee Bar and Cafe, quite an expensive place it appears, with warm and elegant decor in a blend of browns and blacks.

Claiming a seat near the entrance he would look around and wait, idly swishing his tail as he gazed at his surroundings, the establishment enjoying quite a few customers this time of day.

He used this time to recall the little information he had about him. Apparently the Kasoran was a fan of him, catching his debut at The Marquee and other venues. A fighter himself, though that was more of a side gig. He didn't know his main source of income as Helios insisted they limit discussion solely to planning their meeting, and cover other matters there.

In time the doorbell would signal his arrival, without being tardy in any sense.

A light blue Kasoran of average height but was taller than he was, with long but stubby horns and a medium build. In tidy semi-casual wear for the temperate environment. It was apparent he cared for his scales and claws quite a bit as well, polishing them occasionally from what he could conclude.

It didn't take long to find him due to his strategic placement, the blue dragon's green eyes lighting up as they met each other in the flesh for the first time.

"Hey!" A rather shrill voice came out of the Kasoran, leaping to his seat.

"hey to you as well." The Prinsannia replied, keeping his talons folded on the table, "bogue?"

"Helios."

A decent start to their chemistry. "thanks for arriving early. i appreciate that."

"No probs!" He carried on with his cheery demeanour, fiddling and rubbing his horn with a talon. "It isn't that hard to do."

"the two that preceded you would say otherwise." The Prinsannia looked away for a moment, levitating some tension, "would you like a coffee?"

"Eh.. no thanks." A very expressive individual he was, the way his brows moved and the subtle ways his tail tensed gave a lot away, "I don't do coffee."

After some more banter Helios would inquire on their ability to pay rent. Bogue's main source of income was from video games. He playtested them, and sold digital goods for

much more than he would've thought. He was also passionate about the matter to a degree, as they conversed about the entertainment they bring for quite some time.

Helios ended up being inferior in that regard, he worked retail at a minimarket - the lowest one could get paid to work part-time, but his fight money brought in hefty cash injections to let him survive.

There was the elephant in the room though, that is his peculiar request for them to bring their gym bags.

"We're gonna spar!"

He saw it coming, and he wasn't objecting. Anyone who stepped in the ring and ate leather has earned his respect, and he wasn't one to turn down the challenge just because of odd timing. The gym of course, was conveniently just across the street, and so they began their short march over for a test.

Blackstone gym was very straight forward with what kind of aesthetic it wanted to achieve, it wasn't gritty or rough and instead opted for a more futuristic look. The equipment and the walls looked like they were made of carbon fibre, mixed in with a healthy amount of blood red.

As expected of this hour there was a fair population looking to improve their physical selves. Running on the treadmill, or hammering away at the heavy bag.

They wouldn't rent the ring and instead opted to spar on one of the numerous mats lying around. The Prinsannia excused himself to switch to a more appropriate attire with the Kasoran ready the entire time and waited for him in their designated arena.

Helios kept the same gear as last time, purple shorts with a pair of gold stripes. He's grown into the welterweights with time, however his overall build didn't really change. It was still light, but well-defined.

Bogue was waiting for him, crouching on the mat in a pair of white shorts, 'Rogue' going through the side written in black with a tribal dagger acting as a strikethrough. This theme would follow to his gloves and boots, which weren't equipped yet just like his own black ones.

"we're doing boxing right?" Helios made sure, putting in his black mouthguard and wrapping his gloves.

"Yups, boxing!"

As such both of them also had black headgear, the name of the gym written in white on the forehead, the Prinsannia wasn't awfully fond of them, but they might as well follow proper sparring protocol for boxing.

They decided to go for this discipline as they wanted to make the fight more even, Bogue didn't take fighting seriously until recently, meanwhile Helios had more rigorous training with

a proper coach. There was also a second reason - He was Argus Steamwright's nephew. Honouring such a figure they might as well fight in his style.

The Prinsannia gestured to his partner's phone on a stool, the nod confirming he had the clock ready and they'd begin as soon as the bell rings.

Clang!

Tapping gloves they began setting a comfortable range to begin the exchanges. Bogue hopped around, knuckles poised towards him as he ducked and rolled, bobbing and weaving. Both would initiate at the same time, mirroring jabs deflecting each other.

Bogue was doing an excellent job at dodging the punches that passed his front line defences, although Helios couldn't imagine he could keep that up for long, darting around like that tends to tax a lot of energy and stamina.

They weren't putting in full force to their attacks - that can be improved with the punching bag. Here they were focused on their breathing, accuracy, and execution, things that Helios has refined through various matches, with the Kasoran putting up a mediocre performance in comparison.

Keeping his vision straight his sparring partner tilted back and forth, extending his arms only to stop mid way, pulling his snout out just in time before it got tapped by his gloves. He then quickly prepared a hook, only to duck against the air. There would be a jab thrown if he didn't slide left, then he would step back to a mid-long range limbo only blocking shots or deflecting them with what was supposed to be an attack. It was equally annoying to fight against and to watch.

The Prinsannia however, applied constant pressure. He made sure there was no such thing as rest or idling. Even though the punches were light, it was still something his partner needed to pay attention to, quickly draining him mentally. Soon enough he'd be overrun as light taps began contacting his headgear directly. He began to tie up, both agreeing to use this time to breathe and recuperate.

As soon as they broke was where things got interesting, the Rogue unleashing a barrage of white leather. There was some semblance of structure at first - a few jabs to set up a heavy haymaker, but eventually devolved to him swinging his arms around. This chaos here is what caused Helios to falter, equalising their position.

Bogue's sporadic movements served as an advantage and a drawback. Helios tossed a cross and uppercut which the Rogue eluded, ducking to land a hook on his abdomen. He then leaned back, strafing right only to meet black leather while purple trunks met white ones, who landed a couple jabs on his snout and body before disengaging. The Kasoran needed to stop to breathe but couldn't help but smile and jump around from the rush of adrenaline throughout that brawl.

There were many punches thrown there, one particularly wild straight the Prinsannia threw going in at full force, the impact of which forced his partner's head to twist, the white mouthpiece dislodged out of his gums. In a daze he pressed onward for a clinch to maintain

balance and recover his senses with ragged breathing at first; but quickly rediscovered his tempo. After unwinding Helios offered a glove tap which was responded to appropriately after promptly prodding the fixture back in. No hard feelings.

They agreed to slow down in a way, but as to how much they'd slow down wasn't sent clearly across, Bogue moving in to clinch every exchange or two. Helios decided to tap his abdomen with a knee, just to warn him. Fortunately he was smart enough to minimise it from that point on, very much realising he did not want to receive a knee strike from a trained Beral fighter.

Then the fake clangs sounded, the two minutes allocated were up. Bogue dropped down to sit on the mat where the spar took place, spitting out his white mouthguard and gasping for air. Helios being the one patient enough to unwrap his gloves first before pulling it out and grabbing a drink.

The Prinsannia walked up to his adversary, patting him on the back, "are you alright?"

"Whew.. yeah." After his response he got up to hydrate himself, trying to do so with the gloves on but eventually needed help to take them off.

"no hard feelings, ok?"

"Yeah, we're cool." He panted, a talon on hips and the other on his snout.

Helios noticed a couple members who watched their fight eye them a certain way, approving their fighting proficiency and sparring etiquette, to spare the newbie and care for him, but it was clear he was exaggerating. Like himself he too was paid to star in bouts, so it seemed impossible that he couldn't last any longer than 2 minutes in the ring.

"Raah! You're a tough one."

"could say the same about you."

Now that he's fully gathered himself, Bogue went through his phone again, giving him a toothy grin, "Round 2?"

Clang!

A moderate tempo would be offered for the beginning trades, Helios knew a lot more about Bogue's fighting style; which meant he was completely clueless.

The pace was comfortable, heck, he may call it fun. It was a nice change of pace to just fight a fight and not chase for that round 1 KO he wanted to build his reputation around. They also began to be creative and bold with their movements.

Helios was staunch on keeping it mid-range this time around, jabbing his partner back if this wasn't respected. Some resistance was met, but since this ended up being where he was most comfortable fighting any further attempts to displace would cease.

Then the Prinsannia began throwing hooks after haymakers, using only his left hand. The Kasoran found that a bit silly at first, but once clean shots began slipping through he would begin to take it more seriously.

This unorthodox play would be met with his own. A light blue mass lunged at him which could very much be stopped if the white dragon paid the slightest bit of attention, and he began to wrestle him back towards the ropes. Upon arriving Bogue slipped to the side, and jammed a sharp right uppercut to his chin, so was the intention. This spar proved that such a strategy was in fact possible and most probably lethal, depending on how much punching power he had it could've been lights out right then and there.

Again, they just had to tap gloves, such audacious moves that very much defied the textbook. even if Helios somehow won a match like that his coach would very much like to have a word with him by the end of it.

But forget that, this was fun. They still tried to prove their expertise though, going back to more tried and true methods of fighting mid-round. Helios made sure there were constant threats and occupied a flank, with Bogue being Bogue, attacking and defending simultaneously or doing nothing at all.

Within an engagement Helios would perform a classic one-two, failing to keep him back as he expertly covered them up, a hook from the Prinsannia went short and a cross whiffed by a mile. Satisfied with his efforts white shorts threw a pair of jabs landing clean on his snout and jaw, the side punch that followed would be repelled by his glove, leaving his exposed right to let a jab pass through.

They were still staying strong with plenty of fight to spare, formulating cunning combos and throwing off the opposition, but Helios would find a way to overcome his stubborn defences.

Starting with quick taps to his left, the Rogue had no problem deterring them but now his attention was split. The fiery fighter sustained the heat, with this suppression he prevented the blue dragon from doing anything drastic, then he used his instincts to determine when to strike.

It was now.

Helios ducked low, keeping his chin down with gloves protecting his blind spots, getting grazed by a hook but not much else. He could only manage a power punch to the stomach before being pulled into a clinch, barely resisting the urge to ram his knee, continuing the fair contest.

They smuggled in blows during the grapple, continuing to put more strain on the stomach but a punch to his upper left winded him. The insurmountable effort to keep a steady intake of air would pay dividends when he managed to push the blue mass back, with his guard down he unleashed a fury, one to his head, then one on the gut, pressing the advantage when his guard was still forming up. A whopping four shots contacted his headgear without contest, the forces of which were enough to down the Kasoran, catching himself with a knee, panting with his tail hung low.

The Prinsannia took some deep breaths while staying at a respectable distance from his sparring partner, he was sure he'd beat the count and was rather surprised when he just spat out his mouthpiece and shook his head, "Whew.. yeah. You win."

Clang!

Just in time.

With haste he removed his gloves and gum shield, showing good sportsmanship to the opponent who was still trying to recover, "i didn't go too hard did i?"

"No.. no." He managed to look up at him and smile, "Just lost my balance and slipped, there's just no point in exhausting myself this spar, right?"

The two spent some time cooling down, removing all the excess pieces of kit and reminiscing. The spar came out a lot rougher than expected, but he felt great. The Rogue has proven to be a worthy adversary.

"So.." Bogue seemed to be in much better shape now, "Uhh.. about the whole roommate thing?"

□

It was certainly as large as advertised.

A rectangular living room with large enough for a set of couches and a table, the deep blue roof tiles were in great contrast to the cool and pastel shades of the rest of the room, and it was starving of detail to look at, but that could be done once they get to personalising the place.

Just left of the exit was a restroom with everything but a shower. It appears the manager insisted they use the one provided to the public for whatever reason, it also screamed 'insignificant' with the lack of colours, but that's not needed for it to do its job.

Then further down the hallway-living room were their more personal quarters, twin beds at opposing edges with a nightstand separating them, and a wardrobe opposing that, capable of housing a reasonable number of attires.

On its own comfortable corner, snug between the wardrobe and walls was Bogue's 'office', the two dragons hauling all the necessary equipment along and setting it down on the desk.

"is it that necessary?"

"Yes!" His now roommate plugged in the computer and turned it on, not wasting any time he got on his phone to set-up the hotspot as it boots up. "I need to get on a tournament now!"

"well i'll be sorting out my stuff." He unpacked his clothes and sorted them into the closet.

The Kasoran was now getting his headset ready, in a hurry but still able to bring up some conversation, "Uhh.. Hellie?"

His ear twitched just from the sound of that, “please don’t call me that.”

“Right! Right.. Uhh.. I guess I should say thanks?” He was trying to avoid it going in an uncomfortable direction, “I mean.. Did you not have any other choice or..”

“i didn’t.” He confessed bluntly, “but i respect you, and know you can be responsible when it matters.”

“Aww..”

“don’t get any ideas.”

“I’m not!”

Helios shook his head in amusement, “but do refrain from being nosey, ok? the folk here really don’t appreciate that.”

“Gotcha,” He glanced at the monitor, only to look back again and realise the match had started some time ago, “Anywaygottaworknowbye!”

The Prinsannia simply sighed as Bogue frantically put on his headset and got on the controls to ‘work’, while he resumed getting himself truly settled in. They could certainly add more flair as it was decorated in an identical manner to the living room, but this was what he preferred, something generic but comfortable, nothing too flashy or uncanny.

Bogue was making a lot of noise playing; not from the game itself, but his screams and over-the-top reactions to the events happening in a digital world.

“we should soundproof our room,” Helios mused, painting the air with a claw to vaguely mark where said elements would go, “your corner specifically.”

“Yeah, I’m sure the neighbours would like that,” He smiled, but was too busy to add any more gestures, “More essentials besides rent and groceries I guess.”

“well, we better get to work then.”

“You and me both.”

“want to get a green screen while we’re at it? i feel you can be a streamer of some kind.”

“What? Nah, I tried before, didn’t work out.”

“really? how so?”

“Well when i was 12 i tried..”

