

Dragon???

“This,” says the mage, “is the most unusual dragon the world has ever seen!”

“...Does this even count as a dragon? I mean, look at it.” The mage’s gunslinging companion speaks. She holds the baby ‘dragon’ as it purrs and snuggles into her arms. The baby has long scaly wings and ram horns that curl right under its ears. A long, thick stripe of navy blue scales starts at the back of its head, trailing to the tip of its tail.

But what puts her off is the rest of it.

She’s never seen a real dragon up close before. But, she doubts any has white fur that takes up whatever space that isn’t scaly, big doe eyes, long, lanky legs, and a combination of paws on the front and hooves on the back for feet.

“Of course it is! It has some classic traits of a dragon, that’s why it’s unusual!” The mage replies. The gunslinger has to momentarily wonder if her companion drank a bit too much before a job again.

“Riiight, I also got a hard time believin’ that *this* is the same dragon that’s been terrorizin’ the town.”

“Well, younger dragons are known to cause plenty of mischief-” before the mage can finish, the earth beneath them rumbles.

Suddenly, a gust of hot wind blows on their backs.

The stench alone makes them slowly turn around. Only to face eyes bigger than their torsos, and a muzzle that can swallow them whole. It’s *much* bigger and scarier than the dragon the gunslinger has in her grip. The baby chirps happily at its mother. But she isn’t happy from the way she glares down at the duo.

“Well, now you have your answer, huh?”

“*Crap.*”