

The Call to Service

It was because he was the favourite.

Mizip knew that, as the kobold picked his way up and over the bodies of his sleeping kin with delicate steps and leaps. The summons echoed in his mind like a thought in a voice not his own. If he weren't used to it, he might have found the experience entirely unsettling. His tail flicked up to balance himself as he danced over Api's snoring form and deftly skirted Vroosh's curled body. Zizi's tail almost caught him off-guard, and it was dumb luck that he didn't trample Kish as he fought to extricate himself from the den. He paused long enough for an eyeful of Lupp's backside, tail hiked high as he slept on top of – and buried inside – Bolli. She had it easy.

Insistent but not forceful. That was the command in his head, like a shadow at the corner of his vision. The dimly lit tunnels guided him on with the glow of ancient runic crystals, pulsing as if with the slow beat of a heart. A shiver wound down the back of Mizip's neck, raced along his spine, and it didn't stop until his little tail flicked with excitement. Excitement? Well, excitement and trepidation and concern and just the right touch of anticipation to tingle the inside of his slit. Even without the crystals, Mizip knew he'd find his way. The voice-not-his-own pulled at him.

Yav, Pirrt and Saji passed him by in the tunnel as it gave way to a shapelier corridor of worked stone. Yav and Pirrt delicately carried a large shard of crystal each. The quartz caught Mizip's eye for a moment as the dim light refracted around and through them in a delightful, colourful dance. So entrancing were they that Saji had to steer his cart full of books around the distracted Mizip. A smile told him it was okay before Mizip could begin to feel guilty, even as Saji's eyes betrayed a hint of jealousy. A spicy scent wafted on the air in their wake, and he knew just where they had come from. He hurried on, a new spring in his step.

Runic crystals gave way to torches just as the tunnel gave way to halls. Their heat called to him, and Mizip drifted closer to them even as he continued on. Each brief burst of warmth came and went as he passed by torch after torch.

Each step that drew him closer saw the voice in his mind grow sharper. One idea. One command. *Come to me.*

When at last Mizip reached a dead end, he didn't even hesitate. Arms lifted – just a bit of a stretch, curse those lanky humans! – to press his claws against particular points on the stone-bricked wall. A short shove, and all five pushed an inch inward. The floor dropped away beneath Mizip, and his stomach lurched as he dropped like a stone.

Instead of fear, the little kobold barely contained a squeal of delight. He hugged himself tightly and tucked his tail up between his legs as the wall at his back curved inward. The chute became a slide along carefully polished and maintained rock, and Mizip rocked side to side before the slide lifted again to slow its momentum. Practiced instinct saw him spread his arms and legs out just as the ride came to an end.

Light bloomed ahead of him, but he didn't rocket out of the slide like some kobold arrow. Instead he neatly passed through the opening and dropped a couple of feet to the floor right in front of it, his momentum halted in just the right way. Mizip picked himself up and dusted his scaly body off before he immediately dropped back to the ground and prostrated himself.

A low rumble echoed throughout the chamber he'd emerged into. Mizip kept his head bowed as the rumble resolved into a deep, breathy sigh. No words were forthcoming, nor were they even remotely necessary. He'd heard the words dozens of times. Tahzeramor didn't need to say them for them to be lodged deep in Mizip's memories. *Now now. That is not necessary.*

But it was.

Mizip lifted his head, and his eyes went wide despite his best efforts. Each time he beheld the massive dragon was like the first time. Tahzeramor dwarfed Mizip – a dull turn of phrase, he reasoned; maybe dwarves should say that dragons *kobolded* them! – and his silvery scales seemed to radiate light to all corners of the great cathedral of a cavern they occupied. Mizip knew those scales didn't really glow, but they reflected so much of the light that drifted in

from tunnels and from torches and crystals all around him that he may as well have done. He might have been a god, despite his own assertions.

For the moment though, the dragon's attention wasn't on Mizip. He was propped up somewhat; his hindquarters were seated firmly on the lowest level of the tall room, on the same plane as Mizip huddled. Tahzeramor's forelegs were rested a whole storey above on the next level, draped over each other in a most catlike fashion atop a gloriously sculpted mezzanine. His focus was fixed on a great shard of crystal that seemed to have grown out of the wall, and it glowed with the same golden light that played inside the dragon's eyes.

Mizip stood again and made his way over. The glittering of the crystal was almost as interesting as the dragon himself, but he knew what he was there for. Musings on the crystal and why Tahzeramor had moved not only his lair but his servant's den to this strange human construct could wait for another time. He had been summoned. He had work to do.

One of the dragon's towering legs lay across the ground before Mizip, and he didn't even hesitate to scabble up and onto it. Tahzeramor barely seemed to recognize his arrival, even as the fading of the command in Mizip's mind told him the dragon was completely aware of him. He hurried a little further up the dragon's leg before he carefully slid down the other side and into Tahzeramor's shadow. He took a quick breath as he hit the ground again, and his nostrils filled once more with that spicy scent. It almost burned in his nostrils, even as they flared as if to drink more of it in. Within his slit, the little kobold felt his malehood stir.

The dragon finally moved to accommodate the presence of the lesser creature. Legs shuffled a little further apart as one of Tahzeramor's forelegs shifted from the mezzanine back to the floor. Mizip hurried over to stand facing the dragon's belly. He looked up with a wide smile. It never ceased to make his heart skip a beat to look up at the most delicate part of his master's anatomy. Knights had tried to pierce it. Rivals had tried to claw it. One particularly inspired sorcerer, he'd been told, had even tried to melt it. All had failed.

The tingle of magic started with the touch of the dragon's clawtip to the base of Mizip's tail. It traced upward through flesh and scale and bone as he stepped forward, right up between the dragon's legs. The little kobold sighed as

it touched every inch of him, like liquid heat pumping through his veins. His eyes closed, sight unnecessary as he followed his nose forward. He traced that spicy scent inward, closer and closer as Tahzeramor's magic suffused his body. Finally, he reached his destination and, with open arms, pressed himself against the dragon's slit.

There was no sound from Tahzeramor that implied for even a second that he'd felt the kobold's diminutive touch. Mizip didn't mind. Tahzeramor was often busy with very important dragon-type things. If he needed help with those dragon things, then he'd have some of the other kobolds of the den help out. The whole warren was at his disposal. Everyone had a role. Everyone had a purpose. Everyone served the dragon in their own way.

This, though, was his.

His whole body rubbed up against the dragon's slit. Hotter than even the fire pulsing in his heart and flooding his veins, it filled the air around it with the dragon's musk. It was larger even than Mizip himself; the little kobold knew well – and from great personal experience – that he could even fit inside it if he needed or wanted to. He'd only done that a couple of times, though. It was too much for his senses to handle for long. It was too much for anyone's senses to handle.

Instead he pressed his head up against the dragon's slit and nuzzled in against it, rubbing up and down along it with nearly the full length of his body. His little arms didn't have much strength in them compared to the creature that towered over him, but the lips of that glorious slit still shifted under the efforts of his body. Mizip couldn't help but lick up and into it as best he could; his whole muzzle pressed forward, though not with enough force to push inside. Tahzeramor might not even have felt the efforts of his tiny little tongue, but Mizip felt them. A crooning whimper left his muzzle.

It faded with a sigh, mirrored by the dragon above, when that slit began to part. Mizip might have stumbled forward and into the slick heat of the dragon's body if his body wasn't met with Tahzeramor's stiffening shaft first. It arrived with thick humidity, overwhelming heat and musk enough to bowl over an army. Mizip drank it in greedily as he allowed himself to be caught by the tip of the dragon's malehood, his eyes still closed as he nuzzled into it and

along it. Every few seconds he was forced to step back and away from the dragon's slit to maintain his place at the head of his shaft.

Arms lifted again, this time to take hold of and wrap around the head of the dragon's length. A gasp and a suppressed giggle escaped Mizip as he felt himself lifted somewhat by a flex of Tahzeramor's malehood. The dragon's heartbeat, long and deep and slow, pumped through every considerable inch of his flesh, and Mizip snuggled himself up and against that flesh as he luxuriated in the dragon's presence. It flexed again, and then again before Mizip's clawed feet found the floor again; a grunt from the dragon above might have been pleasure or exertion. Mizip wasn't certain of which. It didn't matter. After all, Tahzeramor would let him know if he needed to act differently.

And he did. Even as more and more of the dragon's length spilled out of his slit, Tahzeramor's tail curled down and around. It draped out across the floor before Mizip as the kobold released – reluctantly – his hold and turned around. The kobold stepped back from that ridged pillar of flesh, itself already wider, taller and longer than Mizip himself, and trotted over toward the curled tail. He unceremoniously allowed himself to fall forward against the side of it, his own tail curled up high enough that the tip peeked over his shoulder and into his peripheral vision. Mizip paid it no mind though, instead only able to smile and lick at his muzzle as he cast his gaze upward.

Tahzeramor's stare greeted him, and the giant dragon's eyes took on a brighter glow for a moment. The magical energy imbued within Mizip's body began to hum and sing inside him, and the kobold whimpered and moaned and squirmed in delight against the dragon's tail in response. It slid beneath him, smaller and smaller as seconds passed.

It wasn't smaller, of course; that wasn't the way of Tahzeramor's magic. He was *bigger* instead; his body grew and stretched out to fill a much, much larger space than any kobold could ever hope to achieve. The magic bound his body's shape even as it expanded his size. Anticipation bubbled away alongside the magic inside him. The touch of Tahzeramor's magic and the growth of his body told him what was coming next. *Service*.

When his body grew no more, he was still so much smaller than the dragon above him. That once-titanic shaft at Mizip's back remained massive, but it no

longer outstripped his own proportions. Tahzeramor's tail had to curl around further to provide a better surface for Mizip to brace against, but it still served as a comfortable spot for him to lay across, presented and ready. A casual observer might have still scoffed at the prospect of what the kobold knew was to come next. They might have mused it impossible nonetheless, even with the growth Mizip had undergone. That, however, was their mistake to make. Mizip knew better, and he trusted Tahzeramor and his magic then as he had every time before.

It began as heat. The mere presence of the dragon's shaft, throbbing as it drew closer and closer to Mizip's body, radiated such energy to send a shudder through the kobold. At the moment of contact however, a giddy little whimper slipped from the kobold's muzzle. He may have squeaked in delight as that hot, slick tip pressed under his tail, but any sound he may have made shifted pitch dramatically as the tingle of Tahzeramor's magic flared to life and he began to take the dragon's length into himself. His whole body shook with his moan; his legs wobbled and he clutched tightly at the dragon's tail; Mizip saw stars.

Even as Tahzeramor's hips bore inexorably down on him, it was all that the not-so-little kobold could do to not slam back against it. His whole body sang with fulfilment and desire, his sense of purpose renewed as his tailring stretched further and further and further against the strain of his master's malehood. That slippery, draconic shaft worked with Tahzeramor's magic to ease its passage. It wasn't easy -- between Mizip's growth and Tahzeramor's natural lubrication it was still an infinitely tight fit after all -- but if nothing else, the satisfied growl that rumbled above Mizip and shook the stone walls around them would have been satisfaction enough. Even that stretch of his body, straining ever wider in an attempt to take the dragon's length into itself, would have been enough.

But the moment Tahzeramor slipped inside – when the head of his shaft finally breached Mizip's tailhole with an almost audible *pop* and the kobold responded with a squeal of pleasure – was something else entirely. Mizip's legs buckled. He flopped forward. The dragon's tail supported him and he gripped it tightly as his little legs splayed out as wide as they could reach. He stretched them in sympathy with his tailhole as the dragon took that sudden relief of pressure as all he needed to buck forward. Mizip's eyes widened as Tahzeramor's shaft plowed down into his body.

The tingle of the dragon's magic preceded it. The kobold didn't understand it and didn't need to. He didn't know how it prevented the dragon's massive length from stirring his insides to nothingness. He didn't even have the mental acuity anymore to consider the matter. All he had was breath caught in his throat and an oversized cock twitching and pushing its way into his body, and anything more than that was simultaneously beyond his capacity and desire to grasp. Each new ridge and every last inch that was unceremoniously stuffed inside him only stole more conscious thought from his mind and replaced it with the pleasure of submission. This was his place. This was his purpose. All was as it was supposed to be. His own shaft, comically small by comparison and projected firmly against that bracing tail by the obscene bulge in his gut courtesy of Tahzeramor, leaked in a constant stream that began to pool around his twitching toes.

It wasn't until the parted lips of the dragon's slit pressed firmly against Mizip's backside that Tahzeramor relented. There he stopped in place, almost entirely still save for the pulse of his heartbeat echoed through his shaft. Ridges flared with every deep thrum of the dragon's heart. They stretched and teased at Mizip's insides as one arm shoved on Tahzeramor's tail, trying to push just a little bit harder on the length seated fully inside his body. The other eased down between his belly and that tail to rub at the bulge left there by his master's penetration. A rumble of approval drifted down from above.

Mizip craned his head up to take in Tahzeramor's satisfaction, but the dragon paid him no mind whatsoever. Instead his full focus was still on the crystalline shard, one of his mighty forelegs lifted to trace a claw down to carve into it. From his position, Mizip wasn't able to see exactly what it was that the dragon was doing, but that hardly mattered. Tahzeramor was a busy dragon with inscrutable plans and designs. They weren't for a little kobold – or a *big* kobold – like himself to know. He lowered his head again with a contented sigh and wriggled his hips, shifting that massive length inside him.

The dragon rumbled again as Mizip continued to stroke and rub at his bulged belly and the shaft beneath scale and flesh. He traced over the definitions of the dragon's tip even as his insides clenched and squeezed, tugging at it. Tahzeramor remained still despite Mizip's efforts, but the kobold didn't mind in the least. If Tahzeramor wanted to rut him, the dragon would rut him. That, clearly, wasn't what his master had in mind. He was occupied and simply wanted, for lack of a better term, the pleasure of Mizip's company.

And so Mizip stopped his squirming as best he could, and stopped squeezing around Tahzeramor's shaft – except when he really wanted to, of course – and settled in to snuggle against that bracing tail. Eyes fluttered shut as he focused on the sensation of being so stretched and filled, his heart pounding against Tahzeramor's tail. A growling purr issued from his throat as he sprawled out and relaxed. Or at the very least, he relaxed as much as was possible with a dragon's cock buried to the root inside him. That was, to say, not very relaxed at all.

For some, any relaxation at all might have been impossible. For Mizip though, every single second of it radiated pleasure. The heat of Tahzeramor's body flowed through him as he lay there, wrapped around his master's shaft. That spicy scent in the air was overwhelmingly intense, flooding every breath that he took with the dragon's musk and alighting his nose with desire. He could hear Tahzeramor's breath came faster above him; it paired with the quickening of the dragon's pulse. Focused as he was, even a grand old dragon like Tahzeramor couldn't hide the feelings that Mizip's body sparked in him. Pride welled up inside the little kobold. His own shaft leaked all the more. He was doing well. The knowledge kept him in place, content.

Even as he settled, Tahzeramor seemed to do the same. The dragon sat up a little higher, though Mizip felt his master's heart race for a moment when his tail curled in and drew the kobold tighter against him. It shifted that massive spear of flesh about within his servant, and the both of them shuddered with the sensation. The dragon's hips twitched upward just once, but it set Mizip to cooing below him. Tahzeramor didn't hide his needs or desires, but to feel them unrestrained even for a moment sent another little thrill through Mizip. It was one thing to service. It was quite another to know that his service cracked the will of a mighty dragon.

The kobold needed nothing else. He simply lay there, strewn across Tahzeramor's tail while that massive shaft continues to twitch and pulse inside him. Every now and again the dragon would adjust himself, his malehood would shift within him, and the instinctive squeeze of Mizip's body would see an echoed moan bounce off the walls of the tower. Tahzeramor didn't need to thrust or move for his length to tantalize his servant; each throb ran up through the dragon's shaft like a wave, and whether it was experience or natural sensitivity or the work of the magic inside him, Mizip luxuriated in it all. He

felt it as it started at the base, stretching his tailring wide, flaring up and through each and every ridge on its way to the tip.

And then, when it arrived there, it did so every now and again with an additional bloom of heat within him. Slick and hot much like the dragon's length, his fluids splashed against something need inside Mizip, helping to further round his already bulging belly. He sighed with pleasure as he bore back as gently as he could each time against his master, only for his efforts to once again be rewarded by that hot surge. It was nothing, really; barely a promise of what was to come. But for the moment, sheathed as he was around the dragon's girth, it was what he was given. He would take the rest when the time came. When, he corrected himself with a lust-drunk little smile, Tahzeramor came.

But that was a ways off, and that was okay as far as Mizip was concerned. His whole focus was on himself, and that which was presently within himself. Nearly all of his other senses faded away in response to the rolling cycle of pleasure that ebbed and flowed like the tides inside him. Everything sharpened in those moments where he felt Tahzeramor's shaft surge and the heat within it seeped out and into the kobold. His whimpers were held back, at least for a while.

As those surges came more and more frequently however, Mizip found himself unable to stay as still or silent as his master. The rounding of his belly only helped to mash his malehood harder against the dragon's tail. Tahzeramor's ridges could only plug him so long as the pressure built. Soon enough, even without working to milk his master, the dragon's pre-seed was too voluminous inside Mizip to contain. It began to leak out around Tahzeramor's throbbing length, soaking the underside of Mizip's tail and, eventually, drenching the kobold's splayed legs. It joined the messy puddle he'd already created with his own fluids, dripping audibly off his raised claws and hiked rump. Their scents mingled in the air; twinned arousals that tickled Mizip's nostrils with every breath.

And still Tahzeramor didn't move. The dragon's focus may not have been entirely fixated on the crystal anymore... or even at all, as a glance upward showed Tahzeramor's head laid across his forelegs, tongue left to poke out lazily in a most undignified manner. He seemed to be unable to do anything but stare off into the distance, and Mizip wondered idly what thoughts might have wandered through the dragon's mind. Even with his gaze vacant and utterly

disarmed, Mizip knew it wouldn't take much to draw his focus back again. He couldn't help it. He squeezed down.

Tahzeramor's tongue was sucked back into his mouth with a quick hiss. His eyes sharpened all at once and his gaze dropped down to Mizip. Inside the kobold, the dragon's ridges flared with pleasure and Mizip ground back again. He smiled broadly up at the dragon, closed his eyes, and ever so slowly rolled his hips back. There was no objection and he'd not exactly travelled very far anyway, and so he did it again. Then a third time. That time a messy splash of spent draconic pre-seed spluttered out of him in turn, splattering across the floor between Tahzeramor's legs. It relieved a little of the building pressure inside the kobold, but even more than that he revelled in the feeling of the dragon's ridges grinding against his insides. They rubbed and pulsed in all sorts of ways and places and teased him to remain in motion. It felt too good to stop. Unless Tahzeramor told him to, he wasn't about to still himself again.

If there were objections, Tahzeramor didn't speak them. Nothing whispered into his mind; no commands were forthcoming. Mizip barely moved – movement was difficult, so thoroughly stuffed as he was – but it was enough to tease himself just slightly along the dragon's shaft. His tailhole tugged at the bottom-most of Tahzeramor's ridges, straining against it and sending sparks of toe-curling pleasure right up the kobold's spine. He realized only after a couple of minutes of working himself on that ridge in particular that he was moaning more than a little loudly. Every breath came with a gasp of pleasure as his body strained against that ridge, neither quite popping it clear of him nor letting it rest without being tugged at. The dragon's whole shaft moved with every squeeze of his muscles and roll of his hips, stirring Mizip's insides and begging him on.

Or so he imagined at least, and Tahzeramor didn't seem interested in disabusing him of that. Mizip could feel the dragon's heartbeat pick up, positively racing compared to its usual long, low rhythm in a manner that almost matched that of Mizip's. Small twitches started in Tahzeramor's hips; little reflexive things that Mizip knew weren't the dragon's will but a mounting need that the kobold had kindled inside him. It only spurred him on. He whimpered needfully up at his master's staring face as a hot wash of the dragon's breath flooded down over him; a deep exhale that betrayed pleasure and fraying control all in a single gesture. Tahzeramor's head lifted for a second and one of his forelegs unfolded from the mezzanine above.

It dropped to the floor to rest before Mizip for a moment, before it slid forward to bump against his tail. It sent a thrill of pleasure racing up Mizip's shaft, wedged between his swollen belly and that tail, and his hips squirmed more rapidly for a moment as he ground against his master's warm, pre-soaked scales. The extra pressure on his belly forced more of Tahzeramor's pre-seed out of him, further soaking not only the kobold's legs but also the dragon's slit. The puddle beneath Mizip continued to grow even as the pulsing of the shaft wedged inside him grew more fervent. Tahzeramor's ridges began to flare harder. His whimpering cut off as he bore back, aided a moment later by the dragon's tugging forepaw. The tail dropped away and for a brief moment Mizip was suspended in the air, held aloft only by the rooted shaft buried under his tail. When it twitched, he twitched with it.

Then, as Tahzeramor grasped at him loosely with that forepaw, the dragon's whole body shuddered. His jaw fell slack as he hissed through gritted teeth, barely holding back a roar that Mizip knew could have brought down the whole tower around them. But that didn't matter as the throbbing of the dragon's cock reached a fever pitch. Mizip's body was steadied by Tahzeramor's forepaw, held in place as those ridges spread him wider still in preparation for what was about to come.

Mizip felt his whole body lurch forward with the first spurt. Those flared ridges caught on Mizip's insides as surely as Tahzeramor's forepaw and held him in place as the kobold's eyes rolled back into his head. If the splashes of Tahzeramor's pre-seed had been a bloom of heat inside him, then the dragon's orgasm came as an explosion; an eruption of fire. That fire didn't remain in place but spread through all of Mizip. It raced up his veins. It seeped through his flesh. His scales lit up a brilliant gold as his back arched and he bore back as hard as he could, reseating himself for the next blast.

It came, and then another, and another, and another. Each one stole the kobold's breath as his rounded belly was refilled to overflowing. Each overwhelming surge of fluids raced up Tahzeramor's length, right from the root and up through his shaft before it shot deep into Mizip's augmented body. The kobold's nostrils flared as the sound of voluminous splashes reached his ears; his legs tingled with the dragon's protective magic even as a torrent of spent seed was displaced from his tailhole by the addition of more. The smell of it set Mizip to squirming. He writhed atop that titanic shaft, squeezing it all the

harder as his own much more modest load began to erupt against Tahzeramor's bracing forepaw. His jaw fell slack but all the sound he could produce was a barely audible squeak. His orgasm didn't matter.

The one that did continued to jet into him in thick, heavy waves; each one rolling up every inch of that that monstrous, ridged length and through Mizip's body. Splash after splash of spent, displaced draconic seed pooled in greater and greater volumes, obscenely painting the ancient stone floor and oozing its way toward the walls. Unable to contemplate anything other than the carnality of the moment, a single errant thought nevertheless crossed the kobold's mind: how many such loads would it take to coat the whole lower floor?

Musing on such things lasted only until Tahzeramor's climax began to fade. The last few errant flexes of his shaft inside Mizip's backside spilt the last of his seed into his servant, and his forepaw at last relaxed its grip on the enlarged – in more than one way at that – kobold. Mizip sagged forward, his once-flat stomach rounded with seed and service and satisfaction. His claws weakly scrabbled at the sticky, cumslick stones beneath his feet. Soaked legs wobbled even as he tried to stand himself up a little straighter. He wouldn't have been able to even if he tried. The weight in his guts and the cock under his tail made it impossible not to hunch. He panted as he struggled to find his footing again.

Before he could get too far though, the dragon's forepaw shifted back into place. Mizip looked up, still sucking in deep, musky lungfuls of air as he found himself staring into the golden eyes of his master. No longer did Tahzeramor's tongue loll out of his muzzle. His eyes were sharp. They focused on him as fiercely as if he were the crystal that he'd previously studied with such intensity. A whisper of intent entered his mind as the glow in Tahzeramor's eyes brightened for a moment; more a statement than a command. *You are not finished yet.*

Mizip shuddered. He squirmed in place around the still-firm length buried inside him and arched his back. Tahzeramor's forepaw tightened its grip again and drew the kobold back even as Mizip himself ground down against the root of his master's shaft. No. No, he definitely wasn't finished yet. He had much, *much* more to do yet. He grinned broadly and squeezed down around the dragon's flesh as he shivered in anticipation. Of course he wasn't finished yet.

That was why he was the favourite.