

Darastrix was not as intimidating as he had hoped, and this was proving problematic.

"If you don't let me in right this instant you're gonna regret it buddy," he said, pushing his finger into the elf's chest. Despite being a foot taller, the elf did not flinch, or really give any indication that she knew the dragonborn existed. In fact, it wasn't even her who chastised him, it was her fellow guard. Jeez, talk about embarrassing.

"She's not your buddy you *krofnit*, and neither am I. You don't have an appointment, so you don't see the boss. This is the last time I'm going to tell you before she beats it into that tiny reptile brain of yours." The dragonborn turned back to the elf he just failed terribly at intimidating, and while Darastrix himself apparently couldn't frighten a child, she wore a look so ugly he couldn't hold back his cowardly gulp. Some hero he was.

"Oh yeah, well then you better get yourself ready, because--"

"I'm more than ready. Are you?" At last, the silent elf speaks. And now he was wishing she hadn't, because if he thought she seemed tough before she opened her mouth, with her face only inches from his snout and her voice barely above a whisper she was fucking *terrifying*.

"I, I uh... I mean, you know I--"

"Melda, Gwithriel, come now. It'd be a shame if my honored guest fainted before I got a chance to speak with him." It seemed as if everyone was intent on keeping the dragonborn from getting a word in edgewise, but considering who was speaking this time, Darastrix was willing to overlook it. Just as tall as the dragonborn and radiating the kind of wicked charisma only the greatest crime lord this side of the Telkok River could, there he was: Lothe Khan of the Trul-Khan crime family.

He looked exactly like one would imagine, mostly because his face was hanging in almost every establishment in town. His body looked agile and strong enough to face the mightiest of foes, most of it on display and barely framed by beautiful silks and chains of gold. Not that he needed to look strong, as it was said that his smile was so disarming even a raging troll could do little but cower before the power he radiated. And Darastrix? Well let's just say he was still trying to recover from the tongue lashing Melda gave him, so he was in no position to make himself look tough before such a presence. This was not a good day for him.

"Darastrix, is it? It's the greatest of pleasures to meet you. I am Lothe Khan, and I have heard much about you." Finally released from the elf's grip on cuff of his armor, the dragonborn stood up and tried to resume looking as professional as possible, so he was completely unprepared for the hug the jackal gave him. He kind of just stood there as he felt the powerful squeeze even through his leather armor, just kind of looking like a putz and not knowing what to do with himself.

"Thank... You?" He finally responded, half-heartedly patting the jackal's bare back. He broke himself out of his confused trance and pulled himself out of the jackal's hug, finally getting a good look at his suspiciously welcoming host.

Hmmm, no weapons on him whatsoever, and definitely no place to hide them either. Hell, hardly anything was hidden from view with so few clothes on him. So unless he liked to choke people with his jewelry (don't let down your guard, the day is young) the jackal had no way to defend himself. Well he had to know some form of martial arts, the dragonborn told himself. He couldn't be that stupid or arrogant and be the power behind so many people.

Still, he seemed oddly defenseless. Heck, he didn't even have depth perception. He had an cloth eye patch covering his left eye, which was oddly mundane considering the rest of his garish clothing. Maybe the man was all bark and no bite, just relying on his underlings to do all the dirty work. Wouldn't be the first time Darastrix had seen this. The dragonborn was starting to feel a little more confident about how this was going to go for the first time all day.

"Come, come into my office young man, I am sure we have much to discuss. Though if not, it *has* been awhile since I have had someone call just for coffee, haha!" And before Darastrix even had a chance to try and put on his "tough guy" facade, Lothe had his arm on the dragonborn's shoulder and was leading him into the office.

"Sit my friend, sit. Is there anything I can get you? Coffee, tea, perhaps something even stronger? The day is young, but so are we," said the jackal, moving over to the other side of his desk. This was the office of an underworld crime boss? Darastrix couldn't believe what he was seeing. Sure, most big time crime lords loved to make themselves seem as rich and as powerful as possible. Priceless statues and knick-knacks, artifacts of dubious origin and undeniable power just laying around, well-dressed slaves waiting to serve no matter where they were... All symbols of power sure, but everything always had a gross feeling of malice surrounding it, as if there was some sort of film that stuck to everything and could never truly be removed. This place though, this place was *nothing* like that. Whatever his game was, it was clear that Lothe valued comfort and class above all else.

The scent of incense hit his draconic snout almost instantly. Earthy, some sort of wood maybe? But it seemed to be mixed with some sort of flower as well, what's the name, lavender. Either way it was just the right mix of sweet but heavy, giving the room a very comfortable air. Tapestries of deep red and brown hung around the room with (what Darastrix assumed were magical) lights placed strategically behind them, giving the room a fair amount of light, but casting beautiful shadows and tones throughout. It was a large office, but it made everything feel closer, more secure, without being claustrophobically so. A few cultural items (a statuette here, a very old shield there) stood tastefully amidst furniture that more often than not amounted to piles of cushions. Not one, but several hookahs were distributed throughout, and many cupboards that were lined with expensive liquors and elixirs were in no short supply either. If not for the impressively large and lacquered desk before Darastrix he would have surely mistaken this for some sort of waiting or sitting room. But there Lothe was on the other side of his desk, clearing some important-looking papers out of the way and pouring coffee, indicating to the dragonborn to sit.

"Yes, it is a very nice room, but you should sit! I promise that you can get just as good a look from this seat as you would standing." Darastrix shrugged. He wasn't so blown away that his guard was down, but the chair looked mundane enough. Nothing wrong with sitting down-Oh Tiamat take you a chair this comfortable should be *illegal*. And, Darastrix reflected as he sank into its cushioning, maybe it was. Still, it seemed to mold itself around his body and press into his muscles just so, and oh gods he couldn't even articulate what it was doing for him it was so good.

"Ahhh, so I see you like the chair. I actually had it specially designed. You see it's enchanted," at this Darastrix say straight up, maybe not exiting his chair but definitely being as suspicious as he always should have been about it, "to conform to the body shape of whoever's sitting in it. I suppose it

must be nice to be able to tell other people that your chair is made from dire spider silks or the down inside it has come from rimefire gryphons, but why do we sit? To be comfortable.” With that, he finished pouring the coffee and sat down himself, settling into what was less of a chair and more of a throne.

“Go ahead, have a drink. It’s absolutely delicious.”

“Mmmm... No thank you,” Darastrix said, taking longer to say no than he really should have. This was negotiating with kingpins 101 here: don’t drink or eat anything. He wasn’t that stupid. Still though, that coffee smelled really good.

“Ahhh, of course. I suppose it’d be prudent not to accept anything from me, heheh. I admire your vigilance. So then, onto business,” the veneer of polished charisma did not waver, but his newly professional tone left Darastrix sitting up just a little bit straighter, “I believe I know why you’re here, but just in case, please enlighten me.”

This Lothe guy was good, there was no denying that. Darastrix still didn’t know how he had amassed such an empire and kept such a tight grip on it to boot, but he was clearly dealing with no low-rank amatuer here. But he’d dealt with worse, he told himself. You don’t face down a screaming red dragon’s fireballs one day with no problem and crumble under the weight of some jackal man’s kindness the next. Puffing out his chest in the most transparent gesture possible, the dragonborn slammed both hands on the table. Better not even bother using the small guns with this guy.

“Look, we both know why I’m here, so let’s cut the crap,” that probably would have sounded better if Lothe hadn’t basically said the same thing, *damn*, “the people of Gudez can handle themselves just fine. They don’t need any of the ‘protection’ you have to offer, so this is your one and only warning: Back. Off.” Scowling all the while, Darastrix had left his seat about halfway through the tirade, snout mere inches away from the jackal’s. Lothe did not respond, but only stared back, bored look in his one eye. What he was thinking the dragonborn could not guess, and he didn’t like that at all.

“So,” Darastrix said, the silence starting to get to him, “Do we understand each other, or am I gonna have to make you understand?” Not that the message wasn’t abundantly clear already, but he cracked his knuckles and pulled away from the table so as to make his muscular form seem even larger and scarier than before. At this, Lothe just sighed and sat back, waving a hand dismissively.

“I was hoping that you were a little more civilized than that my friend. Here I was wanting to have a real discussion, and your idea of an opening statement is to threaten me with bodily harm. Tut tut.” Not a surprising move on Lothe’s part, but Darastrix would not be disarmed so easily. If this man thought he was the first villain who could lure him into a false sense of security by playing it cool, he had another thing coming. On that note, the dragonborn’s eyes darted about the room real quick, just to make he didn’t miss anything. You know, golem pretending to be a suit of armor, or an assassin disguised as a chair, the usual stuff. No movement that he could see or hear though, or at least not yet. His hand moved to his shortsword just in case.

“But you made your point. I will no longer try to force the people of Gudez into my control. I will even sign a contract to that effect.” At this, he gave a quick search through his stack of papers and slid a few onto the table, signing them without hesitation.

"I assume you've been appointed their diplomat for the purposes of any discussions and treaties?"

Darastrix knew it was always a bit of a negotiation taboo to have your mouth hanging open like this, but shock was not about to let him close it anytime soon. There was no way it could be this easy. He was hoping he could avoid some sort of epic showdown wherein he threw the jackal off of several story tall building in the rain after destroying legions of guards and similar cliches, but was he really being told he wouldn't have to rough up anybody? At all? This was too good to be true. So, Darastrix told himself, that was probably the point.

"What's your game Lothe? Am I to believe that despite trying to get that entire village under your thumb for the past few months that you're just going to give up and let them go, just like that? I don't believe it for a second."

"My dear dear dragonborn. You may be a capable mercenary, but you obviously don't understand anything about business. The fact that I've been trying unsuccessfully to work it over for months is exactly *why* it makes the most sense to leave it be. You don't keep throwing resources at a losing war, whether it's physical or financial. And since they're so desperate to stop me that they're willing to hire outside help from people like you, well, let's just say you don't get to the top without knowing when to quit while you're ahead. You-Ah, pardon me for a moment," he said, reaching up to fiddle with his eyepatch, "You have nothing to worry about."

Darastrix sat back down. Well, as much as he was expecting (itching for, even) a fight, he supposed handling this easily and peacefully was probably for the best. And everything that Lothe said did make sense, and even synced up with what the people of Gudez told him.

"Alright, and yes. They appointed me their official negotiator for this kind of thing."

"Good, good," that look of boredom and displeasure had left him, and now the jackal was leaning on the table, smiling quite wide. Not the best sign, so Darastrix leaned forward and took the stack, preparing to thumb through. Something was still off about this whole thing, and if the dragonborn had to guess, this contract wasn't as on the level as Lothe was leading him to believe. He wasn't hatched yesterday you know.

"I'm just going to take the time to read through these then. I trust you have no issue with that. Unless," Darastrix leaned back over, giving the jackal the evilest eye that he could, "There's something here you're not telling me." He was an adventurer dammit, he wasn't going to get through all this without throwing his weight around at least a little. But Lothe did not flinch in the slightest. He just chuckled for a moment, and went back to smiling.

"Well of course, I'd be surprised if you didn't read the contract. Ahh, my eye is bothering me so much today," he said apologetically, reaching up to fiddle with his eye patch again, "Although I can assure you there will be nothing inside worth worrying about. Hardly worth reading at all."

Darastrix shrugged, and put down the papers. Well, if Lothe said that he didn't need to read them, it probably wasn't anything important. Standard contract about leaving the town alone and all that. He reached over to take the quill from the jackal whose smile seemed to have only gotten wider somehow, and began to write. Hmmm, wait, actually, no, he wasn't going to do that. Something stunk about this whole thing, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Like spans of a few seconds were just

gone from the past few minutes. Almost as if...

"What enchantments are you using fiend?!" Darastrix hissed, stiffening and pulling back from the desk, throwing an accusatory glance at the jackal. His shortsword was out in a flash and he kicked the devil's chair out from behind him. Oh, if this bastard thought he would go down without a fight, he had another thing coming.

All the while, Lothe continued to smile, but the gesture had a different sort of tone to it now. His eye had changed and the welcoming look was gone, replaced by one cold and calculating. He slowly rose to his feet and began to make his way around the table, Darastrix all the while slowly backing off. For a moment that seemed like an eternity the only sound in the room was the leather on the handle of his shortsword cracking under the pressure of his grip. Suddenly, the jackal's smooth baritone seemed to fill the entire room.

"You know, I like you Darastrix. You think with your body, not with your brain. That's probably why you were able to resist my eye so easily." The jackal's hand pulled away his eye patch with one smooth motion, and the artifact beneath glowed with a dark and mysterious power. It pulled in the dragonborn's gaze, but Darastrix was strong. He would not let his mind be so easily overtaken by his dark magic.

"But I assure you, brains are not the only thing I know how to bewitch," he said, getting closer with every word. The muscles in Darastrix's body tensed so much he was beginning to shake. Adrenaline made every movement seem so much slower, and any opening he could grab, he would. The jackal took a step over a cushion, and as he did so, his flank was wide open. Now was the time to strike!

But Lothe was next to him in a flash. How he moved with such unnatural speed the dragonborn could only guess, but they were now face to face. He could actually taste the jackal's breath, the dragonborn's mouth held open by his powerful paw.

"And a little bird told me about who you went to see at the brothel the other day." Though Darastrix's sword arm began to move with the surety that only a lifetime of fighting could bring, he was not prepared for what happened next. The jackal's lips met his own, tongue sliding along the roof of his mouth. Darastrix's eyes went wide, and he looked back at Lothe, whose own eyes smiled enough to make up for his occupied mouth. His eyes... His eye actually... Something about staring into that eye, seeing--No, *feeling* it pulse, it made the warmth that came from Lothe's mouth all the more palpable. It seemed to start at his mouth and spread down his spine, shivering all the cold tension from his body. After a particularly strong shiver, his sword fell away, forgotten. That was okay, there was more important things to focus on.

No, no! Darastrix pulled himself away from the kiss, his face hot and his breath coming out in staggered gasps. Every part of his body tingled, and he was already aching to be held in the jackal's strong grasp once again. But he shook his head free of such damning thoughts, and soon his eyes focused back on his sword. He dove to the ground and grabbed it, getting ready to kneel and put himself in the perfect position to strike at the enemies legs. Unfortunately, his vision was obscured by the view of jackal crotch in front of him, which did not happen to be the most tactical position. An embarrassing miscalculation.

"And here I thought you weren't enjoying yourself, but you're even more eager to get things started than I am. Very well." The loincloth that blocked out all but jackal junk was pulled away, and there was Lothe's face, smiling high above him. His face, and that eye, pulsing once more. Darastrix seemed to only just now notice the scent of Lothe's dick, and how that was the case he did not know. The musk washed over him in waves, sending more shivers through his body. He did not lose the sword by accident this time, but dropped it with purpose--How could he get a good look at the jackal's dick without his hands on his hips? Though escaping the gravity that Lothe's eye had felt impossible, the firm hand of his jackal friend showed him the way, and eventually his gaze fell upon his glorious dick. A few rings of gold were spaced around the outside of it, only helping to accent the jewel that they held. He leaned in and took a whiff, trying to get a good strong sniff. It was glorious. Clean, but undeniably his scent, pouring into his nostrils and flooding his brain. Arousal began to cloud out all other thoughts, no matter how desperately a part of his brain told him that he was making a big mistake.

"Are you going to just admire it, or are you going to suck?" the jackal asked plainly. Darastrix barely felt worthy beholding such a member in the first place, but the idea that the thick thing might grace his lips was almost too much. He lifted it up with the palm of his hand, while it was still semi soft. It had a great weight to it, one that felt like it was pulling down on his mind as well as his hand. Smooth, jet black, beautiful. The residual scent was getting strong all the time, while warmth radiated from the member. Darastrix felt like he was wavering over a great precipice for some reason while looking at it, and it scared him. He began to pull back away, this feeling in his head getting clearer. There was a voice in his head was trying to tell him something, trying to warn him, he was sure of it. But being near this dick was making it hard to hear it, hard to think. So he would have pulled away, and pulled himself from his lustful haze altogether, but that hand was back on his head. Tilting his gaze upward, once again greeted by Lothe's smile. Darastrix smiled back, and his shoulders fell.

"Go on, have a taste."

The dragonborn's jaw dropped, and second's later Lothe's dick was resting itself on his tongue. Everything seemed to disappear in one brilliant wave of warmth after that. His fears, the cliff, that voice--All gone, and replaced with the warmth that started in Darastrix's mouth and spread throughout his entire body. Lothe's voice filled his ears, and the dragonborn could have sworn it sounded just like music.

"Ahhh, so my men were right. You-Ah! Watch the teeth silly boy," he rapped the dragonborn gently on the snout, and Darastrix flushed with embarrassment and arousal from the nickname, "You have done this before, haven't you?"

Darastrix would have nodded, but that might have interrupted his work. A simple "mmhmmm" would have to suffice. That seemed to satisfy the jackal, who just chuckled again and patted his head, letting the dragonborn go to town.

Back and forth, back and forth he went, large tongue tasting every inch it could reach. After a few tentative pushes, he relaxed his throat entirely and his chin actually bumped against the jackal's sac, eliciting more than just a few loud growls of pleasure from the canine. The warmth from Lothe's dick was already enough to satisfy the cock hungry lizard, but pre came to help sate his hunger as well,

and Darastrix barely able to keep his own growls of pleasure from radiating through the jackal's cock.

The dragonborn could have kept this up forever (despite the throbbing erection demanding attention in his own trousers), but as Lothe's moans began to crescendo he grabbed Darastrix's head quite roughly and pulled him off, drool hanging off of his tongue.

"Ooof, you are... Very good at this," he mumbled, quite out of breath, "But there is one more thing I wish to taste. Take off your clothes, would you? Come now, get up," Lothe spoke with a much more business-y kind of tone, helping the dragonborn to his feet. Even without Lothe's dick in his mouth, Darastrix gladly obeyed, his mind so fogged with lust that the idea of being completely naked and defenseless in the heart of the enemy's fortress didn't even cause him to bat an eye.

His heavy hands were clumsy, but thankfully the canine was more than willing to help remove the cumbersome armor, the magical pieces of leather being shed with no more concern than one would have for a heavy coat in the summertime. Now the jackal's hands could roam across his body unimpeded, which was a feeling the dragonborn realized he had gone without for too long.

"So smooth and soft, yet so strong and toned. Yes, it has been too long since I reveled in the pleasure of a body like yours," Lothe hissed into Darastrix's ear, his erection throbbing against his back. He traced lines up and down his body, along the inside of his thighs, in between his asscheeks. Along his back and around his arms, and even, no, *especially* his neck and shoulders. Lothe's canine snout just tentatively sniffing about at first, but it was not long before his tongue began to taste his flesh, his teeth testing the give of the other's scales. His entire body felt like it was on display for Lothe to explore and discover, and it felt so good. Darastrix roared, his hands having moved to his own dick long ago, jacking himself off frantically and nearing orgasm already.

"Not yet," Lothe commanded, and with a swift movement he pulled his hands away. Darastrix whimpered pathetically, but the jackal's soft voice calmed him in an instant.

"Let me take care of that," he said, pushing him towards the desk. Sweeping everything out of the way with one smooth motion, the dragonborn was soon bent over the desk, ass right on display, huffing as he waited for... Well, whatever it was that Lothe was planning on doing as he dug through a nearby cupboard.

"Here we are," Lothe said in a sing-song voice, making his way back to his prize. Darastrix could not see very well bent over the desk as he was, but heard a couple of squirting sounds, and soon the warmth his bum was feeling was replaced by a bitter cold. He let out a whine and his previously limp body tightened up in an instant.

"Shhhh, just relax," Lothe said, leaning over to look the dragonborn in the eye. Darastrix didn't know why, but the second he said that, his whole body seemed to go limp again. Well, all save one part. The jackal's finger, now covered in lube, began to test and poke at the dragonborn's ass, swirling, rubbing, teasing, all until-

"Ahhsss!" Darastrix yelped, a finger pushing itself into his rear without much difficulty at all. He was tight for a moment, but another soft command from Lothe put a stop to that, and it was not long before two, and then three fingers slid in and out of him with ease. Darastrix did nothing but feel his own cock twitch and leak, each of his breaths ragged and needy. His head was swimming from the scents and feelings the moved around and within him, blissfully oblivious that far greater pleasures

were soon to come.

"Prepare yourself mercenary," Lothe whispered, and his lubed cock entered in one swift motion. Darastrix cried out once more, because as prepared as he was, it was still a lot, and all at once too. A moment of staying hilted within and more words from the jackal took Darastrix back to his euphoric state, and what caused discomfort a second ago was a welcome presence. The heat that once filled his mouth now throbbed from inside of his ass, its warmth once again spreading throughout and making his body feel like gelatin. The desk creaked with annoyance as the jackal started a steady rhythm, but Darastrix only found his weak voice begging for more.

"Gods please, please Lothe..." he shuddered, his weak claws trying to find purchase on the edge of the table. The jackal's thrusts were getting faster and harder all the time, and it was clear that neither of them would last long at all. The constant pushing into the dragonborn's prostate was enough to cause his body to tighten again, it knowing it was nearing orgasm before his sluggish mind could even process that he was dripping like a leaky faucet.

"Yes, yes, closer-!" the jackal began to bay, his rhythm hitting a fever pitch. The dragonborn knew even in his haze that his ass would be sore for days, but he didn't care. The heat, the weight, the throbbing the that was a constant against his aching prostate. Yes, closer, he was closer too he could feel it, he could almost taste it, just a few more thrusts!

"Sign here please," the jackal said, the thrusts coming to a grinding halt. Darastrix felt like something might have happened with his brain. Maybe he fainted and they both already came? No, after focusing on his dick for a moment, he felt it still aching for release, so that clearly wasn't the case. Realizing his eyes were closed, they slowly reopened, and there was the smiling face of Lothe right next to him, one hand holding a quill right next to Darastrix's one.

"I, uhh... What?" Darastrix could barely blurt out, mind desperately trying to make sense of the situation. Sign what? Wait, the contract, now?

"But, we're about to-"

"Do you want me to cum inside of you or not boy?"

There was never any doubt. Though barely readable, Darastrix scratched the best approximation of his name that he could on the dotted line, and within the second that he put down the quill Lothe's thrusts resumed and the odd break in the action was lost entirely in the lusty haze once more.

"Yes, yes, closer-!" the jackal began to bay (again), his rhythm getting back to that fever pitch. The dragonborn's ass was already feeling sore, but he didn't care. The heat, the weight, the throbbing the that was a constant against his painfully aching prostate. Yes, closer, he was closer too he could feel it. He could, no he *did* taste it. Just a few more thrusts!

"Nyahghgh!" the dragonborn roared, sputtering on his own spit. His cock shot like a cannon, some of it actually ricocheting off the floor and hitting the tip of his snout that hung over the edge of the desk. The intense rush of energy and relief that pushed through his whole body at once drowned out all else, so much so that he didn't even notice at first that Lothe was cumming too, jets of hot jizm painting the inside of his ass.

As quickly as it came, it ended. Lothe pulled himself out of the dragonborn's ass with a wet

smacking sound and gave his rear a playful little smack. Darastrix winced from the sensitivity, but went back to smiling like a dope before too long. He felt dirty in more ways than one, but he also felt very full and very warm, and those feelings were much nicer to focus on.

“My attendants will be here soon to lead you to the bath. There they will help you get cleaned up,” came Lothe’s voice from behind. Darastrix would have nodded, but whatever, he was having a hard enough time staying conscious.

“Oh, and it was a pleasure doing business with you diplomat.”

Darastrix gulped, and tried very hard to will himself into unconsciousness, so as to ignore the feelings of guilt creeping into his head. And thankfully for him sleep did indeed come, but not before telling himself that he should probably find a path that didn’t go through Gudez on the way back home.