

It was well past dusk when a lone traveller stepped into the Mare's Stable. The tavern was almost full, leaving only a few seats in the far corners of the room.

He was tall, but his body was covered by a dark cloak, and his head by a hood. The back of his cloak suggested the shape of a tail, but revealed nothing else about the newcomer. Most didn't notice him. The few who did see his face quickly returned their gaze to their drinks, not wanting to meet his eye.

The traveller sat at a table and a barmaid greeted him. She was a young cow, her dark hair done up in a short ponytail behind her head.

"What can I get you?" she asked.

"Whatever you've got that's strong," he said.

"Coming right up," she said cheerily.

The newcomer looked around. The room was dingy and full of smoke from the candles that burnt along the walls. Its ceilings were low, and most of the tables were taken up by rowdy men and women. The majority of them were human, but there were a few wolves and cats scattered about.

A few moments later, the barmaid returned and set a tall mug of ale in front of him.

The newcomer took a swig of the mug's contents as she went to serve another table.

"Piss weak," he muttered to himself.

Something fell over behind him, and there was the sound of shouting. Turning, he saw a woman with pale lavender skin backing away from three men. Her ears were oddly pointed and her hair was long and black.

"Oh, come on," one of the men said. "We just want to have a little fun."

"Get away from me!"

One of the men grabbed the woman by the shoulders and threw her down onto a table. He held her there as another man drew a knife from his belt. He slit up the front of her shirt and pulled the two halves apart, revealing two large breasts with purple nipples.

"Get off!" the woman screamed.

"But we're just getting started," the man with the knife said. He reached down and slid the knife between her thigh and her belt.

At that, the newcomer stood, and for a moment the entire room was looking at him.

"Leave the woman alone."

"Yeah, or else what?" one of the men slurred.

The newcomer stood up to his full height and towered over the three men.

"Or you'll have to deal with me."

"Yeah? You think you scare me? What are you, some kind of lizard?"

The man reached a hand under his hood and pulled it down off his head. The figure that stood there was a dragon, his scales a pale sky blue hemmed with green.

"By the seven," one of the men swore, "a dragon."

The man with the knife stepped forward. "I can take him."

The men ran at him, meaning to tackle him. The dragon lowered himself down into a defensive posture. He let the men collide with him and absorbed the impact like a brick wall. Then, he wrapped his arms around the man's waist. The dragon lifted him up and slammed him down onto a table, breaking mugs and platters under the man's weight.

He felt arms wrap around his neck, as one of the men attempted to choke him out. The dragon grabbed onto the man's forearms and pulled, lifting the man off the ground, and then swung him over his shoulder and onto the floor.

The dragon turned to face the last of the three men. He seemed just sober enough to be enraged by the fate of his friends.

"You're going to regret that, worm," he said. The man reached down onto his belt and drew a sword. The man lunged at the dragon. The sword met with the dragon's chest and there was a resounding clanging sound.

The man took a step back, looking at his sword in confusion.

The dragon undid the clasp on his cloak and threw it aside. Underneath was gleaming white armour trimmed in gold, with a blue crest across the chest piece. Strapped to his back was a long spear, its head wide and rimmed in gold. The dragon drew and readied it.

Undeterred, the man drew his sword. He brought it around in a wide arc. The dragon angled his spear so that the blow glanced off its shaft, then brought its blunt around to strike the man in the chest. The man staggered backwards and dropped down onto his knees, the breath knocked out of him.

The dragon looked around the room. All three of the men were lying on the ground, either unconscious or wounded. Everyone else in the bar was looking at him, not moving. The dragon went over to the woman, who was still lying on a table, breasts exposed.

"Are you hurt?" the dragon asked.

"I don't think so."

"Good."

He extended his hand to her and helped her right herself. Then, unceremoniously, he turned around and walked back over to his table. He found the barmaid standing next to it.

"There's no fighting allowed," she said. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

The dragon sighed, but made no move to argue with the woman. He simply walked over to his table, downed the rest of his drink and placed three gold coins on the wooden surface. Then he went to leave.

When he opened the door, he was greeted by a gust of cool night air. The dragon stepped out into the night and sighed.

"Dammit," he said. "All I wanted was a drink." He looked around the town square, if it could even be called that. It was two dirt roads that intersected one another, with three buildings scattered around them. There was a church, a blacksmith's and the tavern. Just his luck, there wasn't anywhere else to get a drink for miles.

A moment later, the bar's door opened again and the woman with lavender skin stepped out. She was had something bundled under one arm.

"You left this inside," she said, extending his cloak.

"Keep it," he said. "You could use some more clothing right now."

The woman looked down at herself. "Right. I keep forgetting about that." She unfolded the cloak and wrapped it around herself.

The dragon went to walk away, but it seemed the woman was intent on following him.

"Do you want something?" he asked.

"Well, I was wondering," she said, rubbing one foot on the back of her other leg. "You kind of saved me back there, and I was thinking I should say thank you." She leaned in closer to him and placed a hand on his chest plate, just above the groin. "Physically."

"You were just almost raped, and you want to sleep with me to say thank you?"

She nodded. "Yep. What's so strange about that?"

The dragon didn't reply. He only turned and began walking away.

But the woman continued to follow him.

“What’s your name?” she asked.
The dragon didn’t respond.
“Mine’s Elith. Which way are you headed?”
“North.”
“That’s funny, I’m going that way as well. We should go together!”
“No.”
“Are you sure? I think it would be a lot better travelling with someone, you know, monsters and all that.”
“How do I get you to stop talking?”
“Letting me come with you would be a start.”
The dragon sighed. “Fine. But you can’t keep pestering me like this.”
“Alright.” The woman pressed a finger to her lips. “But I think we’re forgetting something.”
“What?” the dragon asked, irritated.
“Your name.”
“Tyrenn.”

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They walked for a while, Elith talking the whole time. After an hour or so, when they were far out of site of the tiny village, Tyrenn found a small clearing alongside the road and decided to stop there for the night.
“This is where I’m making camp,” the dragon said. “Stay if you want.”
Tyrenn lay down on the ground and placed one arm behind his head.
“Don’t you have a tent?” Elith asked.
“Don’t need one,” he said. “The ground is plenty comfortable.”
Elith shrugged. She turned around and made a series of motions. Her hands began to glow, then the light extended outwards. It permeated a section of the clearing for a moment, then faded. In its place was a purple tent.
“You can use magic?”
“Can’t everyone?”
The dragon shook his head. “I can’t.”
“Well, good thing you have me with you then.”
The dragon sighed. What had he gotten himself into, letting her tag along. Elith retreated into her tent a few moments later, and the night fell into blessed silence.
Tyrenn lay there for a time, but couldn’t fall asleep. He looked down and saw the shape of his member half-erect beneath his loincloth. That was it, he needed to get off before he could rest.
Lifting the cloth up so that it rested on his chest, the dragon revealed his penis to the night air. It was nearly a foot long when fully erect and was the deep blue of ocean waters. A series of ridges ran along its top, while a thick knot sat at its base.
Slowly, languidly, he began stroking his member. It didn’t take long for it to be hard and hot to the touch. With more eagerness now, he began running his hands over it, up and down. He felt fire begin to well up within he groin, focusing more and more on the base of his penis with each passing moment. He was stroking furiously now, head leaned back against the hard ground.
“So that’s what a dragon’s penis looks like.”

Tyrenn started and looked around. He found Elith a short distance away, staring at his erect penis.

“What the hell are you doing there.”

“Watching,” the woman said. She came over and sat down on the ground next to him. “I could join in though, if you like.”

Tyrenn stared at Elith for a moment, mouth open in sheer astonishment. Were all the women in human lands like this?

“Oh, but don’t you just look so delicious,” she said.

Before Tyrenn could react, Elith was kneeling between his legs, licking her lips. She lowered her head down onto his penis and took his entire length into her mouth in one smooth motion, except for the knot at its base. Slowly, and with great care, she began to bob her head up and down over his member. The inside of her mouth felt amazing. He felt Elith’s tongue dart over his penis, rubbing away at the ridges along its top.

She drew her head back and grinned. “I love your penis, but I think we can go deeper than this.”

She opened her mouth wider still and licked her lips. She slowly lowered her head onto his penis again, not stopping this time until her lips touched the scales of his groin, his entire penis absorbed by her throat. Then she began to suck, and it was all Tyrenn could do not to moan. Pleasure shot through his entire member, hot and urgent. He only lasted a few moments before he reached climax. His hips bucked and he sprayed shot after shot of semen down her throat. Somehow, Elith was able to keep his entire length inside of her the whole time.

Eventually, Tyrenn drew back and his penis popped free from Elith’s mouth. Elith didn’t gasp for breath or pant, only grin at him. Tyrenn couldn’t remember the last time he had come so hard.

“Now you do me,” she said.

Nodding, Tyrenn shifted positions so that his head was next to Elith’s groin. He slowly undid her belt and took off her trousers. What he found there was not what he had been expecting.

“What in the world!”

“What’s wrong?”

“You have a penis!”

“Yes, so?”

“You’re a woman!”

“And?”

“Women aren’t supposed to have penises.”

Suddenly, tears welled up in Elith’s eyes. “You’re just like all the others.”

She stood up and ran from the clearing, disappearing into the forest. Tyrenn was left shocked and alone, listening as her footsteps were lost amid the rustle of night leaves.