

## **Otsu**

### ***Second Spring***

I never thought I'd die like this. But at least it was finally over. No more hunting, no more fighting. The legend of the Tiger of the East would finally come to a close. I had been waiting in a jail just beside the pillory for a week, coming to terms with my death. They stayed my execution for some reason. But today my time was up.

I looked at the boards of the execution pillory. I knelt in a line of violent prisoners, the headsman ran a whetstone over his axe. I could hear the crowd gathering around cheering on the headsman and "justice".

"Here stands Kibrog Gromalok. Found guilty of Larceny, Murder, and The Destruction of property of our lord, the great Henrick III," the sheriff shouted loud for a to hear. A burly half orc stepped up to the block. I watched him move, he was silent but shameless. The headsman pressed him down onto his knees, "May your gods be cruel."

I looked back to the boards. I could hear the half-orc's head roll across the boards. The headsman laughed looking at me. "Never cut a monsteress's head off."

I looked up slowly, my eyes locked with someone in the crowd. A kobold, I had never seen one before that day. His eyes were black, but with bright red irises. He stood beside a blue scaled dragonborn who held a scroll. The headsman picked me up and pulled me before the block.

The sheriff began to speak, "Here stands O-Oatstew... Oatsu Ha-ha... Oni..." The dragonborn put his foot up on the pillory and stepped in front of the sheriff. He was huge.

"Excuse me, I apologize for being late," The dragonborn's voice matched his stature. Strong and booming. "I have a decree from Henrick III."

The sheriff looked angry as he pulled the scroll away from the mountain of a dragon. "F-fine... I don't know why you waited until this moment."

The kobold put his hands on the pillory. "W-we had errands!" he shouted. I looked down at him again., he looked back at me. Curious.

"We apologize for the inconvenience," The dragonborn laughed. "Otsu?" He said it perfectly. I nodded at him. I didn't know why people in the west even had a hard time with it. It was so simple. "You're free now. We have a job for you, if you'd take it."

The crowd booed loudly as the headsman unbound my hands. "You live another day... I'm sure it won't be long before this falls though," He said with a vicious smile.

I rubbed my wrists and stepped down beside the kobold and looked up at the dragonborn. "A job?" He stepped down on the other side of the kobold.

"Well," he put his hand on the kobold's shoulder. "It's more of a career."

I hadn't spoken much since I yelled my lungs out... it didn't hurt to speak. But I was afraid I would snap at him, if I did he may throw me back. "Yeah, that sounds fine." Looking at a glimmer of hope, a purpose to serve, I began to resend my death wish. At least for now.

\*\*\*

I never thought much of anyone in particular before. Why should I, after all they never saw much in me. I grew up in an Oni monastery, we're a kind of troll from the eastern lands. We were ferocious warriors under a single banner, fighting and honing our bodies with masterful combat. That was the hopeful story they told to children, most of us were traded for goods and privileges for the monastery. We used our boundless rage and strong polymorphing bodies in life contracts to lords and kings. We still held onto our culture, even though we never visited home.

It's what made us different from the wild Oni and Trolls that pillaged and destroyed innocent lives.

Most of us were blue skinned, some were purple, few were red. The red Oni were considered more ferocious by the abbots of our order. When boys became men they were celebrated and allowed to learn to fight. Our elders would decorate their bodies with magical ink as a rite of passage. It made their skin come alive with the color of the pelts of animals, they were bright markers of our home and our skill. They were taught to fight with the instincts of the animal that burdened their back. Some wore the fur of the wolf, others wore scales of the snakes, few wore feathers of the crane.

As a woman I was never supposed to learn to fight. I was destined to care for the monastery, garden and clean. I was to join the monastery's inner circle, learn to have children, learn to care for them; Teach them the ways of our culture so they might never forget. Not every woman wants to fit into the monastery culture that way, and the abbots respected that; to an extent. But it's an uphill battle getting free of the "natural place a woman should inhabit." You have to live on your own, away from anyone you may call family, while you trained mercilessly.

When I demanded to be a warrior they tied my black hair in a top knot and shaved the rest, I kept it that way out of habit. They branded my back with orange ink, they told me I was a Tiger. But that I would have to earn my stripes in combat with stronger, more experienced men at the monastery. Before I even had a chance to fight they threw me down the snowy mountain of the monastery. I was naked, senseless, and my back was still raw from magical inking. I would return ready or not at all. I'm a stubborn person, always have been. I didn't return tired or cold, I walked into the monastery the next morning wearing a warm tiger pelt.

I have so many stripes now they're not contained to the orange field. They run down my arms, over my legs, and across the back of my neck.

I wasn't satisfied with the students or the masters. I put the abbots into sick beds before leaving home on my own, blazing a lordless path. No one stopped me, they were glad to be rid of me. The woman who was supposed to teach me of my culture gave me nothing but a bitter look as I left for the open world.

I've never had to fight like that since. Because of it I've become known as an arena champion, a master slayer of monsters, and for a time even the queen of a goblin army. But nothing fulfilled me. I was the Tiger of the East, a ferocious fire that destroyed everything around it with no care in the world. I never connected to anything or anyone, everyone and everything just felt bitter and wrong. I learned new fighting styles and mastered different weapons to better destroy the world around me.

But I never learned to build anything. Never learned to love something.

Never learned why every day of my life felt borrowed and cheated.

Oni usually only live to be around fifty if we're lucky. I've spent nearly half of my life as a ceaseless whirlwind of destruction. How could I hope to do anything else. These people who saved me, what were they thinking taking my freedom for payment. They were trying to catch a fire storm in a hay bale. And who were they to be owed a favor like that from Henrick III, the lord of Steinbrook. The dragonborn told me what he wanted, and I'm still having a hard time believing the weird fate I find myself in.

They all live in and around a cabin called Stone Ridge, there's four of them. I guess I'm the fifth. I'm staying in a tent of my own now, a lizardfolk woman is in a tent next to mine.

There's this Tabaxi woman too, I've barely seen her though. They claim they're attempting to forge a guild.

They told me they needed my help, me specifically. They want to be heroes, at least that's what the kobold said. But now they're trying to teach me to read and write for myself, which is... why I'm here. Reflecting on it all. I've never been so alone with my thoughts before. I stay up at night sometimes wondering when it will fall away. When chaos will eventually return.

"A ferocious fire, hrm?" Toskan asked, looking up from the journal I had been using to learn writing. His bare, blue scaled chest told me a lot about him. He was the only person I'd met who had more scars than me. A long scar across his muzzle cut his lip back, chain shaped burns around his neck, parts of his left arm looked skinned or maybe burned away. He used to have four horns, but the two on his left were sawed off, and his lower left was broken short. He had all kinds of stab and slash scars across his arms, belly, and chest.

"That's the way I see it, looking back." I said. I watched Jun, that kobold with red eyes and steel colored scales, who was wandering about my tent. He wore only a wrap around his crotch, he didn't have many summer clothes apparently. The plucky kobold always seemed to be an arms length away from the large dragonborn.

"You're afraid to die?" Toskan asked, closing my journal.

"Aren't you?" I looked up at the mountain of muscle and scales. He was also one of the tallest men I had ever met. "You've been on the brink, haven't you?"

He raised a scared eyebrow. "I am dragonkin. We don't experience time like more temporary beings do, Otsu."

"T-temporary? But you're not immortal!"

"I am not. But by the time dragonkin dies we are ready for it. I have outlived scores of human friends, and seen their grandchildren flourish. I have experienced the illusive love of elves and buried them with our half-dragon children in toe." His eyes were pale like ice, but he wasn't cold in the slightest.

"That doesn't help me feel better about my lost youth." I said, realizing how lost I felt.

"Youth is best when lost, Otsu! Your mind hasn't finished understanding it's place yet. I didn't begin to actually enjoy life until I was at least a hundred." He laughed loudly. And turned to grab the kobold's tail, pulling him out of trouble. Jun had nosed his way into one of my chests filled with relics from my monster hunting work. Every time he came in he would start nosing through my keepsakes.

"S-sorry." He held a yellow sash. I took the fabric from his clutches and looked it over. It still had dark, crunchy blood stains. It came off the eyes of a cursed creature of hunger and death. It still had dark, crunchy blood stains across it. He claimed to wear the blindfold because it hurt him too much to watch the souls of his victims drain away. He demanded I watch his eyes hollow when I killed him. I granted him that privilege. He cried in my arms.

I pointed to Jun and shouted at him. "Put some clothes on, you little creep!" He waved me off and went back to being nosy. I set the grim memory on the back of my chair. "There's so much pain in this world to get used to, Toskan."

The dragonborn's large head bobbed in agreement. He rubbed his neck, a huge smattering of bite marks marred the scales on his neck. It looked like some long fanged beast really struggled with getting through his natural armor. Whatever was chewing on him, had done it for months. The scars were fresh, and layered. Looked like they were about a year old. "I have

never known a way to comfort those that die before a hundred, Otsu. Mortality is a curse we all must bear.”

“Funny, Oni are supposed to be resistant to curses. But my whole life all I’ve felt is cursed,” I said, crossing my arms.

“Resistant to curses?” Toskan raised an eyebrow. “What does that entail?”

“Well, saved me from becoming a werewolf when I fought some in Jarlhol. And when I cleared the temple in Kaldez of Gorgons they couldn’t turn me to stone,” I looked at the Kobold, he was frozen solid looking at me. “But that didn’t save me from their claws, and it won’t save me from my deathbed.”

Jun panted loudly, “T-tosk?”

Toskan looked at the small scaled beast. “Am I gonna die before you?” He asked looking as though it was the first time he’d thought about death.

“I don’t know, Jun. You’re the first kobold I’ve ever known. But sadly, probably.” Toskan took a knee and gave the kobold a hug.

“O-oh.” He turned away after the hug. “Well,” he said, climbing into my bed “Hopefully I live long enough to not regret it.”

“It?” I said looking at him as he piled my different robes, clothes and undergarments on top of himself.

“Jun’s mortality is his second curse.” Toskan looked at the little beast admiringly.

“He’s gonna get the curse of my foot up his ass if he gets my clean clothes dirty,” I said stepping closer to the bed.

“You jerks made me all sad,” He said, draping my clothes across his face. He rolled around in the pile. I pulled the two patches of soft linen off his eye. His little hand clenched the tying strings. “Nooooooooo.”

I could feel rage boiling inside me. “Give me my bra back you little idiot!” His grip was easy to overpower, but he was so shameless, maybe he didn’t know what it was. Why was he being so forward in my tent? I told him a few times how cute he was as we got to know each other. He seemed to dislike that, but he made a few passes at me. Mostly just grabbing my butt, which I usually replayed with a smack. Once he even tried to tell me I was hot, but he ended up just sorta twiddling his thumbs and making panic noises before running away. Part of me wanted to toy with him, but he always seemed too shy to have fun with.

“Fine... What is a bra anyway? Kobolds don’t have those. Seems like a poor use of fabric though.” He said. Dragonkin didn’t have live birth so they usually didn’t have breasts.

“It’s a type of chest wrap!” I yelled. Lizardfolk could lay eggs or give birth, so when they lived well they often grew breasts. “Like Zez’s!”

“Li-Like, for t-tits?” He suddenly looked far less comfortable in my laundry. “Wh-Whaaaa! Tha-That?”

“Yeah! This one wasn’t even clean! You mixed them all up!” I yelled.

“Th-that’s why it smelled so g-like that.” Jun let out a wheeze.

Toskan looked at me and then to the kobold. “I should... go finish the building plans,” He said as he strode out the tent. He stuck his muzzle into the tent again, “You’re writing is looking very good, Otsu.”

“Thanks.” I said looking at his muzzle slide back out of the tent. After a moment passed I looked at Jun, still laying in my laundry. “Why did he leave?”

“I-I think he wants us to get to know each other.”

“Oh?” I asked, as I sat down on the chair in front of the lectern. My tent was cozy, the ground was covered in rugs. My bed had a wooden frame. When Toskan demanded I learn to write he made me a writing lectern. It was a stark contrast to the large rack of weapons to the left of it, overflowing with tools I had used to kill countless foes. And the chests of drawers on its right were filled with clothes and keepsakes. “Well, looks to me like you’re pretty comfortable with my sweaty loincloths.”

He wriggled out of the pile and peeled my underwear off his bare scales. “Y-S-Sorry. I just wanted to be under something.”

“That so?”

“T-pff.” He saw my eyebrow raise, “Y-you’re a pervert.”

“I didn’t say anything,” I said.

He looked around my tent trying to do anything but look at me. “Sso you’re like a fighter person?”

“Fighter person?”

“Yeah, like... you kill things. You gotta lotta weapons.”

“Y-yeah, I suppose I do.”

“You... ever known any kobolds?” He asked. He slid down the side of the bed and sat on the rug.

I looked down at him, a smile beginning to grow on my face. “No, not really. I lived mostly in snowy regions, and then in high mountain forests. Never saw them in any dens or out above ground.” I leaned forward in my chair, legs wide, hands on the seat.

“So this is like, the warmest place you lived?”

“Lived yes, and if this is what spring heat is like... summer is going to kill me. Though I’m sure it won’t be as hot as when I fought a fire giant.”

“F-fire giant?” He sat forward, suddenly interested in me.

“Yeah,” I loosened my silvery gi and showed him the huge burn across my stomach, just under my breasts. The scar tissue was darker, almost navy colored. He looked tense seeing my bare body. “She was a tough bastard, but I didn’t kill her. Fought her a bit, force is the only thing fire giants know, and she agreed to trade with the village instead of steal from it.”

“S-so you’re like a real heroine,” Jun said, inching closer.

“A heroine?”

He stood and entered my personal space. He was so small, even with me sitting I towered over him. “Yeah, like, you saved those people.”

“I mean,” I scoffed looking away from his mystified eyes. “They paid me to do a job, and I did it. Just because I did it well doesn’t mean I’m a good guy.”

“Good... woman?” He said looking over my body.

“W-woman.” I didn’t realize I had called myself a guy. Didn’t know how to feel about that. I had never really accepted that I was a woman, since I left my culture behind in the monastery. Not that I thought I was anything else really.

“Yeah, you’re uhh.” He reached out and touched my scar softly. “You’re a heroine, not a hero.” I grabbed his hand, he shook when I touched him. “O-oh, sssssorry.”

“Used to touching blue bodies wherever?” I asked, my voice was soft.

He huffed and looked away, he certainly had a low threshold for being teased. I looked at him closely. The sun beams that filtered through the pale fabric of the tent gave his scales a glow. “Ss-something like that.”

I squeezed his hand but didn't throw it away. I let it rest there, moved it around. "You grab my butt more than anyone I've met. Thought you had a death wish the first time you did it. Does it feel nice to touch with permission?"

"Y-eah, ss-sorry. I don't know how to... And yeah! You got... more muscles than Tosk." He wiggled his fingers across the rough warped tissue and over to my abs. He felt the dense muscle in awe.

"I don't know about that... Is this your first time touching skin instead of scales?"

"N-no. But." He said, putting his other hand on top of my thigh. "It wasn't like this." He huffed and made eye contact.

"I can tell you got some kinda thing for me. But when you act all shy and anxious..."

"N-no." He huffed and tried to pull his hand free. "I-it's not an act."

"Then why are you so fearless right now? I can feel your hand trying to sneak up my thigh!" I closed my legs and trapped his arm, but he wiggled it out.

He used his free hand to pry my large fingers off, and held them. He looked at me, then examined my hand. They were scarred and worn by years of fighting tooth and nail for everything. "Y-you're a lot bigger than me... an-and it's kinda scary." He wiggled my hand and panted, maybe because my arm was heavy or cuz seeing how big I was made him anxious again.

I pulled my hand free of his grip and wrapped my arms around him. He shivered as I pressed him against my body. He was so tiny it almost made me laugh. "Silly little creature. I'm not going to hurt you. You and Toskan saved me from death, and from wanting that. I'm eternally grateful." He pressed his hands against me trying to wriggle away, but I didn't let him. His hands touched my breasts a few times, but neither of us mentioned it. Maybe he didn't actually notice.

"Y-yeah I know." His gravelly little voice reverberated through my body. "Th-that doesn't make it much easier though."

I peeled him off me, "Make what easier?" I asked. He scoffed looking back at the bed. "Besides! Toskan is bigger than me... That's not intimidating?"

He looked at the floor, eyebrows raised. "Y-yeah, well... you're like... different."

"Ahhhh." I looked down at him and grabbed his chin so he couldn't look away. "You got it bad then?"

"I-I mean." His red eyes darted around, if he could sweat I'm sure he would be drenched. "I can't help what I need," He said softly, maybe hoping I wouldn't hear him.

I smiled and put my forehead against his, my horns pressed into his soft scales. "You need me?" I could feel him squirm and try to break away, but I again didn't let him. "You're a weeeeird little thing."

I bit my lip unsure how to process this information. I'm sure he could see my pale fangs on my lips, based on how much more he was writhing. I've beheaded drakes and ripped apart wights with my bare hands. But I've never been needed before, especially not in the way Jun was implying.

Jun flopped out of my grip and onto the floor. He was panting and deeply flustered. "Are you.... blushing?" His steel colored scales looked pinkish around his cheeks still. He crossed his arms over his face.

"D-don't make fun of me!"

I put my bare foot on his crotch wrapping and leaned back in my chair. “What’s this, little beast.” His bulge felt warm against my foot. They were scared from kicking things into rubble, or kicking people’s weapons away.

“Y-Pervert. Do-don’t touch that with your feet.”

“What should I touch it with?”

“Hands, M-mooooouuth... Anything else.”

“What else?” I could feel his bugle thump harder and harder. It was definitely growing.

“Sssssss.” He pressed his hips up, against my foot.

“You a snake now?”

He grabbed my big toe and tossed my foot aside. Then sprang up on his feet and pressed himself against my still exposed belly. “Oh, looks like I got you too excited.” His little hands slid under my bra and felt me up. My breasts had always been pretty big even though I was muscly, honestly they were a pain. Most of my fighting relied on my legs and core, but my arms had only gotten strong somewhat by association. But I never developed intense pecs. “Now you’re all demanding, huh? All needy and brave.”

He huffed into my chest and clenched my sides. I ran a finger down the side of his body and put it into his underwear wrappings. “You’re such a creature.”

“Y-you so mean,” he said, grumbling.

I gave him a little push, a slight bump to see how he would react. He really was skin and bones, he fell back and gripped my arm as he fell. I still held his underwear wrappings and as he fell slowly to the ground they rapidly fell away from his bulge. He fumbled up to his knees and I thought he was going to be shy again. His breath was hot across my ink tiger stripes.

“Wh-what’re you doing, woman!?” He said as he scrambled to his feet.

I couldn’t help but laugh at his somewhat pitiful reaction. I tossed his wrappings across the tent. “There, fully exposed creature.”

He put his arms over himself as he got his footing., “Sss-fff, damn it.” It seemed as though both his arms weren’t enough to hide his cock tip. It peaked out in the V of his crossed arms.

“Shouldn’t have come in here unarmored. You know I’m a fighter person, right?”

“Y-you’re a damn bully is what you are!”

He grumbled and stepped closer to me. His red eyes were locked on mine. “You gonna be able to handle this?”

“You ask a lot of bullying questions.” He took a hand off his cock and gave my dense body a push. I flexed my back holding myself in place. “D-don’t worry about me.” I thought I could feel him shaking a bit when he pushed me.

“Why wouldn’t I worry about you? You’re a twig.”

He scoffed. “I-I’ll show you a d-damn twig, woman.”

Jun gripped my hand and held it out, then let his cock drop into my palm. “W-whoa.”

“Y-yeah. W-who’s stamering now!” I gave his pink cock a squeeze and he groaned, I thought he was going to fall again. His cock was pretty nice, though I haven’t seen many. It was tapered all the way down, the base was pretty thick. The tip had a small ridge, but other than that it was all smooth.

It was bigger than I ever could have imagined, “How?”

“I-I’m a natural born ssstud.” He put his hands on his hips, and looked proud to see my reaction.

I couldn't help but snicker at such a claim, "That's cute."

"Fff-sstop. I'm not cute!" He pointed at me, "Now get on the bed, woman!"

I smiled, I could feel my fangs sticking out over my lips. His cock was so dense I could barely put my whole pointer and thumb around it at its base. It was a bit shorter than my forearm, which compared to the kobold's body, seemed incredibly big. As his cock got harder and harder it seemed to get longer too. All stemming from a wide slit between his legs. There was a black ring around the base of his cock, "Is this a tattoo, like mine hopefully? Couldn't imagine getting actually stabbed in this soft meat."

"Hrrreff." Grabbing him like this seemed to make him squirm even more. He crossed his arms and barked at me, "Get on the bed, woman! You're gonna make me cum early."

I began stroking the creature's cock, making him squirm even more. "I think this is good for now. This feels like enough."

"Hrrhrrrch," He made a lot of weird noises, and took a few sharp breaths. I looked up from his cock, at his pleasure contorted face. He gripped my arm and let out a soft whine. I looked back down to his cock to immediately see it cum into the pit of my elbow. Pale globby, fluid coated my tiger striped arm. "Hhhhhh, y-your such a jerk."

I smiled and smelled my messy arm, "I'm impressed, little monster. We can do more later, okay. I want to work on writing more."

He was still panting. He looked like he was gonna fall over. "G-okay!"

"Hush." I wiped the cum off on his back and picked him up. He fit perfectly in my arms. "Relax, take a nap," I said, setting him down.

"I can, I can keep going." He said, curling up on my bed. I picked up my laundry and set it on top of my storage chests.

"I can't." I said sitting down on the bed. "Just relax okay." I pulled a blanket over him and tucked him in neatly. I looked at him for a moment, he was looking at the fabric of the tent. When I sat back down to go back to writing I could hear him snoring.

I didn't know how to handle the little dragon. He seemed so interested in me, what did I do to earn this. I didn't dislike him, in fact, I thought he was pretty cute. Those anxious fits make me nervous though, it's like he's constantly battling with himself or something. I don't know how to take it.

He and Toskan saved me. And Rain and Zez have accepted me, even if they're both weird. They brought me into their world and have been supporting me. All I did so far was help defend from petty bandits, it's child's play. Would having sex with this little beast be dangerous for my life here, would it cause drama. I don't know how to feel about myself right now.

I've never felt this way before. Do I want him, my body certainly thinks so. I can feel my loincloth moistening. I should change them, and resolve this need, before I soak through my pants. Does this mean I want him, what's that even supposed to feel like.

I've seen and heard people have sex, express sexual desires. I don't feel like saying those things I've heard, imitating memories. Part of me feels ashamed that I'm so ignorant. Should I tell him or would he know immediately. I'm a heroine, a fighter person, shouldn't I know how to do this stuff.

\*\*\*

I had spent about an hour writing out my thoughts in circles. It wasn't going anywhere, it just made me feel more weird. I ripped out the journal pages with my thoughts and tossed it into the fire in front of my tent. Zez, the lizardfolk woman, sat beside the fire and looked up at me.



She didn't speak, but watched me make sure the pages burned. I returned to my tent and looked at the sleeping kobold, he was still snoring. I took off my gi. It was a gift from a friend I met before I left my homeland, I didn't want to soil it.

I laid in bed, wearing only my bra and my loincloth. I still wrapped my loincloth like I was taught at home, letting a bit of the fabric run across my groin and wrapping the rest of the fabric in tight spirals around my waist. The fabric that ran between my legs was still damp. I hadn't abstained from masturbating in my life. I knew, at least, how to please myself. But it was always somewhat uncomfortable.

I'd never done it near someone, or even with anyone in mind. I'd usually just find myself in the night, at an inn or on the road, bored and unable to sleep. It was the middle of the day. I stroked the outside of my loincloth looking at the ceiling fabric of the tent. The tiny creature beside me breathed on my bare shoulder, his snoring had stopped when I laid beside him.

"J-jun?" I whispered softly looking at him. He was silent, and didn't stir a bit. His eyes looked so gently closed. His eyebrow fringes, that ran to the back of his head, looked calm for once. I sighed, and pressed my hand against the damp patch in my loin cloth. I swallowed and felt my heart fall into my stomach. Looking at his face, all I wanted to do was kiss him.

It felt creepy to stare at him and touch myself, at least without him knowing. I got him off, pretty quickly earlier. Didn't I earn my own. Maybe it would be okay if I could keep my thoughts off of him, it would be less creepy at least. I couldn't think of nothing now though, like I had before. I decided to try to wake him, accepting this would probably be easier. Maybe his touch would make it go by faster too.

I sighed again, feeling myself shiver at the thought. How did this creep up on me? What was it about him? "Jun," I rolled over, facing him. I touched his side. "Jun."

The kobold's eyes opened slowly, and he looked at me with half lidded eyes. "Y-yyyeeaaahhh?"

"Ca-can you help me?" I grabbed his hand and pressed it against my loincloth. But I accidentally pulled him out of his comfy little position.

He looked at my hand tugging at him, and made a few frustrated noises. "Ghrhhrrrk."

"Sorry. Didn't want it then, or like that." I huffed on the top of his head and the back of his neck. "Just... nothing inside for now."

"Ss-sh-sure." He huffed and looked back up at me. He pulled the blanket off himself, and slid close to my body. The creature seemed like he knew what he was doing even if he didn't act like it. He ran his leg between mine and ran his knee against the moist patch. He looked down at me with concern. What was he thinking of me then?

I gripped his chin and looked at his mouth, it was different from mine but his lips still looked warm. I ran my thumb over his lower lip, we were both panting already. I leaned in and pressed my lips to his. It wasn't my first kiss, but it was the first one I wanted and decided to give. His lips were warm, but I wanted more. I rolled over, pinning him down, and pressed my tongue into his mouth. He whined through his nose, I could feel his cock harden and pressed against my groin.

I felt my whole body shiver as I parted from the sloppy tongue kiss. "Hrtthchhk." He groaned loudly and looked like he was going to pass out. I kissed his neck and tried to hold in my own huffs as he kept pressing his leg against the wet patch, the pale fabric of my loincloth was translucent now. My blue skin and the warm folds of my anatomy were visible through the fabric.

He reached up and began to untie my loincloth. His fingers fumbled about struggling to pull it off. "You want more? Can't we just continue to grind." The kobold wasn't even speaking anymore, he seemed to be lost in need. He whined and pressed his stiff cock against my thigh. "Jun, relax." I pressed his narrow shoulders down.

As I pinned him he let out a sharp groan. I could feel a warm jet spray up my leg. He whimpered and sighed, "Oookay."

"Oh, oh lord." I stood up on my knees and wiped his cum off my leg, before standing and wiping my hand on my loincloth. "Wh-what was that, Jun?" He gasped looking up with a smile.

"I-I," he let out a long sigh. "I think..."

"Was I too rough?"

"N-no. I'm... I don't why it's not..." He looked downtrodden.

"What isn't happening?"

"M-me?" He grinned and pulled himself up. "Y-you said... you are c-curse resistant?"

"Yeah? I mean, most curses don't affect me." I looked down at my cooling loincloth.

"God I'm a mess. What's that got to do with anything?"

"S-Sorry. And... I-I'm not sure yet."

I looked over at him again, and let out a long sigh. "We both got pretty worked up."

"Y-yeah. Um, I really need ssssome water," He panted and scratched his leg.

I picked his loinwrap off the rug floor and tossed it at him. He wrapped himself up again, his cock softened quickly for such a big mass of flesh. I sat down on the bed and watched him leave. "This will probably be awkward," I thought, looking at the tent flap.