

Not Slaying Today
For Terina's Tiger
By Draconicon

Sir Carter Melar, a knight of the realm without a lord, had decided to face the challenge that might finally net him a patron. The human pulled his lance down from his shoulder, settling it across the mount in his saddle, and gently squeezed with his knees, pushing his horse forward and further up the mountain.

"Xirvyss! Slayer of Men! Today is the day that you meet your end!" he called out at the top of his lungs.

There was no answer. He did not expect one; the dragon was known as the most dangerous in the realm, and he expected that the beast would be waiting for him, saving its breath for their battle. The knight kneed the horse to move a bit faster, to climb the trail that much quicker.

Today is the day I go from a knight of the field to a knight of the courts, he thought, imagining himself with a proper cape for the first time in his life. No more finding quests from peasants. No more climbing the mountains for death traps. No more seeking out holy items for churches. From now on, I'll be a knight of the court, and they will be the ones to send me on missions. Missions worthy of me.

Carter sighed to himself, taking deep breaths through the thick metal plate that covered him from head to toe. According to the smith, it would be enough to repel two blasts of dragonfire. Two breaths, and then he would be helpless, exposed, and probably burnt badly. He would have to end this before Xirvyss got any more than that.

When he was rounding the final bend in the path to the top of the mountain, he heard the sound of great footsteps. The knight tossed his head back, settling his helm properly along his neck and sealing the gaps where fire might enter. He would not lose to a dragon because of ill-fitting armor.

One more round, and there it was. The great black...dragon...Xirvyss.

Sir Carter paused, cocking his head to the side at the dragon waiting for him on the plateau. The beast was large enough, he supposed, standing ten feet tall and fifteen feet long, but more than five feet of that length was tail. The beast itself was not nearly large enough to be the scourge of the kingdom that he'd expected to fight, but there was no question that this was the right mountain. He glanced at the dragon, then leaned slightly to the side, peering towards the cave.

"Xirvyss! I come here to fight you, not whatever hatchling you might have sent for me. Come out and face me yourself, you coward!"

"I am Xirvyss," the dragon said, flaring his wings, his white underbelly shimmering as light reflected off of his scales from all directions. "And you...are hopeless."

"You? Xirvyss, the Slayer of Men?"

"...They always have to add an S to that title..." the dragon muttered, shaking his head at the end of a long neck. "Do us both a favor. If you value your dignity, turn and leave. I am irritably disposed, and I do not plan on having mercy if you force this."

"If you are truly Xirvyss, then I cannot leave you. I must dispose of you, for the good of the realm."

"Must we?" the dragon asked, rolling his head back until he had almost formed a loop with his neck, almost bringing his head around to face the knight again. "It always goes the same way. Your kind come to fight, I show them how pitiful they really are, and then -"

"You eat them."

"...You really should learn to let others finish their sentences."

"No. I should just finish you. Onward!"

He kicked the horse one last time, and his stallion pulled back on its hind legs before charging forward. The great beast was trained well, and charged the dragon despite its fear. Carter leaned over his saddle, holding the lance couched against him, the distance between him and the great beast closing. Today, Xirvyss -

Blinked. The dragon blinked, closing his eyes with definite force. And as he did, the air shimmered. It burst outwards, rolling towards the knight -

BANG!

It was like being bowled over with a giant's fist, the pressure in the air sending him flying back. His horse moved forward without any opposition, and then kept running, right into the cave, not having anyone to tell it to stop. It had been trained...too well.

As Sir Carter tried to drag himself to his feet, his armor weighing him down with every move, Xirvyss approached, every one of his four legs thumping loudly as he walked across the plateau.

"Are we going to continue this pointless fight, or are you going to accept your loss and leave? I seriously don't expect you to; not one of you knights have had *any* sense of self-preservation. Or any sense at all, for that matter."

"When I get up, I *will* cut you down!"

"And there's threat number six hundred forty-eight." Xirvyss sighed, and then blinked again.

CRACK!

The armor that the knight wore shattered into pieces just as he lunged to his feet again. The formerly-armored human yelped as he almost overbalanced, having to use his formerly-sheathed greatsword to keep from falling on his face. All he had left was the loincloth that he'd worn under the armor - he hadn't been able to afford the leathers and padding to keep the bruises off - and he blushed as he looked at the dragon again. He shook his head, pushing his embarrassment down. So what if he lacked armor? He could still take this dragon...

With a roar, he charged across the plateau. The beast just stared at him, not bothering to take flight, not bothering to breathe in. It was a fool. His blade was sharp, sharp enough even for dragon scales. He could -

Blink.

And just like that, the greatsword that he'd hefted with effortless flair became too heavy to bear. Sir Carter stumbled, trying to get his grip back, but it was too late. The sword fell from his hands, and try as he might, he could not pick it up.

Blink.

He stumbled back from his sword, pressing his hands to his head. It was like there was a suction behind his eyes, something pulling at the back of his brain. Everything was...was fading, dragged out of his head. Even as he looked at his sword, he could feel his techniques, his skills, everything that he had applied to that blade fading away from him. It was as if he had never wielded a sword at all, never -

Blink.

Another gasp as he fell to his knees, his body burning with sensitivity and warmth. His cock throbbed beneath his loincloth, rising, pushing up the leather in front of him. Xirvyss slowly strutted up to him, and the knight barely had the mind to look up at him. The black-scaled, gold-eyed dragon leaned his head down, looking him right in the eye. There was a cocky grin on his face, too, as he spoke.

"Who are you, human?"

"I...I am..."

"Don't you remember?"

"..."

"Or do you need a reminder?"

"I...I don't!"

"Heh, I think you do."

Blink.

Wally fell back, his head spinning as the dragon loomed over him. He panted for breath, his cock still throbbing as Xirvyss reached out with a claw. The dragon was...was touching him, tracing a finger and claw along the sides of his body, up and down his hips. That warm feeling continued to burn, growing stronger and stronger as he felt...something...pushing out against that claw, feeling himself falling further into his own strange need.

The more that Xirvyss touched him, the greater his need became, almost like the dragon's touch alone aroused more of it. He panted for breath, his head rolling back as his hair started to grow longer, running down his back and almost forming a pillow under his head. He groaned, then gasped, arching his back as the dragon's claw hooked between his legs, rubbing right behind his balls.

"You are going to be a fine little treasure for the next few weeks."

"Nnngh...I...I'm not..."

Blink.

And in one last blast of gold light, he went from resistant to giggling, horny and happy for the dragon. Xirvyss let him go, and Wally giggled as he reached up, long-haired and a little bit dumb, but one didn't need to be particularly smart to know what to do with a big guy's cock, and the dragon was definitely a big guy.

"Mmmm..."

He leaned in, kissing the tip that was ever so slowly sliding from the slit between the dragon's legs. He teased it out, kissing it again and again, sucking in the soft, musky scent of it being buried within for a while. A nuzzle, a caress, and a lick brought it out further, further, and further still, until it was longer than his arm and just as sturdy. He licked his lips at the sight of it, bringing it down against his chest, grinding up against it and kissing along the tip.

"Give your master pleasure, little human, and eventually he will let you go. And this time, one of you will get the damn title right. Layer. LAYER of Men."

"Hehehe, whatever you say, master."

"Just...get to sucking. And no giggling. I need to find a way to let you keep your brains *and* be obedient..."

The End