

In Kobold's Care

By Victor Waite

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A Personal Piece

A knight chases after a small band of kobolds after they've made off with several villagers. To the kobolds' surprise, the knight offers himself and wishes to join them.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Male, Feline, Kobold, Reptile, Cat, Hyper, Hyper Balls, Hyper Cock, Soft Vore, Cock Vore, Endo

Stars twinkled high above the forest canopy, marking the clear night with pinpoints of light. The moon hung full, high in its arc, gazing on the world below. The soft sounds of nocturnal predators and prey sounded out through the trees, though the racing footsteps of an urgent knight drowned them out. The cat barreled through shrubs and trees with the subtlety of a stampede, trading stealth for speed several times over. He only slowed to turn his gaze upward to the sky, where he tracked his progress through the forest. His heart skipped a beat when he realized he was close, and he drained the last of his energy racing toward his destination. Just as the cat hoped, he spotted a small campfire in the distance, and his vision tunneled until he broke into the lit clearing.

The knight's adrenaline crashed when he found the campsite empty, and his heart sank. Defeat bowed his posture, and he hardly noticed the kobold sneaking up behind him. The woosh of a narrowly dodged strike cut through the air, sending him stumbling to his rear. The feline stammered out an apology and started to pick himself up, though several spears trained on his neck convinced him to remain on the ground. His pulse raced, but he found a mote of comfort in knowing he was in the right place. Around him, a small group of kobolds glared with a mixture of mistrust and confusion. They glanced between themselves with the cat's evident surrender, and with a nod from their captain, they lowered their weapons and let him stand. He towered over the group, but they still out-sized him in other ways.

The apparent leader stepped forward, careful not to trip over his abundant maleness or its occupants. "If you're not here to hunt us, why have you come?"

The knight took a knee and turned his gaze to the ground. "I want to be an offering."

The admission puzzled most of the group, but the leader remained composed. "You would not be the first to give yourself, but I wonder if you realize what that entails."

A deep blush tinted the cat's muzzle. "I know exactly what it means, and I still want it."

"Very well." The kobold leader motioned to a slightly smaller kobold, who sheepishly approached. "Your timing is fortunate. We had hoped to introduce this one to the ritual tonight, but he was unable to catch anyone."

The kobold in question looked to the ground.

"You will be fine practice."

Before the indignity of the statement sank in, the kobold in training waddled up to the knight and pressed his head against his crotch. The motion was only slightly clumsy, and the reptile's scent cloyed the cat's senses instantly. A blush warmed the feline's muzzle while he nuzzled the kobold's sheath, coaxing out a member that swelled to obscene proportions. The trainee rolled his head back and let out an indulgent sigh as his tip glided through his prey's fur and fluff, leaving a trail across his face. The knight's eyes rolled back as the kobold's enthralling presence sank in, leaving him more willing and docile already,

He offered only a token protest when the kobold stepped back, more aimed at that sweet lure leaving him than the gravity of his situation. His dreamy mumbling ended when the reptile lined his tip up with his muzzle, then thrust forward.

An empty moment hanged in the air when the knight's nose slipped into the tip of that member. The kobold shuddered as virgin muscles stretched and new paths of pleasure blazed in his nerves, while the cat simply knelt, dominated and entranced. The kobold's jaw dropped in a silent gasp of bliss when the cat's tongue emerged, teasing that tensing tunnel that tugged him deeper. The reptile's head rolled back when a ripple ran down his considerable length, the start of his rapturous feeding. While the kobold couldn't consciously control his actions, his body knew exactly what to do. His hand drafted to the back of the knight's head and his hips rolled forward, bulging his under-channel with the feline's chin. Blissful huffs and yips filled the clearing, until the kobold reached his first stumbling block at the knight's shoulders.

The other kobolds watched with bated breath while their peer shuddered and struggled, until with a rapturous shout, he stretched over the knight's arms. In the back of his mind, the knight sensed passing the point of no return, though he hardly cared in that moment. All that was left for him to do was relax and enjoy the transition to his new life. The kobold, on the other hand, still had much work to do. He took a step forward and pressed the cat deeper into his rippling embrace, steadily claiming him inch by inch. Copious amounts of pre dribbled down the feline's form, bathing him in his predator's scent and matting his pelt down. The bulge in the kobold's cock swelled as he gradually claimed the knight's torso, his pace only slowing when he reached his prey's hips. Those subtle swells wouldn't stall him long, however.

In a burst of predatory energy, the kobold wrapped his arms around his cock and lifted with all his strength, hugging it to his chest. The feline wriggled out of reflex when his world inverted, accidentally and perfectly dislodging his hips. The kobold moaned into the night as the cat slid down his spire under the speed of gravity, overloading his nerves and shorting him out with bliss. His sac swelled as the cat spilled into that churning chamber, ripe and roiling with the reptiles lust. It clung to the knight's fur and suffused his every sense, reducing his world to that pool of seed. Still, he offered not even a token resistance. The cat leaned into soft, surrounding walls and gingerly kneaded, mumbling thanks to his predator all the while. The kobold struggled to keep him down, pressing down on his bumps and bulges. Still bolts of his lust arced through the air, growing in frequency and intensity until his orgasm was undeniable.

Before the kobold undid evening's hard work, his leader wrapped a belt around the base of his spire and pulled it tight. "Until you've had a chance to practice your control a little more," the leader murmured.

The smaller kobold shuddered and pumped his hips, enduring the battle between his climax and the belt until the latter won out. Once his breath returned, he meekly nodded.

"Take the rest of the night to recover and get some sleep. The trip back to the cave will not be as easy."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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