

In the Land of the Ripped:

Tavern Tales

by Xenny Diemes

In the great land of Amerista, there is not a single sentient being that weighs less than half a ton of pure, raw muscle. Everyday life for its subjects is as normal as anything can be: Children play, workers till the land, and advance the industrial world with great leaps and bounds; all while looking like they could explode out of their clothing with the simplest reeling of an arm. In fact, Amerista's clothing industry is the largest in the land providing all the fabric and styles for even the biggest of citizens, all except for the mighty King Rathus whose legend says that no clothing could ever contain him, save of course of his cape and "nut-bra" undies. Far and across the great Vaal Mountains is the neighboring land of Crystalia, a young republic also filled with heavily muscled men, women and children of various species. The reason why they are so young of a nation is that they are the end result of a brutal civil war that successfully overthrew its tyrannical king and puts in place their first democracy. The only thing separating the two great lands, are those mountains; some according to the locals could be high enough to reach space. It seemed impassable for years, until a great road was cut by generations long ago through those mighty mountains, it is the Great Leonius Thoroughfare.

Built according to legend by Rathus' own great, great, great-grandfather for the sole purpose of wanting to see the ocean on the other side of the continent, he personally cut through the mountains and in his make, found a different civilization that are far more powerful than he is, the Dragons. King Leonius broke a deal with the dragons to allow him passage over the mountain in exchange for all the goods and knowledge the low-landers have. It has been decades now and with a short stint of the road being closed due to the neighboring nation becoming despotic, the throughfare is open once again. One of its first establishments to be built right on the mountain path, is a tavern/inn called "The Fiery Path" a tavern completely run by the dragons of the mountains and headed by its "biggest" operator, a woman named Hydriel. Eighteen feet and seven tons of hulking, top heavy dragon, serving the heaviest cuts of beef and ale in mugs that weigh more than a horse. According to her, it helps her and her staff get a continuous workout while serving the customers. She runs a good business (thanks) to the knowledge of the low-landers. These are the tales that go about in the

Fiery Path and how Hydriel has her stories, adventures and even messes with all of them.

#1. Come Back When You're Older

Winter falls over the mountains of the Vaal and Hydriel is serving several drinks to the local passerby including her fellow dragons; Who more often than not, love to show off their muscles in order to impress the servers and maybe score a night with them. Much to their disappointment, Hydriel forbids any of the females to mingle with the patrons. A policy that will soon be challenged one, stormy twilight when a lone traveler came in, wearing a long, hooded cape and barely anything at all, but it did catch Hydriel's eye for the oddest of reasons, he looks hot, strong and mighty looking with that golden brown mane flowing in the thrush of winter wind, and his endowments.... He is a stranger to modesty that only his underwear only holds up his balls leaving his long, thick cock free to hang over it swaying heavily and slapping against his thick thighs. For a young lion, he is something a dragon could satisfy real deeply and against her own rules, she did. On that night, they made love, Hydriel can already feel the inexperience this young one has, save for nearly crushing his pelvis from all that pounding, but Hydriel is not a petty woman instead of insulting his performance, she gives him some encouragement. She'll let him have a second round when he's older and as he leaves, she notices a strange mark on the inside of his wrist, but it was unfamiliar to her at the time. After a quick wash and a new change of clothes, Hydriel returns to work and the young lion continues on his way.

Fifty years later, improvements have been made to the Fiery Path including bigger, wider doors to accommodate the bigger patrons who enter through. Hydriel, while older, is still her energetic self and still sporting those incredible muscles all over her body, but worked more on her wings to keep herself airborne. Then through the extra large doors, came two hulking royal guards making way for what is behind them. He is enormous, instantly dwarfing everyone around him, now only with a crown, cape and his special ball-holding undergarments, everyone bowed before the great beast, except for Hydriel. There is no reason for her to kneel however, the moment she saw that mark on the inside of this beast's wrist has made her drop her plate in shock. The young lion she had her way with was none other than the future King Rathus of Amerista, Looking down at the quivering barmaid, Rathus talks with his deep, booming voice. The great lion tells

Hydriel if he's now "old" enough. She gulps realizing what she said to the then young prince and she only meant that as a bit of a joke and he was really that good.

Stepping in closer and putting a hand against the wall, making it creak and crack under such weight, Rathus looks further down on the barmaid with a big smile on his face and tells her that he is ready to show that he can be much, much better. Hydriel gulps after hearing that and then looking down at his great royal package. A promise is a promise she supposed, but she has no idea of what is to come. Guards were outside making sure that no one else enters the inn while Hydriel and Rathus do it right in her private bedroom. Hydriel's pumped pussy is stretched to the max and the force of feeling that huge, hot head hit the roof of her uterus like a hammer to a piece of steel is overwhelming to her. Rathus can feel the real power of a dragon crushing his cock and resisting his force a real turn on, causing his balls to swell twice their size and pop themselves out of his underwear. Hydriel can feel herself wanting to cum but the huge cock shoved deep inside her is blocking her release but does not care, she in a state of sexual ecstasy that can kill a hundred warriors. Right there, Rathus tells the pumped barmaid that he is about to cum and with a hard, glass shattering roar, he does! Gallon after gallon of his thick, hot semen enters into the dragon and her belly swells huge enough to lift herself off and crush the bed under it. Pulling out, Rathus has enough to cum over her engorged back and wings, flood the room and break through the window, spilling it on top of his two guards, who surprisingly remain still.

The room, the hall outside and the two are now covered in heavy lion cum and Hydriel with her great strength squeezes her belly and dumps the cum out of her ass like a fire hose until she gets her six-pack back. Breathing heavily, She never thought he could be that good and the exhausted and sticky great lion believes that she was amazing how she used her pussy muscles to put resistance and loves a woman who can push back. Rathus then asks the barmaid now if he is better, her exhausted and still horny look shows it better than anything that could come out of her mouth. He then offers to take her and himself to the inn's showers and share it as to wash all the love goo off their bodies and to pay for the damages. Though it is to say double the damages, the shower room didn't stand a chance when Hydriel offers a second round from the King.

#2. When You Had Too Much

It has been over a week since Amerista now has a new king with the phenomenally skinny Lathan and all is good. That is except for the now disgraced Lord Grah, who after his plan backfired by the overwhelming cheers of seeing a failure gives fuck all to the nation and leaves to wash his troubles away in the Inn. There he gets to do hard bicep curls every time he takes a sip of Adel Ale out of those one-ton mugs. Adel Ale has over a 259 percent proof and is said that only a few made it to the fifth mug. Lord Grah didn't care as he finishes his fourth serving. It seemed to the rest of the patrons that this lion could handle such a powerful drink and they approached him but then backed away the moment he growled, A jackal merchant however offered Grah a hundred gold if he can do a little challenge for him. Grah tells him to piss off, the Jackal persists and offers him two hundred gold if he can do his challenge, Grah roars and flexes his muscles out hard to burst out of his shirt and armor, telling him to leave him alone, he does not want his gold or to do his challenge.

But the Jackal keeps persisting and gives him a swig of his own ale, what does he got to lose if he does his challenge. Grah gives into his request and orders the maid to give him another round of Adel Ale. Everyone in the inn gasped in shock to the news, but the lord orders more Ale and takes his first dive into the challenge, the fifth mug didn't do much to phase him and so he orders a sixth, that one made a difference as his belly begins to swell, Grah ordered more mugs and the crowd gazes at how much ale he can drink. At this point, he says fuck all to the challenge and asks one of the maidens to get the owner to get the keys to great mug. The great mug is a 100-gallon mug that weighs over a thousand tons and is only to be used to the consumption of the heaviest of alcohols and in groups, it is not meant for an individual such as Grah.

But in his anger, he grabs the waitress and threatens to kill her if she doesn't do it, he later throws her to the ground and she gets off running in a panic, Hydriel sees this and does not appreciate anyone, including royalty threatening her employees. Grah instead grabs her by the chest and swears if she doesn't do what he says, he will come back with his men and burn the inn to the ground and have her head on a pike. Knowing that the odds are against her, she asks the maidens to give what the lion lord wants. Soon the crowd watches as the back room opens to reveal, what's coming this way. Carried by six maidens, all with their sleeves burst open from lifting the super-heavy mug, is an entire years stock of the ale, ready to be downed by this brute. The Inn quake as all six maidens drop the mug and they stood back as the over-inebriated lion approaches.

Slamming his claws into the sides of the mug, he lifts and lets the first fall of the fluid fall into his mouth, not stopping for breath. The crowd cheers him on as he keeps drinking and watching his belly swell out. The maidens wonder if Hydriel is going to stop this, she won't and assures him that he will get what he deserves soon.

Minutes past and the last drop falls on Grah's tongue. The people cheered and he throws the mug back as it slams back in the floor again. The jackal, keen to his word throws his 200 gold to his feet and walks off ticked off. Grah laughs as he leaves holding up his massive belly and squeezing himself through the door but not before looking back at the ladies of the inn with a smug smirk on his face and letting them know that he'll call for his men to burn the place down. The maidens protest, saying that he promised them that would not do that, he lied and leaves. Worried about their safety and lives, Hydriel assures them that they have nothing to worry about in the next few minutes. As he walks away, Grah feels a sudden pressure building up in his crotch and is in serious need to pee but quickly feels his pants tightening and feeling really hot. Running to a place to hide, he finds it deep in a wide crack that he and his belly can fit through and quickly rushes to open his pants. He really needs to pee, but why is he sporting a massive erection? He didn't care and aims for the wall and lets it rip, what happened next fills the canyon with the painful and blood curdling screams of the lion as she runs out with his huge penis shooting out liquid lava, his pee is literally on fire!

Spraying and setting nearby carts and other things ablaze, the heat of his burning urine made the ground slicker and Grah slips back and lands hard, breaking his back, the stream of hot, flaming urine falls on him and sets his body on fire, screaming and twisting in agony, but that is not the worst of it. Grah grabs his stomach as it began to inflate all with the ale boiling inside. His body covered in flames from head to toe, screaming and begging to be put out as he is pissing fire and his insides being cooked. The final coup-de-grace is his belly boiling, inflating more until it became bigger than his body and explodes, spilling its bloody ale content across the ground like a popped overfilled water balloon. The once mighty Lord Grah is dead! Hydriel calms the maidens and some panicked patrons down and takes the liberty to explain that this is what happens when one drinks too much Adel Ale: Those who finish up to the fifth mug would experience an extreme burning when they pee but in Grah's case, it got so hot, his pee caught on fire. She laughs fiendishly and walks away knowing it served him right to threaten her and the girls.

#3. Feathers vs. Fur vs. Scales

Flexing one's muscles in this land means more than just showing off, it's a non-vocal way of commanding respect when a lone voice just isn't enough. But that doesn't stop anyone from trying just for the sheer fun of it. In the Fiery Path, many of the customers come in, have a few drinks and leave, but often at times they do play a few games: Arm wrestling, weight tossing, and the ever popular pose off. Yes, even in a world of buffed-out people, the art of display remains the longest means of a show of power. One day, an Ameristian giraffe and a Castalian eagle soldier entered side by side arguing over a few things and ordered their drinks, after a few and getting highly drunk, the Ameristian soldier fired the first shot, saying that Ameristians are bigger, stronger and better than anyone in the land. That struck a nerve with the eagle and he says that Crystalians are far better, than the Ameristians who as he heard are ruled by a "twig" of a king. Their overseer can crush him with her tits if she feels like it and it would feel like nothing.

Soon the giraffe and eagle are head-to-head, flexing their bodies and growling hoping either one would apologize but neither would back down. That is when Hydriel steps in and stops this rivalry drivel, she doesn't really care of whose nation is the best, but the two shot her down quick because of her being a dragon and have no place in the conversation. But then someone mentions the idea of a "Flex off". A flex off is a grand show of physical power and the artful showing of one's own muscle mass regardless of size. It is the ultimate test of body language and what it says about its bearer. The two soldiers agree and have taken off their armor until they are down to their undergarments which immodestly, only consisting of a pair of undies. It's almost if they were preparing for a competition already. With everyone surrounding the two, the giraffe and eagle flexed hard and posed to the best of their ability. The crowd goes wild first by the giraffe's wide and expansive chest, then to the eagle with his impressive... tail feathers. But the mere showing of muscle was not just show, their communicating.

Nearing the end of the competition neither seem to let up and loose until the giraffe forgot the one part of his muscle he never thought of, his own neck. Stretching out his neck, he flexed it hard, making it swell

as if he swallowed a huge long meal and is struggling to swallow it. Everyone grew amazed even though the giraffe looks as if he's being choked hard. Everyone cheered and the giraffe did an explosive body flex as a sign of victory over the eagle. But the eagle could not stand for it and attacks the giraffe, it became a full on brawl afterwards that got the entire in pandemonium. That is until it stopped by an explosion of a roar coming from the entryway and everyone looked to where it came from. Its body was enormous, muscles exploding everywhere, veins thicker than fire hoses and the ground quakes with each footstep of its green, scaly feet. It is a dragon and he is here to take this opportunity to show off to these two to show real muscle superiority. But the look on the two soldiers' faces and them holding on to each other made that quite clear.

Moments later, the crowd cheered as the dragon contestant finishes off with an explosive pec flex that finishes the most shirts he can completely destroy with his own body. Watching the two grumble as they walk away in defeat, The dragon thunder stomps his way to Hydriel, looming over her with his bulk, he reaches down and grabs the barmaid to hug her into his wide, solid bosom. So hard her breast milk fires out of her nipples and through the fabric of her top. Struggling to let go, he laughs at the time she was young and did the same thing except with less milk shooting out. He finally lets go and she mumbles off to herself, squeezes the milk off her top and reminds him to stop doing that. The dragon then tells her that is the sort of thing cousins do, but not smother them to near death as Hydriel interjects. She also wanted to thank her cousin by teaching those two a lesson on whose nation really have the biggest muscles in the land.