

Raven sat down on a bench inside a cave system... or rather a cell within a cave system. Only a few days ago he had won a brawl in a small tavern where a black cat-like Pokémon with red markings on the head asked him if he was willing to join a tournament... if he won he would gain 3000 gold and a special prize. If he lost... well... she didn't say anything, but Raven could guess that he simply would have wasted his time.

She had guided him to a cave system and only then he had realized it was an illegal tournament to the death. Each participant either joined her/himself or chose a champion, and the girl in his case had chosen to let him be her champion. Since then he only had seen three places so far: The cell, the common bathroom and the arena. The tournament was set in six rounds and Raven won three of them so far, with the deaths of his opponents, the only way to win a fight. He was worried about the next matches though... after all, the last three were against complete inexperienced fighters, meaning that from now on only those who knew how to fight will face him. The only hope that Raven had was that he gained some sort of advantage, and that this special reward the girl had promised him was worth the trouble.

Waiting in the cell, the one who took him to the last three battles came and the Zangoose looked at the Raichu and asked, "Round four?"

"Round four," nodded the electric-type. "With a twist. The winner gets an extra prize this time and skips one battle."

"How so?"

"Decision of the boss," told the Raichu. "Now come!"

Standing up, the normal-type followed the mouse towards the arena and he entered it as his name was called, looking at the ones who watched him fighting in the last three rounds and knew how good he was, making them for him... while others cheered for their favorites... and he saw why the change of battle: Raven was teamed up with a Chameleon with a spear and they were facing off against a Machop with three axes and a Dewott with two daggers. Heavily at a disadvantage there...

Raven's grip on his blade hardened and he exchanged with the fire type a look... and they nodded in agreement on who fights who.

Raven and the Chameleon got ready for battle while their opponents did the same...

And the ring that announced the battle start.

The Dewott wasted no time charging at the Chameleon with an Aqua Jet, although the Zangoose went into the path and used his metal arm to block the impact to buy his partner the time to either take the Dewott or the Machop, who rushed forward with three axes in hands to cut the two down.

The Chameleon got in front of the fighting-type and blasted his face with a flamethrower before smacking him with the back end of his spear following it up with a stab to the shoulder.

He grunted but tried to gut the spear out while Raven punched the Dewott once more, not having to fear his metal arm getting cut by the enemy's daggers.

Getting knocked back from the hit, the Dewott growled before blasting Raven with a Water Gun, sending him crashing into his partner.

Grunting, the Zangoose tried to get up, only to block the three axes of the Machop with his blade, putting his strength into avoiding being crushed by these large and heavy weapons.

The Charmeleon managed to stab the Machop in the stomach causing him to step off in pain allowing the two to get up, only for the fire-type to get tackled by Dewott's Aqua Jet. Raven avoided the Machop who had trouble with the wound and got behind him to slice twice the back.

The Charmelon was doing his best to block the Dewott's assault, he suddenly blasted his face with a Flamethrower. Although it was not effective at hurting his opponent, it was enough to get him off, giving him the opportunity to smack him away.

The Machop was now raging, swinging blindly his three weapons while Raven danced around him, getting closer to the Dewott, having a plan on how to take at least one of the two out.

Fending off the water-type, the Chameleon managed to stab his opponent in the legs leaving him unable to move.

Raven got next to the Dewott and made a quick movement, slicing the throat of the water-type, removing him from the battle before having to block a heavy strike from an axe with his arm, getting damaged from it.

With the Machop frantically lashing out at the Zangoose, he failed to notice the Charmelon getting behind him, resulting in a stab to the back of the neck, ending the fight.

The Machop held his neck, gargling before falling down.

Raven panted and looked at the Charmeleon, "Now what? We were told that it is a death battle."

"I'm guessing... we might have to fight each other now..."

"I hate fighting partners to the death," he said, getting a respectful distance, holding his blade ready. "Was an honor, at least."

"Indeed..." the fire-type said, holding up his weapon.

The two warriors stared each other down, waiting for a signal for them to start fighting.

But before it could start, the Charmelon suddenly threw his spear to the ground.

"On second thought, forget it. I'm done."

Placing his blade on the shoulder Raven stated, "So, you are here on your own and not a hired muscle of somebody?"

"That's right, best of luck to you," he responded before leaving.

Sheathing his weapon, Raven went out as well and was guided back to his cell, where he would wait for his next battle... which was the final one. Meaning whoever he will face will be the most dangerous opponent.

Then he noticed that somebody was coming... the other fights couldn't have been done yet, so he turned to see who it was.

It was the black feline with mostly black fur with red markings on her body.

"Congratulations on making it this far," she said.

"Thanks! Didn't have much of a choice after you tricked me into a tournament where I die if I don't win or get killed if I try quitting," growled the Zangoose. "The 3000 gold and the special prize you promised weren't really much of a compensation... even if I still don't know what the special prize for the winner is!"

"Sorry, I was only doing what I was told to do," she simply said.

"And who told you?" he asked, looking at her with his single eye.

"My boss, of course."

"And who is your boss? I will have some words with him if I survive the fun here," told Raven. "And why are you here anyway?"

"Sorry I'm not allowed to say who, as for why I'm here... well... a part of me truly does want you to win."

"Thanks for telling!" he told her, lying down. "Just have to survive one more fight," and added sarcastically. "Piece of cake"

"I'm sure you'll be fine," she said before leaving. Raven sighed and close his eye and start taking a nap if nothing else comes...

As he woke, the Raichu was waiting already and told, "Your last battle! Ready?"

"As ready as it was possible for me," he said and stood up, following the electric-type to the arena and moved on the battlefield, waiting for his opponent to appear who turned out to be a Druddigon holding two large swords.

"Tough fella," stated Raven while holding his blade ready in a stance that looked like from a certain dark sword fighter with silver hair... and he waited for the signal for the fight to begin.

With the start of the fight, the dragon-Pokémon rushed in a surprising speed, swinging one of his swords. Raven had to trust his instincts while blocking and redirecting the strikes, trying to get an opening as he decided he needed to finish the fight quickly and for that he would need to use his

secret weapon... and for that he needs a spot of the dragon open for long enough that his metal hand could touch.

As he blocked the attack Raven found himself being pushed back from the strength of his opponent's blows before noticing his other sword coming at him.

He raised his metal arm, catching the blade with it as the arm was made of a special type of Dwner Metal, very hard and durable and only a real dragon had been able to damage it so far. The Druddigon suddenly smacked him away with an Iron Tail, sending the Zangoose crashing into the wall of the arena.

Growling in pain, Raven got up again and rushed over, his fist crackling in electricity and punched the dragon-type to shock him before he activated the mechanism in his metal arm to charge up his weapon.

Roaring in pain, he fell to his knees. Raven grabbed the head of the dragon-type with his mechanical hand and released the charge, the gem flare on the hand paw flared and released a powerful blast point blank, Raven thrown back by the sheer force while his arm automatically ejected the used up Soul Gem, wanting to be refilled.

His opponent just fell to the ground, no longer moving. Raven closed the hatch of the arm as he had no spare with him right now and moved over to the dragon to ensure he really ended him, not that his skull is was thick enough to survive a wall blasting technique with high energy cost.

The dragon-type wasn't moving, indicating that he was the winner.

The crowd was cheering, which also confirmed his victory and Raven was guided out by a new door and in a room he hadn't seen before in that place: a luxury bathroom, where servants took his clothes and equipment and guided him into the water.

As he was in the water he wondered how they could have gotten such bath down there, which is even better than the Jarl's places... perhaps even the one for the High King of Solitude. Also, one servant took his eye pad, revealing his other eye... or what was left of it after an arrow hit him there, remains removed and a cheap glass orb placed in.

"I knew you'd win," Raven turned around to see the black cat from before.

"Even though my opponent was a hulk of a dragon-type?" asked Raven. "How much did you bet for me?" knowing that most people who said that just won a good amount of money, and probably also lost some money by betting against him. "And since we are talking already, why I am in such a luxurious bathroom right now?"

"Because you're the winner, isn't that obvious?"

"I was in more than one tournament, and won also a few and I know that even at these, such a treatment wasn't given," he stated. "There is more than just having won. Does it have something to do with the prize? And why are you here while I am bathing?"

"So many questions..." she said before joining him in the bath.

"There is one more: are you making yourself a bonus prize?" he mused, looking at her well formed body. He had already guessed she would look well under her clothes but due the thick leather armor she had before it was hard to judge.

"Think of it as an apology for having to trick you."

"That is a very well apology," he smirked and moved closer to her, hands on her hips.

"I hope so," she said, hugging him close. Grinning he felt her body slowly, getting a good touch on her curves and looked over the body to know details he hadn't seen on her yet, noticing with amusement that her nipples were red on the C sized breast. "Neat body you got here... I think I am so naughty and have a round with you for what you did."

"Definitely add a bit of excitement to my life," she grinned.

"But now tell me: What are you? I have never seen your kind in Skyrim before and don't tell me you are a Khajiit! That is nothing these cat people could look like," stated Raven. "And you smell like a Pokémon of the fire-types"

"Good nose, I AM a fire type known as a Litten," she said.

"Seems I keep running into fire felines," he chuckled. "Litten... seems to be showing up recently here else I would have heard of your kind before," and he kissed her lips, butt being touched by his hands, squeezed roughly.

The female moaned softly as she returned the kiss. After holding it for a moment he broke the kiss, before going down and licking her breast while groping the other one, his metal hand scratching her back.

"Just as experience in lovemaking I see."

"I had many lovers," he smirked to her and challenged. "Show your skills as well!"

She purred as she kissed him, gently stroking his growing shaft as she did. He murred loudly while licking her tongue, his hand on her hole, feeling the fire-type to see how it is different from others he felt before.

This made her moan softly as she felt him more as well. Breaking the kiss he moved down and began to suck on one of her breast, inserting a finger inside of her, wiggling it.

"Yesss..."

He sucked her more and his finger went deeper while he pressed her against the wall of the bath pool to have easier access, her free one squeezed by his metal hand.

"Amazing," she moaned, holding the normal type close to her. Raven kept on sucking her before freeing himself from her grip, raising from the water

and sitting and the border, spreading his legs, showing his half hardened proud to her, with a grin as the message for her was clear.

Grinding, the feline went over and gave him a few licks before taking the head of his shaft into her mouth, gently licking it as she did. Raven groaned and patted her head, even more as her hands felt his heavy balls, his eye closed, "Yeah... that is one experienced kitty"

She moaned as she took more into her mouth, gently rubbing his balls as she did.

As result, his proud is was growing hard under her care and twitched in pleasure.

She merely went faster with her sucking, trying to get him to cum. Raven grunted and while she is was getting pre cum very soon, the Zangoose proved to have endurance as it took a while before his seed were shot into her mouth, his hands pulling her head lower on his proud so she could get the whole thing in while getting filled by the white cream.

She swallowed as much as she could before some of it got on her face.

"My, aren't you pent up?"

"Had been a few weeks since I had a girl last time," he grinned to her while moving back into the water. "And I still have enough to give you a fill into the womb!"

"Well then, don't keep a girl waiting," the Litten smiled bending over the side of the bath pool, next to him, playfully waving her tail. Raven grinned and held on her hips, rubbing his proud between her buttcheeks and then on her slit, to tease her a little.

She shuddered at the feeling. Then gasped as Raven pushed deep and hard into her, trying to find out how deep he could go into her love hole, his hands holding her hips tight.

This made the fire-type gasp loudly in pleasure, "Amazing!"

"And so well feeling," he grinned before moving in and out at a steady movement, holding her while groaning in pleasure.

She mewed blissfully at the feeling of him entering her depths. The thrusts kept on but he picked up speed while leaning forward and feeling her breast.

"Yesss!!! More!!!" she screamed madly. And he went even harder and deeper into her, the tip of his proud invading her womb, grabbing her breast harder while biting her neck with pleased groans, starting to push her more against the pool edge, his dick pulsing while it was pressed by the female's walls. Her screams were filled with bliss and he noticed the eyes were turning glassy due his rough but pleasuring movements in her. Then he pinned her down hard and used his weight and strength to slam his manhood as deep as it was possible to invade the female's body and

released his hot torrents of seed within her womb, grunting with his eye shut, trying to keep on until the last drop of his balls were within her.

The Litten screamed in pleasure as the sensation of being filled pushed her over the edge, resulting in her unleashing her on fluids. Raven smirked at her screams and slowly pulled out of her, her mixed fluids dripping out of her hole, panting satisfied and stated, "You are quite a good fuck."

"Glad I could please," she smiled, licking his cheek. Nodding in agreement he embraced her and pressed her against his body, kissing her deeply to enjoy her a little more, eye closed.

Sometime later Raven woke up in a comfortable bed as an attendant came in.

"Ah, you're awake, good, were just about ready to announce your grand prize so please get ready."

Raven nodded and stood up, finding rather expensive clothes prepared for him with a ceremonial sword that was used by the empire long time ago. Must be at least 300 years old but kept in a very good condition. He put on the clothes. He really wondered what the grand prize is, and why it was kept such a special event that he practically got a treatment better than a king or queen.

He was eventually escorted out into the field where he was met by the thunderous cheers of the people applauding his victory in such a tournament. Raven asked himself how they were doing that, if that kind of tournament was illegal, causing him to question how they kept guards, bounty hunters and anybody else who might cause trouble at bay. And finally "So... what is this grand prize?"

"Your prize is this," spoke a voice as a few guards wheeled out a cage that contain what appeared to be some type of hybrid between a Typhlosion and some kind of dragon.

Raven looked surprised at the being in the cage, who winked at him and made a pose, ignoring the fact that she was in a cage .

"What is she?" asked Raven. "And how is she my prize?"

"Simple," the hybrid from her cage stated. "You have the honor of fucking me," and murred while looking over him. "And you are a handsome one!"

"She's only interested in the stronger ones which is one of the reasons this tournament is around... for the most part."

"Most part?" asked Raven with a raised eye.

"Enjoy," the cage opened up as the Pokémon stepped out spreading her wings.

Raven looked at her and he had to admit: she was beautiful but why is was she held in a cage?

"Mind if we go somewhere more private?" she asked.

"Sure thing," he replied. "Lead the way, mylady."

Raven was soon taken to a room just for them as the creature felt his body.

"Mmm... I hope you don't mind that it's been awhile for me," she said.

"It is alright... but why were you in a cage?"

"There might have been a few time where I was a bit... uncooperative."

Raven didn't want to ask and began to feel her body, curious of how she would felt like.

The Pokémon happily allowed his hands to wander as she held him close. She had an odd mix of fur and scales, having a very soft feeling and before he knew it, he was holding her close as well and shared a deep kiss with her.

She suddenly laid on top of him, kissing him deeply. He murred and rubbed her on the sides while twisting his tongues with hers.

"Heh... all this excitement and I STILL haven't properly introduced myself: my name is Tiamat," she said.

"I am Raven... mercenary," he stated to her.

She kissed him again as Raven felt her wetness rub against his shaft.

"Eager girl... you want it? Earn it!"

She pressed her boobs at his face as she gently stroked his dick. He groaned and licked her on the breast.

She moaned softly as she nuzzled him close, continuing to stroke him. And his proud hardened, getting ready.

"So... have I earned it yet?" she mused.

"Take the prize."

She positioned herself on top of him, "Ready?"

"Yes!" he grinned to her with a murr.

She soon lowered herself moaning loudly as his hard pole entered her slit. He groaned loudly as he held on her hips.

"Amazing..." she moaned blissfully as she lowered herself more, making him go deeper.

"So tight! Go faster," he grunted to her and pushed upwards while holding her.

"For you, my love!" she yelled as she did what she was told. The mercenary groaned and pushed her more into her. Grunting, he tightens his claws into her fur/scales, not hurting her really.



She bent down holding him close to her as she continued to ride him. He kissed her while thrusting more and his dick pulsing in her hot pussy, trying to pull her over to make her laying down while he would hump her deep and hard.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him screaming madly as she felt herself getting closer.

"YES!!! FILL ME!!"

He groaned, and slammed into her, shooting his seed into her.

She roared loudly, spewing some flames as the sensation was enough to push her over the edge, making her orgasm.

Panting, he looked down on her and asked, "Enjoyed the ride?"

"Oh yes..." she panted, kissing him deeply. He returned the kiss and held on her close, before slowly falling asleep.

Then Litten came in and asked, "Mistress... shall we now proceed the next steps with him?"

"Yes. Do that, please" said Tiamat and removed herself from Raven.

A few months later...

Raven sat at a bar and was holding his cup of mead, thinking back on the day where he met Tiamat...

After he had fallen asleep mating her, he woke up in a room of an inn with his equipment, 3000 gold, a very beautiful bracelet with a dragon shaped gem and a letter that he might see again. He had looked but couldn't find the cave again, as he was blindfolded as he was brought over.

After finding nothing within a month he decided to go back to his old life, hoping he would have the odd chance of finding her again. Nothing so far but he still had contacts he could ask for help. Not to mention he was on his way to Rifton anyway, to see if his friend that lived there. Still... he wondered how Tiamat was...

Elsewhere in the luxury bathroom was Tiamat sitting in the pool with hot water with the Litten and Tiamat stated, "You know... I am missing Raven. But until I have proof... I cannot allow him to be with me... I just hope we were right about his destiny."

"At least he managed that none of the other potential candidates did," stated the Litten.

"True," said the dragonic female and asked, "But what I never asked you... did you know what would happen as you... offered his apology?" and moved over, holding a hand on the stomach of the black kitten, that was slightly swollen.

"It's not like I'm a little kid who doesn't know where babies come from," she said.

"But you should also know how to prevent it," Tiamat mused and scratched the Litten's stomach. "So I take your words as a yes..." then she placed a hand on her own stomach. "At least my little one will have a sibling to share the fun..."

The Litten smiled and they shared a kiss, as their thought went to the father of their little ones.