Skyrim Is A Dangerous Place

by plothound

Summary

An Imperial Dovahkiin has a series of increasingly gross encounters with various denizens of Skyrim. For the love of all that is good, read the tags. The kinks and warnings for each chapter are listed in their respective notes, so if you're into some of the tags but not all of them, you can always browse.

Reviews of note:
"The moment I opened this my internet failed, the fire alarm went off and my cat vomited on my new carpet. I read it anyway and now my eyes are bleeding onto my phone even as I type this. Thanks a lot, looking forward to the next one." -Reva
"Nothing can convince me that reading this was a bad idea." -Phrailly
"Well, you did it. I'm apparently cool with dragon incest (?) and spriggans and the rest, but you finally wrote a chapter I couldn't read." -mimosa-supernova
"It's like an amalgamation of a grotesque horror story and delightful porno, with the complementary addition of genuinely funny and compelling characters." -SuperSecretAlias
"This was... kind of adorable actually?" -Anon
The dragon's tail caught him in the stomach with more force than any worldly being ought to have been capable of and sent him flying.

Dunstan was in the air just long enough to recover from the blank dizziness that came with a powerful blow like that, feel the beginning of an awful lot of pain in his gut and ribs, and register that nothing was keeping him from hitting the ground. Then he hit the ground, hard, and the dizziness came back.

When he recovered, he realized that he was not dead. He stared up at the sky, which was an attractive shade of pinkish purple strewn with sunset gold, and after what felt like forever, his mind kicked into gear enough to understand that he was lying in a snowbank, which had undoubtedly saved his life.

He blinked a few times, groaned quietly, and started trying to move his limbs. His hands shifted clumsily in the snow, hoping vaguely that they would happen upon something useful, and his legs moved slowly and aimlessly. He moved his head back and forth, trying to orient himself. He was alive, yes, definitely, and he was lying in the snow, and he was in rather a lot of pain, and he was starting to feel the cold and damp seeping into him, and his mind was still moving about as fast as a three-legged cow could trudge. He groaned again.

Then he felt vibrations through the snow, and heard incredibly loud footsteps, and an electric shock seemed to run through him. *Dragon!* Dragon, dragon, dragon, dragon, oh, fuck, dragon. He made to lunge to his feet, and found that he couldn't. His limbs were still fumbling about in an uncoordinated fashion, apparently unable to move any faster. His lungs were the only things that had recovered enough to be operating at an ordinary speed, and they were pumping air through him faster than he could take it in. He wasn't getting enough air, and he couldn't move properly. He tried to curse, but all that came out was a muffled groan. He managed to roll onto his side and started to crawl, listening to those huge thumping footsteps drawing nearer. He wanted to scream “No!”, but it emerged as a wordless moan as he dragged himself toward a pile of rubble that had a few minutes earlier been part of the seaside fort's wall. It was the only thing that passed for cover in the vicinity, and it was still far too far away.
Twin clawed wings crashed down on either side of him, sending snow flying, and he cried out. Then he rolled over. If he was going to die a fiery death today, he was at least going to look his killer in the eyes. Face it with honor. All that. Oh, Divines, it hurt to crane his neck like that to get a good look at the scaly monstrosity.

Dragons really were big fucking things. Its green-gray armored neck was arched up high over him, its beady yellow eyes glaring down at him. Its horns curved intimidatingly up behind its head. As he watched, it parted its jaws to reveal a dark, wet maw and a number of dagger-sized yellowed teeth. Well, there it was, that was it for him. He tried to prepare himself for death and discovered that he had no idea what that entailed. Then it spoke.

Its Voice battered him. His head dropped back into the snow and he felt himself go limp. Shit, his head hurt. It felt like he was being shaken violently, so hard that he would swear his teeth were coming loose, and he could barely register that it was telling him to take off his clothes. Wait. “ Fucking what?” he mumbled, incredulous.

“Take off your clothes,” the dragon said imperiously, its Voice half melting his skull again.

He stared at it, unable to articulate the depths of his complete and total shock.

“I have defeated the Dovahkiin,” the dragon said, rippling with pride. “I will dominate you, prove to all my fellows that I am a worthy master of the dov.”

Dunstan shook his head slowly, his mouth opening and closing. “By doing what?” he croaked.

“I will pierce you,” it said. “As is tradition, my seed will mark you as the loser of our contest.”

He mulled that over for a moment, refusing to believe what he was hearing. “...What?”

The dragon snorted harshly in annoyance, and a blast of hot air hit him. “Remove your clothing!”

Dunstan stared at it. “’S cold,” he said. “I'll freeze before you… whatever.”

The dragon tossed its head. “Bare only your receptacle, then.”
“My…”

The dragon smacked his codplate with its horned snout. “Bare it!”

Dunstan hesitated, then reached down and unbuckled the plate, unable to believe what he was doing. Getting his chausses down was harder. He slid his hands up under his armor, his body protesting his every move, unlaced the chausses, and slid them down a ways, leaving his ass bare but for his breeches. The cold was immediate and devastating, passing easily through his breeches and rapidly stripping him of feeling, but not rapidly enough to make anything comfortable. He shuddered, and felt his teeth chatter. Then he unlaced his breeches and slid them down. His bare ass touched snow, and he shook violently, which had the unfortunate side effect of bringing his dick into contact with the snow as well. He made a noise somewhere between a whimper and a yelp and made an effort to lift his hindquarters away from the snow, but the cold air on his now-wet privates was worse.

The dragon ignored his discomfort and gazed at him critically. After a few moments of silence, broken only by Dunstan's teeth chattering, it said, “I do not think I will be able to pierce you.”

Dunstan could hardly speak. “S-s-s-o fucking don't!” he hissed, now shaking uncontrollably, wishing by this point that the dragon had just burned him to a crisp and been done with it.

The dragon shook its head. “It must be done,” it fretted. It lowered its head to Dunstan's crotch and prodded him painfully with its nasal horn. Then it snorted again.

Dunstan groaned as the hot air blasted over him. He nearly cried with relief. Oh, fuck, he was cold, and the dragon's breath was so warm.

The dragon sniffed his cock with great rumbling breaths, then moved down to his ass. Each sniff made Dunstan draw closer instinctively, hugging the warmth. The dragon rumbled in approval. “I will try to spread you wider.” Dunstan had very little time to process the implications of that statement before an almost painfully hot tapered tongue swept over his asshole and began to press inward.

He gasped much more loudly than he had intended to. “Fuck!” he croaked, trying to make up for it. “Ah, shit!” The heat was deeply, deeply welcome on the parts of his body that could currently feel it, and he barely managed to stop himself from pressing closer. Then he started registering what had to be happening to him, though he could barely feel it. “Fucking... stop! Stop!” He pulled away sharply and started trying to drag himself away.
The dragon brought its chin horn smashing down onto his armored stomach, leaving a sizable dent, knocking the wind out of him painfully, and pressing him a good six inches further into the snow. “Cease your struggle!” it snarled at him. “You call yourself Dovahkiin! Accept your fate with honor, as a true dov does! Do not shame yourself further, you tiny, wretched, bestial mockery!”

Dunstan might have been more prepared to accept that speech if it hadn't been immediately followed by the dragon shoving its tongue back into his ass. He yelled something unintelligible and flung himself backwards. At least he was getting his motor control back.

The dragon reared up a little and smacked a forearm down to the snow with each wing, pinning him in place. “Remain still!” it spat at him. “Your puny body cannot resist me!” Then its tongue was back inside him, forcing itself much deeper than it had before. Dunstan got some feeling back just in time to feel the dragon's tongue spreading him wider than he had ever dreamed he could stretch. Then it pushed deeper, and its tongue widened further, and he felt himself spreading even more, rather painfully.

“No!” he groaned. “No, gods, fuck! Stop!” His ass was lifted out of the snow as the dragon tried to go in deeper and failed. It snorted in annoyance, breathing blessed heat out over him, drew its tongue out a ways, then rammed back in. Dunstan yelled. The dragon ignored him and continued to slide its tongue in and out, getting a little further in each time, stretching him wider and wider while he protested loudly and virulently. Then it touched something inside him, and a vicious curse turned into a long, deep moan.

The dragon paused, still inside him, and wiggled its tongue curiously.

Dunstan threw his head back and moaned, forcing his hips down onto the dragon's tongue. “No, gods,” he groaned. “No. No.” No, this couldn't be, he wasn't going to enjoy being raped by a dragon, no, absolutely fucking not. But the dragon's tongue was prodding whatever that spot inside him was, repeatedly, and it was sending pangs of pure lust through him, like there was a line from his ass to his cock and up and down his spine. He felt himself harden a little, in spite of the cold. “Stop,” he panted. “Stop. Please.”

The dragon went deeper in, then out a little, then deeper in, slowly resuming its rhythm and picking up the pace until Dunstan could no longer delude himself into believing that there was anything going on but a thorough tongue fuck. And now the dragon's tongue was deep enough inside him that he could feel nubs on the top, working their way into him, popping in and out of his entrance, moving closer and closer to that spot inside of him with each plunge.

The first one touched the spot, and he shuddered. Then it started hitting the spot on each pass in and
out, over and over, and more began to join. Soon he hardly noticed how wide the dragon was forcing him open, and even the cold began to fade. He was only conscious of the incredible feeling inside of him as the nubs slipped back and forth over the spot. He was making small noises each time, though he tried desperately not to. He kept his mouth tightly shut. Oh, fuck. Then a heat rose up in him, and he began to pant. “No. No!”

His half-hard cock suddenly let loose. He moaned as his seed left him, dripped heavily down his balls and onto the dragon’s tongue, but it wasn't a climax as he knew them. The dragon drew its head back in surprise, and all the nubs of its tongue came flashing past the spot. He shuddered and lay in the snow, trying not to moan as waves of pleasure cascaded through him.

“Your seed is disgusting,” the dragon informed him with its mind-bending Voice.

Dunstan couldn't bring himself to utter the obvious retort.

“You are not supposed to enjoy the piercing,” the dragon complained. “It is a symbol of your utter defeat.” It sat back, evidently irritated. Then it brightened. “Is the release of seed not pleasurable for humans, perhaps? Is it a reaction to fear? A sign of submission?”

Dunstan shook his head. He didn't trust himself to speak for fear that he might ask a dragon to tongue fuck him, which was not something he was prepared to live with saying.

The dragon snorted again, sending more hot air his way. “I will finish it regardless. I have defeated you. My seed will mark you today. It is my right.” It stretched a little and started to position itself. Then it paused, glanced down at its armored crotch, where no instrument of piercing had presented itself, and coughed as delicately as a giant flying lizard monster could be expected to. “Could you try to look more attractive?”

Dunstan didn't bother dignifying that with a response.

“Fine,” the dragon sniffed. It shuffled forward, freeing his hands, and positioned its groin over him. “Then pleasure it.”

“What's to stop me ripping your cock off?” Dunstan asked, trying to ignore the fact that his cock and ass were still rippling with the effects of his not-quite-climax.
The dragon tapped one gigantic claw into the snow a few inches away from his left hip, demonstrating an immense degree of control over the digit, especially considering that the dragon couldn't see it at the moment. Then the toe maneuvered over to his bare crotch and pressed very gently into the skin of his hip.

Dunstan took the hint. He took off his helmet to get a better look and gazed up at the dragon's plated groin, wondering how to begin. The only indication of genitalia was the general shape of the plates, which hinted at something large beneath them. Everything seemed to be totally sealed shut. He reached up and hesitantly stroked the plates.

The dragon poked him carefully with the claw again. “Begin.”

"I'm trying!" Dunstan snapped. He pushed harder, but there was no response. The claw moved to poke him again. He ran his fingers along the edges of the plates, and the huge body looming over him trembled.

"What are you doing?" the dragon croaked.

Dunstan rubbed the plate edges, and the dragon trembled again. The armored junk just brushed the tip of his nose. That could have gone rather badly, he reflected. How'd you break your nose, Dun? Oh, a dragon hit me with its privates. He kept rubbing, and watched in fascination as the edges began to spread apart. A few drops of hot liquid seeped out and landed on his face. The plates slowly peeled away, and he began to push his fingers between them, rubbing slick folds of tissue. The dragon's tail was twitching, and it was breathing deeply, filling its cavernous lungs. Dunstan paused to watch as something purplish red and the size of his coupled fists began to push through the gap between two plates.

“Continue,” the dragon rumbled, tapping its claw in the snow for emphasis.

Dunstan steeled himself before rubbing the tip of the dripping thing. The dragon shuddered heavily, but didn't hit him this time. The organ pushed out further and further, growing larger, darker, and harder with each moment. The tip bulged out to create a tapered point with a hole that leaked constantly. The rest swelled into a fleshy monstrosity that grew steadily longer and wider. It was textured with a variety of large ridges and nubs that became more and more prominent as it hardened. As he continued to coax it into growing bigger and bigger and bigger, Dunstan's fascination quickly gave way to horror. This thing could not fit inside him. It was massive, easily the size of his arm, if not larger.

The dragon's cock twitched, slapping his breastplate, and a huge gob of liquid splattered all over his
face. The dragon groaned loudly. “I am prepared,” it pronounced. It shuffled backward a step and positioned its cock between his legs.

“Stop!” Dunstan said urgently. “It's not going to fit!”

The dragon thrust awkwardly forward. Its cock missed Dunstan entirely and hit empty air. It snorted in annoyance and tried again. This time it scraped his armor. The next time it hit only air again. Then it went under him, driving into the snow, and the dragon lurched back with a sharp yelp. After a few more failed attempts, it stopped and sighed. “I cannot see. Guide it in.”

“Absolutely fucking not,” Dunstan said flatly. “That thing's going to kill me.”

The dragon snarled in frustration and began thrusting randomly. Dunstan flung up his hands to keep it away from his head, rather unsuccessfully. The drooling tip smacked him hard in the face, then again and again. On the fourth try, he caught the cock, but it was soaked with natural lubricant and slipped free easily. He grabbed at it and accidentally jammed a gloved finger into the hole.

The dragon gave a short, high-pitched shriek and remained absolutely still. “Stop that at once!” it hissed.

Dunstan looked at his finger for a moment and considered. Then he slid a second finger in alongside it. The dragon shuddered. He pushed a third finger in. An idea was forming rapidly in his head. He tried to reach down to his boot for his knife, leaving only one hand on the dragon's titanic cock.

The dragon yanked its cock away. A spray of hot, sticky liquid hit Dunstan. The dragon growled loudly. “Foolish human!” it spat. Then it thrust again, and Dunstan screamed as something hot, wet, and gigantic plunged into his ass. The dragon groaned loudly. “Ha!” it snorted. “You will pay for that insult!” It began to slide in and out, taking care never to remove itself entirely.

Dunstan was moaning and begging, all dignity forgotten. “Please!” he yelled. “Oh, gods, please! Stop!” The dragon hadn't even fit its cock's entire head in, but it was stretching him until he thought he would break, and going deeper with each thrust. Then the head, circled by a dozen rapidly swelling bumps, popped past his entrance, and he howled. It was furiously hot, almost burning, and the nubs and ridges were carving themselves into his insides. It went further and further in, and he could feel his organs shifting in an attempt to accommodate it. He gagged. “Oh, gods,” he begged. “Oh. Please. Please! You can't—you can't do this! Please! I'm gone—” He nearly vomited again. “I'm going to die!”
His armor was pressing painfully into his stomach each time the dragon thrust into him. He fumbled at the buckles, wailing, and managed to detach his breastplate from his backplate. He watched in horror as it rose and fell in time to the dragon's thrusts, and struggled to pull it off entirely while his ass was being pushed beyond all reasonable anatomical limits. Eventually he flung it off to the side, his yelling not sufficient to drown out the sounds of the dragon cock's various nubs and nobbles popping in and out of his ass. He pulled up his tunic and gambeson and stared at his stomach in disgust and horror as the outline of the cock bulged through with each thrust, going in further and further, his gut swelling up larger each time.

His own cock was half hard, flopping with each move the dragon made and leaking a near-constant line of clear fluid. Just past that was the vast mass of the dragon's cock that had not yet managed to enter his ass. There was less and less of it each time.

The dragon was roaring and groaning above him. “I must recommend this to the others!” it rumbled. “This is... this is unimaginable! No dov could ever give such pleasure!” It picked up the pace, plunging in and out rapidly.

Dunstan was screaming as the dragon's cock forced itself further and further in. He was going to die. This was how he was going to go. Fucked to death by a dragon. He tried to vomit again, but nothing came up. He felt his cock eject a stream of seed and whimpered. The cock inside him was fucking faster and faster. It was about two-thirds of the way in at the height of each thrust now, deeper and deeper, spreading him endlessly wider, the bumps and ridges swelling larger.

Then he became aware of something happening at the base of the dragon's cock, the part that hadn't yet managed to squeeze into him despite the dragon's best efforts. It was swelling. The dragon roared in frustration and pushed harder. The rapidly growing bulge shoved up against Dunstan's ass, slapping desperately, but it wouldn't fit. The dragon shoved Dunstan about four feet back trying to jam the swollen knot inside, to no avail.

The knot continued to grow, and the dragon's thrusts continued to pick up speed, humping furiously. The knot grew so large that it forced Dunstan's legs wide apart, and he spared a moment to thank whatever gods were monitoring this encounter that the dragon had not gotten it inside of him.

Fifteen minutes later, he retracted that thanks. If the monstrous swelling at the base of the dragon's cock had started inside of him, he would at least be dead by now. As it was, the dragon was still fucking him frantically, roaring and growling, shaking him back and forth in the snow. He was soaked with sweat and dragon slick from his ribs to his knees, and his face was frosted with more. He couldn't feel his extremities. He was both extremely cold and unpleasantly hot at the same time in different places, in addition to being violently nauseous, in rather a lot of pain, and much, much more aroused than he could ever admit to himself. The agony of penetration had faded somewhat, leaving him to focus on the exceptionally thorough fuck he was getting, which was stimulating his ass in ways he had never dreamed possible. He wasn't screaming now as much as he was moaning loudly.
in uncomfortably sexual ways. His cock was fully hard now, throbbing and twitching, dripping occasionally.

The dragon let out a guttural scream and loosed a torrent of fire into the sky. Dunstan felt the heat. It stamped a foot hard, sending a lot of snow flying onto the human between its legs, and managed to keep thrusting throughout. “Squeeze it!” it demanded. “The knot! Squeeze it! I must release! I must!” It shrieked again.

Dunstan managed to get his limbs under control enough to reach down and put his hands on the dragon's vast knot, about as wide across as his forearm from his elbow to the tips of his fingers. It was almost painfully hot to the touch even through his gloves. He rubbed it in circles, and thought he could feel it rippling beneath his fingers.

“Squeeze!” the dragon screamed.

He took his hands off of it, rubbed his legs in an attempt to get feeling back into them, and tried to clamp his thighs around the knot despite the huge, world-ending cock in his ass. He couldn't.

“Squeeze!” The dragon was almost pleading now. Its thrusts were so fast that Dunstan could barely differentiate between them.

“I can't!” he panted. “Stop fucking fucking!”

"I cannot!" the dragon spat at him. It thrust harder, and Dunstan cried out.

“You have to!” he snarled. “I can't feel my fucking legs! I certainly can't fucking move them!”

The dragon gave its loudest roar yet and stopped deep inside him, shaking violently, its knot pressed so hard against his ass that Dunstan could feel himself stretch just the tiniest bit wider, something that he had thought was a physical impossibility. He got control of his legs past the monstrosity in his ass, put his hands on the dragon's knot, pressed down, and squeezed his thighs together as hard as he could, which wasn't particularly hard at this stage of exhaustion and ass-spreading.

The dragon gave a long, ear-piercing shriek, the knot bulged a few inches wider, and Dunstan actually felt something massive shoot up the dragon's cock and deep into him. He had time to register that it was extremely hot before another followed, and another, and another, and another, and he
realized that it was the dragon's seed.

It went on and on and on. As he watched, his belly grew, swelling up larger and larger until the vast outline of the dragon's cock was no longer visible. It kept going, stretching and stretching, as the dragon continued to fill him up. He moaned loudly, desperate for it to stop, and oddly, desperate to come. His cock was straining, the head dark with blood, twitching. He reached down past his growing belly and began to jerk himself, moaning louder and louder as he felt himself stretch. More and more pumped into him, each shot bringing more sensation past that spot inside of him. His belly was swollen up like a pregnant woman's. He coughed, and a little hot, strange-tasting seed dripped down his chin. His balls pulled up tight, ready to let go at any moment. He squeezed his cock with one hand and put the other on his stomach, feeling it pulse.

The dragon let out one last great, rumbling groan and pumped a long, long shot of seed into his belly, and Dunstan came with a moan and slumped into the snow, limp and exhausted.

It was some time before the dragon pulled out, its gigantic cock sliding free of his ass. Dunstan, nearly unconscious, still managed to moan softly and note that not nearly as much seed followed the dragon's exit as he had hoped.

The dragon stepped back, looked down at him, and laughed. “Ha!” it snorted, fire flaring in its nostrils. “Such is the mighty Dovahkiin. Pierced, marked, and fat like a pregnant sow. And you enjoyed it! Worry not, Dovahkiin. All the dov of the earth will hear of your defeat!” It sat back, looking smug. Then it cocked its head and looked at him. “I do not think I will kill you. I have no desire to eat my own seed, and if I leave you alive, it will be said that I do not fear you. That none need fear you.” It snorted again. “Good luck, mortal.” Then it beat its wings a few times and took flight, leaving Dunstan lying alone in the snow at sunset.

Chapter End Notes

I've developed a fairly considerable collection of horrible porn over the years, and I am now beginning to inflict it upon the internet. My most sincere apologies.
Dunstan shifted uncomfortably. He had been lying here, unable to bring himself to move, for a long time. The light was nearly gone, and the dragon's heat was fading rapidly, leaving him cold, wet, and filled near to bursting with dragon seed. He tried to pull his tunic down over his stomach, but it wouldn't even begin to fit, nor would his gambeson. He undid the fastenings on the gambeson and tried to wrap it around his belly, with limited success. Every move made him moan, and exacerbated the soreness.

He put a hand on his stomach, took a moment to appreciate the horror of its size, and pressed down a little, trying to squeeze some of the seed out. He failed. His belly was extremely tender. He rubbed it gently in an attempt to soothe it and failed at that as well.

He glanced around. His breastplate was about twelve feet away, but he would never be able to put it on. There were bodies strewn around from the dragon's attack, but they were mostly burned beyond recognition. He counted them, thought about how many people the fort could hold, and realized that everyone was dead. The fort was the only hope of warmth, but it was so far away.

Walking never entered his mind. He could barely crawl, with one hand on his belly to support it and the other reaching out in front to pull himself through the snow. He tried to use his feet to help push himself along, but they barely moved. Progress was agonizingly slow. The fort never seemed to get any closer.

Then, suddenly, after a few eternities of reaching forward, pulling, moaning softly as his belly and ass protested, and reaching again, his hand gripped stone. He had made it to the entrance of the fort. It was well into the night by then, clear, sharp, and viciously cold, and he had never been so cold in his life.

He pushed open the door, dragged himself inside, and sighed at the sensation of warmth. It was still...
horribly cold, but it was warmer than it had been outside. He managed to convince a foot to push the door mostly shut behind him and continued to crawl. It took a long time, but he made it to the kitchen, where a fire still coughed halfheartedly in the hearth. He reached the firewood pile and laboriously added fuel to the dying flames, then curled up in front of the fire, rubbing his belly gently.

He woke up to a dying fire and hastily added more wood. His powers of movement had returned somewhat, though he still did not trust himself to stand. He rolled onto his back and put his hands on his belly. It weighed heavily on him. There didn't seem to be any position that made it more comfortable. He felt nauseous, but oh, Gods, he was hungry, too. He was going to have to do something about that.

He dragged himself to a nearby cupboard and ate a loaf of bread that he found there, slowly and carefully. When he had done that, he found that he felt much better. He crawled to a chair and pulled himself up it until he was sitting in it. He stopped again to try and comfort his stomach, but it was no use. He got painfully to his feet and flinched when something warm and sticky dripped out of his ass. He staggered backward, unable to walk normally, and saw that his body had released some of the dragon seed, thank the gods. Only a few more bucketfuls left to go.

Three days later, he managed to pull a tunic down over his belly. It was one of the extras from the fort's armory, made for a man thrice Dunstan's size, but it fit. He squeezed himself uncomfortably into a similarly sized gambeson, groaning and shifting, and punched more holes into all of the straps on his own cuirass. When he pulled with all his might on the buckles, he managed to get it on, the straps creaking and straining. He could hardly breathe, but he was properly clothed and armored, and once he found his sword, he felt almost like his usual self. Just sore, and with sticky gobs of dragon seed that leaked from his ass and dripped down his legs at inopportune times. In spite of everything, he was ready to head back to Solitude.

Traveling turned out to be very difficult. Running was utterly out of the question. He had to stop and catch his breath every few minutes, and occasionally he had to undo the buckles of his armor and rub his stomach to soothe it. Then he would have to struggle with the straps until he got the armor back on. He had to piss frequently, and often stopped to try and wipe up the godsdamn come that kept running down his breeches. And, infuriatingly, he got hard every time he felt that disgusting seed emerge from him.

All in all, it took him two full days to reach Solitude. He hoped to the Divines that no one would notice that he had apparently gained weight, or that he was walking funny. Shit, it was bad enough that he had to report a horrible failure.
“The dragon escaped, my lady,” he told Elisif in front of the whole court.

She frowned. “And the fort?”

“Damaged, my lady, and the occupants are dead.”

There was a wave of murmuring from around the court, and Elisif closed her eyes in sorrow. “I am sorry to hear it. How did you survive?”

“It left me for dead, my lady.”

She nodded. “I see. Well, Solitude thanks you for trying. Please, once you are recovered, find this dragon before it kills more people. My personal healer is at your disposal.”

Dunstan bowed. “Thank you, my lady.” He left quickly. There was wetness in his pants again, and he was half hard. Gods, this had to stop.

He didn't stay in Solitude. People looked at him oddly when he walked the streets, or cursed him for letting their loved ones at the fort die, and he didn't dare go anywhere without his armor. So he gathered his things and set off again, heading east across the marshes.

After a few days, he began to realize that something was wrong. With all the gunk he was leaking, his swollen belly should have disappeared by now, but it hadn't. In fact, it seemed to be getting larger again, which, frankly, was all kinds of bullshit.

And after a week of slaying spiders, skeletons, spriggans and such, he woke up, went to put his armor on, and discovered that he could no longer fasten the buckles, even with all the new holes he had punched into the straps back at the fort. He strained and struggled, but it was impossible. Finally he cast the armor off to the side, sat back down on his bedroll, and simply rubbed his stomach, utterly confused. It was fiercely tender again. When he pulled off his gambeson and tunic, he discovered, to his horror, that his chest was now affected as well. It was swollen and delicate to the touch, and his nipples seemed to be perpetually hard.

Dunstan looked up at the foggy sky. “You know, I really don't need this,” he told whatever gods happened to be listening. If any cosmic apology was offered, he didn't hear it.
He spent the morning at his tent, gently massaging his belly and chest, reading a book he had picked up on his travels a while back and never gotten around to opening, and eating the last bits of a rabbit he had killed and cooked a few days before.

Then he dropped the book as a spasm passed through him. “Shit!” he croaked. Something was definitely happening. He wasn't certain as to what yet, but it was definitely something, and it had to do with his stomach and ass. There was a sort of unrest there.

Then the unrest became more intense, and he groaned through his teeth. The muscles of his abdomen were clenching, holding, and releasing, all without any instruction from him. It rapidly became very uncomfortable. He clutched at his belly, moaning with every squeeze. “Gods!” he hissed. “Just fucking stop!” The next contraction seemed to wrack his entire body, and his moan was nearly a scream.

Something pressed hard against his ass, but oh Divines, from the wrong side. He reached down with one hand to feel, and his ass squeezed again. Operating purely on instinct, he pushed, hard, and something stretched his ass horribly. He felt something warm, slick, and smooth before he had to let up the squeeze and his body pulled it back inside. “Oh, gods,” he whispered. “Oh, fuck. Egg. Fuck. Why?” His body seized up again, and he cried out.

It took another dozen attempts before he finally managed to force the egg out. It landed on the cold marsh ground as he collapsed back onto his bedroll, taking great, shuddering breaths. He felt himself tearing up, unable to deal with the horror of the situation, and was about to curse himself for a weakling and a fool when another horrible thing squeezed itself up against his ass. He spent a few seconds just lying there, wondering why all this shit always decided to happen to him, before he steeled himself and began to push again.

Three eggs later, he heard a sound, and felt a surge of sheer panic that promptly withdrew an egg that he had been on the verge of expelling. He put a hand on the bulge of his stomach, praying that the contractions would stop for long enough for him to find out what the noise was, and was unsurprised when they did not. He struggled up to his elbows to get a better look at his surroundings, then moaned painfully as his muscles squeezed again.

A man holding an axe stepped out of a group of bushes not far away, and Dunstan felt fear grip him. Shit. Shit. Shit. That had to be a bandit, what with the furs, and he wasn't even in a condition to hand over any valuables, let alone fight. Gods. Gods fucking damn it.

The man came up to him just as Dunstan managed to force out the fourth egg. “Well, you're the oddest fucking thing I've ever seen,” the bandit said. “The hell happened to you?”
“Chaurus, all right?” Dunstan croaked.

“Chaurus did what to you? Look, mate, you need to find yourself a healer.”

“You think I can fucking walk?” Dunstan hissed. Another egg crowned, and he moaned.

The bandit crouched a few feet away from him. “Seriously, is it what it looks like? Did you get fucked by an insect?”

Dunstan cried out as he managed to force the egg halfway out of himself, stretching his ass painfully. “Oh, Gods!” He tried to reach down and pull the egg out, but another contraction gripped him, and his hand slammed down into dirt instead, his fingers digging trenches into the ground. He squeezed with all his might, but the egg wouldn't fucking come out. “Please,” he begged. “Please help me. Oh, fuck, have you got a potion, anything?”

“Hell, no,” the bandit said indifferently. “Look, how the fuck did you get fucked by a chaurus? I've only run into one, but it seemed pretty serious about eating me first.”

“You think I know?” Dunstan said, his voice shaking. Oh, gods, the egg, it was too big, he wasn't going to be able to get it out.

“Was it any good?” the bandit asked.

"What?" Dunstan said in disbelief. He groaned again with another contraction that pushed the egg further out again, stretching his ass to the breaking point.

“The chaurus, was it any good? Look, I like it up the ass, and you wouldn't believe how hard it is to find someone out here who'll give it to you. They all want to fuck a woman, or some boy that shrieks like one when you pound him. I'm pretty fucking desperate these days. Been thinking about getting an animal to do it for me. So would you recommend a chaurus?”

Dunstan screamed as the egg finally left him, joining the pile.
“Good point. I don't fancy looking like I'm about to drop triplets afterward. Plus the tits.”

“The what?” Dunstan panted. Then he glanced down at himself and made an undignified noise. His chest had swollen even more, and his nipples were red and puffy. And wet, to his horror. Oh, gods, they were dripping. He lifted a shaking hand to his left nipple and touched it.

A torrent of pure lust roared through him, and he moaned. His cock was hardening rapidly. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, that was exquisite. He squeezed the nipple and felt his cock twitch, his whole body arching.

“Holy shit,” the bandit said, sounding mildly impressed for the first time. “I'm going to have to rethink. That looked amazing.” He came closer and touched Dunstan's other nipple. Dunstan howled in ecstasy and felt his cock leak heavily. The bandit began to tweak and pinch gently, and soon Dunstan was writhing under his hand, moaning constantly as a pale liquid dripped from his chest. After only a minute or so, he groaned loudly, his cock squirted, and an egg passed easily through him.

“Wow,” the bandit said. “This is really something else. Here.” He began playing with Dunstan's other nipple at the same time, and Dunstan yelled. His mind was rapidly fading into a haze of lust. Oh, gods, his cock, his balls, his tits, and, fuck, even his ass. The egg trying to plow its way out of him felt almost good, stimulating that spot inside of him that the dragon had reached. His body was hardly under his control. He grabbed the bandit's thickly muscled arm, then released and dug his fingers hard into the dirt, screaming his lust.

He didn't know how long it went on, but when he became aware of the world again, his stomach was finally, finally back to its normal flatness, though it was a little red. His chest had gone down, and his nipples had shrunk back almost to their original size. His belly was covered in seed from numerous releases and rather a lot of milk.

The bandit was leaning over him. “That was definitely the hottest thing I've ever seen,” he said.

Dunstan could barely muster up the energy to look at him.

“One problem,” the man said, crouching down net to him. He held up a gray-green egg twice the size of Dunstan's fist. “Chaurus eggs are blue, and they're a lot smaller than this. So what the hell did you get fucked by?”
Dunstan stared.

“Look, I know it wasn't a troll. They have little troll cubs, not eggs. And I honestly don't know what the hell else it could be. The only other thing that lays eggs that I can think of is a frostbite spider, and their eggs don't look like this either. So come on, what shoved itself up your ass?”

Dunstan sighed and let his head drop back down on the bedroll. “It was a dragon, all right?”

The man gave a short, sharp bark of laughter. "A what?"

Dunstan nodded, putting a hand on his stomach.

“You got fucked by a dragon? That's insane!” The bandit laughed again. “Fucking hell. How big was its cock?”

“Really, really big,” Dunstan said.

“What, like…” The bandit held his hands a distance apart.

Dunstan shook his head and motioned for the bandit to keep moving his hands. By the time he signalled to stop, the bandit's jaw had dropped.

“I can't believe you're alive,” he said.

“I can't either,” Dunstan said weakly.

The bandit shook his head in disbelief, then grinned. “Wow. That is just... something else. Really insane.” He picked up a rag from Dunstan's pack and wiped some of the seed and milk off of Dunstan's stomach. “Oh, I took all your gold. Sorry about that, but a man's got to live. And I tossed the rest of the eggs into the sea. Assumed you didn't want them, and I figured they probably weren't safe to eat. And I came on your face while you were passed out.”

Dunstan sighed.
Dunstan moved slowly and carefully through the ruin. Most of the time, Dwemer ruins weren't particularly dangerous if you just paid attention. He'd found that most of the stories of people being cut in half at the waist by traps or ambushed by mechanical monstrosities were true, but that the people in question had generally just waltzed in and started rummaging around, looking for treasure. Dunstan liked treasure as much as the next adventurer, but he wasn't about to die for any of it. So he paid attention.

He neatly avoided a series of pressure plates and crossed a side room to peer into a golden bowl. He lifted out a ruby the size of an egg and held it up to the buzzing artificial light, grinning broadly. It was a rich, fiery red, with no flaws that he could see. He was no jeweller, but he was pretty confident that he'd get at least three or four hundred septims. He put it in his pocket and picked through the other contents of the bowl. Most of it was covered in oil from a broken canister. He found an old potion or poison or something and decided that he might as well take it. There might be some alchemist out there who wanted it, and he could always throw it away later if he found something better.

He searched a few more side rooms on his way down the main passage, but didn't find anything of value, just ancient stone and metal furniture, and dust, lots of dust, all illuminated by the artificial lamps that he'd never been able to understand. Dwarven ruins always put him on edge. Everything looked like it had been dropped in the middle of something, like everyone had just gotten up at the same time and left, never to return. It bothered him. Part of him was always afraid that they'd come back suddenly while he was looting their homes.

The passage ended in a set of large, golden double doors. Dunstan examined the doorframe and surrounding walls, floor, and ceiling for several minutes before pushing one open a crack, ever so gently. A loud sound made him jump badly, but it was only one of the lamps down the hall giving
out. He drew his sword anyway and waited another minute or so to see if any of the ruin's automatons would respond to the light's failure. None came, so he eased the door open wide enough to slip through.

The room was not particularly large by Dwemer standards, but big enough. It was round, and it seemed to be a small arena of some kind, surrounded by rows of elevated stone seating. There didn't seem to be any other exit. Was this the whole place, then? Normally ruins that opened onto the surface were huge complexes, but this one had only a couple of hallways and a dozen or so rooms. That was irritating. He'd put in two days' worth of travelling and fought off a sabercat to get here. He was at least going to search this room thoroughly before he called it a day.

There wasn't much to search. The brightly lit arena floor was empty, with no evidence of pressure plates. The walls were carved, but there were no inset gems or anything similar. He hoisted himself up onto the first row of seating, but there was nothing. Ah, but there was a door on the wall above the rows of seats across the arena. Good. Perhaps this would be a successful trip after all. He jumped down out of the seating area and strode across the arena floor, eager to move on.

There was a loud mechanical clunk, and he froze. That had sounded far too much like a Dwemer-rigged trap activating. It was followed by a heavy scraping of stone on stone, coming from behind him. He spun around and saw a part of the carved wall sliding backward, then off to the side, revealing only darkness. He stared at it, waiting for something to emerge. Perhaps a spider, or a ballista. He prayed that it wouldn't be a sphere.

A vast mechanical construct crawled into the light, then straightened up to its full height, looming far over Dunstan's head. A centurion. Of course.

As he looked it up and down, registering that it didn't have the usual hammer and blade, he noticed that it had what could only be an extremely large mechanical cock attached to its metal pelvis. As he watched, the cock suddenly jumped to life, unfurling to stand ramrod-straight and revealing a metal approximation of a sack beneath it.

Dunstan stared at it in disbelief. What was wrong with the world lately? Everything seemed to have some sex-based plan to make his life miserable. Had that been a recent development, or had it been like this all along and he'd just never noticed?

The centurion swung at him. He dodged its right fist, but failed to notice the left coming in from the other side. It sent his sword flying across the arena. Its right hand came back again and slammed him to the stone floor. He struggled, but it kept him neatly pinned. Its left hand went to his crotch and undid his belt with surprising care and precision. Then it slid down his chausses and breeches in one swift movement.
“Oh, come on,” Dunstan said. “Please, I've had a really shitty couple of weeks.”

The centurion ignored him and lined its cock up with his ass, steam issuing from its joints. Dunstan reached down and jammed his hand up against the head. “Stop! Please, look, just let me... get ready first, okay?” The centurion swatted his hand away and pressed itself up against his opening, but it didn't push in. For a while, nothing happened. Dunstan could hear gears whirring. After a minute had passed, he began to shove at the great metal hand pinning him to the floor, but he couldn't move it at all. Great. Stuck under a malfunctioning automaton.

The frantically spinning gears stopped. Two fingers of the hand pinning Dunstan drew back into the air, leaving the rest of the hand in place. They maneuvered carefully over Dunstan's head and down his neck. When they encountered his armor, they slipped underneath it and progressed to his nipples. They began rubbing, stimulating with infinite delicacy. Dunstan felt himself turning red. His chest had never gone completely back to normal after the thing with the dragon. It was sensitive now. He had once come just from playing with his nipples, just to see if he could. Oh, shit, even through the thick, padded fabric of his gambeson and the layer of his tunic, he could feel it, the centurion's metal fingers rubbing the fabric against his nipples, and it was good. His cock was definitely considering the situation.

The fingers played with him for a while longer before retreating. They went back up to his throat, found their way underneath his clothes, and traced down from his throat and prodded at his chest. Then they found his nipples again, and each finger pressed what felt like some sort of tiny glass cup against his skin. There was a hissing sound, and he bit back a yelp as the cups somehow sucked at his nipples, gently at first, and then harder, harder, harder, until he groaned loudly. The hissing stopped, and the sucking with it, but he could still feel the pull on his tits, and he was half hard, panting softly.

The centurion's gears began to whir again. By the time they stopped, Dunstan had managed to return his breathing to normal, and was trying hard to ignore the sensation in his chest. A squirt of lukewarm liquid gushed over his ass, interrupting the process. He started in surprise. Then the vast head of the centurion's cock began to press against his entrance, slowly and inexorably forcing itself in.

Dunstan tried to draw away by pulling back, but he could only make it a few inches. The immobile hand kept him firmly in place. “Please,” he said, his fear crawling up his throat to infect his voice. “Please stop.” He tried shifting his hips to one side to avoid the metal appendage. The cock pressed hard against his thigh for a few seconds, then stopped, and the centurion realigned itself. The tip caught his hole and began moving inward. Dunstan struggled beneath the pinning hand, but he might as well have tried to push a mountain. The cock continued to move forward, slowly and steadily, with inhuman smoothness, stretching him open remorselessly. He quickly gave up and lay still, trembling and moaning, trying not to move too much.
After what felt like hours, the centurion's metal pelvis made contact with his thighs, and all movement stopped. Dunstan waited, his breathing unsteady. He was still very much aware of the pull on his nipples, though he was doing his best not to focus on it. The massive metal cock in his ass made that fairly easy. He listened to the centurion's gears whirring away. It obviously had something wrong with it. He tried not to imagine it getting stuck like this, leaving him imprisoned, trapped on a giant cock until he starved to death. Cutting through it would be impossible. He only had the knife in his boot now, and that was cheap iron that would break if ever tested against another weapon, let alone the impossibly thick armor of a Dwemer construct.

Just as he was beginning to panic, something clunked into place, and the centurion began to move. Dunstan was distressed but unsurprised when it started to thrust, very slowly at first, only a little at a time, then working up to a fairly good-paced fuck. Dunstan tried hard not to groan each time the cock hit the spot inside him that he had recently discovered, but as the centurion continued to pick up speed, he gave up. It was too much, sliding in and out of him, striking that spot again and again and again with mechanical precision, inhuman, untiring. The stone arena filled with the sound of his voice, gasping and moaning.

The glass cups on his nipples began to pump, first one, and then the other, on and off, slow and steady. Dunstan writhed beneath the hand as the centurion's cock continued to hammer away inside of him. It kept picking up speed, going faster and faster, while the pumping fingers remained torturously slow. Oh, gods, the spot inside him. Oh, shit. He convulsed around the cock. “Fuck!” He reached down and took his own cock in hand. It was too good not to. He needed to come now, and the sucking glass on his tits was not going to be enough. He tried to keep up a steady pace on himself, but he couldn't, not with the centurion's cock thrusting furiously in and out, shit, shit, forever faster. Oh, fuck, he could feel it, that spot inside him, shit, he was going to blow.

The fucking stopped abruptly, between one thrust and the next, and Dunstan froze. The centurion slowly pushed all the way inside of him, sliding him a few inches along the floor just to be sure, and suddenly clunked to a halt. Its gears were whirring again.

Dunstan groaned in disgust. “Come on! I'm almost finished, you stupid fucking…”

The gears ground to a halt, and the centurion bucked lightly. Dunstan moaned at the sensation, and shuddered in mingled surprise and lust when something hot squirted deep inside of him. The centurion moved slowly in and out a few times. Then its gears caught, began to whir, and it froze again. It recovered after a few seconds, bucked lightly, and squirted. And then again. Catch, whir, buck, come. Again.

“No,” Dunstan panted. “No. No, stop.”
“Stop. Stop. Stop!” He was beginning to feel full. A horrible image of being filled until he burst and died filled his mind. “Oh, please, Gods, no.” He strained against the immobile metal hand, pouring all his strength into it, trembling violently with the effort.

He released the hand and collapsed against the cold stone floor, gasping. Oh, Gods, he could feel himself being pumped full, his breastplate growing tighter. “Shit!”

Dunstan pried at the centurion's fingers. Fuck, why wouldn't they move? In frustration he hit one golden digit with his fist, and grimaced in pain. He probed along the palm and wrist, working fingernails into the joints in the hopes of disrupting the loop the automaton had fallen into.

The pressure on his stomach was too great. He reached down and unbuckled his breastplate, groaning in relief when the pressure eased. Now he could focus on the pressure from within. Joy.

He cried out in pain, frustration, and fear. “Gods!” In desperation he searched the great golden hand again. There had to be something, anything. He nearly cried when his fingers brushed a round bump. A bolt or screw, it had to be. He scrabbled at it, trying to force the tightly-fitted bit of metal to turn.

His stomach was beginning to press against the hand, a sensation that grew more and more uncomfortable with each burst of fluid from the machine. The slow, gentle pumping of his nipples continued, and the metal cock continued to hit the fiercely pleasurable spot inside of him with each movement, making it hard to focus, even with the looming prospect of imminent death. The bolt or
screw or whatever it was was proving horribly resistant.


The bolt, which turned out to be a screw, shifted at last, and he heard himself make a sound that was half laugh, half sob. He wrenched it counterclockwise, working through all the grit in the threads. It got easier as it spun further out, until he could spin it with a finger, which was good because he was rapidly losing control of his faculties as the centurion continued to fill him.


The screw finally came free. It bounced off of Dunstan's breastplate, making him shudder, and hit the stone floor with a clatter. Then one of the centurion's vast fingers detached and hit his breastplate with a loud thunk. Dunstan yelled in pain. Oh, Gods, his swollen stomach was torturously sensitive. The finger slid off to the side and fell to the floor, but the centurion did not react.


Dunstan suddenly caught sight of something glinting in the centurion's massive torso. It wasn't gold, like the rest, no, it was blue-green. Glass. Round. And something was sloshing within it. It was a tank, he realized, and nearly empty. If that was all the fluid the machine had left, it would be over soon, and then he could do something about all the stuff inside him. He might not die after all.


Oh, Gods, or then again, he might. He tried to rub his belly to soothe it, but it was too tender. He dug his fingers into a groove between floor tiles instead, crying out with every movement the centurion made. Oh, Gods, almost over, almost over, almost over, he was going to die, too full, long past too full, he was going to die. He screamed.

Catch, whir, buck, come. Catch, whir, buck, pause.

He lay there, shuddering, a soft, high whine leaking from him, despite his attempts to stop it.
The centurion made the motion that he associated with its artificial climax, a small, slow thrust, but there was no burst of fluid, no increase in pressure. Instead, the machine made a sort of sputtering sound. There was a pause of perhaps ten seconds. Then the centurion made the little thrust again, and again nothing came out.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

Dunstan lay on the floor, trying to think past his stomach and ass and nipples and utter despair. Come on, this was an improvement, surely. An improvement. He could handle this until he thought up a way to get out. He could handle this. He could handle this.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

He made a subhuman noise and begged the machine to stop.

He didn't know how long he was down there. There was no time under the humming false fires that the Dwemer had used for light. There was only the pattern of misery that the centurion was busy etching into his being.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

He had no idea whether he was conscious or not at any given point. It didn't matter. There was no such thing as sleep with the broken machine violating him.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

The only things he was aware of were the bulging mound of agony that was his stomach, the metal cock splitting him in two, the distant pleasure of the sucking glass on his chest, and his own thirst. He wasn't sure he could ever eat again, but the need for water was constant. Some distant part of him wished that he hadn't cried so much in the beginning. Surely he wouldn't be so thirsty if he hadn't.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.
He came at least twice. Probably more. It seemed to take an eternity, being too weak to touch himself for more than a few strokes at a time, but the glass cups and the spot inside gave him the need, and after teetering on the edge for longer than he would have thought possible, he could eventually push himself over.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

In the rare moments when he was able to mentally string ideas together, he was incapable of thinking past the wish that the centurion had killed him. It consumed him. The thought of a hammer crushing his skull or a blade cutting him open filled him with longing. No other thought was possible.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

Clatter.

Something went off like an electric shock in his brain. Only it didn't quite go all the way through. Some of the parts of himself that he was familiar with seemed to kick back into existence, but the rest remained dead. He parted his lips, dry and cracked, but couldn't seem to get control of his jaw. His tongue, fuzzy and nearly useless, struggled to move at all.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

He managed a tiny noise, not much more than air brushing past the vocal cords. It scraped and burned on the way out.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

“Puh.” It came out a dry, dead whisper, like wind through autumn leaves. “Pluh.”

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

“Plea.” He drew in as deep a breath as he could manage, shallow and shaky like an old man.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

“Help. Me.” He tried to wet his lips, but there was nothing. “Please. Help me.” It was so quiet. No one was going to hear him. But he couldn't get any louder.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

The door to the arena creaked open. He couldn't see clearly. Everything was a blur. But there was something there. A figure. He managed to twitch the fingers of the hand that was outstretched, facing the door. He was still alive. They had to know he was still alive. Had to know.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause.

He was dimly aware of the figure approaching, coming around behind the centurion. Doing something.

Thrust, pause. Thrust, pause. Thrust--

It stopped. Mid-thrust. A few moments passed, and then Dunstan began to shake with silent, painful sobs. It was over. It was over. It was over.

He woke on something that was not stone. It took him a long time to open his eyes, and when he did they saw very little. He focused his will and, after considerable effort, managed to turn his head to the left, which he perceived was lighter.

That side was indeed lighter. Blindingly bright, actually. He had to close his eyes again.

Someone slid an arm under him and pulled him up to a sitting position. They kept him there, held his head upright, and held the spout of a waterskin to his lips. The first swallow was agony, and the
second only slightly better, but the touch of water was bliss. He never wanted to stop.

It was taken away too soon. He made a small noise of protest.

“Slowly. You don’t want to start throwing up.” A woman’s voice. She lowered him back down.
“Sleep.” A cool hand touched his forehead. “Sleep.”

He woke again, and became aware that the light on his left was also giving off heat. After a time, it resolved itself into a fire. A campfire, made on stone. The stone was Dwemer, a Dwemer floor. Someone had made a fire inside of a ruin, and that was why he was warm.

After that series of mental gymnastics, he managed to determine that he was lying on a bedroll, but was not inside of it, which was why he was not as warm as he would have liked to be. That was all the thinking that he was capable of handling, and he slumped back into darkness.

The next time he woke, he was warmer. After a time, he realized that something had been draped over him. A blanket of undyed wool. It was warm.

He managed to look a little past the fire, and saw something familiar. This was one of the rooms off of the ruin's first hallway. Only, now there was a bedroll, across the fire from where he lay. And a few sacks and crates lying around, and a handcart. And an alchemy setup on one of the stone tables, bubbling away gently. And a pile of firewood.

Someone... was camping here. Perhaps while they explored the rest of the ruin. And that someone had disabled the centurion, and dragged him back here, and given him water, and put a blanket over him.

He exerted all of his strength to turn his head, and something large that was many shades of brown and cream and gray entered his vision. It took time for him to understand, but then he saw, and his breathing quickened, and he began to shake. It was his own stomach, covered by the blanket and swollen grotesquely with whatever fluid that centurion had pumped into him and churned up inside his guts. A small, high-pitched, keening whine began to leak from his throat, in time with his breathing the way sobs would be. He closed his eyes and pressed his lips together, unable to stop the
Some interminable time later, there were footsteps, and something was dropped on the stone floor. The footsteps came closer, but it was not in him to turn and look. Someone put a hand on his forehead and another on his shoulder. “Shhh,” came the soft voice, the woman's voice. “Shhh, hush now, you're all right. You're all right. Breathe.”

“Out,” Dunstan managed to whisper. “Get it out.”


The waterskin's spout touched his lips again, and he drew from it, his throat sore and sharp and tired. The water was cool and blissfully wet. He was allowed more than he had been before, but it was taken away again before he had had all he wanted.

“Soup next,” the voice said. “Soon. Sleep for now. All right? Sleep.”

He was exhausted, and gone before the voice was finished speaking.

The next time he woke, there was hot soup, dripped gently into his mouth, and a sack wedged under his head and shoulders to help him swallow. He hurt everywhere, and the horror of his stomach still loomed before him, but he was warm, and he could think a little more.

“Please,” he mumbled when the woman took the soup away. “Please get it out. Please.”

She moved the blanket and slid something cold and metal up under his cock. "Piss," she instructed.

He did, gratefully, with a metallic rinsing sound, and felt a slight relief. “Please,” he repeated, trying to convey the importance of the subject, “please. Out.”

“Soon,” the woman said, drawing the blanket back over him. “Soon. You'll need to be able to stay
awake for more than a minute at a time. Now sleep.”

He woke, and felt nearly conscious. He turned his head to look around the room and saw a figure working at the alchemy table. There were pots, bowls, bottles, and flasks in a large pile near him, and what looked like a disassembled dwarven spider sitting near the room's dim Dwemer lamp.

“Out,” he croaked. “Please. Get it out.”

The woman turned from the alchemy table and came over to him. She crouched by his head. She was a little older than he was, a Redguard, and looked like someone who would not tolerate any level of nonsense. “Can you stay awake long enough?”

“Yes,” he said, not knowing or caring how long it would take. He would manage. He had to.

She studied him briefly. “Yeah, I think you might be able to. Here, have some water.” She lifted his head and pressed the waterskin to his lips.

“Out,” he insisted weakly when she took it away again.

“Yeah, okay. Give me a minute to get set up.” She did something by the alchemy bench, and with the spider and the lamp, before returning to him. “Here,” she said. “Once this gets into your throat, just keep swallowing. It'll take some time.”

She slipped something into his mouth. It was transparent and flexible. Dunstan had no idea what it was or what it was made of, but something glimmered gold within it. Metal? It slid over his tongue and into his throat. He resisted the urge to vomit and swallowed. He gagged as it slid deeper, and more kept coming. He shuddered and twisted.

“Swallow!” the woman said fiercely. “Work past it. Don't choke. Just keep swallowing, like you're drinking.”

He did as she said, and after what felt like an hour of swallowing and trying not to explode in a fit of gasping and choking and dying as the tube wormed its way down his throat and deep inside him, she
nodded in satisfaction. “There,” she said. “Now breathe through your nose, understand? Through your nose. In and out. In... and out. There you go. Don't try to talk, don't do anything with your mouth.” She put a hand on his cheek in reassurance and pulled the blanket off of him.

He realized with a start that he was naked, but it seemed distant compared to the effort of ignoring the thing in his throat. He nearly closed his eyes against the horror of his stomach, but managed to keep them open and watch the woman.

“Okay,” she said. “So you got yourself into a very unpleasant situation. Remedying that situation is difficult, and the setup I have here might do it one of two different ways, depending on how this soul gem is tuned and how it reacts to the wiring. It might even do both ways. I'm not a very talented mechanic or mage, so I don't really know. I'm going to prepare for both.”

She removed the lid from a ceramic jar and began smearing an ointment on his bare chest. “It might transfer the fluid to here, and give you a nice set of tits. That's easy to deal with, all I'd have to do then is pump it out of you. Pretty straightforward, nice and easy.”

When she was done rubbing the ointment into him, she moved between his legs and began applying it to his balls. He flinched a little. “Or it might transfer the fluid to here. Harder to deal with, and much less comfortable for you. Hopefully that won't happen, but it might, so we'll need to be ready.”

He was breathing hard. Oh, Gods. Oh, no. Oh, no, no. What the fuck? This was insane. But if it was the only way to get everything out of him...

She smeared ointment over another tube like the one in his throat, took his cock in hand, and began forcing it inside of him.

“Mmmmmm!” He couldn't open his mouth for fear that he'd start gagging and be unable to stop, but his body arched and his hands clawed at the bedroll. Oh, Gods! Oh, Gods! Something was opening up a place that was not meant to open, and he couldn't handle it, couldn't handle it, couldn't handle it, oh, Gods, no!

Then it was in, and his cock burned around it, and he was whimpering and trying not to choke, and there were tears dripping from his screwed-shut eyes. “Mmmm... mmmm... mmmm…”

“There. That wasn't so bad, huh?” She patted his hideous stomach, and he whined, high and sharp. “Oh, come on. You're halfway there. Let me just get a catch basin set up, in case it comes down
here. I'm not actually sure how much balls can hold, and we don't want to waste a drop.” There was a scraping of metal on stone, and the tube was moved, which felt like someone was trying to rip his cock off. “All right. I think we're about ready for our first try.”

She stood and walked over to the dwarven spider, which Dunstan suddenly realized was connected to the tube in his mouth. “Okay. It's probably best to brace yourself. I have no idea how this will feel.” She placed a soul gem into the spider's socket, and energy arced.

Dunstan's entire body tensed, more than he had thought it was capable of doing. Every muscle sprang into action, including a number that he had never known he had. For a moment it was shocking and uncomfortable, but it rapidly became painful, as his entire being seemed to try to rip itself away from his skeleton, contracting, contracting, contracting, it was going to tear him apart. It went on and on and on, his eyes rolling, his body contorting itself into horrible shapes, his blood screaming in his ears, he was going to explode.

Then it stopped, and he felt as if all his bones had been removed. After the initial shock, he became aware that he was very sore, uncomfortably aroused, and completely exhausted.

The woman came over to him, soul gem in hand. “All right, let's see.” She crouched next to him, and a hand touched his heaving chest gently. “Yeah, definitely some fluid transfer up here. Let's check things out downstairs…” The hand cupped his balls. “All right, looks like it's going both ways. Lucky you. I think it's mostly directed towards your chest, but it'll be a few more contacts before I can say for certain. Looks like I lied when I said you were halfway through. It's going to be a long night."

She put the soul gem back into place, and his body went insane again. This time, she didn't check him when she paused, only gave him enough time to take a few deep, shuddering breaths and feel the beginnings of sobs before the soul gem returned to his place.

At the end of the tenth contact, she let him rest. He was too tired to make any attempt at crying now, was barely capable of staying remotely conscious. He was dimly aware that his cock was harder than it had been in a very long time, and that his belly didn't feel as horrifically full as it had. After a time, he managed to focus on his body, and saw that his chest had swollen into what he could only describe as very small breasts, of the kind that he wouldn't mind squeezing had they been on someone else. The woman touched them curiously, and he shuddered. Oh, Gods, they were tight, furiously tight, straining against the skin. He thought his nipples could have been used to cut diamond if properly applied. The sensation went straight to his cock, which was already extremely excited.

Then she touched his balls, and he moaned around the tube through closed lips. The sensation was extraordinary. He was so full. So full. His cock was desperate to be put into something, even with
the tube stretching it open in a way that nature had never intended, desperate to empty his balls into anything that would stay still long enough. The woman fondled his balls, rolling them between her fingers, ignoring his cock. He couldn't arch his back and force his hips up the way he wanted to, but he managed to move his head a little, even feeling as utterly boneless as he did.

“This is really something else,” she said. “I knew things were going to get weird, but this is... this is insane.” Her voice shook a little. It was full of anticipation. “All right. This is really remarkably stupid, and goes against all my training, and will probably hurt, but I am never going to have an opportunity like this again. I'm going to see how big you can get.” She touched his breasts again, and brushed her fingers against his nipples. “Oh, Divines,” she muttered when he closed his eyes and let out a soft moan. “Oh, Dibella's tits, this is insane.”

Another ten contacts later, Dunstan was managing to feel simultaneously as though he were dead and as though he could come at any moment. His hips were twitching slightly, utterly without his direction. His breasts had swollen significantly and felt as though they might burst, but the pressure that had been trying to tear its way out of his stomach for Divines knew how long was easing.

The woman touched his balls, and he managed to summon up some sort of noise. Ohh, Gods. Oh, fuck. They felt heavy, and their size was off in a way he couldn't quite picture, but they also felt absolutely astonishing, and if the woman kept going, he was going to come all over her.

“Gods,” she breathed, running a hand over his stomach, feeling the reduction. “Gods, this is…” She shifted her leather apron and gray dress out of the way and slipped a hand to her crotch. Dunstan could smell her sex. “Shit. Oh, Divines, this is really insane.” Then she withdrew her hand as if it had bitten her. “All right. All right. Let's keep going.”

Dunstan didn't know how much later it was when he was next aware. He only knew that he was too exhausted to move, could barely summon up the energy to breathe, and there were hands running over him, exploring his body. “Oh, Gods. Oh.” The woman was panting and moaning. “I'm sorry. Shouldn't have done this to you. Oh, Gods. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh!” Fingers dug into his sides, a tongue drew across a nipple that exploded with lust like a fire trap rune, and the woman convulsed on top of him.

When he faded back into being next, the tube had been withdrawn from his throat. He sucked in air.

A hand touched his face. “You're awake?”

“Mm.” He managed to open his eyes with great effort.
The woman was crouched next to him. She was naked and smelled like sweat and sex. “Listen, I'm sorry. I really am. I shouldn't have gone so far. I just couldn't stop. I…” She shuddered. Her skin was flushed. “I still can't, really. Oh, Gods, I think the oil must have aphrodisiac properties.” She touched his shoulder. “I thought you might want to see yourself. You're... oh, Gods, you're really something.” Her hand slid down to a breast, and he took a sharp breath, his lips parting, eyes closing, suddenly consumed with need.

She helped him into a sitting position so that he could lean against a crate that she dragged up behind him. “There's a mirror on the far wall.”

He looked up into the mirror, and for a moment was only surprised. Then the lust set in. He knew he should be horrified, but he couldn't be.

His breasts were very nearly the largest pair he had ever seen. There had been a fat innkeep in Cyrodiil who had boasted a bigger set, but that was the only person he could think of who outstripped him. On his small, lean frame, they looked even larger, and they seemed to defy gravity, bulging with whatever the centurion had filled him with and steadfastly refusing to sag. His nipples were large, dark, and immensely hard. Beneath that, his stomach was back to normal—actually, rather smaller than he remembered. He didn't know how long it had been since he had eaten, but he suspected it had been quite some time. Between his legs, his balls were swollen, each larger than his fist. His cock throbbed above them. It, too, had been freed of the tube.

“Oh, fuck,” he mumbled.

“Young balls filled up quick,” the woman murmured into his ear. She seemed unable to stop herself from moving sinuously against him, and her voice was full of lust. “You filled four pots before we finished. It came out your cock like come, just kept going and going and going, and you kept pulsing.” She fondled his balls. “Your tits never gave up. They kept getting bigger and bigger.” She planted a kiss on one desperate nipple, and he groaned.

“Get it out,” he breathed. “Take it out of me. I have to come. I have to.”

“All right,” she said. Her hands were still moving over him. “All right. Balls first.” She dragged over a pot and put it between his legs. Then she started massaging his balls and squeezing his cock, and he began to pant and twitch. A clear blue fluid began to spurt erratically from his cock, and he moaned. Each squirt felt like a miniature climax, only there was no cooldown. He just kept coming and coming.
Then he felt himself beginning to build up to a real climax, and the woman stopped. “Empty,” she panted. “It's all out of your balls.” She pushed the pot away. It was sloshing with oil.

“Now your tits.” She was sweating, beads sliding down her arms and breasts like gems. Dunstan wanted to lick it from her body, taste the salt, but he was too busy moaning and shifting as she squeezed a nipple, coaxing fluid out into a bottle. The glass was cold against his skin. His cock strained between his legs.

It seemed to take forever to empty one breast, to return half of his abused chest to its former state. By the time it was drained, he was thrusting up against her thigh, one hand on her back and the other on her pleasantly soft breast, moaning. “More,” he breathed. “More. Please.”

She set the second full bottle aside and gave him a breathy kiss, slow and languid, her hips moving in slow circles. “Yes,” she sighed into his mouth. “Oh, Gods.” She pressed the mouth of a bottle to his nipple and began to knead, and he faded again into a haze of pleasure, reveling in the relief of pressure, and in the building of lust in his cock, the ever-increasing need there.

The next thing he was aware of was the last drop being squeezed into the bottle, and of spilling himself all over the woman's stomach and thigh at the same moment. She put the bottle down, helped him back down to lie on his back on the bedroll, and positioned her soaked cunt over his mouth. He dove in with exhausted delight, licking and sucking and stroking, sliding fingers inside her, tasting her, making her moan and rock over him before she came with a cry.

“Should seal everything up,” she murmured when she had recovered somewhat. “Don't want to risk losing anything to evaporation.” She crawled away from him, and he watched with half-closed eyes as she decanted pots into bottles and corked them, making sure to scrape out every drop. Then she came back to him. She pressed herself up against him and drew the blanket over them. He managed to pull her close before he fell asleep.

He woke up slowly. When he opened his eyes, his thoughts suddenly felt very clear, and the air outside of the blanket felt very cold. The body of the woman against him seemed terribly real. He lifted his head to look around. This woke the woman, who shifted slowly for a few seconds before suddenly starting awake.

She turned her head to look at him. “Oh,” she said. She looked as though she were thinking clearly now as well, and also immensely awkward. She slipped out from under the blanket and began hastily pulling on underclothes.
Dunstan hoisted himself up onto his elbows, looked around, and spied his neatly folded clothes sitting next to his loosely stacked armor in the corner. He made his way to his feet, teetering dangerously, and eventually succeeded in reaching his garments and getting some of them on. Then he had to sit down on one of the stone chairs. Gods, he was sore, and still so tired.

“Well,” the woman said. She tossed a piece of wood on the dying fire. “Um. Thanks for letting me extract all that oil.”

“Thanks for saving me,” Dunstan said. Then he paused. “Why, is it valuable?”

“Oh, Dwemer materials are valuable on principle, and I’ve never seen this kind of oil before. I can think of a number of master alchemists who would kill to have it.”

“Shouldn’t I get a share of that, then?”

A corner of her mouth pulled back in a grin. “Do you know any master alchemists, or how to price this stuff?”

“No, but I'm sure I could find a few, and probably figure it out.”

“Yeah?” Her smile evened out as it widened. “I'm sure.”

He sighed. “Fine. Take me back to civilization and pay for a few nights in an inn and it's all yours.”

She put a pot on the fire and began making soup. “I suppose I can manage that.” She hesitated, then turned to look at him. “You know, if you ever get past the, uh, unethical experimentation, you're, um... very good with your tongue. If you want to try anything again sometime.” She flushed dark and turned back to the soup.

Dunstan smiled. “Yeah, I think that could be arranged.”

Chapter End Notes
Yeah, I think I discovered a phobia with this one, but was weirdly fascinated with it and continued to write the porn to its conclusion anyway, which resulted in some serious weirdness.
Hagraven

Chapter Summary

Dunstan runs into some Forsworn and has a deeply unpleasant encounter with the local hag. Not actually much in the way of porn here. I mean, it's lewd and gross, but sex is not the primary focus.

Chapter Notes

Violence, captivity, lactation, forced breastfeeding, stomach bulge, bondage, suspension, pain, choking, blood, death, murder.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Reach wasn’t Dunstan’s favorite place. It was perpetually foggy, and everything was obnoxiously steep. It was always uphill, and then downhill, and then uphill again. No flat areas whatsoever, unless you counted the river—except that wasn’t flat either, but full of rocks and waterfalls. A real pain in the ass to navigate.

And then, of course, there were the locals. Like the Forsworn that had his strange bony weapon pressed up against Dunstan’s throat.

“Look, I’m just trying to get to Solitude!”

“You’re trespassing,” the Forsworn said. “These are our ancestral lands.”

“Well, look, I can’t help it if your ancestral lands occupy the space between Markarth and Solitude. I was on the road, for fuck’s sake. Just passing through.”

The Forsworn sighed. “You bloody outsiders are all the same. You just don’t give a damn, do you? We’ve been spat on for centuries—hold on, you’re an Imperial!”

“Yes,” Dunstan said uncertainly.
“Well, today’s your lucky bloody day, Imperial. The Mother’s been asking for one of your sort.”

“Mother?” Dunstan said blankly. “You’ve, um, a matriarch of some kind?”

“Aye, Mother Mirna. Go on, get up.” He prodded Dunstan’s shoulder with the sword, and the Imperial hastily got to his feet. “She’s one of the Old Ones. A strong one, too. She’ll lead us to victory.”

“Are the Old Ones another clan?” Dunstan asked as the Forsworn pointed him up a steep path.

“Oh, in a sense,” the Forsworn said. “A far greater clan than any we can ever hope to be. They sacrifice something, and they gain great power.”

“Lovely,” Dunstan said. He tripped over a rock, but recovered himself. “And they fight for the Reach, too?”

“Aye,” the Forsworn said, walking up the rocky path as easily as a mountain goat. “Though…” He hesitated. “In a roundabout sort of way, I suppose. Never mind,” he said hastily. “The Mother knows what she’s doing.”

“Well, what’s that involve?” Dunstan panted, using his hands to help himself up a particularly steep and rocky section.

“Well, she does a lot of eating,” the Forsworn admitted. “Lots of magic stuff, too. And every now and then she takes someone from our clan, and they come back different.”

“Different how?” Divines, did the Reachmen scale this path every day? His captor wasn’t even out of breath.

“They, uh…” The Forsworn seemed hesitant. “They come back strong, really strong, but, uh… well, they’ve got these big gaping holes in their chests.”

“What?” Dunstan said, turning to look at the Forsworn, who turned him around with the point of his sword and a menacing growl. “Why the fuck would she do that? How do they live?”
“Not sure, really,” the Forsworn said. “They get a heart of the forest put in them. Suppose that does it. But they’re strong, really strong. They kill outsiders like it’s nothing. My friend Baloch was the last, a few months ago. He…” The Forsworn sighed. “Look, he’s not Baloch anymore. I don’t know what he is. A true warrior of the Reach, I suppose.”

“Your Mother didn’t happen to say what she wanted an Imperial for, did she?” Dunstan asked apprehensively.

“No,” the Forsworn said indifferently. “I’m sure it’s something for the cause.”

“Well, you’ll forgive my curiosity.” Dunstan strained to pull himself up a rocky shelf. “I really don’t fancy anyone putting a hole in me.”

“She wouldn’t do it to you,” the Forsworn said. “It’s a great honor.”

“Thanks,” Dunstan said, unable to decide whether he was more insulted or relieved.

They crested the ridge at last and emerged into an open camp, very obviously home to a great many Forsworn. They looked very different without their headdresses. A woman with a bandaged shoulder sat on a crate, peeling potatoes, with her bloodstained bone spear lying at her side. She glanced up at them as she passed. “That an Imperial, Hara?”

“Aye. The Mother’ll be pleased.” There was pride in the Forsworn’s voice.

The woman grunted and returned to the potatoes.

“Don’t mind her,” Hara said in a low voice. “She’s jealous because the Mother’s confined her to camp until she recovers from her injuries.”

“Nords fight back, then?”

“Nay, a spriggan. The Old Ones always want more spriggans.”
“Who would want a spriggan?” Dunstan said in disbelief.

“Suppose they’re good for magic,” Hara said. “Go on, hush.”

Hara directed him through the camp, which was nestled against a cliff. At the top of that near-vertical cliff perched a dilapidated tower of ancient Nordic construction. “Guess where you’re going?”

“Oh, for Divines’ sake,” Dunstan said irritably. “Are there at least stairs?”

Hara laughed. “Better, outsider.” He opened a gate set into the rock and gestured grandly at a rickety wooden cage. A double loop of fraying rope wound through its bars and stretched into the darkness of a shaft that bored straight up through the rock. “Go on, get in.”

Dunstan stepped carefully into the cage. Hara squeezed in alongside him and began to pull at the rope. The cage creaked ominously and began to rise into the shaft.

“Is this, um, safe?” Dunstan asked, peering nervously down at the receding ground.

“Reckon so,” Hara grunted, straining at the rope. “You could bloody help, you know.”

“Oh. Yeah, sure.” Dunstan set to helping Hara haul them up the shaft. It was dark and close within the cliff, but he could see light far above.

After an exhausting ascent, the top of the cage poked out of the shaft into torchlight. A few more pulls brought the floor of the cage level with the stone of what had to be the base of the tower. Hara looped the rope around a hook and released it with a groan. The cage fell down a few inches with a jerk, and Dunstan made an undignified sound, expecting the rope to snap at any moment.

“Oof,” Hara sighed. He stretched. “Ah, Hircine’s bloody hooves. You know, you’re right. I reckon we should cut stairs into the cliff someday. Or maybe put up a ladder.”

“Yeah,” Dunstan agreed. “That rope’s going to break someday. Be a bit stupid to die falling out of
this instead of for your cause.”

“True, true.” Hara clapped him on the shoulder. “You know, you’re a decent sort. I hope the Mother
doesn’t do anything too unpleasant to you.”

“You could always let me go,” Dunstan offered.

Hara laughed uproariously and slapped him on the back. “I like you, outsider. I like you. Come on,
the Mother’s round here somewhere.” He led Dunstan into the depths of the tower. Then he paused.
“Here, you can have this, anyway.” He reached into a rough, furry pouch made of some unfortunate
rabbit, and pressed something slightly sticky into Dunstan’s hand.

Dunstan looked at it, and after a brief movement of horrific certainty that he’d just been given a long
stretch of intestine, realized that it was a rope of taffy. “Ah, I can’t take this,” he said. “Go on, you
can’t get this sort of thing often.”

“Aye, I was saving it for something special,” Hara admitted. “But I figure I’m more likely to get
some again than you are. I’m bound to catch some merchant or other that’ll have more.”

Dunstan shook his head. “Nah. I really can’t take this. Here.” He held it out to the Forsworn.

“Tell you what,” Hara said. He took the rope, twisted it until it snapped in two, and handed half back
to Dunstan. “There. That satisfy you, outsider?”

Dunstan smiled. “Yeah, all right. Thanks.” He bit off a piece and chewed it as he followed Hara
through the tower.

After a deal of wandering through rooms full of evidence of various foul magicks and splattered
gore, they emerged into a room that was rather larger than the others they had been in, but still damp
and close, with a low ceiling. A variety of iron cages of various sizes were pushed up against the
walls. Some contained various beings. Light from a deep, yawning fireplace glinted off of blood
spattered on the walls, dripping from cages, clotting in bowls. A dark figure, wrapped in tattered
black cloth, hunched in a corner, chopping something wet that squelched.

“Mother,” Hara said with the greatest respect. “Mother, I’ve brought you an Imperial, as you asked.”
The figure’s head snapped up in a sharp, birdlike movement. “Oh?” It was a woman. Her voice was raspy and guttural. She turned with hobbling steps, her paces clumsy and awkward, and Dunstan lurched back in horror, dropping the taffy.

It was a hagraven, a sick blurring of woman and bird. Malformed talons, crusted with dried blood, scraped across the stone floor. Scaly, leathery hide crawled up pale, blue-veined legs, fading into the greasy parchment skin of an old woman in ill health. Coarse black feathers sprouted from her arms and shoulders and back. Large, swollen breasts sagged nearly to her waist, peppered with slick black down. A drooping paunch bulged out from above her hips. She shifted her cloak to cover her body, exposing a foul, near-skeletal head to the firelight.

Mother Mirna craned her neck down and turned her head up to look at him, like a raptor investigating its prey. She was a good deal shorter than he was, but it seemed to be mostly because she was hunched over in a way that no human could emulate. A grossly taloned hand snatched out and caught his jaw in a grip like iron. She turned his head from side to side. “Not a bad specimen. A little nibble for me, a little morsel, a little scrap. Tasty.”

“Ah, Mother,” Hara said hesitantly. “You know, he’s really not bad for an outsider. Maybe you could do something else with him?”

“Question me not, little human,” she said, still focused on examining Dunstan’s head. “Peel him for me.” She released his jaw and hobbled back across the room to begin searching through various jars, boxes, and bottles.

“Yes, Mother,” Hara said, sounding downcast. He stepped up to Dunstan and began methodically stripping him of his armor.


Hara followed him and slammed him up against a cage. “Sorry, outsider,” he said. He sounded genuinely apologetic. “Mother Mirna knows what’s best for the cause. If she says she needs to eat an Imperial, she needs to eat an Imperial.”

Dunstan headbutted him. It hurt, what with the bone headdress, but it was still obviously a surprise, and he used it. He lunged across the room, making a break for the exit. He’d take his chances with
the rest of the Forsworn. Then he tripped over the taffy and went sprawling onto the floor, which was dark and smelled of years of dried blood.

Hara landed on top of him with his full weight, knocking the wind out of him. Then he hauled him to his feet and hurled him into a cage. The iron door slammed before Dunstan could lunge for it.

“No!” Dunstan gasped. He gripped the cage bars. “Hara. Hara, please. Don’t let her eat me.”

“Sorry,” Hara said again. “It has to be done.”

“Dawdle not,” spat the hagraven from the other side of the room. “Finish peeling him and put him in the rack.”

“Yes, Mother.” Hara stepped up to the cage. “Mother, could you paralyze him, just for a moment? He’s quite strong.”

“If you insist, little human,” the hagraven grumbled. Without looking, she flicked a hand behind her, and suddenly Dunstan couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, couldn’t look around, and there was a terrible sharp pain in his chest. The world began to go dark around him, but he was hardly aware of it. The only thing that occupied his mind was the screaming desperation for release, he was going to die, he was going to die, he was going to die.

Then he gasped in a breath, and felt his heart pound in his chest again, trying to make up for lost time. He drew in breath after breath, reveling in the air. When he had recovered enough for the air to start coming out in gasping sobs, he became aware that he was restrained. It felt like being in the stocks, which was something he unfortunately had some experience with, only it was upside down.

He was on his back, but suspended. His neck was held in place by some kind of wooden support that refused to budge. Rope bound his wrists together and pulled them up toward the ceiling. A chain around one ankle pulled his body toward the wall, leaving him lopsided. He was also naked, he realized with a sinking sensation. He shifted and struggled, but the only thing that he could move was his left leg, and it did little good. Too much movement brought him into conflict with the stockade around his neck, which was far too tight to be trifled with.

“Hey,” he croaked, struggling to keep his throat in a position that allowed him to breathe and talk. “Come on. Please.”
Hara, inspecting a caged spriggan off to one side, shook his head. “Sorry.”

“That will do, little human,” the hagraven said. “Go now. Go on.” She shooed him away with an absurdly maternal gesture of her grotesquely taloned hands. Then she hobbled over to Dunstan. “An Imperial, at long last,” she crooned. “I have always wanted to try one of you. My sister says you have a rich flavor.”

“Gods,” Dunstan whispered. “Gods. Don’t. Don’t.” He tried to kick out at the hagraven, but she was well out of range.

“Do not be rude, little Imperial,” she sniffed. Sharp talons that were far too long gripped his waist, then his hips, then his chest, then his thigh, and he realized that she was checking him for consistency. “Skinny,” she grumbled. “War makes little humans too skinny.” She grunted in discomfort. “Lucky for you, little Imperial. I am full, and my stew takes days to season properly. Must be sanctified under the light of a waxing moon for proper flavor, yes. There is time to feed you, yes.”

She took his jaw in her talons and forced his mouth open with the strength of ten men. “Too full,” her raspy voice complained. “I am far too full.” To Dunstan’s dismay, she hefted a breast with her other mangled hand and pressed the rough nipple into his mouth. He tried to bite it, anything to make her go away, but her claws easily kept his teeth apart, and a warm liquid began to drip into his mouth. It was thick, greasy, and foul. He avoided swallowing it for as long as possible, but it built up and up and up. In desperation, he tried to spit it out, but he gagged, and he had to swallow or choke. It slid down his throat like a glutinous poison. He took a deep, harsh breath, but more was coming, filling his mouth. He tried to resist again, and again he failed. It was harder to recover the second time, and eventually he had to decide between resisting and breathing. So he drank. He felt his eyes water at the taste, and at the feeling of it building up in his stomach. It felt as though everything in his body was recoiling from the foul milk, every organ in him trying to lurch away from its presence. It went on and on.

Eventually, the hagraven lifted her breast away. The downy feathers on it scratched his nose. He sucked in deep breaths, feeling his chest heave and stomach roil. Eventually, he got enough breath to try and spit out whatever remained in his mouth. That was when the hagraven fitted her second breast between his lips and began to force more milk into him. He wailed against the sickly flesh, but it did no good.

By the time her second teat was drained, his stomach was straining. He couldn’t tell whether he had actually swallowed enough thick, foul milk to fill himself up to the point of pain or if it was reacting in some way with his insides, but either way, it was painful, and no amount of shifting and whimpering relieved the discomfort. The rope was cutting away at his wrists, he had lost feeling in
his suspended leg, and his back and neck were horribly sore from having to work to keep himself in a position to breathe.

It felt like years later when the hagraven forced a breast into his mouth again, but she informed him that it had been about an hour. “I drank a potion just for you, little human,” she said. A claw traced his right nipple. Her breast was full enough that it required no encouragement to leak into his mouth, leaving her with a free hand. “I will make much milk for you.” Her freakishly large claws embraced the entire right side of his chest and began to squeeze and pull the muscle. Dunstan writhed in pain and nearly choked on the milk. “Yes, good flesh. I think I will eat this raw, unseasoned. Get a taste for your true flavor from your finest cuts. The rest can be cooked.”

She fed him four more times before she tottered over to a nest in the corner and settled into it. By then, Dunstan was fuller than he’d been since the incident with the centurion. His stomach weighed heavily on him. It did not feel as grotesquely swollen as it had been then, and he could not look to see, but he had no doubt that it was bulging.

It was impossible to sleep. Every moment required a concerted effort to keep himself in a position where he could breathe. Consequently, he was vividly and horrifically aware of every moment as the night dragged on. He felt every pang of his stomach, every pain from his wrists and ankle, every complaint from his back and neck. By the time he became aware that he had to piss, there were silent tears running down his face.

There was enough blood and mess in the room that he figured the hagraven wouldn’t mind a little more, and he wasn’t sure that he could speak to ask for help anyway, so he released. A stream of piss hit the stone floor, and he sagged with relief as much as his bonds would allow.

A flurry of feathers cut him off mid-stream in surprise. The hagraven leapt up from her moldy nest and clacked her way over to him. “Disgusting little human!” she spat. “Are you an animal?” Talons flashed across his ribs, leaving weeping red lines of fire, and he cried out in pain. “Fool!” the hagraven snarled at him. “Filthy little fool!” She flicked a hand, and before he had time to register the gesture, he was frozen again, and his mind was screaming while his body remained motionless.

When he came to again, his back was resting against something, and his ass was on an uncomfortable metal floor, but he was supported. Feeling was coming back into his leg with an intense prickling sensation. He groaned in relief. He sat there and breathed for a while, thanking the Divines for allowing him to have this blessing of not being held up in the air anymore.

Eventually, he recognized that he was in a cage. Except for his head, for some reason. His head was craned backward, locked into some kind of opening through the cage door that kept him from moving. His ankles were bound together, tied to one of the bars on the other side of the cage, but his hands were free. He immediately pressed one to his stomach and winced. It was swollen, but not
nearly so badly as it had been in the past. It still managed to be horribly sensitive, though.

“You’ll think again before you urinate on my floor,” grumbled the hagraven. “Little beast.” He saw her waddle over to him out of the corner of his eye, and tried to turn his head away as she pried his teeth apart and pressed a nipple into his mouth. “Drink, filthy human. The next time you relieve yourself, use the bucket.” She sniffed in irritation as she forced more of her foul milk down his throat.

It went on for days. Dunstan could not begin to keep track of them. They blurred into each other. He could never be certain as to what a day meant, anyway. No natural light could penetrate the hagraven’s sanctum, and the bird-witch seemed to favor naps to sleeping all night. He suspected that the potion she had drunk to increase her production had some effect on this. She would often come straight to him from her nest, force him to empty her of milk that strained the skin of her breasts, sigh in relief, and hobble back to her straw and sticks to settle down again. She spent a great deal of time fussing over a vast black cauldron that simmered endlessly, forever adding more ingredients. It smelled foul, and sometimes the vapors made Dunstan pass out, a welcome relief.

His body, thankfully, did not react much with her milk. In fact, it seemed eager to force the offending fluid out as quickly as possible. He was thankful for that, at least. He thought his nipples were perhaps a touch more sensitive, his mind a little foggier.

There came a day when the hagraven picked up her cauldron and carried it out of the room, a feat that would have been impossible for three or even four men together. She was gone for quite some time, and when she came back, staggering under the weight of her cauldron, her front was slick with milk.

She forced a nipple into Dunstan’s mouth and cawed loudly when the milk began to flow. Then she shifted, and forced her other nipple into him at the same time. Dunstan did his best to keep up with the spurts of milk, but he still began to choke after a short time, forcing the hagraven to withdraw. She stuck three taloned fingers down his throat, muttered a word, and his throat suddenly cleared with a sharp tingling sensation. Then she jammed a nipple back between his teeth, muttering about incompetent humans.

When she was at last drained, she left him to catch his breath and cleared a space on one of her stone tables. Dunstan heard the clatter of knives and the clanking of chains, and felt something like an electric shock go through him. “No,” he said. “Please. Look, please, I’ll do anything you want. Just don’t do it.”

“Hmmph,” the hagraven snorted. “It was too late for that the moment you ran into one of my agents, little human. You haven’t fattened up as I wanted, but you have been marinated in my milk, and you will be delicious.”
When she opened the cage and released his head, he struck. He smashed an elbow into her face and threw himself across the room, slipping on blood and gore. He scrabbled his way toward the door, doing his best to ignore his bulging, protesting stomach. He caught the doorknob with a hand, but a claw like a vise snapped shut around his ankle, and he yelled in pain when it clamped down and yanked him back across the floor.

“Little human!” the hagraven crowed. “Little, little human! Not so easy!” She swung him up into the air. His head hit the stone ceiling. Then she brought him smashing back down on the floor, and he lay there, moaning, trying to remember how to move his limbs.

A taloned foot hit his stomach, claws digging in, and he managed a brief cry as the tender, swollen flesh lit up in eye-watering pain. He managed to throw an arm loosely in front of his face in time to avoid the claws that came slashing at him there, but he felt the claws slice his arm to the bone. Another foot sank into his chest, and a hand gripped his shoulder with claws that stabbed into him like daggers.

He managed to coordinate himself enough to kick up. His feet connected with the hagraven and sent her too-light body bowling over his head. He threw himself forward, toward the table where the knives were. His limbs largely ignored his commands, but he ended up in the vicinity of the fireplace. He began to drag himself across the floor, right arm curled up uselessly to his chest.

Then claws grabbed his ankles, both of them, and began pulling themselves up his legs, sinking in deep wherever they touched, piercing his flesh as they might have pierced parchment. He screamed and convulsed. One set of claws tore gouges in his flesh as it ripped free, and his good arm flailed uselessly rather than working towards a goal.

The hagraven hauled herself up onto his back, straddling him. She flipped him over with ease and screamed in his face. She began to slash at his chest just as his hand closed around something long, thin, and slightly sticky.

Dunstan surged up at the hagraven, knocked her onto her stomach, landed on top of her, wrapped the taffy around her neck, and pulled with all his strength.

She did not go easily. Her feet slashed mercilessly at his legs and feet, tearing flesh and tendon as if they were butter. Her hands had more difficulty reaching him, but still managed to tear alternately at his hands and thighs. At some point, she made it to her feet, but toppled over backward so that she was lying on top of him. That made it easier for him. All he had to do was lie there and absolutely not ever let go. Ever. Never let go.
At some point, he became aware that there was a cold, unmoving corpse lying on top of him. He managed to shove it off of himself with a vast effort. He was covered in his own cooling blood. Every inch of flesh that the hagraven had been able to reach was shredded. His body seemed to be utterly useless.

An interminable time later, he realized that he was looking at the spriggan that occupied one of the cages on the other side of the room. It was crouched, its inscrutable wooden face looking right at him. He blinked with effort.

After another eternity or so, his struggling mind came to the conclusion that it would be wrong for the spriggan to starve to death in a hagraven’s nest. Just because he was going to die didn’t mean that it had to.

He had no idea how he made it across the room. It involved a lot of putting his better arm out, squeezing clumsy fingers into the crevices between stones, and pulling, inch by inch. He passed out a few times. But eventually, he was there, looking up at the door to the spriggan’s cage. The latch was several feet above him. It might as well have been sitting at the entrance to High Hrothgar.

“I can’t.” A whispery croak was all he could manage. “Sorry…”

Long, viciously formed wooden fingers poked out from between the bars and stroked the skin of his hand. The spriggan looked at him in mute appeal.

“I can’t.” Now that he was lying still with no plan, he was beginning to be really and truly aware of exactly how badly everything hurt. He felt himself beginning to cry. “I can’t,” he whimpered softly. “I’m sorry.”

The spriggan’s fingers pulsed dimly gold. For the first time, Dunstan noticed that its green glow was nearly nonexistent. The spriggan had no access to natural forces in here. It was dying. He wondered how long it would be before its wooden body simply fell apart.

Then the glowing fingers touched his hand, and he felt, suddenly, that there was some strength left in him.

He hauled himself up the cage door with his good hand, slipped the latch open, and collapsed.
This was actually just supposed to be part of the setup for the next chapter, but it ended up being way longer and more violent than it has any right to be. Proper kinky stuff happens next chapter.
Spriggans

Chapter Summary

Dunstan gets rescued by spriggans, sees a familiar face, and then gets railed by a tentacle monster with absolutely no canonical justification.

Chapter Notes

Negotiating (deeply flawed), rape, tentacle sex, sounding, brief nipple play, multiple insertions, large insertion, oviposition, chest growth, stomach bulge, comfort.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I don’t believe it.” The voice came floating out of the dark, and sounded like it couldn’t decide whether it was cross or amused. “I leave you put up in a nice room in Markarth, rent paid for three days, and I run into you naked out in a spriggan glade in the middle of nowhere not two weeks later.”

Dunstan coughed and opened his eyes. “What?” he croaked.

The figure leaning over him resolved itself into a familiar woman. A Redguard, in a gray dress, with a leather apron of the kind that a blacksmith might wear. “I mean, is this a regular thing for you?”

“I sincerely hope not,” he mumbled. “What…”

“I’m an herbalist,” she said. “Thanks for bothering to find out. The spriggans don’t mind me much, but they seem to really like you. I’ve never seen them let anyone else in here.”

Dunstan lifted his head with considerable effort and looked around. He appeared to be in some sort of partially-enclosed glade, full of trees, grass, flowers, and moss. He was lying on a large, flat, mossy stone in the center of a clearing. The sound of spriggan magic hummed in the background, though no spriggans were currently visible. The stump of what had once been a truly vast tree moulder next to the stone. Then he glanced down at himself. He was definitely naked, but more notably, his injuries had nearly disappeared. Even the gouges that had nearly severed his arm were now only fine silvery lines. “I am really confused,” he sighed, leaning his head back against the stone.
“Yeah, me too,” the herbalist said. She sat down on the stone next to him. “Hey, you definitely didn’t have these last time I saw you.” She touched his thigh, fingering his new scars. “So what the hell happened to you?”

“Well…” Dunstan said slowly, “there was a hagraven involved.”

The herbalist looked at him for a moment. Then she shook her head. “I can’t believe you’ve managed to escape two encounters that should have been fatal in two weeks. How’d you get out of that one?”

“Um,” Dunstan said. “I choked it to death with a taffy treat while it was trying to eat me. I thought I was going to die, but I released a spriggan while I was at it, and I think it was grateful.”

“You lead an interesting life,” the herbalist said. She put a hand on his shoulder, and the corner of her mouth pulled up in a grin, the sort that Dunstan couldn’t help returning. “Don’t suppose you’ve got an explanation for the clothes?”

“Not at the moment. Do spriggans know what clothes are?”

“Never been clear on that, myself. I’ve a spare cloak at my camp that I can lend you until you find something resembling—” She froze.

“What?” Dunstan said. Then he followed her gaze.

“Earth Mother,” the herbalist breathed. She went to her knees, and bowed in deep reverence, her hands clasped together. “I’ve never even seen one.” She raised her voice a little. “Highest blessings, Earth Mother. Highest blessings. Sunlight upon you and all your kin.”

The spriggan walked gracefully into the clearing, its movements slow and utterly poetic. Its wood was dark, and the magic that bound it together was darker, glimmering a deep purple. Its finely sculpted face betrayed no emotion, but the impression was of an infinite calm and nobility. It inclined its head very slightly in the herbalist’s direction, and the woman lowered herself to the ground, extending her hands out in front of her in a prostration. The spriggan flicked a finger, and the woman stood and backed away from the stone a few paces. The spriggan nodded gently in satisfaction.
Then it strode toward the stone. Dunstan sat up and gazed up at it. “Earth Mother,” he said. “Um. Was it you who saved me?”

It inclined its head regally, then crooked a finger toward the trees. A smaller, younger spriggan, its magic brilliant green, trotted into the clearing with all the effortless grace of a deer, but a young doe to the Earth Mother’s great, ageless lord of the forest. It came right up to Dunstan, went easily down to one knee to lower its head to his level, and placed a woody hand, made for rending flesh, on his chest. The wood was warm, and it made Dunstan’s skin tingle where it touched him.

“Thanks,” he said. “I would’ve died without you.”

The young spriggan inclined its head, sharper and more quickly than the Earth Mother did, and stepped back, giving the Earth Mother plenty of space.

The ancient spriggan stepped forward. The stately nature of its stride masked the speed of its movements. It stopped directly in front of Dunstan and shook itself gently. Dunstan blinked in surprise. Then it stretched its neck out a little, and suddenly there was a snapping and popping, like a tree in a storm.

The lower part of the Earth Mother’s face split apart into a maw, fringed by a thousand toothy splinters. It moved back and forth a few times, as if stretching itself. Then the spriggan spoke. “We find your speech difficult,” it said. Its voice managed to sound like an old woman, a bear roaring, wind in the grass, and a deer bugling all at once, all merged together into one vast, all-encompassing voice. The herbalist’s hands were over her mouth. “But as need dictates.” It straightened itself a little, settling its newly-split head comfortably. “We are grateful for the life of our kin.”

“I’m grateful for mine,” Dunstan said hastily. The spriggan gazed at him imperiously until he muttered, “Sorry,” and looked away.

“We are grateful for the life of our kin,” the spriggan resumed. “So in return we saved yours. Yet we do not feel that the debts are equal.” It paused, as if waiting for Dunstan to interrupt. When it became clear that he had learned his lesson, it continued. “For us to mend flesh is a difficult thing. Your bodies are not so resolute as pine, nor oak, nor aspen. It requires great care. We have done as we may. Yet you remain tainted.”

“By what?” Dunstan said blankly.
“You bear the foul emissions of our great foe within you,” the Earth Mother said, giving him a significant look. “We know of but one way to remove the taint. In luck, it is advantageous for us as well. Yet, perhaps taxing for you.”

“Yeah?” Dunstan said nervously. “So, uh, what would you do, then?”

“Cleanse you from within with the seed of the Great Root.”

Dunstan frowned. “What’s that involve?”

“You must take the Root into you and bear its seed. The seed will drive out the foulness within you.”

“Absolutely not,” Dunstan said flatly.

The herbalist gasped audibly, and the Earth Mother gazed at him impassively. “Why?”

“Do you have any idea how much seed I’ve borne recently?” Dunstan said, crossing his arms. “I don’t, but it’s a lot, and I need a goddamned break. Everything in this fucking province has felt the need to fill me full of whatever fluids it’s got on hand, and I am sick of it. Thank you for saving my life, I’m very grateful, but you’re going to need to find someone else to bear the seed of the root or whatever.”

The Earth Mother fixed him with its imperious, inscrutable gaze. After a moment that dragged into eternity, it said, “We do not find this acceptable.”

“Um,” Dunstan said. “Sorry?”

“We had thought better of you,” the Earth Mother said. “If you will not give yourself willingly, as your human honor dictates, then you will be taken.”

“Hey!” Dunstan said in alarm. “Hey, that’s not fair!”
“It is perfectly fair,” the Earth Mother said calmly. “Life for life.” It flexed its long claws.

“Okay, wait,” Dunstan said. “Wait, wait, wait. All right. All right, look. How about this? I’ll do it, but on condition.”

“Speak.”

“One.” Dunstan held up a finger. “You go find my clothes and my armor. They’re probably back in that hag’s tower somewhere. Two: you tell your root thing to go nice and slow, and to give me a break if I need one. All right?”

The Earth Mother cocked its head. Then it gave a regal nod. “We agree. Assume whatever position you find to be comfortable.”

“Right,” Dunstan said uncomfortably. He hesitated, then settled back on his elbows and spread his legs a little. He glanced over at the herbalist. “Do you mind?”

“I really don’t,” she said, and made herself comfortable on the clearing’s grass. “Sorry, but you’re not going to deprive me of the chance to see a magical process never before observed.”

“For fuck’s sake,” he said irritably. “I hope you bloody enjoy yourself.”

“Believe I will,” she said brightly.

Then the stump off to the side began to twitch and shudder, and Dunstan flinched.

The stump’s bark rippled, as if it were the hide of a living, breathing animal. The wood of the stump began to flex and flare, uncurling itself like a great snake. It grew taller as it spread itself open. A series of echoey wet sounds began to emerge from it. Dunstan watched in apprehension as they grew louder and louder.

Then a number of long, twitching, dripping appendages began to crawl out of the top of the stump. Dunstan’s jaw dropped. The tentacles—that was what they were, really—were deep, deep green, but they were rippling with pulses of other colors, purple and gold and reddish brown. They were all
different shapes and sizes, but none larger across than Dunstan’s fist, which he supposed he ought to be grateful for.

“All right,” he said. “I can handle that. Just… one at a time, all right?”

A tentacle, pouring slick fluid from all over its pulsing skin, brushed the inside of his thigh, and he flinched.

“All right,” he repeated. “All right. Slow and gentle, now.”

Another wound itself around his thigh, followed by another on the same leg, followed by three more on the other leg, followed by two on each arm, followed by four others that smeared slick all over his chest and stomach…

“Oh, okay,” he said apprehensively. “Take it easy, all right? Gently.”

One with a tapered tip rubbed itself all over his cock and balls before working its way down his perineum and locating his ass. Upon discovery, it began to push in.

It was refreshingly slow and small, compared to the variety of remarkably unpleasant things that had found their way into Dunstan’s ass recently. He shuddered at the sensation. It was also very wet, and a little cool, which he found disturbing. Once it found its way in, it began to wriggle unpleasantly.

“Gently,” he repeated, looking down at it. “Gently. That’s it.”

Another tapered tendril slipped and slid up his leg and inserted itself into his ass.

“Hey! Hey, one at a time!”

Both already inside him pushed in further, and a third prodded at him before squeezing between them.

He groaned. “Shit. Shit. Hey, Earth Mother! Hey! Tell them to calm down!”
“They are preparing you,” the spriggan said. “You may thank them.”

“Excuse me?” he said in disbelief. “Tell them to take their fucking time! You said you would!”

The Earth Mother inclined its head and raised a hand. The tentacles in his ass slowed, but continued to push deeper and deeper, spreading as they went. “Oh Gods,” he muttered, shuddering as they pushed past the spot inside him. They responded by wriggling more firmly there, stimulating him thoroughly.

Then another tentacle slid down his chest, past his cock, and prodded at the substantial mass already pouring into his ass. This one was nubbed, and larger, and its end had an opening that gaped open and closed, drooling copious amounts of slick. It drooled all over the group of tentacles inside of him for a while before pushing in.

Dunstan groaned loudly as it penetrated him, working itself up alongside the other wriggling invaders. “Oh, fuck.” He squirmed uncomfortably as it went deeper and deeper, stretching him a lot wider than he had hoped to be stretched today.

The first tentacle reached what it clearly found to be an acceptable point within him, somewhere much deeper than he had ever had plumbed, and began to withdraw. Then it shoved back in. And then it withdrew. And shoved back in. Then the second tentacle reached the same point and began doing the same thing. And it continued, until all the tentacles in his ass were fucking him at different speeds and in different rhythms. There was no sense of continuity, and it threw him off. He trembled and moaned as they fucked him, but couldn’t fall into a rhythm of moaning as he was accustomed to. Oh, Divines, they were stretching him. He was dimly aware of the herbalist stroking her own chest.

A fifth tentacle pressed at his entrance, and he shook his head. Then he opened his eyes and gasped. “No,” he said immediately. “No. That’s not going to fit.”

“It will fit,” the Earth Mother said calmly. “We mended you. We are aware of your capabilities.”

“I don’t care,” Dunstan said fiercely. “Tell it to back the fuck off.”

“No.”

The tentacle was thick and blunt, with an end that flared, like the cock of a horse or bull. It was
easily as large as the first three together, and it was not going to fit.

As it transpired, it did fit. It was huge and horrifying and Dunstan yelled a great deal while it forced itself into the conglomeration of tentacles already fucking him open, but eventually, it was inside him too, and the pace of the fucking was increasing. The tentacles rocked him back and forth across the stone, and he writhed under their attentions. A few kept rubbing his chest, and one found his left nipple and focused there.

Then, suddenly, they all pulled out. He groaned at the loss, and after a period of lying limp, managed to lift his head and see what was going on.

Something very large was emerging from the stump. It was a tentacle, but huge, and dripping even more than the others. Slick drooled off of it in gobs. The end was shaped rather like a closed flowerbud. It looked like it could flare open. The rest of it was smooth, but it grew wider and wider along its length. After several feet of it had emerged from the stump, a great swollen orb appeared. It looked as if it was about to explode, and was clearly packed full of dozens of small, round objects, if not more. A webbing of veins pulsed across the sac.

“The Great Root has not deposited its eggs in many years,” the Earth Mother said. “It is very full.”

“You’re not going to get all of those in me,” Dunstan said. “I’m serious. They’re not going to fit. The cock, yes, maybe, but all the eggs, no.”

“It will deposit what it can.”

The tip of the huge, dripping cock prodded at Dunstan’s hole. He shuddered and settled back against the rock, trying to prepare himself. Oh, Gods, it looked quite as large as the dragon’s cock. Oh, shit.

The head popped into him with relatively little trouble. He moaned loudly when it did, but it was not in pain. The stretch was exquisite, and when it slipped inside, it hit that spot inside of him. “Oh, fuck,” he breathed. “Oh, fucking fuck.”

The tentacle continued to push slowly in. It narrowed just past the head, but then began to broaden again, and it stretched him wider and wider and wider, until he was writhing and groaning around it. All the while, its slick rubbed into his inner walls. It seemed to numb him to pain and make him more receptive to pleasure at the same time.
When it reached a certain depth, it began to thrust, as the others had. Only this one was a lot bigger, and when he managed to look down at his stomach, he could see it snaking around slowly inside of him. His hard cock drooled a line of clear fluid on the rippling form of his belly.

It picked up the pace after a long while, beginning to work its way up to a proper fuck. Dunstan welcomed it by then. Oh, Gods, he could get used to this. He was getting used to it. It felt good, having this monstrously swollen thing inside of him. It kept constant pressure on the place inside of him that he somehow still hadn’t discovered the name for, and the other tentacles outside of him kept massaging his body. One was still rubbing resolutely at a nipple, sending hot pulses of lust straight to his cock.

Something wrapped around his cock and balls, and he moaned long and lewd. Oh, that was good. That was seriously good. Rubbing, rubbing, squeezing, pulsing, probing at his piss slit—

Wait.

“Hey,” he panted between moans. “Hey, no. Stay out of there.”

The thin, tapered tendril continued to press at his most sensitive hole. Then it squeezed in, and he yelled. “Fuck! Hey! Hey, no! Oh Gods! Oh, fuck!” It continued to wriggle its way into his cock, ignoring his protests, his arching back, his struggles. “Gods! Gods! Fucking stop!”

It did, eventually, much later, when it had gone far deeper than he ever wanted to think about. He was dimly aware of whimpering as it twitched and trembled inside of him, doing who knew what. Then the first egg pushed into him, and it became easy to ignore.

The first egg stretched him agonizingly wide as it passed through the cock, and he screamed the entire time it worked its way in, all the way until it popped free of the flaring cockhead somewhere deep inside of him. The second was easier, and the third more so, and by the seventh he was begging for more, begging for just a bit more stimulation, he was going to come.

It got harder and harder after that. The weight in his belly grew and grew and grew, the bulge spreading lumpy in his guts. By twelve, he was begging for it to stop.

By twenty, there were tears running down his face.
By thirty, he was wailing, his throat sore, his voice raspy.

By the time the tentacle had fucked its fortieth egg into him and pumped him full to bursting with its seed, he had passed out.

When he woke, a hand was holding his. When he shifted and moaned, it squeezed him. “Hey,” said a familiar voice. “You okay?”

“Oh, Gods,” he mumbled. “No.”

“How much energy would you say you have?”

“Oh.” He opened his eyes and squinted up at the herbalist. “Not much. Oh, fuck.” He put a hand on his stomach. It was bulging furiously. “Ugh. What’d I miss?”

“Um, tits, mostly,” the herbalist said. She cupped his chest. “They’re pretty small this time. The Earth Mother said it’s whatever’s left over of what the hagraven gave you, and that we are absolutely not to milk it out in this glade, or near running water.”

He glanced down. His chest was swollen, but not grotesquely. The swelling was spread out throughout the pectoral, much as it had been when the dragon had made him drip. His stomach, on the other hand, was huge. Not as large as it had been for the centurion, and it was less of a shock, since he had known more or less what he was signing up for, but, Gods, it was still huge. “All right,” he said with a sigh. “All right. So how do I get these out?”

“It should start of its own accord pretty soon,” she said. “The Earth Mother said you could leave them here. The sprippans will spread most of them, but I’m to take a few to places where they’d have a hard time getting to otherwise.”

“Right,” he said. “And I suppose you’re planning on taking whatever’s in my tits.”

She grinned. “Yep.”
“You just make a bloody killing off of me, don’t you? Bet you’re the first person ever to sell hagraven milk.”

Her grin widened. “Yep.” She squeezed his hand again.

“Hey,” he said. “Sorry, I never got your name.”

“It’s all right, I never got yours either.” She gave him a friendly smile. “It’s Siona. What’s yours?”

“Dunstan,” he said. “Dun, if you like.”

“Well, nice to meet you—” She paused. “You all right? Is it starting?”

“Yeah,” Dunstan groaned. “Yeah, it definitely is.” He let out a shuddering moan as his muscles tensed and something began to work its way down him. “Oh, fuck.”

“Here,” Siona said. “Come on.” She pulled him up onto his knees and got in front of him so that he could lean into her. “This isn’t exactly the sort of birth I’m used to assisting in, but this should be a good position for you. Keep talking to me if you can. Feeling okay?”

“Gods,” he panted. He let most of his weight fall onto her. She seemed more than up to the task. “Fuck. Yeah, okay. This is better than last time. Oh!” He cried out as something smooth and wet squeezed out of him. It felt much better than he had been prepared for.

“Last time?” Siona said. “What the hell do you mean, last time? Have you laid eggs before?”

He pushed out another with a moan. “Yeah. Once.”

“Well, what the fuck sort were they?”

Another one. He clutched at her back, shaking. “Fuck. Dragon.”
“What? Easy, easy, just let them come. Did you seriously just say ‘dragon?’”


He was vaguely aware of her shaking her head. “Your life is really weird, you know.”

“Yeah, I’d sort of worked that out for myself. Fuck!”

“Easy. Easy, you’re okay. You’re okay. Don’t work too hard, all right? They should work themselves out pretty well.” Her arms were mostly occupied with holding him up, but she managed to rub his back reassuringly with one hand. “There you go. There you go.”

“Oh, Gods.” The eggs were stretching him deliciously, squeezing out of him with thick, wet sounds that made his cock drip. “Oh, Gods. I’m sorry if I come on your dress.”

“That’s what the apron’s for.”

He grinned despite himself, though he had to pass another egg with a cry before he could speak. “What, specifically? Oh, Akatosh’s ass. You make a habit of— unnh —getting people to come on you?”

“No, you silly bastard. Breathe in. Breathe out. That’s it, breathe. Have you ever tried to collect jazbay? You have to climb through volcanic mud. Come on, I said breathe. Through your nose, go on. It makes a damn mess. Leather stains pretty easy, but you can just wipe it off, unlike fabric. And of course there’s the thistle milk, and fluids from chaurus eggs, and blood from all manner of things. Easy, easy.” She nuzzled the top of his head.

“Gods.” He couldn’t stop himself from sliding a hand down to his cock. “Oh, shit. Oh, fuck.” His hips gave a stuttering thrust. “Nnn.”

“Breathe,” she repeated. Then she lowered her voice a little. “Go on, come for me. Spill yourself.”

“Unh. Not quite there yet. Unh.”
“Oh, sorry. Keep holding on to me, then, lazybones, I can’t keep you up by myself forever.”

“Oh, fuck, my cock. Divines. Oh, Gods, how many?”

She shifted him a little and craned her head past him. “I’d say you’ve gotten out about a dozen.”

“Don’t suppose you were— ugh —counting how many went in?”

“No, but at least another couple dozen. Oh, come on, you can do it, you can do it. Just let gravity help you out, okay? Most of them should push themselves out.”

“What a fucking relief. Oh. Oh. Oh, Dibella’s tits.”

“Here, let me see if this helps at all. It might help relax your anal muscles.”

She reached down and squeezed his ass, and he howled. “Oh, Gods! Oh, fuck.”

“Better?”

“Unh. Was that two?”

“One right after the other, yeah. Again?”

“Yes. Oh, fuck, yes.”

By the time he’d gotten out most of the eggs, Dunstan was thrusting against Siona’s leg, utterly lost. His arms were around her neck, holding her tight, fingers clutching at her shoulders. She had one hand wrapped around the back of his head, clutching him to her chest, while the other kneaded his ass. He was having to seriously push by now. “Oh, Gods. I’m so close. I’m so close. Fuck.”
“Come on,” she said into his ear. “Come on, just a few more. Come on, push.”

“*Nnn!*”

“That’s it, that’s it, that’s it. Look how well you’ve done. Come on, get the last few out. You can do it.”

“Fuck. Fuck, finish me, finish me, I’m nearly there.”


“*Fuck!*” An egg pushed its way clear of him, and he spilled himself onto her dress. He leaned against her, panting and shuddering, until she helped him lay back against the mossy stone.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake. The apron was right there.” She smacked him lightly on the arm and sat down next to him.

Two fingers pressed between his lips. He licked off what was on them. “Was that mine?”

“Do you see anyone else? Yes, you made the mess, so you get to help clean it up. Though it’s probably going to stain anyway.” She squeezed his hand, then brought it up to her mouth and kissed it. “I don’t know if you helped make new baby spriggans or what, but I think you did something really good today.”

“Fucking well hope so.” He rested his head against her thigh. “Gods.”

“Tits now or later?”

“Unh. Later. I think I’m going to pass out if I try to move.”

“Fair enough.”
“You… unh. You seen any of my clothes? Armor?”

“Yeah, the spriggan—” She turned, then paused. “Oh. It… well, it looks like everything’s covered in Great Root come.”

Dunstan sighed and elected to take a nap.

Chapter End Notes

I'm aware that Hermaeus Mora is the obvious excuse for Elder Scrolls tentacle porn, but I feel like there's about a 3000% chance of total unrecoverable mind break if you fuck the prince of forbidden knowledge, and I want to keep using Dunstan, so I made something up.
Chapter Summary

Dunstan makes it to an inn and has a bath that really could've stood to be more relaxing.

Chapter Notes

Bathing, lactation, sensitivity, oversensitivity, overstimulation, milking, comfort.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Four Shields Tavern turned out to be both reasonably pleasant and reasonably inexpensive. Nevertheless, Dunstan was relieved when Siona consented to pay for rooms, as the spriggans had failed to retrieve any of his worldly possessions apart from his clothes and armor. They’d retrieved a second pair of boots, though, for reasons he didn’t understand. He was hanging on to them for now.

The first thing Dunstan did was ask for hot water. He’d given himself and his accoutrements a quick rinse back in the spriggan glade, but he still smelled like Great Root seed, though as that mostly smelled like juniper and grass, it wasn’t too awful. The main thing was that he could feel the residue on him, and he wanted it gone.

He stripped down to his breeches and tunic in his room and waited patiently for the water to arrive. It did, eventually, once he’d read every book in the room and carefully organized the various bits and bobs on the dresser by size, not to mention spent what felt like forever just lounging in a chair and wondering how much bloody water they were heating.

It all turned out to be worth it, though, because the woman who hauled in the water filled up the bath full enough that it looked as though it’d spill over when he got into it, and two more bucketfuls were left by the room’s fireplace for him. Gods, that was pleasant.

He removed his breeches slowly. He was a bit stiff, which he supposed made sense, what with the horrific injuries and subsequent healing and fucking and egg-laying. No. No, he wasn’t going to think about that at the moment. Then he pulled off his tunic, and remembered that he was going to have to think about it at some point, because he still had Divines knew what sort of milk in him.

Well, that was just too bad. He was going to have a bath first if it killed him. It had been a long few weeks.
He eased himself into the water with a sigh. No sooner had he hit the bottom of the bath than the door opened. “Do you mind?” he snapped.

“You have a bath in your room?” Siona said in surprise. “You lucky bastard. There’s none in mine.”

“Yes, I’ve a bath, and it’s mine,” Dunstan said irritably. “I’m sure there’s another somewhere in the building, ask the innkeep.”

“Why can’t I just use yours?”

“Because I’m already in it.”

“But that doesn’t make sense. You’re a lot dirtier than I am. If I clean off real quick, the water’ll still be practically clean for you afterward. If you clean off first, I wager you won’t be able to see the bottom.”

“No,” Dunstan said flatly. “I’m already in it. Get your own.”

“Fine,” Siona said with a sniff. She turned and left. At least she closed the door behind her.

The trouble was, she was back not five minutes later, just when Dunstan had decided to perhaps begin to think about casually rinsing off his arms. She came in with a towel. “The other baths are all full. So if you’d just get out…”

“Absolutely not,” Dunstan said, incensed. “You’re going to have to wait. Besides, you said it yourself, you’re practically clean.”

“Yeah, more or less,” she admitted. “Still, have you any idea how many times I came watching you in that glade? It’s uncomfortable to walk around with all that.”

Dunstan sighed and rested his head back against the side of the bath. “Far as I can tell, that’s really none of my concern.”
“Well, fancy some company?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Why’d you get separate rooms, then?”

She sighed. “I meant in the room, numbskull. I’m hoping my presence will inspire you to quit the bath sooner so I can have it emptied out and refilled.”

“Oh.” He considered. “Yeah, all right. I’m going to stay in here for quite a while, though. Seriously, just tell the innkeep to add you to the list for the baths.”

“I did. She’ll come tell me if one frees up.” She sat in the chair and settled in comfortably.

“Ah.” Dunstan started to rub himself clean. It always surprised him how much actually came off in baths. Perhaps he needed to wash up more often. Of course, this time, it was mostly a filmy residue that smelled of juniper and grass, but there was dirt there, too, and blood. It all swept off fairly easily with the help of a washcloth, leaving his skin noticeably lighter where he’d washed. After a while, he pronounced himself mostly clean and settled back to soak for a while.

“You’re not done, surely?”

He opened his eyes and looked over at Siona.

“You’re still dirty.”

He looked himself over. “Where?”

She sighed and came over, rolling up her sleeves. She picked up the washcloth from where he’d draped it over the side of the bath and pushed him forward so that she could get his back. “Do you adventurer types ever wash up at all?”

“Do herbalists?”
“Having a stock of oils and blooms to put in the bath is one of the major perks of being an herbalist. I’m very familiar with bathing.”

“But you go out and collect things, don’t you? You said all that about mud and whatnot.”

She scrubbed at something resistant on his neck. “Oh, aye, but I’m never out camping for more than a day or two. You seem to live in mud, as far as I can tell.”

“Where do you live, then?”

“Well, I have a room in Solitude, and my bed and less mobile possessions are there,” she said, going over his shoulders. “But I’m not there too often. Angeline and Vivienne have the apothecary trade pretty much covered. I sell potions, sometimes, the specialty stuff, but I make most of my money in towns like this one, and a little in the cities. People in major cities usually have access to a steady supply of local herbs, but they’ll pay premium for stuff from out of hold. In smaller towns and villages, they usually haven’t got an apothecary at all, so they’ll pay for anything, really, though they know enough about what grows in the area that you can’t just charge anything you like for the common ingredients.”

Dunstan nodded slowly and leaned his head forward so that water wouldn’t run into his eyes as she washed his head. Normally he kept it shaved, but his hair had grown back some since Markarth. His beard was coming in, too. He’d have to locate a razor somewhere. “Sounds like you make a steady living.”

“So I do,” she said comfortably. She leaned him back against the wood of the tub and wiped at something on his forehead. Then she went for his chest, and he flinched away. “Sorry,” she said, pulling back. “You all right?”

He sighed. “Sensitive.”

“Sorry,” she said again. “I’ll steer clear.” She paused. “Unless you want it taken care of now?”

He considered. Though the temptation to not deal with it until the morning was certainly strong, he had a feeling that it’d be nice to not have to worry about it anymore. “Yeah, all right.”

She touched his shoulder and got to her feet. “I’ll get my things.”
Dunstan closed his eyes when she left. Gods, he was tired. It didn’t seem fair, really. He’d spent an unfortunate amount of time unconscious recently. The least he could get out of it was feeling rested.

The bath was doing him good, though. The warmth had seeped into him by now. It reminded him of the time he’d been healed by a mage. He’d been horribly tired afterward, but he’d felt loose and relaxed, and utterly free of aches and pains. The bath wasn’t a college-trained mage, and he could still feel sore spots, but they were eased a little, and he felt just as easy and calm and disinclined to move as he had then. He settled down a little further into the bath, which brought his knees into the air, but it was worth it.

He couldn’t be bothered to open his eyes when he heard Siona come back in, closing the door behind her. It was only when she said, “Are you asleep?” that he stretched a little and turned to look at her.

She had her pack with her, and was fishing through it for bottles. She set them out on the stone floor as she found them. Dunstan watched her languidly. They were small bottles, but when she got to seven, he started to frown. “It’s not that bad, surely?”

She shrugged. “Probably not. Still, it’s easier to get them out now and just grab them when I need them.” She smiled reassuringly. “You needn’t look at me like that.”

“I’m sure.” He yawned. “Should I get out?”

“No, you’re all right.” She pulled the chair up to the bath and lined the bottles up next to it. “Ready?”

He sighed and lifted himself out of the water a little more to give her easier access. “Yeah.”

“Sorry,” she said. “I imagine you must be tired of this sort of thing.”

“Gods, you’ve no idea,” he grumbled as she leaned over, bottle in hand. “Oh fucking—” he gasped, twisting painfully away from her, and she flinched back.

“Sorry,” she said, and she sounded it. She touched his shoulder. “I really am. You all right?”
“Yeah,” he said. “Yeah, just—gently.”

“Of course.” She looked pained. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize it was that bad.”

“It’s fine.”

She leaned in again, and held the mouth of a small, wide-necked bottle under a nipple. “Ready? I’m going to be as gentle as I can, I promise.”

“Go for it.” He braced himself.

What came was not what he expected, though he supposed in retrospect that it should have been predictable. When she touched her hand very lightly to his chest, and then slowly, carefully increased the pressure until something dripped out, he closed his eyes and parted his lips.

“Are you all—oh.”

He opened his eyes. He could feel himself turning red. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s all right,” she said, looking rather awkward. “I probably should’ve seen that coming.” After an uncomfortable pause, she said, “I’m just… I’m just going to keep going, all right?”

“Yeah,” he said. “Best to just get it over with.”

She nodded and returned the bottle to its place. He steeled himself, and was more prepared when she touched his chest. For a minute or two, he was able to get by with nothing more than closing his eyes and pressing his lips firmly together. After that, he felt his breath quicken, but he managed to stop himself from moving into her touch.

Then she corked the bottle and set it down. “Still all right?”
He nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

Glass touched him below his other nipple, and then her warm hand was on his chest, starting feather-light and slowly increasing until liquid began to squeeze free. Oh, Gods, each drop was like a tiny climax, at once relieving the pressure and making it all the more imperative that he get the rest out. He was unable to resist arching his back just a little, pressing into the hand that was coaxing him so brilliantly into hardness—

Oh, shit, he was hard, and the bathwater wasn’t nearly as opaque as it could’ve had the decency to be.

A brief pause told him that Siona had most definitely noticed. She cleared her throat and continued.

Divines, it was only getting worse. He opened his eyes to try and distract himself with some of the tasteful woven basketry on the wall opposite him, but that somehow made it even more awkward, and he closed his eyes again. That made it very easy to focus on the sensation of steady dripping, of a warm hand on his chest, trying to stroke whatever was in him down to his nipples so that it could escape, dripping, dripping, Gods above—

He heard a low, deep sigh of a moan, and suddenly noticed that it came from him. He cut himself off immediately. “Sorry,” he said, mortified.

“You’re fine,” Siona said. She sounded embarrassed. “Suppose you might as well enjoy it.” She worked faster, and in her haste, brushed his nipple.

“Oh shit,” he gasped. Oh, Gods, he’d practically fucking squirted, and it had felt amazing.

“Well. Um.” She let him settle back down against the wall of the bath. “That was certainly… efficient.” She didn’t touch him for a time, and he got the feeling that she was looking at him. It was easy to ignore, what with how really extraordinarily excited his cock was at the moment. Oh, fuck, it practically hurt. Then she said, “Would you mind if I, um… kept doing that? This would go a lot faster.”

“Yeah,” he breathed. “Yeah, all right. Oh, fuck, I’m sorry, I just—”

“It’s okay, you’re fine,” she said. “I do have the capacity to be professional.” There was a smile in
her voice when she said it, but then she sighed. “Why do I only run into you when you have some weird sex thing going on? You must think I’m completely insane.”

“A bit,” he admitted. He opened his eyes to look at her, trying desperately to talk himself back down to some reasonable level of arousal. He found it difficult to think of anything other than how her lips would feel on his skin, or what sounds he could get her to make. “But it must be the same for you. I saw some really odd shit when I lived in Cyrodiil, but nothing, nothing like what goes on in Skyrim, and I’ve only met you when some of the oddest shit of all is going on.”

She smiled a little. “All right. Shall we both concede that neither of us are really like this normally?”

He returned the smile. “Yeah, sure. I’m not usually getting fucked silly by various monsters, and you’re not usually getting off at the sight.”

“A just and fair judgement. Ready?”

“Er, one thing,” he said. He tried to hold back a shiver. “Keeping that in mind, I need to tell you that this would not normally happen, but at the moment, I think I’m going to come if you touch me at all.”

She nodded slowly. “Right… Well, I’m sorry, but if you want the rest out, I need to touch you.”

“Yeah, I’m clear on that. It was more of a warning, really.”

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered, lowering himself back down into the tub. “Oh, fuck. Trying, trying.”
She did it again, and he felt the liquid leave him in a burst that felt like coming, and he moaned and clutched at the bath, but he didn’t come, and he managed to slam his back against the tub rather than forward. “Oh, Kynareth’s cunt, oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Better,” she said, “better. There you go, hold on.”

When she touched him again, he came, hard, his climax smashing into him like a runaway horse and leaving him feeling just as drained and trampled. It lasted some time, and when he managed to open his eyes and summon up the courage to look in Siona’s general direction again, she was deeply flushed. “Sorry,” he murmured, still a little breathless.

“I seriously doubt there’s anything you could’ve done about it,” she said ruefully.

“No,” he admitted.

“Sort of what I thought.” She pressed the bottle to his chest again.

He yelped when she touched him, to his complete surprise, and clearly to hers.

“What the fuck was that?” she hissed when she had regained her balance.

“Sorry,” he croaked. “Sorry. Really sensitive, really sensitive, oh, fucking… You’re going to have to leave off.”

“Oh, come on,” she said in exasperation. “Look, I’m sorry, but you’re nearly done. Just a few more pulls and you’ll be finished. Can you keep it together for about another minute and a half?”

He protested, but, as it turned out, he could, though by the end of a minute he was gripping her arm hard enough to bruise and had left deep bite marks in his own hand from trying desperately not to scream. Blood dripped down his arm and into the water in dark pearls. His chest and stomach heaved, and he couldn’t tell whether the moisture on his skin was bathwater or sweat. “Oh, Divines,” he whispered, taking his hand out of his mouth and resting it on the rim of the tub. “Nine bloody Divines.”
“Listen,” Siona said awkwardly. “I’m pretty sure you’re empty, but I need to check and be sure, all right? Just once more on each side.” Then she sighed. “And use the bloody washcloth instead this time, you barbarian.”

Dunstan couldn’t summon up the energy to grin. He reached over, picked up the washcloth, and bit down on it, hard. He felt himself trembling in terrified anticipation, and closed his eyes.

She touched his chest, and he shuddered. It wasn’t the agonizing oversensitivity that he had expected, but it was certainly overwhelming. He was unable to stay still as she massaged his right side from his collarbone down, moving ever nearer to his nipple.

“I’m just trying to work any fluid that might be left over,” she said gently. “I don’t want to have to touch you there more than once. I’m sorry, but you’re nearly done, you’re nearly there.”

She stroked his nipple into the bottle, and he smacked his head hard against the back of the tub with a muffled cry.

She put a hand on the back of his head and pulled it gently away from the wood to inspect the damage. “Hey, hey, hey,” she said softly. “Easy. It’s done, that side’s done, I got a few drops out, that was the last of it.” She shook her head. “You’ve got a scrape there. I’ll clean it up when I do your hand. Take a deep breath, all right? Deep breath.”

He tried to do as she said, but the knowledge that it was going to happen again was too much. He closed his eyes and turned his head away from her, trying not to hear anything she was doing. Surely if it was a surprise, it wouldn’t be so bad.

Her fingers touched him and began to make their way down, coming closer and closer. He felt himself shaking, and pressed his body hard against the tub to try and keep still. Oh, Gods. He screwed his eyes shut tighter and tried to leave as little air in his lungs as possible so that he wouldn’t make too much noise.

He splashed a lot of water on the floor when it happened, and nearly choked on the washcloth before Siona managed to get it out of his mouth. “Hey,” she breathed, putting her arms around him. “Hey, hey, you’re all right, you’re all right. You’re done. That was the last of it. You’re done.” She held his head against her shoulder, supporting him easily, until his breathing had returned to normal. “I’m going to clean you up a bit, all right?”
He nodded. She eased him back against the back of the tub and took his bitten hand. She put something on it that stung and wrapped it in a bandage, but Dunstan couldn’t bring himself to care much. She put the same stinging oil on the scrape on his scalp, but left it uncovered. “You want to stay in the bath a bit longer?”

He shook his head mutely, and she helped him to his feet and out of the tub. He towelled himself off and collapsed on the bed.

“Dun. You’re lying on the blanket.” When he didn’t move, she sighed, took a spare from the shelf, and draped it over him. He was nearly asleep by the time she’d finished corking the bottles and stowing them in her pack, but as she left, he heard her ask the innkeep what the fuck was taking so long with the baths.

Chapter End Notes

In essence, I felt that Dunstan deserved a break. It didn't end up being much of one, but at least the dude gets a decent night's sleep.
The warhammer smashed into Dunstan’s sword. He had to let go or break his wrist, and maybe lose fingers. The sword flew off to the side. Dunstan decided that, on balance, what with the immense reach of the screaming Dunmer flailing the hammer around, he was unlikely to get his sword back before getting his skull smashed in, so he lunged forward and tackled the elf instead.

His head collided with the Dunmer’s stomach, knocking the wind out of her. When they hit the ground, he punched her in the nose and did his best to ignore the resulting crunch while he fumbled for the knife in his boot. His fingers were just closing around its hilt when something grabbed his collar and hauled him off the Dunmer and into the air.

He choked, scrabbled at his throat, and kicked out wildly behind him. Whoever had picked him up had no difficulty in throwing him off to the side. He hit the log barrier of the bandit camp and slid unceremoniously to the ground. The impact was immediately followed by someone driving a boot into his stomach, which was protected by tough leather and padding, but it still hurt like hell. The boot kicked him a few more times, then suddenly stopped.

“Gods above. I know you.”

Dunstan groaned and rolled onto his back. He looked up and saw a big, burly Nord standing over him with the sun behind him. Dunstan squinted, trying to make out the man’s face.

“I met you out in the marsh, remember? Couldn’t have been more than a month ago.”
“I don’t…” Dunstan paused. “Oh. You were there when I…”

“Yeah, exactly,” the bandit said. He pulled off his battered helmet and reached down to offer Dunstan a hand. “Come on, then.”

“The fuck are you doing?” the Dunmer barked, getting to her feet. “He broke my nose!”

“Well, you were going to break his face,” the big man said peaceably. “He’s all right, I know him.”

“He killed Farthi!”

“So he did,” the bandit agreed. “And he’s sorry for it, I imagine.” He shoved Dunstan against the barrier. “You’re sorry, aren’t you?”

“Very,” Dunstan croaked.

Someone came running up. It was a small, slight Bosmer. “What the fuck happened?” he spat. “I leave for a few minutes to take a piss, and I hear screaming, and now Farthi’s dead and Aya’s bleeding and there’s some cunt standing here who’s still bloody alive for some fucking reason.”

“Errian,” the big bandit said pleasantly, “this here is—I don’t know his name. He’s a good sort, though. I’ve met him before. Go on, introduce yourself.”

“Dunstan.” He rubbed his throat.

“Did you kill Farthi?” Errian said impatiently.

“Er, yes. She tried to rob me.”

Errian sighed. “Gjal, how do you know this bastard?”
“I met him out in the marsh, before I crossed the river. He had something wrong with him.”

Errian frowned. “It contagious?”

“Nah, don’t think so. Besides, he looks all right now.”

“He looks fucking dead,” Aya said. “He’s killed Farthi.”

“That’s so,” Gjal said. “But I imagine he’s willing to make up for it. Aren’t you, Dun?”

“Um,” Dunstan said.

Errian sighed again and rubbed his temples. “Gjal. Go on, what do you have in mind?”

“He’s got a lovely ass,” Gjal said brightly.

There was a moment of ringing silence. Then Aya opened her mouth to yell something, but Errian spoke first. “I don’t think a lay quite makes up for killing a quarter of our group.”

“You’re goddamned fucking right it doesn’t!”

“I’m telling you, he’s really spectacular. And he gets off hard when you play with his tits.”

Errian’s eyebrows arched. “Remind me again in what context you met this cunt.”

“He’d gotten fucked by a dragon and was laying its eggs.”

The next silence stretched on considerably longer.
“Is that so,” Errian said finally.

“Yeah,” Gjal said. “It was really something. He was screaming and coming and grabbing my arm.”

“Is that even possible?” Aya asked. “Dragon cock must be huge.”

“Oh, yeah. Go on, show them like you showed me.”

Dunstan hesitated, then held out his hands to approximate the size of the dragon.

“You fit that up your ass?” Errian said. There was a sudden intensity and hunger about him.

Gjal put his hand on the Bosmer’s shoulder. “Now you see, eh?”

Errian nodded slowly, looking Dunstan up and down. “Well. That’s a thought.”

“Look, I don’t know what you’re planning on putting up me, but can’t you cut my hand off or something instead?” Dunstan interjected.

“We could, but we’d fuck you afterward anyway,” Aya said with a shrug.

“We?” Dunstan said weakly.

Aya grinned. “We. You up for it, Imperial?”

“I’m really not. Can we just chalk this up to a misunderstanding?”

Errian closed the distance between them swiftly. He took Dunstan’s jaw in hand and brought him close. “Too late for that,” he breathed. His voice was low and predatory. “You’ve made me hungry.”
He pushed Dunstan back against the barrier. “Strip.”

“It’s the middle of the day,” Dunstan said hesitantly. “Haven’t you at least got a bedroll?"

“No point getting it dirty for you, you filthy cunt,” Errian said. His voice had grown deep and rumbling.

Gjal patted Dunstan on the cheek. “Don’t mind him too much. It’s all in play. Now go on, get your gear off.”

Dunstan wondered if he should start keeping a record of how many days he could go without getting fucked against his will. Then he decided that it would be too depressing, and began removing his armor. Then his padding. Then his boots. Then his tunic and chausses. When he was down to his breeches, he hesitated.

“Go on,” Aya said. “Show us what you’re good for.”

Dunstan sighed and dropped his breeches. Gjal smiled appreciatively, but Aya did not react, and Errian simply said, “Turn round.”

Dunstan turned in a circle, feeling faintly ridiculous. When he was facing the bandits again, Errian was staring at him hungrily. “You’ll do,” he breathed.

“Gjal,” Aya said.

The big man grinned and tossed his helmet to the side. He stripped, taking a good deal more time about it than Dunstan had despite wearing less. His cock hung thick and slowly hardening between his heavily muscled legs. “Ready, Errian?”

The Bosmer didn’t bother responding, but began taking off his leather armor. It came off quickly. He made no show of it, and he kept his eyes fixed on Dunstan the entire time. When he dropped his breeches, Dunstan blinked in surprise. There was no cock between Errian’s legs.
“Like it?” Errian asked.

“Suppose I’d have to see more of it,” Dunstan said truthfully.

“There is more, lucky for you.” Errian stretched. “Lots more. Let’s hope you can take it.” For a few seconds, he was still. Then, suddenly, there was a wet snapping sound, and he doubled over. He stretched out his arms, and Dunstan was alarmed to see them lengthening and thickening as thick, dark hair began to sprout from them. The Bosmer’s hide went black, and he continued to grow and grow, muscle piling upon muscle, spine extending, legs hoisting him higher and higher, vicious claws bursting from his fingers and misshapen toes. His jaws pushed out into a long, coffin-shaped snout that bristled with fangs. A rippling mane grew from his neck, shoulders, and back, adding to the ferocity of his appearance.

The werewolf stood there, panting, for a while. Then he pressed his massive clawed hands down to his groin, and something red and wet began to protrude. It pushed out further and further, growing longer and thicker, until there was a great tapered cock hanging between the beast’s legs.

“That’s his favorite part,” Gjal said happily. “The wolf cares far more for the soul than for the body.”

Errian bared his fangs in a grin, and a long, dripping tongue lolled out of his mouth. Dunstan felt a pang in his belly at the sight of it. His mind’s eye saw it wrapped around his cock, but he doubted he would be treated to such things.

Then Aya began to remove her armor and clothing. Her movements were neither the show that Gjal had offered, nor the perfunctory stripping that Errian had done. Her movements were more refined, more sure. There was no flair there, only supreme confidence. She revealed a muscled, broad-shouldered body with small breasts and narrow hips. The hair between her legs was frosted with wetness. When she had slipped out of her boots, she stood calmly, her stance powerful. “Gjal,” she said. “You can prepare me while Errian deals with that one.”

Errian dropped to all fours. As he padded past Gjal, he drew a long lick from the big man’s thigh to his shoulder blade, and the Nord shuddered.

“Errian,” Aya said warningly.

The werewolf grunted in apology, his ears flicking down. Then he came right up to Dunstan. Even on all fours, his head was nearly level with Dunstan’s. He studied him for a moment before hefting
himself up to his hind legs. His front paws gripped Dunstan’s shoulders and shoved him to the ground, hard.

Dunstan hit the ground with a thud that knocked the wind out of him. When he had gotten his air back, he noticed that Errian was lapping at his nipples, which was why his cock was rapidly hardening. Oh, Gods, the tongue was quite as good as he had imagined. Then it stopped, a thick, heavy musk filled his nose, and a dripping red cock pressed up against his cheek.

He reached up and touched the cock. It was warm, wet, and heavy, and it jumped in his hand. He took the beast’s balls in his other hand, or tried to. They were too large to be held comfortably in one hand, so he took to massaging them as he stroked the cock.

After a short time, Errian’s tail whapped insistently on his stomach, and the cock prodded at his face again. Dunstan sighed, took a deep breath, and took the tip of the tapered cock into his mouth.

It tasted salty and fleshy, rather different from a human cock, but the shape made it easier to handle, at least at first. It was much longer than a human cock, and it rapidly thickened to be broader than one as well. The taper made adjusting easier, but Errian kept pushing it deeper into Dunstan’s mouth before he was ready, and he kept gagging and having to pull back and start over.

“I’m ready,” came Aya’s voice, and Errian pulled out of Dunstan’s mouth immediately and backed away.

Gjal, who had clearly been on his knees with his mouth on Aya’s sex, got to his feet and stepped away. Aya ignored him and strode up to Dunstan. “Up,” she said.

He got to his knees and made to get to his feet, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him. “That’ll do,” she said. She looked at him impassively for a moment. Then she slipped three fingers between her legs. They came away dripping, and she placed them against his lips. He sucked her slick off hesitantly. “My gift to you,” she said. “It’s all of me you’ll taste today.” Without looking away, she said, “Errian. On your back.”

The werewolf immediately lowered himself to the ground and rolled onto his back. He was breathing deeply, his nostrils flaring, but his mouth was tightly closed. His hard cock flopped against his dark belly.

“You,” she said. “You can mount him.”
Dunstan looked between them for a moment before getting to his feet and kneeling over the werewolf’s cock, his knees on either side of the beast’s hips.

“The other way round.”

He glanced over his shoulder back at her, then did as she said, turning around so that he was looking at her rather than at Errian. He looked down at the cock and balls in front of him. Big, definitely, but nowhere near the biggest thing that had been shoved up his ass recently.

“I don’t like repeating myself.”

Dunstan nodded. “Sorry.” He took the base of Errian’s cock in hand and directed it toward himself. The werewolf’s breath was heaving below him. He slowly, carefully began to lower himself onto the beast’s cock.

It felt a hell of a lot bigger than it looked. That much was immediately perfectly clear. The first inch or so was pretty easy, all things considered. That was the pleasantly tapered tip. After that, it got harder, and Dunstan found himself grunting and moaning as he forced himself down, feeling it spread him wider and wider. About halfway down, he paused to take a break, and knelt there, panting.

Aya didn’t allow him long. “Continue,” she said, after a short pause.

He nodded, bit his lip, and began working his way down the rest of the cock. Gods, it was big. Nice and slick, though. Errian was rolling his hips beneath him, apparently unable to stop himself. The sounds coming out of his canine muzzle were wet and snuffly and raspy. Dunstan imagined how the drool must be dripping off the werewolf’s teeth, that thick, slavering tongue flopping out to the side, and managed to go a bit further.

“That’ll do,” Aya said.

Dunstan stopped where he was. The Dunmer came up to him. She looked down at him critically for a while. Errian’s bestial moans were now mingled with Dunstan’s panting, and he was flushed and sweating. “Well?” he croaked.
Aya put a foot to his chest and pushed him back.

His back hit Errian’s chest hard, and he grunted, but he was more focused on the movement of the cock inside him. Errian shuddered beneath him. “Oh, fuck,” he gasped. “Oh, fuck, was that really necessary? Gods.”

“All right,” Aya said calmly. “I’m tired of listening to him talk.”

Gjal was there in moments, kneeling over his head. He stroked Dunstan’s lips with his fingers gently, then slowly guided his cock into his mouth. His balls, warm and heavy, rested on Dunstan’s nose.

Dunstan moaned softly as he took the cock in. He had to crane his head back to get a decent angle, and he figured his neck was going to get sore pretty soon, but to his surprise, there was really something to be said for having a cock in at both ends. Then Errian’s huge hairy head came snaking around under Gjal’s thigh, and that dripping tongue began to lap at his jaw and neck. A pleased rumble sounded in his ear, and Dunstan felt it vibrate through his back from the werewolf’s ribs. He groaned into Gjal’s cock.

He couldn’t see Aya straddling his hips, but he felt it. Her pussy was slick, and warm fluid rubbed along his stomach as she worked herself back. Then she took him into her in a single long, slow movement, and he froze. Oh, Gods, she was warm and wet and tight, and the cock in his ass was just as warm and wet and was spreading him perfectly, and the cock in his mouth was leaking beautifully.

“All right,” Aya said. “You can get moving, Errian.”

She had hardly finished speaking when the werewolf began to pound away with more speed and enthusiasm than Dunstan had ever seen in a human. He gagged around Gjal’s cock for some time before he was able to adjust enough to the rhythm to be able to breathe again. Oh, shit, shit, shit, shit, the werewolf was fucking hard and very fast, and Aya was using that momentum to ride him as he’d never been ridden before. Gjal, thankfully, seemed to be doing his best to keep himself stationary, nice and manageable. Dunstan appreciated that kindness.

Then there was a wet slopping sound, and Gjal groaned and dug his fingers into Dunstan’s chest. “Errian. Errian.” The werewolf had to be using his tongue on the Nord’s ass, and Gjal was clearly loving it. It wasn’t long before he was rocking back and forth, and Dunstan was back to having a very hard time trying to coordinate himself with everyone busy fucking him.
“All right, stop.”

Errian and Gjal immediately froze.

Aya sat back a little, panting. “All right,” she said again. “So this is more difficult with four people than three. Let me think.”

Errian began to whine softly after a while. His hips were trembling, and his cock was twitching in Dunstan’s ass. He was taking short, shallow breaths. Dunstan felt the heat of them on the back of his head, and thought that if it were possible for someone to actually die from needing to fuck so badly, then that someone was going to be Errian.

“All right,” Aya said. “Sorry, Erry, but it’s best if you don’t move. I’ll fuck him, and Gjal can take his mouth, but you going off in his ass throws everything else off. I’ll keep him moving for you, and you can touch him or Gjal if you want. Yeah?”

Errian whined loudly. Aya put a hand on his flank. “I expect you to behave yourself.” The whine stopped, and she nodded. “Good.”

Dunstan moaned a little past the cock in his mouth as Aya began to ride him. Her movements started out slow, but rapidly picked up speed and force. They made him slide a little on Errian’s cock, stretching and rubbing his insides. Aya was doing something on his cock, squeezing her insides, and it felt stunning.

Then Gjal started playing with his nipples, very gently, and he stiffened. Oh, Divines. He sucked a little on Gjal’s cock and was rewarded with more sensation. A large hand stroked his throat, and he understood. The better he did on Gjal, the more attention his chest would get.

Dunstan had little experience with sucking cock, but he threw himself into the task with abandon, sucking and kissing and licking. It was an effort not to choke, but he managed, and the fingers stimulating his nipples repaid him in kind. They squeezed, they stroked, they rubbed, and every touch went straight to his cock, until he was thrusting up into Aya without meaning too, oh, Gods, his tits.

“Errian, hold him still.”
Huge, dark, clawed hands immediately reached up and caught Dunstan around the waist. They dug in hard and held him down tightly.

“You make wonderful sounds, Imperial, but you must learn discipline. I thought they valued that in Cyrodiil. Now hold still.”

He couldn’t do it. He bucked up into her with a muffled moan and added his own hands to his chest. He was getting close, and he needed to get closer. Oh, fuck, the warm heat squeezing his cock, the cock lodged deep in his ass, the hands on his nipples, the heat and bulk of the werewolf beneath him, it was all coming together to bring him over the edge, he was going to spill himself.

“Errian, get his hands. Gjal, keep him still.” She stood, leaving Dunstan’s cock soaked and twitching in the chilly air. Errian caught his hands easily and yanked them down to the ground with inhuman strength. Gjal left off his nipples and instead put a hand on the center of his chest, holding him down, as Aya strode off toward a tent.

When she came back, Dunstan had cooled down enough to see that she was holding something. She crouched between his legs and held it out to show him. It was a phallus of average size, made of a striped grayish stone and polished to smoothness. He watched it with some trepidation, unsure of what she intended to do with it.

Then she pressed it against his ass, already stretched wide by Errian’s cock, and he cried out in protest past Gjal’s cock and began to struggle.

“Hold him down.”

He strained against his captors, but between Gjal and Errian, there was nothing he could do to prevent the stone cock from pushing relentlessly into him. His muffled yells did nothing to relieve the immense pressure as the tip pushed at his entrance. Even the finger that Aya used to help guide it in was too much. He kicked and writhed as the pressure built and built and built, forcing him to spread wider.

The head popped in, and he wailed.

The rest followed, stuffing him utterly full as it progressed slowly deeper and deeper. When at last the stone base touched his skin, he was nearly unconscious.
“There,” came Aya’s voice. “Now you’re learning.” She wiggled the cock inside of him, and his back arched violently.

She sat back on the ground and spread her legs. “Finish up, if you like. But none of you are to finish before I do.” Her fingers slipped into her dripping sex.

Errian immediately began to hammer into Dunstan with a roar of relief. The noise that Dunstan made was louder and more desperate.

“Don’t forget to suck,” Gjal panted, pressing insistently into his mouth as his hands reached down to touch his nipples. “Go on.”

Dunstan managed to suck a few times, but there was too much. He couldn’t breathe, and he heard his muffled cries turn high and shaky. Gjal seemed to understand and pulled himself free, resting his cock against Dunstan’s cheek. Dunstan ignored it and focused on gasping in sweet cold air.

“There you go,” Gjal said. He took his own cock in hand and began to stroke, his other hand on Dunstan’s chest, making delightful little movements that made his cock jump.

“Oh Gods,” Dunstan gasped once he’d gotten some breath back. “Oh, Gods. Would you slow the fuck down? It’s too much, it’s too much.”

Errian lurched beneath him and rammed himself as deep as he could possibly go. Dunstan felt furry balls squeeze against his ass, and cried out. Then something began to swell inside of him, and he yelled.

“Get it out!” he gasped. He ripped his hand free of Errian’s claws, leaving long red lines of pain across the back of his knuckles, and reached down for the stone dildo. “You can’t fit both, not with that, not with that.” He caught the base and managed to tug it free with a loud moan and a slick wet pop. He tossed it off to the side and dug his fingers into Errian’s side. “Gods!”

Gjal’s hand pressed comfortably on his chest. “You’re all right, it’s out. You can take this.”

The growth continued, spreading him, spreading, oh, Gods, oh shit, hot and angry inside of him, burning as it stretched. He writhed on the cock, trying to find a more comfortable position, but there was none, no possible way to orient himself that made the huge, pulsating thing in his ass less
enormous.

Then Errian began to buck, and with the movement came huffing groans that grew more and more desperate. The knot tried to jam itself deeper, but failed. Errian made a noise that was a horrible blending of howl, moan, roar, and growl, and one vast clawed hand grabbed at Dunstan’s cock and began to pump. The noise began a desperate howling whine that grew and grew in intensity until it sounded as if the beast were screaming.

Aya came with a small cry, and within moments, Gjal was spilling himself on Dunstan’s face, and Errian’s hips stilled, and his knot began to pulse thickly and repeatedly, right against the spot inside that made Dunstan’s ass light up with pleasure.

In spite of everything, he thrust up into Errian’s clawed hand, wanting more.

“No,” Aya said. She leaned forward and pulled Errian’s hand away while the werewolf was still pumping more into Dunstan. “You don’t get to finish yet.” She glanced up at Gjal. “You said he laid… eggs?”

“Yeah,” Gjal panted, He put a reassuring hand on Dunstan’s chest. “He can take everything.”

“Good.” She took his balls in hand. “You won’t come until Erry’s all the way done, understand? Not until he’s filled you all up, and you’re begging for more.”

Dunstan groaned.

It took Errian a long time to finish. By the time he at last groaned and let his great hairy head fall back against the ground, panting, Dunstan’s belly had a gentle curve to it. Aya pushed and rubbed at it experimentally, feeling the bulging resistance there. “Interesting,” she said. “I prefer you this way. Keep him still.”

She slowly guided Errian’s cock out, and tilted Dunstan’s hips back to keep the seed in. He moaned softly as the great red cock slid free of his ass, drooling as it went. Then she pushed the stone phallus inside. It wasn’t nearly as large as Errian, but it did its job and kept him plugged up when she lowered him back down. “All right, get out from under him.”

The werewolf extracted himself, taking care not to disturb Dunstan enough to shift the dildo and let
his seed slip. He stretched a little before crouching next to Aya.

She touched Dunstan’s cock, and he flinched. “There,” she said. “I think you’re ready. Gjal, play with his tits. I want to hear him beg.”

Gjal dove in with enthusiasm, and it wasn’t long before Dunstan was clawing at the big Nord’s back, howling. The man was immensely skilled with both fingers and mouth, enough that Dunstan was sure he could come easily from this alone if Aya didn’t have his balls in hand, held tightly enough to be distinctly uncomfortable.

“All right. Erry, get his cock.”

A thick, hot tongue wrapped itself around Dunstan’s cock, slobbering all over him, and he thrust his hips up and screamed. “Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck, more, please!” He dug his fingers hard into Gjal’s broad back and arched his own spine, wailing. The tongue was lapping, lapping, lapping, teasing him to the point of agony, and there was another tongue and fingers on his tits, and he was going to lose his fucking mind.

He had no idea how long it went on for. The only thing he knew was that the sun was low in the sky, and he had been driven to the edge and back so often that he could no longer think, when Aya at least released his balls and told Gjal and Errian to finish him. He screamed when he came, spilling himself all over Errian’s muzzle and clawing at Gjal’s back hard enough to make him bleed, hips twitching uncontrollably, ass clenching furiously around the stone cock, Aya rubbing his seed-swollen belly, toes digging into the dirt.

He was aware of whimpering softly when Aya withdrew the dildo and released Errian’s seed, and again, louder, when she pressed on his stomach, forcing out more. He was not aware of Errian returning to his normal form, or of everyone heading down to the creek to wash up.

He was next fully conscious when Gjal woke him up in the evening for a bowl of watery soup, which he ate gratefully before entering the water himself and coming back to get his clothes on. He dug a grave for Farthi with Errian’s help, and was allowed to sleep on the dead bandit’s bedroll for a night. Come morning, he shared a loaf of bread from Dragon Bridge with them, said his farewells, and returned to the road.

All in all, it could have been worse, he reflected as he made his way toward Solitude.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the break between updates. I had a bunch of essays to do, immediately followed by finals, immediately followed by getting sick, immediately followed by the holidays. Hopefully we can now return to your semi-regularly scheduled sin.
Revel

Chapter Summary

Dunstan has an encounter that begins as comparatively wholesome, but rapidly degenerates into the more usual levels of debauchery.

Chapter Notes

Consensual sex, oral, aphrodisiacs, rape, large insertion, multiple insertions, denial, come inflation, very brief blood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, Gods,” Dunstan muttered against Sam’s mouth. He was sitting on the man’s lap in his room in the Winking Skeever, grinding their hard, clothed cocks together. “Do you know how long it’s been since I had normal-person sex?”

“Normal-person sex?” Sam said, amused. He dug his fingers into Dunstan’s ass. Dunstan was usually leery of picking up black-robed strangers in taverns, but Sam had a certain charming lecherousness to him that Dunstan felt would make for an excellent tryst, and he had seized the opportunity when it arose. “What sort of sex have you been having?”

Dunstan sucked a mark onto Sam’s neck before moving back up to his full lips, where everything tasted of spiced wine. “You would not believe the shit people are into in this province,” he panted between kisses. “I had a man back in the Imperial City who liked me to call him Master, but that’s nothing to the people here.” He groaned. “Fuck. Touch me, touch me.”

Sam obliged, and Dunstan gave him a sweet moan in return. “Touching. So, example? What’s the weirdest thing you’ve done?”

“Um,” Dunstan said. “You know, actually, probably best not to go into it right now.”

“Oh, go on,” Sam said, doing something with his hand that made Dunstan swear under his breath, “you can’t just leave it at that. Now I’m curious.” He lowered his voice and leaned in to nip at Dunstan’s ear. “What’ve you been up to, then?”
“If I tell you, will you do that again?”

“Possibly.”

“Well, there was this hagraven…”

“No!” Sam sounded awed rather than disgusted, so Dunstan spilled the rest of it to him while he listened attentively, occasionally making disbelieving noises.

“…and I had to let this alchemist bloody milk me, it was insane.”

“That’s really something.” Sam did the thing with his hand again, and Dunstan shuddered. “Sounds like you need a break.”

“Oh, Divines, you have no idea.”

“All right, then. Trade you.” He got out of the chair, settled Dunstan into it, and unlaced his breeches. Then his mouth was on Dunstan’s cock, and Dunstan was moaning and trying not to thrust into his mouth.

It was over quickly, entirely free of complications and unexpected monsters. Dunstan loved every moment of it. “Gods,” he sighed, reclining in the chair with closed eyes. “That was lovely.” He felt Sam plant a kiss on his thigh, and made a contented noise. Then he opened his eyes, noticed that he was in some sort of misty grove full of drunk people, and groaned and let his head smack the tree that he was now leaning against. “For Stendarr’s fucking sake.”

“Sorry,” the daedra in front of him said. “You attract unusual encounters, kid.”

“Who’re you?” Dunstan asked, shoving himself hastily back into his breeches and lacing them up.

“Sanguine. Daedric Prince of Debauchery.”

*Sanguine, Sam Guevenne… oh, I get it.* “Okay, okay,” Dunstan said. “What were you planning on
“Well, I was going to let you fuck or be fucked by anything you fancy.”

“Oh.” Dunstan looked at Sanguine for a moment. Then he asked, “What if I want to go home?”

“Well, as Prince of Debauchery, can’t have that, basically.”

“Right.” Dunstan sat up and rubbed his forehead. “Could I maybe just have something to drink before we get into all the fucking?”

Sanguine spread his arms wide and gestured to a large table laden with food and, disproportionately, drink. “Absolutely.”

Dunstan got to his feet and pushed past dremora, humans, elves, beastfolk, and creatures he didn’t recognize until he reached the table. He found himself a goblet of wine, pointedly ignored a large, hulking Argonian that was trying to catch his eye, and tossed it back. Then he found another, and another. When he reached for his fourth, increasingly desperate to ensure that he would not remember this event at all, a hand caught his wrist.

“There’s something I really ought to mention,” Sanguine said. “I’m very dedicated to my sphere, and I had to be sure that the first mortal with the soul of a dragon to come to one of my little get-togethers in a pretty considerably long time would be properly invested. So I added a little something to the wine.”

“What sort of thing?” Dunstan said suspiciously.

“You should be feeling it pretty soon,” Sanguine said, releasing Dunstan’s hand. “One dose would have been more than enough to make you very malleable, so I’m not really sure what three will do. Should be fun to find out, though.”

“Oh, for—you could’ve warned me,” Dunstan said, exasperated. “What the fuck does it do?” Then he doubled over.
“Yeah,” Sanguine said, stepping back a little to give him space. “That.”

“Oh, fucking shit,” Dunstan gasped, but he was rapidly losing the ability to form words. “Oh. Oh.” Oh, Divines, he’d gone from nothing to absolute, all-consuming lust in the space of a few seconds. There was sweet heat and tension building in his groin, rapidly coursing its way toward overflowing. He dropped to his knees, unable to keep himself upright, and moaned.

“You do make very nice noises,” Sanguine said, leaning over him. “You have that going for you.”

Shit. Shit. Shit! He fell forward onto his hands and knees. Oh, Gods. He was falling apart. He was furiously hard, straining against his breeches, and he needed more, he needed to fuck or be fucked immediately, or, fuck, anything, he needed anything and everything. The next thing he knew, he was on his stomach, rutting against the grassy ground. It somehow didn’t feel quite corporeal, but he was entirely too far gone to give that any thought.

Okay, take it easy.” Impossibly strong gray hands hoisted him into the air, dragging him back up to a standing position, despite his inability to support himself. Dunstan thrust uselessly into the air, groaning, as Sanguine raised his voice. “All right, ladies, gentlemen, those of neither party, one of my guests needs a little help.”

Some distant part of Dunstan’s mind was dismayed by the roars of approval that followed, but the vast majority of him was thrilled, because if that many people were interested in touching him, then someone, somewhere, was going to make him spill himself.

It was a large, hulking minotaur, a good head or two taller than him, that reached him first. It jammed its soft muzzle up against his neck and snuffled. Whiskers brushed his jaw, and a vast hand groped at his bulge. Dunstan whined and pressed up against the hand, and the minotaur snorted and nipped at his neck with large, square teeth.

“He doesn’t like it when you do that,” Sanguine said affectionately. “He wants you to stay still and take it. Fortunately for you, he’s not the only one here.”

As the daedric prince spoke, the Argonian from earlier began pulling off Dunstan’s boots, and then his chausses. A long, thin tongue rasped up Dunstan’s leg, and he shuddered. Then the tongue slipped up under his breeches, making its way up his thigh, and the minotaur snorted again, and there was a sudden yelp from the Argonian.
“Now, now,” Sanguine said. “This one’s more than desperate enough to allow everyone a turn. Share nicely. There’s no point to a party if people aren’t having a good time.” He eased Dunstan back to the ground and leaned him against a tree, fending off his attempts to get himself off all the while, and eventually secured his hands behind his back.

The minotaur promptly picked him up and thudded down to the ground. It settled Dunstan into its lap, where a cock that would normally have absolutely terrified Dunstan was tenting the beast’s loincloth. It curled its large, heavy head down around Dunstan’s neck to rest it on his shoulder and lap at his neck with a long, thick, and powerful tongue.

The Argonian had gone back to pulling down his breeches as soon as the opportunity presented itself, and was now sinking clawed hands into his bared thighs and exploring his groin with his flicking tongue. Dunstan very nearly screamed as the tongue flickered ever so lightly over his balls, and then his straining cock.

“Hmm,” the Argonian said in a deep, gravelly rasp. “Not bad.”

The minotaur reached around underneath his leg and began probing for his ass. When it found it, it forced one huge finger in, and Dunstan moaned needily and tried to force himself further down onto it, but the minotaur held him firmly in place.

A dremora knelt by his side and started unlacing his shirt, ignoring the minotaur’s possessive snorts. “Look at you,” he breathed as he bared Dunstan’s body. “What an extraordinary little mortal.”

The Argonian opened his fanged maw and nipped at the inside of Dunstan’s thigh, drawing blood. Dunstan found that he felt very little of the pain, was only aware of the sweet sensation of a light trickle of blood running down the sensitive skin of his inner thigh, lighting up all the nerves on its way.

The minotaur forced a second finger inside of him, and the dremora began to kiss his chest. “Lovely creature,” he sighed. The sensation of his breath ghosting over Dunstan’s nipple was almost too much to bear, and he heard himself whine.

“None of that, now,” the Argonian said. He took Dunstan’s balls into his mouth, caging them carefully with his sharp teeth, and began to suck gently while playing with them with his tongue. He made a low noise of approval and put a clawed hand on Dunstan’s cock. The raptor-curved talon of a thumb rested on Dunstan’s piss slit.
An exceptionally drunk orc was the next to arrive. She stood opposite the dremora, unlaced her trousers, and pressed her sex in Dunstan’s face without a word. He applied himself as best he could, hoping that someone, somewhere, was going to take pity on him and let him finish, but his efforts were clumsy, given that he was largely occupied with whining and shuddering and making small needy noises. Still, he at least managed to take her clit in his mouth and make her sigh contentedly. Her slick was already beginning to coat his lips and chin when the minotaur withdrew its fingers.

Then a vast, blunt cock forced itself an inch into his ass, and he screamed, but it was not in pain or fear. His cock twitched, elated, and when the dremora took a nipple into his mouth a moment later while the Argonian’s tongue squeezed up hard between his balls, he arched his back more than he had thought himself capable of. The orc pushed forward insistently, and he tried to focus on tonguing her between her lower lips, with some vague plan to find her entrance and tease it open, but instead he jerked his head back against the minotaur, gasping as it pushed deeper and deeper inside him. Past the agonizing pain and pleasure, he was dimly aware of a slight bulge in his stomach, shaped suspiciously like an exceptionally large bull cock.

The minotaur drew its thick tongue across his cheek. Then it licked at his mouth, and snorted in surprise. It continued lapping, having apparently found something it liked, and followed the taste until it reached the orc, at which point it made a huffing noise of approval and plunged in. The orc gasped loudly and lurched forward, steadying herself on the beast’s horns. “Gods above. Yes. Yes!”

The minotaur’s cock squeezed further into him. Dunstan pushed himself down onto it. It hurt, yes, it hurt, but it was also pushing so hard against that still-unnamed spot inside him that made him want to scream. The minotaur bucked its hips, sinking itself to the hilt inside of him, and he did scream. Oh, gods, he was going to explode. The minotaur’s cock was huge. His guts were straining to contain it. Then it started to thrust.

It rutted like an animal, hard and fast and shallow, in a way that probably did wonders for its climax but was doing very little to bring about Dunstan’s. It was still somehow managing to fuck the orc with its tongue. She was gasping and howling, grinding up against the beast’s muzzle, its horns in her hands. The dremora was sucking on a nipple and running his hands all over Dunstan’s torso, leaving lines of tingling sensation wherever he went, and finding sensitive places that Dunstan hadn’t known that he had. The Argonian was still sucking his balls in a hot, wet mouth with a frighteningly prehensile tongue. All in all, Dunstan was reasonably certain that if something didn’t happen soon, he was going to lose his gods-damned mind.

Something did happen, but it wasn’t what he had hoped. A cock, dark gray, ridged with almost sculptural swirls, spined down the top, and glowing red from deep within, was pressed against his cheek. Dunstan, busy shaking and wailing as he was pounded from beneath with the force of a battering ram, hardly noticed. Then a gray hand caught his jaw and held his mouth open, and the cock slipped inside.
“There,” Sanguine said, pleased.

It made little difference at first. Dunstan screamed around the cock, wishing that someone would just touch his own manhood, Divines, just the once, it would be enough. The minotaur’s cock was splitting him open, putting constant pressure against the spot inside of him, pressure that ebbed and flowed with the pattern of every thrust. Minotaur drool and orc slick were dripping down his neck from where the minotaur was aggressively lapping at the woman’s insides. The dremora was still sucking on the same nipple, Gods, why doesn’t he fucking switch, and there was still delicious pressure and suction on his balls, a grip that fought their need to draw up high and close and empty themselves.

Then the cock in his mouth began to drool something that tasted absolutely astounding. Dunstan couldn’t identify what flavor it might have had, even something as basic as whether it was sweet or salty or something else entirely, but he knew immediately that it was the finest thing he had ever tasted, and that his need for more of it overcame even his need to spill himself. He managed to seal his lips around it and hollow his cheeks, his tongue lapping at the tip, despite the minotaur in his ass. Oh, gods, more. The harder he sucked, the deeper he took the cock into his mouth, the more liquid dripped into him, and the more desperately he needed it.

“There,” Sanguine said again. “Excellent work, mortal.”

Dunstan gave a whine in response, and forced himself further toward the cock’s base. More more more more more more—

“Ah. I do believe one of my guests is nearly finished.”

Dunstan ignored that pronouncement, focusing on the cock, until suddenly the minotaur slammed itself home inside of him. Great furry balls pressed up against his ass, and pulsed.

He felt it immediately, but it took him time to place, distracted with the cock in his mouth and its heavenly excretions as he was. After a few spurts, he understood. The minotaur was spilling itself inside him. No matter. He had Sanguine’s cock, and it was leaking that wonderful fluid, and he was—

He was feeling stretched. He glanced down, but the minotaur’s head was in the way. It was still licking the orc, who looked and sounded very close. By the time she had bucked forward, screaming, into the minotaur’s muzzle, then pulled off and staggered away, Dunstan’s belly was bulging.
The dremora was stroking it in awe. “Little mortal,” he breathed. “You are an enduring little creature. Look how full you are, swollen and stretched with the seed of a beast.” He squeezed a little, feeling the taut roundness, the outline of the minotaur’s cock no longer visible, and Dunstan moaned around Sanguine’s cock. “You are a delight.”

Dunstan wanted to yell and pull himself off of the minotaur and lie down and finish himself and try to squeeze the come out, but he couldn’t. No, he needed more of the liquid filling his mouth. He couldn’t let go.

The Argonian released his balls, moved up, and began to rub himself against them. “Not bad,” he panted, rapidly picking up the pace. “Not bad at all. Come on. Come on, squeal. Beg.”

“Not quite yet,” Sanguine said easily. “When he’s taken me, he can beg all he likes. You might want to hold yourself off a little,” he added.

“Yes, my lord,” the Argonian said, slowing himself with obvious difficulty.

The minotaur lost interest and abruptly withdrew, its vast cock pulling free with effort. It climbed out from underneath unconcernedly and dropped Dunstan on the ground before lumbering off to the tables. Sanguine’s cock slipped from Dunstan’s mouth, and he cried out.

“Patience,” Sanguine said. He sounded pleased. “Go on, Argonian, he’s free. You too, Kynval.”

Dunstan was paying attention to absolutely nothing beyond his own cock and Sanguine’s, and was taken aback when the Argonian situated himself beneath him, where the minotaur had been, and thrust up into him with something long and bulbous. The dremora knelt between his legs and added his own cock, ridged and thick, stretching him tight. The Argonian stayed still, but the dremora began to thrust.

Then Sanguine’s cock was back in Dunstan’s mouth, and he couldn’t be bothered with that anymore. He was vaguely aware of his cock straining against his stomach, his balls ready to burst with need, the spot inside him being jabbed repeatedly with precision, lighting him up from ass to cock to spine with every touch, but he was focused on sucking, drinking down whatever the Daedric Prince was giving him. He needed more of it, he needed all of it, it was making something bloom inside of him, making his cock even more desperate, he needed it.
The Argonian bucked beneath him and groaned. His clawed hand pressed at Dunstan’s stomach, no doubt feeling for his own contribution. He swore loudly in a language that Dunstan didn’t understand and didn’t care to. “Yes! Yes, yes, oh, fucking—you’re not bad for a scaleless, oh, not bad at all, shit! Want to spill yourself, smooth-skin? Want it?”

“Patience!” Sanguine repeated. There was a laugh in his voice. “He’ll finish when he’s ready. Go on, Kynval, you have my permission.”

The dremora seemed to have been waiting for the order. The moment it was spoken, he slammed up against Dunstan with a cry, and Dunstan felt the skin of his stomach stretch almost painfully, Divines, tight and taut and full and heavy and—


A tide of the most delicious substance Dunstan had ever tasted spurted forth, with no visible effort on Sanguine’s part, and Dunstan screamed around the cock as it pulsed in his mouth. The taste was going straight to his cock, along with the sensation of his stomach stretching even further, growing, growing, rubbing against his agonizingly sensitive head, and the two still-twitching cocks in his ass. Within a few seconds, he knew that he was either going to come or die.

He came, spilling himself heavily.

Sanguine withdrew from his mouth just in time, the dark cock barely escaping Dunstan’s flailing to paint the Imperial’s chest with a last few ropes of seed. He rubbed Dunstan’s head, and then the head of his cock, affectionately as he writhed and convulsed, screaming with the force of his climax. “I like you, mortal. I like you a lot.”

“Gods! Gods!”

“Depends on who you ask,” Sanguine said. “Go on, get out of him. Can’t send him back to Nirn with you two in him.”

The dremora withdrew immediately. Dunstan groaned at the loss, and then again when the Argonian pulled free. He slumped against the tree. He was about to fall to his side when Sanguine caught him and steadied him. Then the daedra freed his hands, and he brought his fingers to his chest, gathering seed and sucking it off, eyes closed. “Gods,” he whispered.
Sanguine crouched in front of him. “Guess I really can’t send you back like this. I’m very addictive. You’d be trying to claw me out of you and drink me again, and we can’t have that.” He pressed a hand to Dunstan’s bulging stomach and said a word.

When Dunstan woke, he was lying naked in a bed at the Winking Skeever. His clothes were clean, neatly folded, and stacked on the chair that he’d been sucked off in. He put a hand to his stomach and found it flat. His ass felt more or less normal as well, but his cock was still painfully sensitive, and he was exhausted. Sam Guevenne was nowhere to be found.

“Fuck it,” Dunstan muttered. He rolled onto his side, pulled the blanket over himself, and fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the long break (again, I know). I’ve been working on other stuff and dealing with classes starting up again. Well, that, and I found out as I continued writing this chapter that I actually was not nearly as interested in it as I thought I was. The next chapter should be significantly more fun, and will hopefully be out soon. In the meantime, hope you guys enjoy this chapter more than I did, and thanks for the wonderful comments!
Dunstan woke up to the sound of the room’s door swinging open, followed by a loud “Where’s Sam?”


“You’re not the man I rented this room to! Get out!”

“Oh, for…” Dunstan pulled himself up to a sitting position in the bed and squinted at the speaker, who turned out to be a large and angry innkeeper. Something Vinius. “He was here last night.”

“Dragonborn,” Vinius said. He sounded much more disgusted than Dunstan would’ve liked. “He’s not here now. Go on, get dressed and get out.” He turned to leave. As he stepped through the door, he added, “There’s someone to see you.” The door slammed behind him.

“Shit,” Dunstan mumbled. He rubbed his temples, trying to ease his headache, before rolling out of bed and struggling into his breeches.

‘Someone’ turned out to be Una, one of the maids from the Blue Palace. It took Dunstan a moment to recognize her, but when he did, he smiled pleasantly. It was useless, he knew. She hated him.

The woman looked him up and down, her gaze lingering pointedly on his permanently-muddy boots.
“Your presence has been requested at court,” she said eventually. “Will you accompany me back to the palace?”

“Yeah, all right,” he said. “What’s it about, do you know?”

Una sighed loudly.

“Right,” Dunstan said. “Hey, know any good way to get rid of a hangover?”

She closed her eyes in despair. “Just don’t throw up in the palace.”

It was easier said than done, as it happened. Dunstan felt quite nauseous by the time he was walking through the Blue Palace gardens, and rather more so once he’d climbed the stairs to the court. He tried not to walk as though his head might fall off and break at any moment. He was at court, at _court_, damn it, the only proper Imperial court in the whole damn province.

“My lady,” he said, bowing rather less deeply than he usually might have.

“Dragonborn,” Elisif said with a gracious nod. “The court is pleased to welcome you back to Solitude.”

“Your city is lovely, my lady.”

“Thank you,” Elisif said. “It will sadden you, then, to know that it is under threat.”

“By what?” Dunstan said in surprise.

“A dragon has roosted to the west,” she said gravely. “It could attack the city at any moment. It must be slain.”

Dunstan felt himself go pale, and at the same time experienced an unpleasant lurch that told him that his chances of vomiting all over the floor of the court had just exponentially increased. “Ah,” he said.
“You seem to have recovered from your last encounter with a dragon. Are you ready to protect this city? To do your duty? Fulfill your destiny as Dragonborn?”

Well, when she put it like that… “Yes, my lady. As you wish.” He bowed and left before anyone could say anything further. When he made it outside, he promptly threw up on Thane Erikur’s doorstep. He deserved it, the prick.

Gods. Another dragon. He knew he was supposed to be able to kill them, consume their souls. He’d done it only the once, before he’d had any idea he was supposed to be able to do it.

Mirmulnir, at the watchtower west of Whiterun. He’d gone there with about a dozen others. The dragon had killed eight, cooking them in their armor or tearing them to pieces or crushing them, before an arrow had brought it crashing to the ground. Dunstan, in what must have been some sort of fit of temporary insanity—was it temporary, or was he still insane, hence all the fucking weird shit?—had sprinted up to it, yelling, and plunged his sword into its skull through one of its eye sockets. It had screamed in horrible, drawn-out agony before disintegrating and wreathing him in spectral fire that had faded after a few seconds. He supposed that had been the soul. Sometimes he thought he could still feel it thrumming inside of him, the immortal soul of a beast.

He picked up the rest of his gear from the Winking Skeever, ignoring What’s-His-Name Vinius’s blisterring glare, bought himself a bit of food for the road, and left the city.

It was a hell of a hike up to the dragon’s lair. Dunstan didn’t know why dragons had to live high up. Couldn’t they find a nice valley or something? Somewhere easy to walk to? Regardless of the reasons behind dragon real estate trends, Dunstan was exhausted by the time he finally saw a sign of the monster.

It was a farmer, bent, broken, and half-eaten, body rent by claws and fangs greater than any bear. Dunstan eyed the corpse nervously and set his pack down. No point fighting weighted. He drew his sword and stretched a little, rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck until he was absolutely sure he couldn’t put it off any longer.

It was another solid half hour of struggling up a pathless mountain before he saw the dragon. He came upon it suddenly, so suddenly that he was sure he was going to die in that moment. But the dragon was busy chewing on something, and failed to notice him as he crept up behind it, sword in hand. Then he squinted at it for a moment. Something was off here.
“You!” The dismayed cry escaped him before he could stop it. Oh Divines oh shit fuck what in Akatosh’s name did I fucking do that for?

The dragon lurched upright and spat out what looked like an old gnawed-up mammoth skull. “You!” it boomed, its horrible Voice knocking him back several feet. It spun to face him. “Come to challenge me again, mortal?” It spat off a gout of flame into the air and thrashed its tail. “You shall fare no better!”

“Oh, fuck off,” Dunstan said. “I don’t want shit to do with you. Believe me, once was more than enough.”

The dragon snorted. Dunstan had no idea how to read dragon faces, but when it spoke, it sounded pleased. “I see not, mortal. You’ve come for another piercing, I do not doubt.”

“Absolutely fucking not.” Dunstan put away his sword and crossed his arms. “You know how long it took me to lay those eggs?”

To his surprise, the dragon froze. It cocked its head, and then again in the other direction, before simply staring at him. “What did you say?” it said at last.

Dunstan frowned at it. “Eggs. You put your fucking eggs in me, and it took ages to get them out.”

The dragon only looked more confused. “Eggs?”

Dunstan was losing patience. “Eggs! Big ugly ones! Looked like your balls if you had any, and I had to fucking lay them! I didn’t appreciate it!”

“Eggs.” The dragon was still staring at him. “You… laid eggs?”

“Yes,” Dunstan said emphatically.

The dragon sat back and considered. It looked utterly confused, as far as Dunstan could tell. “I do not understand,” it said at length.
Dunstan sighed. “All right. What’s not to understand? You put your eggs in me. I had to get them out.”

“Dragons do not lay eggs,” the dragon said. “You must have been impregnated by something else.”

“You don’t think I would’ve fucking noticed? Besides, they were the same color as you. They were definitely yours.” Then he paused. “What do you mean, dragons don’t lay eggs? That doesn’t make sense.”

“We are immortal, human,” the dragon said irritably. “We do not reproduce as the beasts do. Should our bodies fail us, we are reborn, unless the Dovahkiin should consume our immortal souls.”

Dunstan stared at it. “You don’t…” He shook his head. “You don’t lay eggs?”

“No.”

“But…” Dunstan was beginning to feel that he had lost any control he might have had over the situation, along with any vestiges of understanding. “But that doesn’t make any sense. I laid your eggs. They were yours.”

“They could not have been. What was within them?”

“I didn’t check,” Dunstan said. He put a hand on his forehead. “They’re at the bottom of the sea, now.”

“You…” The dragon tossed its head. “You laid eggs, and you threw them into the sea?”

“Well, someone else did,” Dunstan admitted. “But I would’ve if he hadn’t done it first.”

The dragon looked at him for a while. “Before I pierced you, when was the last time you had been pierced? What else could it have been?”
“Gods, ages,” Dunstan grumbled without thinking. “Ah… look, too long, all right? It couldn’t have been anything else. You put eggs in me. I don’t know how, but you did.”

The dragon looked at him for a while. When it spoke again, it was quieter. “If this is true, mortal, then you have just become the most valuable thing to the dov on this plane of existence.”

“What?” Dunstan said blankly.

Then the dragon lunged forward. Its snout hit him in the chest and knocked him back, and it immediately pinned him with a wing. “Are you such a fool, Dovahkiin? If you can create new dov, you have unprecedented power. Any dov who holds you could bring forth an army, given the time.” It sat back a little. “Alduin must not have you,” it said after a moment.

“No one’s going to have me!” Dunstan spat, shoving at the dragon’s wing.

The dragon didn’t seem to notice his struggles. “I should speak to the others about this,” it said thoughtfully. “The dov must consider the implications of this as a unified whole. There is a great deal at stake.”

“No one’s considering anything!”

“But I would look the fool if I gathered the dov all together, only to find that your eggs were not dov after all,” the dragon mused. “No, this must be tested. Only if it can be repeated will I bring your story to the attention of the dov.”

Dunstan stopped struggling for a moment. “Rep—hey, no! No! Get off!”

“Remove your coverings,” the dragon said. “This is a momentous occasion.”

“I said no!” Dunstan barked. “What the fuck are you going to do, huh? You can’t kill me now, not if I’m valuable. I don’t have to do a damn thing you say.”

“I can outlast you by millennia,” the dragon said. “If need be, I will wait until you are weak from your pitiful mortal needs, and unable to resist. The means matters little, so long as I pierce you.”
Dunstan pulled the knife from his boot and carved a great tear into the membrane of the dragon’s wing.

The dragon roared and staggered backward, rearing up high. “Mortal beast!”

Dunstan lunged to his feet and drew his sword. It was about godsdamned time he fought something instead of fucking it. He was the Dragonborn, after all. He carried the blood of defenders, the blood of emperors, the blood of saints, the blood of dragons. He had been born for this.

He got in one or two hits, neither of which did more than scratch the dragon’s scales, before the dragon caught him in its jaws, shook him, and tossed him to the ground.

He tried to struggle to his feet several times before realizing that he was lying on his back, not his front, and had been clawing stupidly at the air. He managed to grab his sword from where it had fallen as the dragon’s wing came rushing down to pin him in place. He pointed it in what he desperately hoped was the right direction, and did his absolute best to keep hold of it.

The sword punched through the fleshy palm of the dragon’s wing, and the beast shrieked and lurched back. Dunstan barely managed to keep a grip on the hilt, preventing it from being yanked away. He used it as a prop to shove himself to his feet and yelled as loudly as he could.

The dragon’s roar was several orders of magnitude louder, deeper, and more impressive, but Dunstan refused to let himself be deterred.

“Come on!” he yelled at it. “Come on, you ugly fucking animal!”

It lunged at him, as large and unstoppable as a mammoth, and about a dozen times more agile, vicious, frightening, and deadly.

With no better ideas whatsoever, Dunstan dropped to his stomach to avoid the yawning jaws. The dragon’s momentum carried it past him. He rolled over and found himself between the beast’s legs. He decided that what he was about to do was rather dishonorable, but probably not quite as dishonorable as getting fucked full of eggs again, and jabbed his sword up at the dragon’s crotch. The point slipped between two thick plates and caught.
The dragon screamed and tried to lurch away, but the movement clearly only hurt it more. It stood where it was, its legs trembling, tossing its head and making sharp pained sounds. Blood dripped from between the plates and splattered thickly on Dunstan, hot and pungent. “That is not a fair strike, mortal!” it groaned.

“Yeah?” Dunstan panted. He twisted the blade, producing a howl. “Not fair for a giant fucking monster to come after a human, either. Regret it now, don’t you, you ugly bastard?”

“You are no mere human,” the dragon spat. It groaned deep in its belly. Dunstan had heard badly wounded horses make that sound, when they were past shrieking and thrashing. “You are Dovahkiin, blood of the dov. And able to breed, if you speak true. There is no measure that cannot be used against you.”

“Pretty fucking convenient for you, isn’t it?” Dunstan rested his head against the ground. Gods. He was exhausted. “Well, muzzled now, aren’t you? You can’t kill me, not if I’m so valuable.”

“Have you no interest in learning your own capabilities?” the dragon snarled. “Not since Miraak have the dov seen a Dovahkiin, and no one ever pierced that upstart priest. Does it not draw you, to know what a Dovahkiin is capable of? To learn whether you truly carry both our lives and deaths in your soul?”

“Got a nice ring to it, but not especially.” Dunstan twisted the blade again. “I know I can kill you, and I know I carried your eggs, and I know which I plan to be doing more of. That’s enough for me.”

“Then make your move, mortal,” the dragon growled. “Face me.”

Dunstan thought about it for a while. Then he jammed the sword deeper and twisted it so that he could yank it free, rolling out from under the dragon before it could get him with its feet or tail.

The dragon screamed and loosed fire into the sky. One of the plates that protected its groin was dangling loose, and blood was fountaining. It whirled to face Dunstan and parted its jaws. For a horrible moment, Dunstan was sure that it was going to set him alight, invaluable or no.

“Gol hah dov!”
Dunstan dropped to his knees. Oh, shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit. He didn’t know what the dragon had said, but it had done something to him, and he couldn’t really move. Only he was moving, hands clumsily undoing the buckles of his armor. No! No, what the fuck?!

By the time he got enough control over himself to start insulting the dragon’s parentage as far back as the Merethic Era, he was standing naked in the dirt, sword tossed away. He struggled more, and suddenly found himself able to throw himself to the side, scrabbling for the hilt of his sword. His fingers closed around it, and he rolled over to prepare himself for another fight.

“Gaan lah haas!”

Every muscle in his body gave up at the same time. He went utterly limp, his head dropping uselessly to the ground. He wanted to speak, ask what had been done to him, but oh, Divines, he was so tired, and sore, and he didn’t think he would ever be able to move again. He couldn’t summon up the urge to care overmuch. Too tired. Keeping his eyes open enough to see the dragon required all of his will, and he wasn’t sure how long he could sustain it.

“There,” the dragon sighed. It sounded tired. “I thought that perhaps, as Dovahkiin, you would be resistant to our speech, but it seems that you fall prey as easily as any mortal.” It made its way over to him and positioned itself. “I am once again the victor. Prepare yourself if you can, Dovahkiin, as I prepare.”

Oh, Gods, no. No, why? How’d it do this, Gods, why can’t I fucking move, can’t fucking think, can’t do anything, just want to sleep…

There was blood pooling between Dunstan’s legs, the flow only increasing as the plates protecting the dragon’s parts began to shift and split. How was it doing that? It’d needed help last time, lots of it.

The dragon seemed to know what he was thinking. “I have the memory of our last encounter, Dovahkiin. Summoning it is enough, now.” The horrible cock that Dunstan remembered was bulging out, dripping blood and slick, growing longer and thicker and more textured. “It was the bending of will and the draining of life that I called upon to break you, should you wish to know. The first, when all three words are used, often snaps the mind of the target entirely, so you are strong in that, at least. The second is more… physical. It will take you a long time to recover, as long as it might for any injury. It will be easy for me to keep you weak in this way.”

Gods. Despair was beginning to cloud his mind. It’s an effect of the Shout, it has to be. There’s a way out of this, you’re just too tired to think of it at the moment. But he kept imagining himself in a
cave, trapped like a maiden in a story, only unchained, contained only by his own weakness. He imagined regaining his strength over a period of days or weeks, and finally, when he felt strong enough to escape, being Shouted at again, and having to start over. Then he remembered what the dragon would surely do to him, and he imagined being full of seed and eggs for all that time. Oh, Gods, what would it be like to try and force out eggs when he was weak like this? Was it even possible? Was he going to survive any of this?

The dragon squatted and began to poke its cock experimentally. “You are difficult,” it complained. “Mortals are so small, so near the ground.” It probed carefully, and eventually the drooling head of its cock touched his knee. “Ah,” it said. “There.”

It dragged itself along his leg, following his thigh. It lost him once, slipping off to the side, and had to probe until it found flesh again. Then it couldn’t find his ass, and spent a while smearing slick over his thighs and balls and even his stomach.

Nine Divines, just get it over with.

Then the head of its cock finally prodded his ass, and the dragon paused. “This is your receptacle, yes?” It waited for a response for a moment. “Ah. You cannot speak. Hm.” It grunted irritably and began to push forward.

Ohhh, Gods. It was fully as bad as he remembered, and he remembered it vividly. The swollen tip forcing him apart, its pointed shape quickly flaring out into a bulging head. Then the ring of bumps that marked its edge, prying him open even further. He wanted to scream, but only managed to force out a low, shuddering groan when the ring of protrusions finally slipped into him. Oh, Gods. Why did they even have cocks if they didn’t reproduce? If there was an afterlife, Dunstan was going to have to have a serious talk with whatever divinity had spawned dragons. It was Akatosh, wasn’t it? He couldn’t remember, and the dragon beginning to force the swelling, deeply textured length of its shaft into him was more than enough of a distraction. He heard himself whimper.

The dragon groaned. “You were made for this, Dovahkiin. My kin and I, we have always wondered at the true purpose of the Dovahkiin, of the mortals born with our souls. Your kind hails you as dragonslayers, we know this.” It pushed deeper into him, oh, Gods, going to break, going to fucking split down the middle, and shifted its stance to get a better angle. “I had thought perhaps that you were a test, set on earth to prove our mastery. But now I have seen the truth of your existence.” It managed to get another inch in. “You can slay us, it is true, slay us in truth as none else may, but in turn you can create us as well. It rings of divinity. Only a god would ordain such a thing.”

It started to push itself in and out in an attempt to loosen him. Dunstan screwed his eyes shut. Gods. Gods. Gods. He’d hoped that, what with all the cock he’d taken since his first encounter with the dragon, that it would at least be easier this time, but it was no less painful, the stretch no less
agonizing, he was going to break.

He managed to move his head slightly from side to side in a mute appeal. The dragon, of course, could not see him. Why had he come up here? Why had he done it? He could’ve just left Solitude. Hell, he could’ve left Skyrim, just headed back to Cyrodiil, back home, back to the Imperial City. He could have been sitting in the King and Queen right now, ordering mead, looking up old friends, but no, he’d decided to do his duty, and now he was lying uselessly on the ground with a dragon’s cock tearing him apart, looking forward to a life as a godsdamned broodmare for an overgrown fucking lizard.

He wanted to scream, but he didn’t have the energy.

The dragon was starting to fuck him properly now, rutting up into him. Dunstan forced himself to open his eyes and look down at himself. Oh, Gods, there it was, the shape of the dragon’s cock bulging up through his stomach, just as he remembered. Blood and slick were mixing on his skin, catching the light as his body was warped. He closed his eyes again, as tightly as he could manage. Gods.

Then he opened his eyes again to check something, and wanted to scream louder. Oh, no. Oh, Divines, no, absolutely not, no! Why? Why was he like this? Why was he hard? Why? Why was his cock hard, why was it resting lazily against his belly, veins standing out, why was he hard?

There was anger boiling up in him. There was despair, still, yes, but Divines, he was getting pissed. He’d gone through all this ridiculous, absurd shit for no fucking reason. Adventuring, reading, training, surviving, all that effort, fuck, his whole life, just living, and it was all going to come down to this? Getting wrecked by a dragon, and his cock liking it? This was it?

He felt the dragon’s knot begin to swell at his entrance, felt it try to force itself in, and something snapped inside of him.

Dunstan yelled at the dragon. No, Shouted at the dragon.

“Fus!”

It was knocked backward, yanked out of him, staggering away, trying to catch itself.
He grabbed his sword and used it as a prop to push himself to his feet. He was naked, and unsteady as a newborn foal, and there was dragon slick running down the inside of his thigh, and the point of his sword was dragging on the ground even as he strained with both arms to lift it, but he was up.

The dragon was staring at him, frozen, some distance away. Its wings were folded, one bent awkwardly and still bleeding heavily from the palm, the other running long rivulets of blood from a tear in the membrane. It was crouched low to the ground, defensively. Its nostrils were trembling. It did not speak.

“Yeah?” Dunstan panted. “Not expecting that?” He managed to get the point of his sword off the ground, and nearly toppled over. He thought he might collapse and die, but there was no time to think about it. “You expecting me to just lie back and take it?” The shakiness of his voice only made him angrier. “Well, fuck that. I’m the fucking Dragonborn. You want to fuck me, you scaly bastard, you’re going to have to do better than that.” He poured all of his strength into his arms, and pointed his sword at the dragon in a wordless challenge.

The dragon let out an earsplitting roar and lunged forward, jaws snapping.

Dunstan threw himself out of the way and ended up skidding on his knees, catching himself with his sword. He pushed himself up on shaking legs and turned. The dragon was already coming at him again, and he swung at it. The strike caught it across its armored nose, and managed to deflect it just enough that its head missed him. He ducked under its oncoming wing and slashed at its leg as it went past him. That time he drew blood, catching the monster at the joint, where iron-hard scales became leathery hide, and the dragon lurched, snarling.

It couldn’t turn fast enough. Dragons were fast, he knew that, proportionately as quick as snakes, but they were big. It was a lot of beast to move, and there wasn’t a force in Tamriel that could have made a dragon nimble enough to dodge Dunstan when he threw himself after it.

He caught its tail and dragged himself up it. The dragon immediately began thrashing, trying to throw him off, but he held on, dragging himself up the monster’s spine with his sword still in hand. The dragon was bucking beneath him, wings flaring, tail smashing against the ground, but it couldn’t dislodge him. He pulled himself up past its wings to its neck and managed to get his legs around its throat. He caught a horn with one hand and knocked the edge of his sword up against the underside of the dragon’s jaw with the other. The edge bit into a fold of hide there, and blood surged forth, but it was little more than a scratch.

The dragon snaked its head around, trying to snap at him, but he was clinging to the back of its neck, and it couldn’t reach. It screamed wordlessly, bucking and thrashing and tossing its head. Dunstan was beginning to feel seriously sick, and some part of him noticed that the skin of his arms that he could see was frighteningly pale and sweaty where it wasn’t spattered with blood, and his vision was
blurry, but he didn’t let go. He banged the sword against the dragon’s neck instead. A useless gesture, but it was something, at least.

Then the muscles of that arm gave out. Only for a moment, but the sword went flying, and he was clinging to the neck of an infuriated dragon, naked, bleeding, trembling, and teetering on the verge of unconsciousness.

He gripped the dragon’s horns with both hands and gasped out a sob of pure exhaustion. He couldn’t think, he was unarmed, he wasn’t going to be able to stay conscious for more than a few more seconds, he could hardly see, hardly move, he was going to die.

Dunstan reached forward, past the dragon’s horn, and caught hold of one of its dagger-sized teeth. It was wet and slippery, and the dragon bit down hard, but there was enough space between one tooth and the next that his hand could fit, and he managed to not only hang on to it, but yank.

The dragon shrieked and tossed its head back so hard that its horns pointed at the ground.

He yanked again, and the tooth tore free in his hand. Blood spurted, and the dragon screamed. He held the fang like a knife and plunged it into one of the dragon’s great yellow eyes.

The dragon made a sound that was loud enough to make Dunstan scream in return and clap his hands to his ears without thinking. The beast surged beneath him, and he was thrown off to the side. He hit the ground hard, and curled up into a ball, hands on his ears. Everything hurt, and he was shaking, and he could hardly see. He looked at the dragon, straining to keep his eyes open.

It was flailing and screaming, throwing itself around and shaking its head. Blood was fountaining from its eye. It clawed at its face with its wing, and the tooth tore free, but that only made it worse. Its thrashing movements were weakening.

It took it a long time to die, but Dunstan watched it happen. He watched as it slowly sank to the ground, struggling, the ground beneath it a wet red mud, as it dug gouges into the earth that filled up with blood, as it snarled weakly at him, as it rested its head on the ground, groaning low and deep. The shadows had moved by the time its remaining eye finally rolled back and closed.

Dunstan watched it a while longer. He had to be sure. After a time, he noticed that the beast’s flesh was glowing. Flame was licking out between the scales, faster and faster, consuming. This had happened to Mirmulnir, he remembered distantly. Right before…
The dragon’s soul escaped from its ruined body and flowed into him.

He gave a shuddering gasp and passed out.

It was sunset when he came to. It was also very cold.

Dunstan dragged himself to his feet, and was pleased to find that it was, at this point, physically possible. He stood unsteadily, looking at the dragon bones, for a few seconds before he tottered over to where he had been forced to strip out of his clothes and armor. He fell a couple of times while he was trying to get his breeches on, but in the end, he managed. It was some time before he had gotten all of his armor on, but he managed that, too.

He even managed to get his sword, wipe it off on his chausses, and sheathe it. Then he stood there, limbs trembling, and wondered how in the names of all the Divines he was going to make it back to Solitude.

He decided to start with getting back to his pack. That sounded like an odyssey in and of itself, but slightly more achievable than reaching the city.

It took him more than an hour, and he crawled rather more of the way than he was willing to admit to himself, but eventually he collapsed against a rock and pulled his pack close to himself. He dug through it halfheartedly, knowing for a fact that he hadn’t bought any potions before coming up here, but he did find part of a loaf of bread and a waterskin. It wasn’t enough, but he didn’t make it through more than a few bites before falling asleep anyway.

He woke up in a lot of pain. It took him a few seconds to place most of it. He was sore, yes, that was probably a combination of the Shout the dragon had used on him and the general exertion of getting fucked and then battling to the death, but he was also missing rather a lot of skin on his legs, and some on his arms and chest. He supposed that was what came of clinging naked to a beast covered with rough scales. He was also sporting a lot of cuts, scratches, and bruises.

Well, it could have been a lot worse.
He finished the bread and water before making his way down the mountain. It was most of a day’s walk to Solitude, and by the end of it, he was dead on his feet. Regardless, he dragged his sorry carcass all the way up to the Blue Palace. Down Solitude’s main street, past Castle Dour, down to the Bards’ College and up the hill, through the dark doors, and up the stairs to court. Some sod was speaking to Elisif, was in the middle of some impassioned speech, but Dunstan pushed her out of the way. “The dragon is dead, my lady,” he said, deciding on balance not to add that he was not at all sure he wasn’t dead himself.

There was a moment of silence. Then Elisif said, a little stiffly, “Thank you for your service, Dragonborn. You’ve ensured Solitude’s safety, at least for now.”

Dunstan nodded and tried not to sway too badly. “Right.” Oh, Gods, he was going to pass out right here in front of everybody. He braced himself for whatever the Blue Palace floor would feel like when it collided with his face. Probably not good, all things being equal.

Someone caught him before he could make it all the way to the floor. “I’ll take him, my lady.”

“Thank you, herbalist,” said Elisif’s voice. It seemed to come out of the far distance. Everything was rather dark. “Please return him here come morning to deliver a full report. You may resume your own audience at that time.”

“Yes, my lady.”

The person who had caught him managed to get him down the stairs of the court, which struck Dunstan as something of a miracle, and out of the palace. “You bastard,” Siona hissed in his ear. “You know how long I’ve been trying to get an audience with her? And then you barge in looking like a corpse and ruin my speech.”

Dunstan’s legs gave out entirely, and his knees hit the cobblestones. Siona heaved, and managed to get him draped partially across her back. “Come on,” she panted. “Come on, do something with your feet. My rooms aren’t far, but I can’t bloody carry you.”

Dunstan never did find out how she managed to get him through the streets and up the stairs to her apartment, but she must have done it somehow, because he woke on a bed, naked, with Siona wrapping his poulticed thigh in a bandage. She glanced up when he moved his head. “Ass,” she
“Sorry?” He put a hand to his forehead. *Oh, Gods.* He was still so sore, fucking *everywhere.*

“You interrupted my audience with the High Queen of Skyrim. And you nearly killed yourself again, which you seem to be alarmingly talented at. And you might have mentioned you’re the bloody Dragonborn.”

“Yeah, well…” He couldn’t stop himself from letting out a small moan. “It sort of slipped my mind.”

“It slipped your mind. You’ve got the soul of an immortal divine beast, and you’re the only force in all of Nírn that can kill dragons, and you’re heir to the Empire, and it slipped your bloody mind.” Her voice was angry, but the hand that she put on his chest was gentle. “Go to sleep, numbskull. You won’t be able to keep down a potion in this state.”

“I…” He blinked. “What was the last part?”

“Well, potions are inherently a bit toxic, so it’s best to save them until you have a bit more energy so that your body can—”

“No,” he mumbled. “The bit about the Empire?”

“Well, you’re Dragonborn. The Empire was founded by a Dragonborn, and since then the Emperors and Empresses have been of the blood. Until the Oblivion Crisis, of course. You’ve a claim to the throne.” She paused. “Did you not know?”

He shook his head mutely.

Siona sighed. “Well, I wouldn’t worry about it too much. At the rate you’re going, you’ll be dead long before you have a chance to bring up the topic with anyone who’s not too preoccupied with a civil war and the end of the world to give a damn.” She squeezed his hand. “Sleep, numbskull.”
Dunstan has absolutely no political ambitions, don't worry. Regardless, there is entirely too much plot in this chapter and not enough fucking. Hopefully the next chapter will fix that situation. Also, "One They Fear" came on right as I started writing the dragon fight, and it was pretty great, I recommend it.
First of its Kind

Chapter Summary

Dunstan does his best to recover but is beset by yet another problem.

Chapter Notes

Lactation, oral, overstimulation. Also probably technically bestiality and underage, but... ehhh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dunstan’s formal report to Elisif didn’t end up including much more than his initial one. He told her that he’dtracked the dragon to its lair, fought it, been injured, and made his way back down to Solitude. That was the extent of it. Elisif thanked him, the court applauded him, and he sat back to listen to Siona finish giving her speech. It was something about the need for regulations on potions to prevent the sale of harmful elixirs, and Dunstan found himself terribly bored, but he waited for her to finish.

As they left the palace, Siona asked, “So, what actually happened?”

Dunstan made an indignant noise and opened his mouth to respond bitingly.

She sighed and held up a hand to stop him. “Dun, I’m sure you’re a wonderful dragonslayer, but I’m also sure that you’ve been fucked by one, and I’m pretty sure that you haven’t run into one since. You also keep getting out of situations that ought to be fatal by getting fucked. So.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Dunstan said. “I put out its eye with one of its own teeth. I don’t deserve this.” When she didn’t say anything, he sighed and put his hands in his pockets. “Yeah, it tried to fuck me. Again.”

“Again? Was it the same one?” she said incredulously.

“I know, I can’t believe it either.”
“You say it tried. So you killed it while it was…”

“Sort of. It was kind of complicated. I wanted to talk to you about something it said, actually. You know lots of things, right?”

She laughed. “More than you, apparently. Come on, we’ll talk over a drink.”

It turned out to be several. They had finished one bottle of alto wine and started on a second by the time Siona leaned back thoughtfully in her chair. “Well. That’s interesting.”


“Dun, you have more problems than anyone I have ever read about. In history. Ever.” She gestured dramatically with a lopsided smile. Then she ran her fingers through her hair and considered. “So. As Dragonborn, you have the power to destroy dragonkind. And, if you’re right, you also have the power to create. That’s pretty serious.” She toyed with her goblet, swirling the wine gently with a frown. “You have the survival of an ancient species of divine creatures in your hands. Or possibly in your ass.”

“Siona, if you don’t shut the fuck—”

She shook her head. “I know, I know. Sorry, I’m just… not really sure what to do here. You can’t let dragons destroy the world, I think that one’s pretty obvious. But it also seems like overkill to destroy them entirely. And after you die, who knows whether there’ll be another Dragonborn?”

“I don’t even know if they all want to destroy the world,” he said. “The one I’ve run into talked about not letting Alduin have me, and that fucker definitely wants destruction, so maybe there’s more that want the world to stay around.”

“Seems reasonable,” she said, taking a sip of wine. “Immortal or not, dragons are living beings. Makes sense that they’d want somewhere to live.” She paused for a while. “I think you’ve got to kill Alduin. That seems pretty clear to me. Beyond that… I don’t know. Sorry.”

“Fuck,” Dunstan said with a sigh. He sat back and finished his wine. Then he froze. “Um.”
“Dun?” Siona said suspiciously.

“I’ve just remembered. I told you I laid its eggs, and a bandit tossed them into the sea?”

“Yes…”

“Okay. I think that may not have been entirely true. He showed me one, after I woke up. I don’t know what he did with it. I thought he threw it after the others, but now… I think I need to ask him.”

“What’re you going to do if he has it?” Siona asked reasonably. “Eggs need heat, care. Whatever was in it is probably dead by now. And if it isn’t, what’ll you do, smash it?”

“I don’t know! But I can’t just leave the world’s first fucking dragon egg laying around with a bunch of bandits somewhere.”

“I see your point, but—”

There was a knock at the door.

“Not open at the moment!” Siona called.

The next knock was louder.

She sighed and got to her feet. “Back in a moment.” Dunstan waited patiently in her kitchen, wondering whether to drink a bit more wine. Probably not, he decided.

A small Bosmer walked in, looking more suspicious than Dunstan had ever seen anyone look. When he saw Dunstan, his eyes lit up in a way that most people’s eyes would not have been able to. “You. I need you to come with me.”

“Errian?” Dunstan said blankly.
“Could’ve introduced yourself,” Siona said.

“No time,” Errian said. “Look, you need to come with me, understand? It’s important.”

Dunstan frowned. “It’s not… it’s not about the wolf thing, is it?”

“No,” Errian said, baring his teeth in a predatory grin. “Maybe later. But it’s important. You really need to come back to our camp. Might want to bring the alchemist, too.”

“Herbalist,” Siona said irritably. “What’s the problem? Someone injured?”

“Probably, if I don’t get back quick,” Errian said darkly. “Nah, everything was basically okay when I left, but it’s been a day, and the situation’s… weird.”

“The situation’s always weird,” Dunstan said. “My whole life’s devolved into one weird situation after another. Come on, what’s going on?”

“You’ll see when we get there,” Errian said maddeningly. “Look, you’ll think I’m crazy. Just come with me.”

“I guarantee that whatever you have going on isn’t as weird as the rest of his life,” Siona said. “Seriously, guaranteed. I’ll give you a free potion if it’s weirder in any way.”

Siona handed Errian a pale golden draught in a small bottle. “Should steady your hands if you ever need to shoot anything,” she said quietly.

“I don’t believe this,” Dunstan said, running a hand over his head.

“You’ll wake it,” Gjal said, cradling the dragon to his chest.
“Please do,” Aya growled, nursing a bandaged hand. “I’d like to kill it.”

“You just startled it, is all.” Gjal stroked its back, and the dragonling purred softly in its sleep. “Little thing like this, it has to defend itself. Didn’t mean any harm.”

It wasn’t that little. Maybe the size of a dog. “Wasn’t that big when I left,” Errian said. There was a touch of worry in his voice. “It grows like a fucking weed.”

“How old is it?” Dunstan asked.

“Three, four days,” Gjal said. “Hatched right after you left.”

“Why the fuck did you keep it?”

“Why do you think?” Errian asked irritably. “A tame dragon? Far better than keeping a war hound. Look, you’re here to figure out why it’s not doing well, not bitch about it.”

“It’s not doing well?” Dunstan said in disbelief.

“Yeah, it won’t eat,” Gjal said. He kissed it on the forehead while Aya looked on in disgust. “Whines for food, but it won’t take anything. Thought you might know what to give it.”

“How the fuck should I know?” He was rapidly losing control. “You decided to hatch a fucking dragon? To use as an animal, yeah? A guard animal? They’re fucking monsters. And they’re smart, smarter than us. That thing’s going to kill people.”

“Certainly hope so,” Errian said. “That’ll be its job. Ugh, you’ve woken it. It’ll be whining again.”

The dragonling yawned and stretched. It was a rather ugly creature, all bumpy hide and floppy wings and short, stubby horns. It shook itself and stretched out its wings, which seemed to be most of its body. It snuffled at Gjal’s neck and gave a little mewling call. Then it turned, saw Dunstan, and leapt out of Gjal’s arms, drawing blood as it pushed off. It tottered over to him, struggling to balance on spindly wings and overlarge feet, and rubbed against his legs like a very large and insistent cat.
Dunstan stared at it in dismay. “What the *fuck*?”

The dragonling bumped its head against his knee a few times and looked up at him expectantly. Then, when he did nothing, it settled into a crouch and wiggled its tail and hind end. It really was like a cat, Dunstan reflected, immediately before the dragon launched itself and flew into the air, landing hard on his chest and grabbing at his shoulders with its clawed wings. The impact was too much, and Dunstan staggered backward before eventually toppling against the log wall of the camp.

“All right?” Siona asked. She sounded infuriatingly amused.

Dunstan groaned in response and lifted himself up a bit. The dragonling was still clutching him, and was sticking its snout around the edges of his breastplate. “What the *fuck* do you want?” he said. The dragonling pecked at his chest in response, and he pushed it away in annoyance. It came back and pecked again.

“Dun,” Siona said slowly.

The dragonling continued to worry at his breastplate.

“Dun, take off your armor.”

“Well, I haven’t got them now,” Dunstan said. “There’s nothing there for it.” At a glare from Siona and a particularly insistent peck from the dragon, he sighed and went for his buckles.
The moment he shrugged out of his gambeson and pulled his shirt open, the dragonling went for him. It somehow managed to fit its mouth neatly over a nipple and began to suck, hard. Dunstan gasped and lurched a little. “Shit!”

“Is it biting?” Aya asked in concern.

“No,” he croaked. Oh, Gods. No, it definitely wasn’t biting, but it was sucking, and there was a little nobbled tongue trying to coax something out of him, and there was heat in his chest, and every movement was going straight to his cock.

“Uh,” Errian said. “You’re, uh…”

“I know!” Dunstan spat. He was hardening already. Divines. Why was he like this?

“Oh, that is weird,” Siona said fervently. She crouched next to him and touched his chest experimentally. “I have no idea how your body’s doing that.”

“Doing…” Dunstan glanced down and flinched when he saw his chest swelling visibly.

“How does it feel?” Siona asked. “Is the skin tight?”

“Yes,” he said emphatically. Oh, Gods, yes, he was growing, and the skin of his chest was fiercely taut, the pressure unbelievable, and the dragonling relieving it on one side was bliss. He did his best to stop himself from arching his back, but he could feel himself blushing.

“How did you all—” She stopped midsentence and looked down. “Shor’s bones. Are you that sensitive?” Without waiting for a response, she touched his chest and slid her hand down to a nipple. When she touched it, he cried out. “You are. You really are.”

“Thanks for asking,” he gasped.

“I’ve seen you in weirder shit,” she said with a shrug. “Just don’t come. You get way too sensitive.”
“Oh, Gods,” he whispered.

“I want to try,” Aya said. She knelt beside him and touched his chest, light as a feather. She let her fingers press and squeeze and stroke. If something made Dunstan writhe more, she did it again.

“Would you stop?” Dunstan hissed. “For Stendarr’s sake, one side’s bad enough.”

She pulled back immediately. “Does it hurt?”

“No, but it’s fucking odd. I have a baby dragon sucking on a tit that I didn’t have a minute ago. I really seriously do not need any more oddness today. At all.”

“I think you need quite a lot,” Aya said. She cupped him through his breeches. “If you’d learned anything at all the last time we met, you’d be disciplined enough not to be hard. Yet here we are.”

Dunstan sighed and rested his head against the logs. “Could you lot not leave me alone for a few minutes? Has it occurred to you that perhaps I don’t want to be fucked all the time? That I might want a nice relaxing day with no sex whatsoever now and then?” He groaned and put a hand to his own chest. The side that the dragonling wasn’t nursing from was painfully swollen.

“Don’t waste it,” Siona said quickly. She pulled out an empty bottle and came to his side.

“Oh, we won’t waste it,” Aya said. She pushed Siona’s hand away. “Gjal, I think you’d enjoy this.”

“You’re going to have him drink it?” Siona frowned. “We’ve no idea what properties it possesses. It could be dangerous.”

“None of you are doing anything with it until Vrage’s finished,” Gjal said firmly.

“Vrage?” Errian said, amused. “Wasn’t that a king?”
“No idea,” Gjal said with a shrug. “Saw the name on a memorial somewhere, reckon he did something important. Anyway, the milk’s obviously come in for him. He ought to have it.”

“Vrage the Gifted led the Skyrim Conquests in the First Era,” Siona said, “but I see your point.”

“Fine,” Aya said. “I suppose the little beast hasn’t had anything yet in its life. Must be starved.”

It certainly seemed like it to Dunstan. Vrage was easily keeping pace, sucking out the milk as quickly as his chest filled, but only on the right side. The left side of his chest was growing tighter and tighter, more and more desperate for relief. His nipple was swollen—no, swelling, as if there wasn’t room in his pectoral alone for the milk that was filling him, oh, Gods, he could feel it forcing its way in, stretching his chest further, building his nipple into a plump peak. “Shit,” he panted. He grabbed Vrage’s head. “Fucking switch, you shit.” After some tugging, he managed to convince the dragonling to release his right nipple. After looking at him with large, confused eyes for a moment, it noticed his left and latched on. “Gods!” he groaned. His cock jumped, and he couldn’t stop a moan as he felt the dragonling suck, at once relieving the pressure and teasing him further.

“A nice, relaxing day with no sex whatsoever,” Aya said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Oh, for—” He cried out as she unlaced his breeches and took his cock in hand.

“You get sensitive when you come, is that it?” Her voice was low and deep. “Well. I believe we can make use of that. You’re so keen to hate the little beast, let’s give you a reason to. I’ll finish you, and it’ll suck you until you scream.”

Dunstan shook his head. “No. No, come on, this is difficult enough, just leave me be— nnn.”

Aya was expertly stroking him, shit, doing something with her hand that made his hips twitch. He thrust up into her grip with a moan, oh, Gods, he wasn’t going to last, the hand on his cock and the sucking on his left and the building pressure on his right and he was so hard and everything was coming together…

He spilled himself over her fist, and for a few seconds it was bliss. Then it rapidly became hell. She was still moving on his cock, thumb rubbing the head, and that was probably the worst, but the suddenly agonizing mouth and tongue on his nipple was a close, close second. Everything was too much. He writhed, trying to get away, and tried to convince Vrage to let go, but he couldn’t coordinate his movements, not with Aya fucking working him like that. “Please!” he yelled.
“Go on, that’s enough.” Siona pulled Aya’s hand away. “Your little dragon’s more than enough for him.”

That was true enough. Dunstan was still shaking and whimpering. Vrage didn’t seem to appreciate the movement, and, like a cat, was twitching its tail and sinking its claws into him a little. Dunstan reached down to try and get its claws out of his stomach, but it refused. “Would one of you fucking — shit— get this thing to let go?”

Gjal came over and sat down next to him. He scratched the dragonling’s head, and the little beast purred happily. Its tail stopped thrashing and curled gently around Dunstan’s arm, but it didn’t retract its claws. “There, go on,” Gjal crooned. “Let go of Dun, now, there’s a good Vrage.” He touched its feet and tapped its claws gently. “Go on. Go on, Vrage.”

After a considerable amount of urging, the dragonling finally withdrew its claws, never ceasing in its nursing. It settled comfortably on Dunstan’s lap and rested its neck on his stomach. Its wings, looking frail and spindly, folded up awkwardly as it nuzzled closer.

“Gods,” Dunstan hissed. “Gods, finish up!” His chest was horribly sensitive, and the dragonling wouldn’t stop sucking on one of the most sensitive spots. He groaned in discomfort and tried to wriggle free, but Vrage hardly seemed to notice, so he took a more direct approach. He took Vrage’s head in hand and pulled. The dragonling came off, and he moaned in relief, but when it recovered from its surprise, it immediately went back to his nipple. “You fucking—”

By the time he managed to detach the dragonling from his chest and hold it at a safe distance, he seemed to have dried up anyway. He held Vrage’s head at arm’s length with one hand and carefully probed his chest with the other, thoroughly examining himself before collapsing against the barrier with a sigh. “You could’ve helped, you know,” he said to Gjal, who had been paralyzed with laughter for several minutes now.

Gjal wiped away a tear and sat up. “Gods,” he choked. “No, I think you did all right.”

“Yeah, well enough,” Siona said, a grin on her face. Next to her, Aya looked rather lustful, and Errian disbelieving. “I think Vrage’s full, in any case.”

Dunstan let the dragonling go. “ Fucking hope so. That’s an insatiable little shit you’re raising there.”
“Oh, don’t be such a pussy,” Aya said comfortably. “You’re empty, aren’t you?”

He sighed and closed his eyes, resting against the barrier. “Gods.” Then something touched his cock, and he sat up in surprise. “Oh no,” he said. “Oh no, hey, hey, no, get—”

Vrage closed its jaws around his cock and began to suck. He yelled and pulled back, but the dragonling held on tightly. “Hey!” he yelled at it, tugging at the beast’s head. Oh, Divines, if he weren’t so sensitive right now he might have been appreciating what an excellent little cocksucker the dragonling was—no, he wouldn’t, because that would be fucked up.

“Whoa, whoa,” Gjal said gently, tugging at Vrage’s horns. “You got the wrong idea there, Vrage, go on, let go. Let go, Vrage, get off his dick, nothing there for you.”

Dunstan agreed fervently, and continued trying to pry the beast off of himself, but he couldn’t ignore the sinking sensation in the back of his mind that that wasn’t entirely true. He was hard in the dragon’s mouth, and he knew it. Worse, Vrage clearly knew it too, and was taking it as a sign of encouragement, sucking, licking, probing with a strong tongue at his head and slit and balls and sucking forcefully with an inhumanly hot mouth that seemed determined to pull him over the edge as soon as possible. “Oh, Divines,” he croaked.

Aya was helping Gjal, trying to convince the beast to let go, but Siona’s look was knowing, before she glanced away in embarrassment, and Errian had raised one eyebrow. Dunstan felt himself flush dark. Why? Why does this keep happening?

He doubled over and spilled himself into the dragonling’s mouth.

Vrage pulled away, considered, and lapped up a few missed drops before tottering away, turning on the spot a few times, and curling up like a cat, complete with a contented purr.

“Well,” Siona said after a moment. “That was interesting.”

Chapter End Notes

Quick chapter which you all have php30010 to thank for, as they’ve been blessing me with excellent comments and ideas for future chapters, including this one.


Bounty Hunter

Chapter Summary

Dunstan and company relax after an eventful day and are almost immediately interrupted.

Chapter Notes

Violence, brief blood, lactation, rape, anal, femdom, premature ejaculation, oversensitivity.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dunstan shifted a little, adjusting his position. His bedroll really needed to be replaced. It stank, for starters, despite his honest attempts to wash it—he’d even stuffed lavender in it once, which had had the questionable effect of adding a sweet floral scent to a bouquet of aging leather and musty fur which were both saturated with dirt, sweat, come, and blood—but it was also wearing quite thin. He’d stolen it off of a bandit a few years ago, and whoever had tanned the hide had done a shitty job. It was missing large patches of fur, and had been scraped through in places.

The point was, the thing was uncomfortable, and difficult to adjust oneself in. Dunstan wrangled himself into something resembling comfort, despite the dull ache in his chest that had persisted since Vrage had fed, got himself settled, and was just drifting off to sleep when he realized that he needed to piss. He sighed quietly and briefly considered just pissing in the bedroll. Surely the smell couldn’t get worse. Then he dragged himself up and headed a ways away from the camp to relieve himself. There was no moon, which made the task more demanding than it ordinarily would have been.

He had put himself away and was heading back to the camp, wondering if Skyrim ever got decently warm, when he tripped over a branch and fell flat on his face, just in time for the mace to miss him. It passed with an ominous whoosh through the air where his head had been a moment before, and Dunstan was suddenly very relieved that he had no urine available with which to wet himself.

He rolled over onto his back and promptly got a faceful of dirt when the mace came smashing down next to him, missing him by about an inch. He spluttered and tried to yell, but he hadn’t managed to take a breath yet. He did succeed in tossing himself off to the side so that the mace’s next blow landed between his legs rather than staving in his chest. He sucked in a breath and got out a strangled cry before he threw himself at his attacker’s ankles. He got hold of them and knocked someone’s feet out from under them, resulting in a heavy and heavily armored someone falling down on top of him with a grunt.
Dunstan shoved the someone off of him and staggered to his feet. “Hey!” he gasped. Hey? Really? He couldn’t have managed something a bit more meaningful? Like “some fucker just nearly brained me with a big pokey metal stick and I’d appreciate assistance”? He wished he was better at coming up with things to say in moments of tension.

The attacker got to their feet in record time and swung at him with the mace, which really was impressively large and lethal-looking. Dunstan dodged, but when it came rushing at him a second time, he didn’t manage as well. It mostly missed him, but a couple of the flanges caught his upper arm and tore a set of gouges into the flesh. Not too deep, but it fucking hurt and he didn’t appreciate it. He clapped a hand to the injury without thinking, saw the mace coming down in an agonizingly slow arc that was perfectly aimed to connect with his head, and promptly froze. Damn. That was a reflex that he thought he’d trained out of himself. Well, he wasn’t going to have much time to contemplate his failure, because the mace was going to cave his skull in in about the time it took to blink.

A greenish-gray blur soared through the air, making a hideous caterwauling wail, and connected with the someone hard enough to knock them flat onto their back and send the mace flying. It missed Dunstan by a few inches and hit the camp’s log barrier hard enough to embed itself into the wood with a thunk.

The attacker was yelling, and so was everyone else, so far as Dunstan could tell, including the blur, which had resolved itself into a rather ugly dragonling. Aya came rushing out, naked, warhammer in hand, followed closely by Errian, similarly garbed and armed with a greatsword nearly as large as he was. Gjal was a little slower, but not much, and he’d apparently used the time to pull on a tunic, at least. Dunstan glanced around for Siona and saw her standing frozen in her nightclothes, hands over her mouth.

“What in Stendarr’s name?!” The attacker was grappling with Vrage, holding the dragonling’s snarling head away from him as its claws scraped at his armor and its wings beat violently. “What the fuck is this?!”

“Who the fuck are you?” Errian yelled, levelling his greatsword at the man.

“Get it off me! Get it off me!” The attacker hauled off and punched the dragonling in the side of the head. Vrage shrieked and leapt away, staggering and wailing, its tail thrashing behind it, and shoved itself against Gjal’s legs, crying. Gjal immediately dropped his axe and scooped up the dragonling, which buried its face in his neck and sprawled its wings awkwardly.

The armored man pulled himself to his feet and backed away. “What—” he panted. “What the fuck is
Aya hit him in the side with her warhammer, knocking him back a few paces. “We ask the fucking questions!”

Errian kicked the man in the chest, slammed him onto his back, and dropped the tip of his greatsword to the man’s throat, at the padded fabric between helm and gorget. “Who are you?”

“Igner of Cheydinhal,” the man croaked. “Bounty hunter.”

“Well, Igner of Cheydinhal,” Errian said, pulling his sword back to strike, “you won’t be collecting this bounty. Any clever last words?”

Igner grabbed the blade of the greatsword in gauntleted hands and yanked. Errian was dragged forward with a startled yelp, and the bounty hunter shoved back, hard, ramming the greatsword’s pommel back into the Bosmer’s stomach. Errian doubled over with a groan, and Igner leapt to his feet and flipped the greatsword to take its hilt in hand. He kicked Errian hard enough to knock him down and levelled the greatsword at the rest of them. “Tell me what in the names of all the Divines that thing is.”

Dunstan picked up Gjal’s axe. “None of your bloody business.”

“Damn right it isn’t,” Gjal said, stroking Vrage’s battered head and crooning gently. The dragonling lifted its head long enough to stretch in Dunstan’s direction and give a plaintive cry. “Dun, he’s hungry.”

“Well, it’ll have to wait two fucking minutes,” Dunstan said irritably, or tried to. He was cut off by another, louder cry. He glared at Vrage, intending to frighten it into submission, but the dragonling only cried again. “Fine,” he spat. “You lot can deal with that one, then.” He came over and handed Gjal the axe. As soon as his arms were free, Vrage leapt into them. Dunstan staggered backward under the sudden weight, and then let out an involuntary yelp of surprise when the dragonling immediately plunged its head into his shirt and latched onto a nipple.

Igner lowered the sword a little. “What the fuck,” he said helplessly.

Dunstan winced as he felt heat grow in his chest, pressure building as the dragonling coaxed him into
producing. There was already arousal pooling in his groin. Gods, this was absurd. “It’s complicated.”

“It’s not…” Igner said weakly, “it’s not a dragon, surely? You’re not… nursing a dragon?”

“Would you use your fucking eyes?” Aya hissed, pulling Errian to his feet and pushing him behind her. “Got wings, hasn’t it? Looks like an overgrown lizard, doesn’t it? What the fuck do you think it is?”

“Why is it alive? Where’d you even find a little one?”

“I said it’s complicated,” Dunstan said, trying to figure out how to tell Vrage to slow down. Prodding its nose didn’t seem to work. “Would someone just kill him already?”

“Why’s it drink milk? Why do you even have milk? Just… would one of you explain what’s going on?” Igner shook his head slowly. “There were just supposed to be three bandits here. Who are the rest of you, anyway?” Then he paused. “Wait.”

Dunstan glared at him.

“I don’t believe it. You’re the Dragonborn. You must be. And you, you’re the herbalist that the alchemist keeps complaining about. What in the names of all the Divines is going on?”

“Have you forgotten?” Aya said. “I told you, you’re not asking the questions.”

“You really think you all can best me?” Igner said. “Three half-naked bandits, and only two of you are armed. Your dragon looks to be out of commission. The Dragonborn is…” He hesitated. “Occupied. And the herbalist doesn’t know what to do. There’s no point even having the bloody contest.” Then he froze, looking at Dunstan. “Are you…” He shook his head again. “Are you hard?”

“Oh, for the love of—” Dunstan shifted Vrage into one arm and used his free hand to pull his shirt down further over his breeches. “What’s it to you?”

Igner sat down rather hard on a stump, resting the greatsword on the ground. “I really can’t believe
“It’s a lot of fun,” Gjal said. “You can join in, if you want. Have some fun before we kill you.”

“Join in with what?”

“He’s very sensitive like this,” Gjal explained calmly. “Hardly any effort to get him off. You’ll enjoy it.”

“Excuse me?” Dunstan said in disbelief. “Did you consider asking me what I— oh, fuck.” He shuddered and arched his back a little as Vrage gave a firm suck.

“See?” Gjal said, unperturbed. “Go on, what do you think, Erry?”

“I think it depends on what he’s got in his pants,” Errian said. “Go on, bounty hunter. What’re you keeping under that armor?”

“I…” Igner shook his head sharply, as if clearing his mind, and got to his feet. “Hold on. I’ve told you, you’ve no chance. This is my decision, not yours. Back off, all of you.”

Aya smashed the greatsword out of his hand with one powerful swing. “He told you to show us what you have.”

Igner stood frozen for a moment. Then he reached down, unbuckled his codplate, cast it aside, unbuttoned his chausses, unlaced his breeches, and took himself out. He stood awkwardly, looking as though he wanted nothing more than to cover himself with his hands and was actively restraining himself from doing so.

“Not bad,” Aya said with a shrug. “Nothing to what we’ve seen Dun take, but you’ll do.” Dunstan marveled at how quickly the bandits could shift from their daily hierarchy to their sexual one. “Dunstan. Drop your pants. You’ll be taking him.”

“I’m a bit occupied—” Dunstan caught Aya’s glare and sighed. He moved Vrage to one arm again and fumbled with the laces of his breeches. It was a difficult motion to perform one-handed, and
Vrage was heavy, and his hand kept shaking whenever the dragonling would make a special effort. Oh, Gods, his *tits*.

“You. Bounty hunter. Get them for him.”

Ignér looked between them. Dunstan couldn’t see his face, but imagined that he must have looked pained. The man had very expressive body language. He had that going for him. Then the bounty hunter slowly came over and unlaced Dunstan’s breeches.

“Help him out of them.”

Dunstan was focusing rather firmly on the sucking mouth over his left nipple and trying to get the little beast to switch to his right, but he paid enough attention to step out of his breeches when Ignér pulled them down.

“Now the shirt.”

Ignér hesitated, then reached cautiously for Dunstan’s shirt, avoiding Vrage as much as he could. He unlaced it all the way down the front and pulled it off, one arm at a time, revealing Dunstan’s swollen chest. He let the shirt drop on the ground and stared for a moment. Then, almost unwillingly, he reached out and touched the right peak, plump and taut, with fingers cloaked in leather and steel.

Dunstan moaned much more lewdly than he had planned to and pushed into the touch.

“Knew you’d enjoy it, bounty hunter,” Gjal said cheerfully. “See, your cock knows what it wants.”

Ignér shook his head and pulled back, giving Dunstan a good view of his obviously thickening member. “No. No, this is…”

“Not your decision,” Aya said flatly. “Help him down.”

Ignér looked between them as if asking for help. When none was forthcoming, he sighed and looked away. Then he seemed to steel himself and helped Dunstan onto his back, a difficult task with Vrage in the way. The dragonling growled briefly at the bounty hunter before settling comfortably on the
ground next to its wet nurse, where it could comfortably suck.


“I…” Igner looked down at Dunstan. “This is really…”

“Just do it, you idiot,” Dunstan said tersely. He lifted his hips a little. It was going to happen eventually, and he’d rather it be Igner than a transformed Errian, or even Aya and her stone cock. He could go for a nice, normal cock, really. It’d be fun. And he’d be able to get off from that rather than from the more disturbing dragonling sucking on him, thank the Divines.

Igner knelt between Dunstan’s legs. He hesitated, then stroked himself into full hardness and lined himself up.

“Fingers first,” Dunstan said with a sigh. Great. The man didn’t know what he was doing. What a joy this was going to be.

The bounty hunter slid a finger into him, and he sighed in encouragement. The finger probed cautiously, unsure. The steel plates on the back of it were distinctly uncomfortable, but it was better than just going straight in with no preparation.

Dunstan finally convinced Vrage to switch to his right nipple just as Igner pushed a second finger in, and moaned again at the unexpected combination. Emboldened, the bounty hunter quickly pushed in a third, resulting in rather more of a stretch than Dunstan had been prepared for. He winced. “Gently.”

Igner nodded and slowed down. He struggled for a while before finally finding a good rhythm, one that massaged Dunstan’s inner walls, making him close his eyes and part his lips, at once relaxing him and arousing him. It was steady and gentle and soothing, and Dunstan enjoyed it for a long time before he sighed, “Go on.”

The fingers slid deeper, deeper, until Dunstan felt a hand against him, before withdrawing. Igner was breathing rather hard as he took his cock in hand and lined himself up again.

The first deep push was bliss. Dunstan groaned and rested his head against the ground. The bounty hunter was lifting Dunstan’s hips to get a better angle, and his cock was blissfully human and
ordinary. The preparation had been pleasantly thorough, and Dunstan was pleased to find that the stretch was both gentle and absolutely delightful. It was good enough to distract him from the dragon sucking on his tits, anyway, which was the important part.

“Oh, Divines,” Igner whispered.

Dunstan settled back and rested his hands beneath his head. The movement stretched his chest, pulling the muscles taut and making the swelling more obvious. Dunstan hadn’t intended anything more than to make his head more comfortable, but when Igner’s fingers dug sharply into his thighs, he found that he didn’t mind the effect that he had on the other man. It reminded him of when he had used to show off for a man from Kvatch who liked to watch him get undressed, back in the Imperial City, when his life had been less generally weird. He arched his back a little in encouragement.

Igner pushed into him with surprising ferocity, making Dunstan open his eyes. The bounty hunter leaned over him and spread his knees for better support before setting a shallow, rapid pace.

“Ignor,” Dunstan said in annoyance.

The spiked end of a warhammer snaked around and hooked Igner under the neck, prompting him to freeze immediately. “You’re not here for your own pleasure,” Aya said. “You’re here for his. Now treat him properly.” She withdrew the hammer.

Igner remained frozen for a moment before cautiously changing his position and trying a different rhythm, a slower, deeper one. Dunstan coached him a little before he finally got a good angle, depth, and pace going. It took time, but once it was achieved, there was nothing Dunstan could do but lie back, spread his legs further, and moan.

Gods, it was bliss. Being fucked more or less properly by a cock of proportions that didn’t strain his anatomy past all reasonable limits, but was nevertheless hitting that spot inside of him with some frequency, while his chest was being expertly sucked—for the moment, Dunstan preferred to forget the specifics of that particular stimulus—had his cock hard and drooling against his belly, which was Gods above joyously flat, and all he had to do was lie back and enjoy it. Yes, he could get seriously used to this.

Vrace released his nipple, got to its feet, hissed irritably at Igner, and plodded away.

“Hey!” Dunstan said. “Hey, I’m not empty!” He propped himself up on his elbows and turned to
look after the dragonling, which was already settling down comfortably in Dunstan’s bedroll. “That’s mine, you little fuck!”

Igner shoved him back down and put a large hand on his chest, never ceasing in his thrusts. He stroked at Dunstan’s chest, fingers squeezing and tugging, obviously trying to coax milk out. That had Dunstan gasping and panting in short order, but it quickly became clear that the milk had no intention of vacating in that way. Igner responded by pulling off his dark helm, bending down, and drawing a nipple into his mouth with an obscene sound.

The sense of relief was immediate. Dunstan had no idea how his tits knew whether a mouth or fingers were at them, but they at least didn’t appear to be able to distinguish between a dragon mouth and a human mouth. He moaned and pushed his chest up into Igner’s mouth, urging him on and changing the angle of his still-thrusting cock. “Oh, fuck,” Dunstan groaned. He felt Igner shudder in response, and decided that more encouragement would be necessary. “Come on, come on, suck.”

Igner obliged. Dunstan felt his efforts increase and thought he might come on the spot. Oh, Divines, the release of pressure was so sweet, and it didn’t seem to ease off. Rather, the sensation grew stronger and stronger as the milk came less and less readily. It wasn’t long before Dunstan had his hands on Igner’s armored shoulders and was gasping at him to go harder, harder, and didn’t know whether he meant with his mouth or cock. To his delight, Igner did both, and was now making soft needy noises into Dunstan’s chest.

“You’re not to come until after Dunstan does,” Aya said calmly. “Restrain yourself.”

Igner slammed in hard and spilled himself with a groan.

Dunstan groaned in annoyance. “Come on, I was almost there, you ass.”

Aya rested a foot on Igner’s back. “Keep going.”

The bounty hunter was panting. “I’ve finished.”

“I said keep going. Dunstan’s not done. Your disobedience changes nothing.”

“For Divines’ sake, I told you, I’m done, I can’t—”
“Let me fuck him,” Dunstan interrupted. “It’s been ages.”

“What?” Igner said sharply.

Dunstan ignored him. “Come on, I’ll finish up in him and then we can be done.”

Aya considered.

“No!” Igner protested. “No, please, I’ll fuck him, I’ll fuck him, just give me a moment—” He pulled out quickly, to Dunstan’s discomfort, and began stroking himself rapidly, wincing at the sensitivity.

“Yeah, all right,” Aya said. “On your knees, bounty hunter.”

Igner was shaking his head, still trying to get himself back up. “I can do it, I just—”

Aya shoved him onto his hands and knees and pulled his chausses and breeches down. “You can do as I tell you. No more, no less.” She kicked his knees apart, spreading his legs, and spread his ass dispassionately. She pressed a finger against the man’s hole, and he cried out. “I think you’ll be his first, Dun,” she said as she pulled him up.

He knelt between Igner’s legs and did a little exploration of his own. Yes, he’d agree with Aya’s assessment, definitely, especially with how hard Igner was panting and tensing. “Relax,” he advised. “It’ll be easier.”

“Why are you doing this?” Igner pleaded. “Let me go, please, I’ll tell the Jarl the bandits are dead, I’ll never speak of this to anyone, I—”

“Relax,” Dunstan said firmly. He pushed a little deeper and began to replicate the massaging motion that he’d enjoyed earlier. “You’ll enjoy it if you let yourself.” He leaned forward and drew a long lick up from the man’s balls to his hole. “And you nearly killed me, in case you’ve forgotten.”

“Aye,” Igner whispered. Then Dunstan added another finger, and he made a desperate little noise.
Dunstan smiled and squeezed his ass with his free hand. “Maybe. Come on, relax, I’m not going to hurt you.” He withdrew his fingers and replaced them with his cock, and, true to his word, the noise that Igner made had no pain in it. “There. See, not so bad.”

Oh, Gods, and it wasn’t half bad for him either. Igner was tight, very tight, and it had been a long, long time since Dunstan had been able to just... fuck. He worked himself in, slowly and carefully, letting a hand play over the bounty hunter’s accessible skin to relax him. Oh, shit. His chest was still sending sharp lines of pleasure down to his cock. He reached up to run his fingers over a nipple and moaned. Stendarr’s mercy, that fucking did it.

It was a noise of shame and desperation, but Dunstan didn’t much mind. The bounty hunter had made tonight another entry to add to Dunstan’s ever-growing list of near-death experiences, and he was going to pay for it. Dunstan had made it about as good for him as it was going to get. He reached under the man’s armored belly and found a half-hard cock. “There,” he sighed, “there. There you are. Come on.” He stroked it, sliding the foreskin over the head and back. “Come on, get hard for me. You were like a fucking rock when you were fucking me. You can manage it again.”

Igner made a sound that was just shy of being a whimper.

Dunstan sighed and pulled out. “All right, on your back. Go.” He helped turn the armored man over and quickly drove back inside. Now Igner’s cock was available. He took it in hand and began to stroke it properly. Then he realized that the man’s mouth was also available and grinned. “Come on,” he said. “Up here.” He leaned forward and pulled Igner’s mouth up to his chest, still bulging a little.

There was a moment of hesitation before Igner pressed his lips to a nipple, and Dunstan groaned. “There.” Oh, Gods, milk being sucked from him, wet heat around his cock, that sweet, sweet mouth on his tits, emptying, emptying. And now that he was nearly empty, the milk was being forced out drop by drop, each one a miniature climax of its own, getting stronger and stronger, going straight to his cock, which was having a fine time all by itself, and ugh, the fucking noises that Igner was making as Dunstan fucked him, they were too much to resist.

Dunstan picked up the pace. He was pushing for his own climax now, still halfheartedly stroking
Igner’s cock, but focusing more on giving his own cock what it needed. Oh, Gods, he was almost empty, and his balls were pulling up tight, and it wasn’t going to be more than a few more thrusts, and Igner was bucking up against him and grabbing at his back and his knees and arm hurt but he couldn’t be bothered and he was bending almost double and there couldn’t be more than a few drops of milk left in him and everything was building up and he was going to come, going to come, going to—

“Fuck,” he groaned, pushing in hard and staying there.

He didn’t notice that he’d stopped stroking Igner until he felt the man thrusting up desperately into his hand. He gave a few slow thrusts into the man’s ass, working his cock through and past its climax, before he gave the bounty hunter the last few strokes he needed. A trickle of seed stood out starkly against the dark plates of his armor.

Dunstan stayed in for a time before pulling out. “Oh, Gods,” he sighed, getting to his feet. “You three should get bounties on your heads more often.” Then he noticed that Vrage had gotten up, and glared at it. “You missed your chance,” he informed the dragonling. “Go back to sleep.”

Vrage yawned and stretched like a cat, flaring its floppy wings. Then it crawled over to Igner, yawned again, and began lapping at the man’s ass.

“Vrage,” Gjal groaned. “You can’t just—”

Igner flinched away, but the dragonling put a clawed wing on his thigh and hissed at him, and he froze. Undersized or not, an angry dragon with direct access to a man’s balls was a potent motivator. The bounty hunter had no choice but to stay still while Vrage licked away Dunstan’s seed, obviously probing quite deeply before it satisfied itself that there was nothing left.

“I don’t know how to feel about this,” Errian said.

Chapter End Notes

Vrage's a convenient little critter. I can't foresee any corners I might write myself into that a dragon can't near-immediately break me out of.
Dunstan teams up with Igner for a bit to do some house hunting. It doesn't go well.

Violence, rape, bugs, sort of horror, anal, oviposition, urethral penetration/insertion/sounding, come inflation, belly bulge, ball growth, some blood.

“Right,” Errian said. It was early morning, and he was standing in front of Igner, who had been bound to a post. “Here’s the plan. We’re going to pack up camp. You and Dun are going to find us a new place. It’s got to be well hidden. Can’t have more bounty hunters coming after us, especially not with the dragon. You do a good job, be helpful, all that, and swear an oath to tell no one what happened here, you’ll be free to go. Sound good?”

Igner glared up at him. “I’ll swear the oath, but I won’t aid those I’ve been paid to kill.”

“You’ll do both, or I’ll open your fucking throat,” Errian said flatly.

Igner continued to glare, but it wasn’t worth it. Dunstan doubted that any werewolf had ever lost a staring contest. Eventually he dropped his gaze. “I’ll tell no one what I’ve learned, and I’ll help locate a campsite for you,” he said, defeated.

“Good,” Errian said. He bent down and cut the ties holding Igner to the post.

The bounty hunter got up, rubbing his wrists. “I’d like my mace back.”

“Certainly.” Errian ripped it out of the log wall and handed it to him. “Don’t do anything fucking stupid.”
“Well,” Dunstan said, strapping on his sword, “shall we?”

Haafingar wasn’t a bad hold. It was Dunstan’s favorite, actually. Lots of mountains and high forests and alpine meadows and stunning views. The trouble was that the ancient Nords had rather liked it, too, which resulted in a lot of draugr running about.

Dunstan slammed the mine door shut and rammed a bar across it to keep it that way while Igner braced it. Then he slumped against the door, panting, as draugr pounded on it from the outside, snarling in dead languages with their guttural voices. “Gods,” he croaked. “That was a bit close.”

“It’d’ve been less close if you’d thrown the torch like I said,” Igner said, pacing. He clearly still had a lot of adrenaline to burn off. “Divines. And there could be more of them in here.”

“Aren’t you glad I brought the torch, then?” Dunstan said with a grin, hefting the only light source in the abandoned mine.

Igner shook his head. “There’s bound to be another exit, and the draugr are likely to know it. We’ll need to make it there before they do. Come on, get up.”

Dunstan got to his feet. “Relax. Draugr aren’t that clever.”

“No? What’s that sound, then?”

Dunstan cocked his head and listened. There was some sort of gentle thumping sound, like very distant feet. “Hm,” he said. “No idea. But I’m glad I’m not facing it in the dark.” He clapped a hand on Igner’s shoulder. “Let’s get out of here.”

The mine was old and deep. It twisted and turned into the side of the mountain, forever branching off into little side passages and rooms. Dunstan didn’t know much about archaeology, but it seemed to have been occupied by a variety of generations, the equipment getting older and more decayed as they went deeper. The footsteps faded away.

They paused at a fork. Unlike the rest of the tunnels they had come across, this branch had no clear lesser passage. There was no indication as to which way they should turn. There was, however, a shaft in the ceiling. Dunstan stood under it and peered up. “Gods,” he said. “It goes all the way up.”
“No shit,” Igner said. “Where’d you think the light was coming from?”

“Thought it might be some Dwemer thing,” Dunstan said reasonably. “Wouldn’t surprise me, with how old this place is.”

Igner grunted. “Your bandits would be hidden well enough here.”

“Suppose so, provided it’s not infested with draugr,” Dunstan said as he peered at the floor, trying to gauge which way might have been more travelled, without much luck. Much of the floor of the mine had been washed smooth by rainwater from the shaft. Then he paused. “Oh.”


A little further down, a pale corded web that stretched across the entirety of the passage caught the light of the torch, glimmering thick and sticky.

“Well, I vote the other way,” Dunstan said.

“I concur.” Igner bashed him hard in the back of the head with an armored forearm and shoved him forward into the web.

Dunstan spat out a mouthful of foul webbing that stuck to his tongue, tried to turn around and punch Igner in the nose, and discovered that he couldn’t move. “No,” he panted, tugging. Oh, Gods, he couldn’t even get his hand unstuck. “No. No, no, Igner, cut me down, cut me down!”

“Sorry,” Igner said from behind him. The torchlight moved. He’d picked it up. The fucker was going to take the torch. “Those draugr are going to break in eventually, and I want a nice convenient victim between them and me.” He patted Dunstan on the shoulder. “Nothing personal. You’d do the same.”

“I really wouldn’t,” Dunstan said. “Has it occurred to you that this web belongs to a spider?”

“This web’s old. Don’t worry, it’ll be a blade that gets you, not spider venom. I hear it’s a nasty way
to go, spider. You’re lucky, really. Draugr make things quick.”

The torchlight moved again, and Dunstan heard footsteps, footsteps that were going the wrong way. “Igner! Igner! You fuck, come back! Igner!”

He yelled for a long time, long after the torchlight was gone. He could dimly hear the draugr still pounding at the door. At least that was holding. And there was still a bit of light from the shaft, so he wasn’t completely blind.

Then he heard footsteps coming from behind him. “Igner?” he called hopefully.

But they didn’t sound quite right. They didn’t move in the recognizable pattern of human feet, nor the shuffle of clumsy draugr shambling. They didn’t sound like troll feet either, or bears. They didn’t sound like anything Dunstan had ever heard before, and he’d run into a lot of things.

It was the chittering that made him understand. Oh, Divines.

It was a frostbite spider. He’d managed to attract one with all his yelling. There was a spider coming, and he was irrevocably stuck.

He began to thrash again, and was unable to stop himself from whispering the names of the Divines. “Akatosh, Stendarr, Arkay, Mara, Kynareth, Zenithar, Talos, Julianos, fuck, Dibella. I’ll take anyone’s help, I’ll build a fucking shrine, I don’t care, whatever, wherever you want, oh, Gods, please, not like this—”

The chittering got louder, and he heard the footsteps get closer. He jerked hard with one arm, suddenly violently aware of what spiders did to flies, how desperate the flies always looked when they were flailing away, trapped helplessly in the web. “No,” he gasped. “No. Oh, Gods, don’t.”

A long, spiny leg touched his, and he screamed. “Oh, Gods, no! No! No, get off, get off!” He tried to kick it, screaming louder than he had in quite some time, but the spider seemed unfazed. Oh, Gods, fucking big one, judging by the leg, one of the really massive ones, oh, Gods, oh, Gods, it was going to eat him.

It probed him, its legs poking at his armor and looking for the softer bits in between. Dunstan passed screaming and went straight to sobbing. Oh, Gods, he wasn’t wearing a helmet, it was going to touch
Something armor-hard that dripped wet sticky fluid scraped up the back of his head, and he felt his mouth open and contort into a silent howl. The jaws snapped next to his ear, and he made a sound that hardly registered as human even to his own ears. A single fang scraped his skin, but didn’t puncture. Oh, Gods, any second, any fucking second, those fangs were going to stab into him and inject their venom, and he’d been an adventurer long enough to hear the stories of what that was supposed to feel like when it dissolved your guts so the spider could suck them out without dealing with your bones.

The spider’s great bulbous head travelled up and down his body, no doubt looking for a good place to bite. Thank the Divines for his armor, anyway, that would—

The spider bit through the straps holding his cuirass on and pulled the backplate off of him. Then it began pulling at his gambeson, and there was an unpleasant sizzling sound. Oh Divines above it’s dissolving my fucking clothes.

It wasn’t long before the remnants of his gambeson and tunic and shirt were trailing off of him, and there was liquid smearing over his bare back as the spider looked for a place to bite him. This liquid, whatever it was, wasn’t burning like whatever the thing had used on his clothes. It must have been trying to keep him intact so that he could contain whatever mess it was going to make of his insides.

The spider bit through his belt and shredded his chausses and breeches. Gods, how naked did he need to get? Why was the spider doing this? What possible purpose could it serve?

Then it prodded at his ass, and he froze. Oh Gods no.

It prodded again, this time getting between his cheeks and coming quite close to his hole, and he began shaking his head. “No,” he said. “No. I didn’t mean like this. I didn’t fucking mean like this!”

Something long and slick and dripping pressed at his entrance and began to push in, and he yelled. Of course it’d be Dibella to help him, not a useful Divine like Stendarr or something, why fucking not, why was it even a surprise, why did he give a single flying fuck, of course the spider wanted to fuck him, of fucking course, oh fuck it’s doing it.

The spider was going into him, and it wasn’t terribly wide but it was going deep, already well past the spot inside him and going further. Its horrible legs brushed up against his as it supported itself,
and he saw more that pressed up against the web out of the corner of his eye. They ended in horrible twin claws, and Dunstan found it easy to not pay too much attention to them because the spider’s cock was still driving into him.

It stopped, eventually, far too far inside of him. Then it pulled slowly back out, and then pushed back in, and then out, and in, faster and faster and faster until it was really properly fucking him. Gods, he hadn’t even known that spiders could fuck, he’d never thought about it. But why him? Why the fuck would it fuck him?

*Stupid question.*

It wasn’t long before the spider slowed and began to pulse inside of him. Good, it was spilling itself. It’d let him go afterward, surely.

There was a horrible thickening at his entrance, and he clenched his hands tightly around the cords of the web. “Oh, Gods,” he whispered.

The egg—that was what it had to be, surely—pushed into him. Its movement was agonizingly slow, so slow that it took Dunstan a while to notice that it had gotten stuck. The spider thrust back and forth a few times, to Dunstan’s severe discomfort, and eventually managed to work the widest part of the bulge into his ass. The rest passed in fairly easily, though Dunstan still did a lot of gasping and moaning as the spider drove it up the length of its cock with more pulses. He felt it exit inside of him eventually, deposited rather deeper than he wanted to think about, and sagged with relief, giving a soft whine and letting himself go limp in the web, grateful that it was over.

The second egg began to force its way in, aided by the spider’s continued contractions.

“Oh, fuck you,” Dunstan said. It was all he could manage before, Gods, *impossibly*, a third egg followed immediately behind the second. They kept coming like that, one right after the other, slowly fucking their way up into him, so large and round and distinct that he was able to count that five of them at a time were able to fit into the spider’s cock.

He lost count fairly quickly, undone despite, or perhaps because of, the agonizing slowness of the insertions. He only knew that he was disgustingly full, oh, Gods, *bulging*, he could feel himself being pushed back, away from his breastplate, and he eventually became aware that he was hard against the webbing. Of course he was hard. Why not. It wasn’t as if it was out of character.
He never passed out, but he did fade into a sort of semiconsciousness, a world of mud and mist and shadow where the cords binding him might have been webbing or shackles or salt-stained rope, and the thing in his ass might have been a spider or an opportunist torturer or the sailor he’d fucked on that ship in Leyawiin. The spider had withdrawn, left, and been gone for some time by the time he came out of it and managed to string thoughts together coherently again.

He was full. Seriously full. He couldn’t see too well in the darkness, and he couldn’t really move his head enough to get a good look, and he was grateful for both of those things. He absolutely did not want to know. If his past experience had been any indication, he’d lay the eggs at some point, and then hopefully never think about them again. Ever.

So he waited, and dozed. He was dimly aware of the draugr, still pounding at the door in the distance, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to do anything about them with a belly full of eggs and whatever the spider had been pushing them in with.

He heard footsteps again. This time he recognized the spider steps, and felt himself begin to breathe more heavily. Was it coming back to check on its eggs? Or maybe it’d eat him this time.

A spider rounded the corner of the passageway in front of him, and he froze.

It was smaller than the other one, which wasn’t saying a hell of a lot. Very small example of its kind, really, maybe the size of a cat. That didn’t make it any better. Somehow, being able to see it was infinitely worse.

It shuffled forward, leg after leg protruding out of the darkness, tamping down the dirt of the mine floor, long, horrible, spined jaws clacking and chittering and dripping something slick and foul, and began to crawl up the web. Dunstan decided, on balance, to keep his mouth tightly shut.

It prodded briefly at his lips with a clawed leg, and keeping his mouth shut suddenly became an exercise in deciding whether to scream, bite off his tongue, or explode. It was easily the worst thing that had ever made contact with his mouth, and he’d eaten at the Moorside Inn once. He ended up screwing his eyes shut and biting his tongue, though not hard enough to draw too much blood, and he made a sound through his firmly closed lips that reminded him of a dog in pain.

It left his mouth behind after a short while, and made its way down his torso. It took no interest in his breastplate, unsurprisingly, but it did take interest in his cock, soft by now. That distressed him more than its inspection of his mouth had. He tried to think of what it might conceivably do. Perhaps it needed its eggs fertilized? Or something? He knew fuck-all about spiders.
It dissolved his breeches in the front in much the same way that the larger spider had dissolved them in the back. It wasn’t long before his crotch was bared to it, which was more than disturbing enough in itself, but not nearly as disturbing as when its fangs brushed his cock.

“No,” Dunstan pleaded. “Please.”

It moved away from his cock, and he sighed in relief. Then something slick poked up against his piss slit, and he screamed.

“No! No! No! Get the fuck away, no, no, no, no, no!”

The spider, perhaps predictably, did not listen, and instead proceeded to force itself into a hole that Dunstan never wanted to have penetrated ever again. He was screaming, and he was being forced open, that horrible too-large fucking cock inside him, stretching him, and he couldn’t see what it looked like and he never wanted to see, ever, but he had no control over his eyes, no control over anything. He was being fucked in a hole that had absolutely no business being fucked, and he had no idea how to deal with it, and neither did his body.

Luckily, he and his body had much the same thoughts on what to do in moments of utter panic, and while he didn’t consciously decide to thrash around wildly and scream so loudly that he thought his throat would tear, he was not opposed to it when his body decided to put that plan into action.

“Nooo! No! Gods! Fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuuck!”

It pulled out most of the way, then drove back in with more force.

The noise that he made in response to that sounded more like a dying sheep than anything else, and if he’d been watching rather than unwillingly participating, he probably would have laughed. As it was, he was in no state to register that he had made any noise at all.

By the time the spider had settled into a quick, steady rhythm, he had mostly stopped thrashing. His limbs were still twitching without his direction, but he didn’t have the energy to consciously move anything at the moment, especially not with his guts already pumped full. He was so far gone that the idea that the spider might do more than fuck him there didn’t enter his mind until he felt pressure at the tip of his cock.
That revived him quickly enough. He screamed wordlessly as something that felt about the size of Masser began to squeeze into his cock. It got wider and wider and wider and *yep, gonna die, this is it.* He had a sudden and violently clear image of his cock splitting open from whatever the spider was forcing into him, leaving him to bleed out and die in a cobweb. It was not the death he had imagined for himself.

The egg passed into him and began to work its way further down his shaft, his voice gave out, and everything went black.

He woke up completely naked. Something had gotten his breastplate, greaves, and the remnants of his clothes off of him. It had probably been a spider, given that he had also been firmly reattached to the web, with fresh, hideously sticky strands across his back and chest and belly, binding him to the reinforced netting that had trapped him. His head was a little freer than it had been, to his surprise. He used the opportunity to look around, and rather wished that he hadn’t.

His belly was bulging. He could deal with that. He didn’t like it, but he had almost gotten used to the idea. Monsters seemed to produce a significant amount of seed, as a general rule, and while it didn’t particularly make sense that his insides were apparently equipped to deal with it, Dunstan could see and had come to expect that the logical result of having inhuman amounts of come fucked into him was for his body to deform to provide space.

Well, *logical* was perhaps a bit of a stretch.

The point was that Dunstan was not unduly shocked by the state of his stomach, and though he was understandably distressed, he felt that he could cope with it. It was full and taut and rounded, but he’d get rid of whatever was inside of it. Probably not without difficulty, and probably not without a lot of screaming and—he shuddered inwardly—probably not without coming at least once, but the eggs would go, he’d step on them, thoroughly this time, he’d go find Igner and kick his sorry and pleasantly fuckable ass into Oblivion, and then he’d refrain from thinking of this incident ever again. He’d move on with his life.

His balls were a different subject entirely. He had had them messed with twice, now, first by Siona after the centurion, and then briefly by the Great Root, which probably still bore some investigation, come to think of it. He had thoroughly disliked it both times. Well, it was true that he had spilled himself extensively the first time, but he had been under the influence of dehydration, starvation, a wide variety of trauma-induced issues, an absurdly long buildup, and copious quantities of what he could only describe as some kind Dwemer sex oil that he had no intention of asking Siona about. It didn’t count. He’d definitely disliked it the second time, and he had had no plans to allow it to
happen ever again.

So it was understandable that when he saw his balls, he couldn’t stop himself from gasping out a strangled cry, which was followed up by moans of terror and some weak struggling that eventually devolved into quiet, shaky sobs.

His balls were horribly swollen. He couldn’t get a really good look in the darkness, but they looked to reach nearly halfway down his thighs, and they were darker than usual, and they ached, and, perhaps worst of all, the ache wasn’t entirely bad. Actually, no, the worst thing was that he was clearly and obviously hard.

Then he heard a distant splintering, and realized that the worst thing was, in fact, that the draugr had just broken into the mine.

After a few seconds of sheer panic, Dunstan tried to calmly review his options. The best thing to do would be to get free. A few efforts demonstrated quickly that that would likely not be possible. Short of that, there was… all right, there wasn’t much else. Was there a possibility that the draugr would try to fuck him instead? That would be horrifying, but most likely preferable to death. The trouble was, Dunstan couldn’t imagine a draugr fucking anything. They were dead, for fuck’s sake. They didn’t reproduce—thank all the Aedra, and shit, thank the Daedra too if they’d had anything to do with it—so it seemed wildly unlikely that they’d want to or be able to fuck anything.

Barring miracles, that left getting free.

Dunstan began to struggle properly. The draugr were definitely inside the mine, snarling and shuffling their way down the passages, their voices echoing horribly. The thought made it nearly impossible to think, and it wasn’t long before Dunstan’s desperation had him flailing wildly in the web, trying in vain to catch on to anything, tear anything, get the slightest bit more movement back. Oh, Gods, the draugr were getting louder.

By the time the first one rounded the corner into the passage, Dunstan had exhausted himself. He hung in the web, shaking badly, wishing that there weren’t tears running down his face. It seemed easier to focus on that failing than on imminent death. The draugr gave a roaring snarl that must have meant that it had spotted him, and Dunstan let out a broken sob.

A loud chittering interrupted him, followed by the telltale sound of an angry frostbite spider spitting venom. The draugr shrieked, and something heavy hit the floor. That sound was followed by a wide variety of unpleasant sounds that seemed to have something to do with the spider starting to eat the draugr while it was still animated. Then more draugr came in, which was followed by what sounded
like a small herd of spiders.

The distraction didn’t stop the draugr from going for Dunstan. There must have been something in them that prioritized people, or maybe he looked like an easy target. Either way, an axe somehow missed him and swished through a great swath of web. He struggled painfully for a moment before hitting the floor of the mine with an exceptionally uncomfortable thump. For a few seconds, all he could do was clutch at his stomach and balls and try to catch a breath, but then he dragged himself to his knees and catapulted himself in the general direction of the side of the passage so that he could pull himself up.

He managed that, trying to ignore how the sensations of the eggs moving in oh Gods two different places oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck made his cock jump, and spent a while staring in blank astonishment at the sight of a horde of spiders demolishing a large group of draugr. He had never seen anything like it before, and intended to avoid anything like it for the rest of his natural life.

He focused his efforts on getting away, making his way further down the passage. He didn’t make it far before an intense and irritatingly familiar rhythmic squeezing began in his guts, and he collapsed on his side. “Oh, Gods,” he muttered. “Ohh, Gods.” He stroked his stomach in an effort to help things along, but it didn’t seem to make a difference. There were only the contractions, steadily increasing in intensity until each one made him groan loudly, and the sensation of something making its way through him. The eggs, it has to be the eggs. They were fuck working their way down his insides, stretching him anew with every move, Gods, pushing, pushing, rounding bends and ohhh shit. The first one squeezed agonizingly past the sensitive spot inside of him, and he moaned and dug his fingers into the dirt.

Then it pressed against his ass, and he discovered that he couldn’t get it out.

It wasn’t like the Great Root eggs or seeds or whatever. It wasn’t like the dragon come. It wasn’t even like the dragon eggs. No, these were sort of soft and squishy, like the Great Root’s spawn had been, but they were sticky. Oh, Gods, so sticky. So sticky. He pushed as hard as he could, straining himself until he howled, but the egg wouldn’t leave him. The second egg pressed against the first, and he tried again, hoping that it would help, but nothing changed.

Oh, Gods, nothing changed.

He reached down and probed for his ass until he found it and slipped a finger inside. The egg was there, all right, and it was the stickiest thing he’d ever touched. He pushed a second finger in and tried to grab at it, tug it out, but couldn’t get a grip on it. He eventually had to stop to rest, given the strain of his belly and the contractions, and suddenly discovered that he couldn’t get his fingers back.
He tugged, hard. Oh, Gods. Oh, shit. Oh, holy shit, he was stuck, his fingers were stuck in his own godsdamned ass, this was beyond all absurdity, this was—

A stupendous effort finally freed his fingers, but the eggs remained firmly stuck inside. Dunstan let his head drop to the mine, and after a few more contractions and what felt like the beginnings of stirrings in his balls, he cried.

A clump of dirt hit him in the face, and he flinched and looked up, just in time to be run into by a clumsy, waddling dragonling that wailed in his face and huddled up against him.

“You?” Dunstan said in disbelief.

The dragonling shoved its head up against his belly and gave a long, agonizing cry.

Dunstan groaned and put a hand on its head. “Vrage,” he said irritably, “Vrage, shut up. How the fuck did you get here?”

Vrage bumped him with its head again before lapping at his chest. Dunstan let it go for a moment, not having the energy to convince it that this was not the moment, before he suddenly had a thought. Igner. Vrage’d gone to Igner the night before, and had…

“Vrage,” Dunstan said sharply. He pulled the dragonling’s head away from his chest and pushed it around behind him. Oh, Gods, this was a terrible idea and he couldn’t afford to think about it. He tapped at his hole. “Here. Here, Vrage.”

The dragonling licked his perineum curiously.

Dunstan shuddered at the sensation and tapped himself again. “No, Vrage, up here. Come on, you little shit, make yourself useful.” A particularly strong contraction gripped him, and he cried out. “Get in!”

A tongue plunged into his ass, and he nearly screamed. Oh, Gods, oh, Gods, oh, Gods, the tongue was struggling past the first egg, thick and nobbly and writhing like a sentient being and oh Gods it’s going deeper. Then it wriggled inside of him, curling around something, brushing the spot inside him along the way, and promptly pulled two eggs free. He did scream then, in discomfort and relief and lust. Oh, that had felt good.
“Come on,” he panted, trying to ignore the sound of Vrage crunching and squishing its way through the eggs. “Come on, again, there’s more.” He pushed, and the tongue slid back inside him.

Eventually, what felt like years later, his belly was empty. He rolled onto his back, moaning as the movement shifted his balls. Ugh, his cock was still hard, drooling against his now joyously flat stomach, but he didn’t have the energy to do anything about it. He was going to have a nap before he did anything remotely in that direction. He closed his eyes to sleep, never mind the spiders and draugr, which… he couldn’t hear them now, actually.

Vrage interrupted him with a loud burp that included a small burst of flame. Dunstan managed a chuckle at the sight. “Yeah, good job, Vrage,” he said with a soft groan, closing his eyes again. “Good dragon.”

The good dragon’s mouth closed around his cock, and he yelled.

“Hey!” he snarled. “Hey, off! Vrage, off!”

Then oh Divines above oh Gods no the dragonling pulled back a little, and the tip of its tongue pressed against his piss slit. “No!” Dunstan screamed. “No, Vrage, you don’t fit! Vrage, if you don’t get the fuck— oh Gods!” Oh, fuck, the fucking tongue was pushing into him, oh Gods, one little nobble at a time, slick and wet and huge and utterly fucking relentless and not stopping not stopping spreading him open, oh, fuck, wiggling back and forth and in and out and forcing itself deeper inside. He grabbed the dragon’s developing horns and screamed into the dark mine.

Something began to seriously move in his balls. Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, Gods, there was something working its way through him. Oh, shit. He could feel it, he was agonizingly aware of every move it made, squeezing through passages that were far too small to accommodate it, bulging up through every bit of him that it never should have entered on a path that felt miles long, and then oh shit in his cock, in his cock, in his cock. He grabbed himself instinctively and felt a lump at the base of his shaft, moving steadily upwards. He tensed his muscles there, and it moved. “Ohhh, Gods.”

Vrage’s tongue, tangible beneath his fingers inside him, scooped down and around the bulge and pulled it out of him. The dragon pulled back and ate the egg while Dunstan writhed and screamed and did his best not to process anything that had just happened.

The second one was a little easier. By the fifth one, Dunstan had gathered that the eggs were about the size of marbles, despite the fact that they felt more like boulders, and that Vrage’s tongue was
perhaps not similar in dimensions to a tree trunk. By the tenth, his attention was concentrated on absolutely not touching himself, no matter oh Gods how absurdly good it felt as the eggs slowly passed through him, as Vrage’s textured tongue spread him open and played inside him, oh fuck—

No, he was not going to come from this. He was absolutely not going to come from this. This was ridiculous. He was laying eggs through his dick, for Stendarr’s fucking sake, and there was a dragon baby sticking its tongue inside his cock. This was the absolute last thing in the mortal plane that he would come from, ever.

He took himself in hand and began to stroke feverishly.

His climax, when it came, which was much later than he had expected, was insane. He squirted out the last egg along with what felt like a year’s worth of seed and a bunch of whatever gunk the spider had pushed into him along with the eggs, and he screamed and arched his back high off the dirt when he did it. Vrage took it like a champ and was content to lick gently around Dustan’s cock and balls, which looked more or less normal, if a bit red and more sensitive than he could remember ever having been, while Dunstan lay back and tried to regain control of his faculties.

He eventually got to his feet. It took a long time, and he was wobbly when he managed it, and he used the wall to support himself, but he got up, and he made his way down the passage to where Igner had gotten him trapped, where he discovered that the spiders and draugr had pretty efficiently killed each other off.

His armor was around, which was… nice. Less nice was the fact that it was all now in the form of loose plates that were covered with slime, all arming wear having been more or less disintegrated. His sword was still in its sheath on a miraculously intact sword belt, and he buckled it on, trying to ignore the inherent absurdity of wearing a belt and nothing else, before deciding to head down the passage that Igner had followed. Maybe he could kill the fucker. Or maybe Igner would at least take pity on him when he inevitably passed out.

Dunstan dropped the plates of his armor out of sheer surprise when he found Igner. They clattered loudly, and unfortunately, the three draugr attacking the bounty hunter all heard it and looked at him for a split second before apparently deciding together that the naked man could be dispatched quickly and easily.

Dunstan used his breastplate as a shield and let them come to him. If he was going to have any chance whatsoever of surviving this, he would need all the energy he could get. He managed to deflect the first blow, but it sent him staggering backward, and he suddenly became violently aware of how unsteady his legs were, and how tired his arms were, and how incredibly fucking inconvenient it was to have a dragonling with a long tail and no sense of personal space.
He tripped over Vrage’s tail and toppled backward, hitting his head on the earthy wall of the passage. He managed to avoid goring himself with his own sword, flung up his makeshift shield just in time to stop the first draugr’s axe from splitting him down the middle, and chopped at its legs as best he could. The old flesh and brittle bone cleaved readily, which resulted in a furious, stinking draugr dropping on him with its screaming mouth inches away from his. Dunstan shoved it off and swung at it. By some miracle, he hit it at exactly the right angle for his sword to bounce off of millennia-old armor without doing the slightest bit of damage and somehow knock him in the face with the crossguard.

“Fuck you,” Dunstan spat, unsure whether he was talking to the draugr or whatever Divine had thought that one up.

His next swing took off the thing’s head, and he threw himself forward, which created enough momentum to get him to his feet. Of course, he let go of his breastplate to do it, so he crashed directly into the next draugr clad in nothing but bare skin. He was intimately aware of rusty mail and flaking armor digging into his skin for a moment before they both slammed into the wall. Then there was nothing stupid left to do but drop his sword and grab wildly at whatever lethal item the draugr was swinging directly at his head.

It turned out to be a greatsword rather than the axe he had expected, and Dunstan screamed as the dark, pitted, razor-honed iron bit into his hands. He cringed instinctively away from the pain and promptly fell on his ass. The tip of the greatsword completed its arc and slammed into the dirt between his legs, close enough to his groin to draw a thin red line at the junction of thigh and pelvis, missing castrating him by about half an inch. Dunstan made a mental note to congratulate himself for not having a heart attack at that, whenever he had the time to do so, and kicked the draugr in the shins. It fell to the side, thank the Divines, and he pulled himself up and backward, staggering right into the third draugr.

He spun to face it as it did the same, and, out of options, he punched it in the face and grappled with it for its spear. It tried to bite him, and he yanked away. Then a mace smashed its skull to pieces, giving him time to grab the spear and kill the other draugr before it could get up.

Dunstan dropped the spear and slumped against the wall as soon as he decided that he was not going to die at that exact moment. His hands were bleeding impressively, and he clutched them to his chest. They hurt enough that he hardly noticed when Vrage sat on his lap, whining, and even less when Igner dropped to his knees in front of him.

“I don’t believe it,” the bounty hunter panted. He looked exhausted, and he was covered in dirt and dark draugr blood and frostbite venom and things that Dunstan didn’t have the energy to think about. “You… I owe you my life. No, more than my life.” He was shaking. “Oh, Divines, I left you to die,
and you saved me. You—I’ve nothing to repay you with but my life.” Then he blinked. “Why are you naked?”

“Let’s not talk about that, ever,” Dunstan said. “Come on, have you got bandages, a potion, anything?”

“Of course,” Igner said immediately. He reached into a pouch at his belt and pulled out a vial of something that smelled foul but stopped the bleeding almost immediately, and wrapped Dunstan’s hands with what looked like old cleaning rags. “I’m sorry, it’s all I have.”

“Fine,” Dunstan said wearily.

“Please, I——” Igner swallowed audibly. Then he picked up his mace and held it out in front of him. “The Divines have spoken through you. Seems pretty obvious to me. I can’t live like this any longer, with no loyalty beyond that bought by coin. I offer you my life. It’s not much, maybe, but it’s yours to do with as you like. You can end it now, or I can be your leal servant for the rest of my days. I promise, I’ll serve well.”

Dunstan rested his head against the passage wall. He had absolutely fucking had it with today, which was good, because he got the sense that he wasn’t going to be conscious for much more of it. “Tell you what,” he said with a sigh. “Give me a shirt and make sure nothing kills me for the rest of the night, and we’ll sort out the rest in the morning. Yeah?”

Chapter End Notes

I don't generally dig bugs (okay I generally hate bugs), but there's not a whole lot of ovi-ready critters in Skyrim, and php30010 absolutely killed it with a spider suggestion in the comments, so y'all ended up with this.
Dunstan didn’t get the restful sleep that he had hoped for. Instead, somebody grabbed him by the shoulders and snarled, “Where the fuck did you go?”

He blinked wearily up at Aya. “Long story.”

She shoved him back against the ground and stalked a few paces away. Dunstan frowned and saw that Igner was getting up, clearly just as rudely awakened as he had been. “What’s going on?” he asked, trying to shake himself awake a little faster.

“We’ve been looking for you for hours,” Aya snapped. She crouched by the fire to warm her hands and looked across the flames at the entrance to the abandoned mine. “Why the shit did you decide to camp up here instead of coming to tell us about this place?”

“Well, there were draugr,” Dunstan offered, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. “It was a long day.”

Aya was up, warhammer in hand, in about a quarter of a second. “Draugr?”

“We got them,” Dunstan said. “I think. Pretty sure.”

“You don’t know whether you got all of them?” Aya said in disbelief. “And you decided to sleep
here anyway?” Then she paused. “What happened to your clothes?”

He shook his head and wrapped himself back up in Igner’s bedroll. “Long story. Look, I’m going back to sleep. We can talk in the morning.”

Aya pointed to the east. “It’s nearly morning. Get up and tell me what happened.”

“No,” Dunstan said irritably. “I’m just going to have to go through it again when Errian and Gjal and Siona get here. How’d you find us, anyway?”

She pointed at Vrage, curled up against Dunstan’s thigh. “We brought him with us when we started looking for you. He ran off after a bit. We saw the direction he went, more or less, but it’s a big hold, so we split up.”

“Lovely,” Dunstan said with a yawn. “Well, not sure I’d recommend this place just yet. There’s spiders.”

“Spiders are easy enough,” Aya said. “Anyway, looks like a deep one. We might just block off most of it, stay near the exit.” Then she saw the stacked plates of Dunstan’s armor and squinted at them. “What the fuck happened?”

He sighed. “Turns out spider venom can dissolve clothes,” he grumbled as he turned over, huddling down into the bedroll. Igner’s was certainly nicer than his. Speaking of... “You have my pack?”

Aya dropped it on his back with a thump. “Get dressed. You, bounty hunter, get some breakfast started. I’ll find Erry and Gjal. This place will do well enough.”

By the time Dunstan dragged himself out of the bedroll, Igner had pushed a few potatoes into the fire and was prodding them experimentally. “Have you given any thought to me?”

“No,” Dunstan said, pulling on his spare breeches. “Look, I really don’t need a servant. If you want to go find me some new clothes, that’d be great. I—” He paused. “You’re decent in a fight?”

“Useful enough.”
“Right,” he said, considering. “Well, how about this, then: you travel with me for a bit, help me through ruins and caves and so on, and we’ll see how it goes. You do more good than harm, you can stick with me, and we’ll split our profits. If you don’t, we go our separate ways. Sound all right?”

“I…” Igner stared at him. He wasn’t bad looking, really. A little older than Dunstan, maybe, with a scarred, stubbled face and close-cropped hair. Adventurers, hunters, and other men of the road tended to end up with faces like that, no matter how they started out. The world was good at grinding people down, or honing them to sharpness. Dunstan wondered which he’d become. “I’ve given you my life. You can do what you like with it.”

“Look, I’m already in possession of more souls than I ought to be, what with the dragons,” Dunstan said irritably. “I don’t need yours, too. What I do need is help, because the world seems to get more absurd every day I spend in it. If you can make my life a little less insane, great. If not, be on your way, steer clear of me, try not to throw me into a pit of spiders ever again. See?”

“I’m sorry about that,” Igner said hastily. “I don’t… you stay alone long enough, you get used to thinking only of yourself. Other people, they seem like shadows who’ll either ignore you or try to kill you. It happened to me, and I didn’t see it. I’m sorry, I truly am, and I promise you I’ll do my best to make up for it.”

“Yeah, I know.” Dunstan yawned again and poked through his bag. Of course he only had breeches. Not socks or boots or anything useful—wait, there they were. He knew the spriggans had managed to find a second pair of boots when they’d retrieved his gear from the hagraven. Thank the Divines he hadn’t got round to selling them yet. He pulled them on, which still left him in knee-length breeches, boots, a sword belt, and a borrowed shirt. No matter. If he was going to get anything out of Igner, it’d be clothes, just as soon as they got back to some form of civilization.

He did find a bit of dried meat at the bottom of his pack and offered it to Vrage, who was beginning to shift and grumble. The dragonling snuffled at it enthusiastically, but didn’t eat. Dunstan sighed and left it there for the little beast to worry at. It’d figure it out eventually.

It was more than an hour later when Gjal finally came huffing through the undergrowth, dragging a rickety handcart loaded with the bandits’ possessions. Errian was pushing from behind, though clearly not as frequently as Gjal would have liked him to. Aya was carrying two packs and a sack. She deposited them unceremoniously on the dirt by the fire.

“You missed breakfast,” Dunstan informed her. He’d eaten his potato and was trying to persuade Vrage to eat the dried meat.
Aya nudged a blackened potato back towards the fire. “Have you not fed your bloody beast properly?”

“It ate well enough yesterday,” Dunstan said, scratching Vrage’s scaly neck and trying to block out any stray memories of anything vaguely resembling an egg. “I don’t think it’s too hungry at the moment. And it’s your beast, as I recall.”

Errian crouched in front of the dragonling. “Eh, beast? Are you our bloody beast? Eh, Vrage?” It purred at him, and he laughed and rubbed its head. “Beginning to be fond of the little fucker.”

Gjal stretched painfully. “I’m not lifting anything else for the rest of today.” He gestured broadly at the others. “It’s your problem now.” He dropped by the fire and jabbed at the potato with a stick. “Have we no salt?”

“Not so far as I know,” Aya said, adding another couple of potatoes with a glare. “Someone’s going to have to do a supply run at some point.”

“Yeah, I need clothes,” Dunstan said. “Ig and I will go. Solitude’s probably nearest.”

“Get flour if you can,” Errian said. “We ought to be able to make some kind of oven. So salt, flour, fresh vegetables, seeds if you can get them, arrowheads for my bow, herbs—”

“Mead,” Gjal interrupted.

“Aye, mead,” Errian agreed.

“How the fuck am I supposed to get all this up here?” Dunstan said in disbelief.

“Take the cart,” Aya said. “Get yourself a goat to pull it.”

“And how am I to pay for it?”
“Oh, yeah,” Errian said with a feral grin. “We ran into a merchant on our way up here.” He reached into a pocket and pulled out a bag that clinked pleasantly. “We’ve plenty of funds at the moment. Just need you to spend them for us so as we don’t get executed.”

“Fine, if you—” Dunstan paused. “Where’s Siona?”

“She left this morning,” Aya said indifferently. “Off to Morthal, I think. Don’t think she likes us much.”

“Yeah, understandable,” Dunstan said. “All right, give it here, then.”

“After you feed Vrage,” Errian said. “You’ll be gone a day or two, and he’s sure to whine.”

Getting the empty cart down to Solitude was easy enough. So was buying supplies, and loading the cart. Then Dunstan and Igner discovered that there were not, in fact, any goats for sale down at the farm, and only the one horse, a fine mare who’d’ve been wasted pulling a cart, and who was terribly expensive besides. So they’d resolved to get it back up into the mountains themselves, and had quickly discovered that that was a terrible idea. The cart was flimsy and heavy and got stuck every couple of steps, and there weren’t nearly enough paths.

All in all, by the time they got the cart back to the bandits’ new home a day and a half later, Dunstan’s new clothes were nearly as full of sweat and dirt as his old ones had been, though these were pleasantly free of blood. He was mildly surprised to find that the mine and the area around it had actually been converted into a reasonably pleasant place to live. A few chambers had been cleared for sleeping and storage, and a makeshift fence had been put up in the back of the tunnels to keep out anything that tried to crawl up out of the depths. Outside, a space had been cleared and a barrier constructed with the felled trees. A large firepit had been dug, and a young goat was roasting over it when Dunstan and Igner shoved the cart through the gate.

“Took you long enough,” Errian said from where he sat by the fire, fletching arrows.

“You’re welcome,” Dunstan said. He tossed over a pouch of broadheads. “How long ’til that goat’s done, then?”

Gjal turned it on its spit. “You could probably have a bit now, but the whole thing won’t be done for
some time."

"Mind if I stay overnight?"

Errian looked up from the arrows and cocked his head. "You planning on leaving?"

"Well, yeah," Dunstan said, nonplussed. "I'm an adventurer. It's sort of what I do."

"What about Vrage?"

"He's got to be weaned eventually," Dunstan said with a shrug. "Might as well be now."

"Oh, he eats solid food now," Gjal said. "But he won't drink."

"Oh, for Divines' sake," Dunstan grumbled. "It's always something."

Then the dragonling came galloping out of the mine and up to Dunstan. It didn't try to leap into his arms, to his relief, but it did rear up on its hind legs and stretch out its neck to draw a long lick up the side of his neck. It was large enough to do that now.

Dunstan pushed the beast back down to the ground and scratched its head. Vrage purred and wrapped itself around his legs. "Where's Aya?"

"Off scouting somewhere," Errian said. "Go on, feed him. He's getting better, but he still whines for you at night. Annoys the piss out of Aya, and out of me and Gjal when he tries to drink from us."

"He tries to nurse from you two?" The image entertained Dunstan much more than he had been prepared for, and he found himself laughing. "Gods, about time he annoyed someone else." He unbuckled his cuirass while Vrage watched impatiently, and opened his new gambeson and tunic, his mood lifted. "Go on, then," he told Vrage, grinning.

The dragonling went for his chest with the force of a man dying of thirst, attached itself firmly to his left nipple, and sucked fiercely. Divines, the little beast had gotten strong. "Okay, gently, Vrage,
gently.” He patted the dragonling’s jaw. “Gently!” Oh, Gods, that was intense. His chest took the hint quickly. He felt himself grow warm, and then, slowly but surely, the familiar pressure and sensation of tightening. Vrage eased off some when the milk began to come, thankfully.

“Reckon we can collect it from you somehow?” Errian asked.

“Don’t see why not,” Dunstan said with a shrug. He could feel himself thickening lazily in his breeches. Then he remembered Igner trying to draw milk from him with his fingers. “Oh. I think someone would have to do it with their mouth, actually. It didn’t work until Ig used his mouth, remember?” He saw Igner go bright red over by the cart.

“I’m sure somebody’ll volunteer,” Errian said dryly. “You might have to stick around for a few days so we can get a decent stock.”

“Yeah, all right. I could do with some rest, anyway.”

“Gjal! Gjal! Fucking—stop!”

Gjal pulled away, and Dunstan slumped back against the cart, which had been emptied and propped up as an impromptu chair. “Fuck. I told you it doesn’t fucking work like that. You can’t just—”

“There has to be a better way to do this,” Aya said. “A mouthful at a time takes forever. You can’t blame him for wanting to figure out how to do it with his fingers.”


It had been a week since he and Igner had come back to the bandits’ camp. Since then, they’d largely been occupied with trying to figure out a good way to extract and store milk. It turned out that it was significantly easier said than done. When he wasn’t getting his tits sucked to the point of pain, Dunstan frequently found himself fervently wishing that he’d just taken the bandits’ gold and never come back.

In the meantime, Vrage was growing. The dragonling was the size of a deer now, though still
ungainly and ill-proportioned. It seemed to be doing very well on a steady diet of milk and whatever it caught in the forest, plus whatever Gjal invariably gave it when it begged at meals. It couldn’t fly yet, but it had developed an odd loping gait that could get quite fast. It still demanded to sleep with people, preferably Dunstan, and it was forever pleading for affection.

Dunstan pushed the dragonling away. “Vrage, that’s enough.”

Vrage snorted in annoyance, tried to go for Dunstan’s chest again, and huffed when its snout was swatted away. That was getting more difficult—the dragonling’s scales and beak were toughening, and it was developing a nasal horn. It had also gotten quite strong, and was not always amenable to following instructions. After a few more swats, it settled back and made a long, loud, wailing call of complaint.

“The little fuck’s spoiled,” Dunstan grumbled. “Don’t know how you’re going to train it.”

Gjal scratched a spot on its neck that made a clawed foot thump joyously. “He’s already learning. Aren’t you, Vrage? Aren’t you, little one?” He laughed when the dragonling stretched out its head blissfully. “He ought to start learning words, though. They talk, don’t they? Dragons?”

“Oh, aye,” Dunstan said, “too bloody much. I’ve no idea when they start, though. I don’t think any of them have ever had to be taught before, really. Don’t think they’re even born, normally. They’ve just sort of always been.”

Aya sighed. “Well, I’ve had enough of trying to milk you like a godsdamned cow. Come here, little beast.” She sat cross-legged in front of the dragonling and pointed to herself. “Aya.”

Vrage made a sort of *wroa-wroa* noise, like an absurd bird, and looked at her curiously.

“Aya,” she said clearly, enunciating carefully.

“Aye,” Vrage chittered. “Aye, aye, aye, aye.” It seemed immensely pleased with itself, and repeated the sound until Aya tapped it.

Vrage snorted something that sounded like “air”, or perhaps an upset seal.

Errian sat next to Aya and pointed to himself. “Errian. Erry. Errian.”

“Air. Air air air. Aaaaiiiir.” It snuffled at Errian’s hand when he patted its nose in encouragement.

“Good boy, Vrage,” Errian said, sounding delighted. “Good boy!”

“Gjal,” the big man said, coming over to join what was now looking like a small class. “Gjal.”

“All.”

“Gjal. Gjal, little one, Gjal.”

“All. Aye, Air, All.” It prodded each one of them with its snout in turn. “Aye, Air, All.” Then it turned to Dunstan and snuffled loudly, looking expectant.

“Good job, little shit,” Dunstan said with a sigh. Then he pointed to himself and said, “Dunstan. Dun.”

“Un. Unnun. Un.”


“Ah, good work!” Dunstan said despite himself. “Good, Vrage! Dun.”

“Dun,” Vrage said. Then it blinked and pulled its head back in surprise. It leaned forward hesitantly, tilting its head. “Dun,” it said carefully. This time, the word washed through the air like a ripple
through a pond, visibly bending reality.

“What the…” Errian muttered.

“It must be a word in the dragon language,” Dunstan said, watching the dragonling cautiously. “No idea which, though. And I don’t think it knows what it does, either.”

“Dun,” Vrage said. This time, nothing happened.

“It must not know how to Shout yet, or at least not consistently,” Dunstan said thoughtfully. “You’ll have to watch that carefully. Dragon voices are powerful things. If it says the wrong thing, it could do a lot of damage. Good job, Vrage,” he added when the dragonling looked at him expectantly.

Gjal reached out and scratched the dragonling’s chin. “There’s got to be a way to teach him how to keep it to himself.”

“Wonder if the Greybeards could tell me,” Dunstan mused. “Jarl Balgruuf over in Whiterun said they’re masters of the dragon speech.”

“Why’d he tell you that?” Igner said curiously, from where he was polishing his mace.

“Oh, they summoned me,” Dunstan said.

Gjal turned to face him. “The Greybeards summoned you,” he said hoarsely, “and you didn’t go?”

“Well, no,” Dunstan said slowly. “I mean, I don’t really want to learn dragon speech.”

“You—” Gjal put his head in his hands and rubbed his temples. “You haven’t gone to see the Greybeards. You’re the only bloody person to be summoned since Talos fucking Stormcrown, Dragon of the North, Tiber Septim, Emperor of Tamriel, the man who became a god, and you can’t be bothered.”

Dunstan suddenly felt very stupid. “Well, I sort of thought they could wait.”
Gjal got to his feet. “You need to leave. Now. You’ve got half of Skyrim to cross.”

Ivarstead wasn’t a bad town. The Rift was an attractive hold, especially in the fall, all glittering golden aspens surrounded by high mountains laced with waterfalls. Ivarstead huddled on the shores of a lake and smelled of mud, sawdust, and wet wood. Dunstan sat on the bridge outside of the village for a while, admiring the view, before he started the climb up the great mountain, Igner trudging along behind.

One of the really convenient things about having a man who’d sworn his life to your service was that you could have him carry most of your shit. Dunstan kept the division more or less fair, but he had no qualms about letting the bounty hunter carry the cooking pot, for instance, or the spare waterskins, or the bowls. Igner seemed decent enough, though he kept his distance from Dunstan and didn’t speak much, but he’d still attempted murder twice now, and he’d earned a bit of extra weight in his pack.

The Seven Thousand Steps that mounted the slopes and peak of the Throat of the World turned out to be steep, icy, and generally difficult. They weren’t halfway up before Dunstan dropped his back and sat on a stone, gasping.

Igner slumped next to him, in a similar state. “I really like Cyrodiil,” he croaked once he’d gotten some breath back. “Nice and flat.”


It was nearly nightfall by the time the great dark monastery came into view, crouched like a great black ribcage on the edge of a cliff. It was a straight trek up a wind-battered slope once they’d sighted the towers, and it seemed to Dunstan to be the hardest half-mile he’d ever walked. But they made it to one of the tall iron doors and pushed it open with difficulty.

It was cold inside, but the wind stopped once they shut the door behind them. For a few moments, all was still and silent in the monastery apart from their exhausted panting.

Then a man in dark frayed robes stepped out of the shadows. “So,” he said, his voice as old and frayed as his clothing, “a Dragonborn appears, at this moment at the turning of the age.”

The man sounded a little nettled. “Yes. I am Arngeir. I speak for the Greybeards. You are the Dragonborn?”

“That’s what they call me,” Dunstan said with a bit of a shrug.

“I see,” Arngeir said. He looked a little unconvinced. “Let us taste your Voice, Dragonborn.”

“Um,” Dunstan said. “You sure? It tends to send things flying.”

“Do not fear,” the old man said. “Your Voice will not harm us.”

Dunstan glanced around, hearing Igner do the same behind him, and jumped when he noticed other shadowy robed figures stepping out of hallways, leaning against walls. There weren’t many of them, but they looked ominous. “Er, yeah, all right.” He turned back to Arngeir and gathered himself. “Fus.”

A withered hand snatched faster than Dunstan would have believed possible and caught the Shout in midair. Dunstan’s jaw dropped as Arngeir dispelled the force with a wave of his hand. “A useful first word, Dragonborn. It is you, at long last.”

“Sir,” Dunstan said with a small bow. “You summoned me.”

“You’ve taken your time in answering,” Arngeir said. His voice was mild, but Dunstan winced.

“Sorry, sir.”

“No matter,” Arngeir said. “You may take the test all the same.”

“Test?” Dunstan said in surprise.
“Test,” the Greybeard said agreeably. “New arrivals to High Hrothgar must prove their mettle by spending a night out in the snows of the mountain.”

“Oh. Well, that’s not too—”

“In their shirtsleeves,” Arngeir finished, his voice dripping with annoyance. “Night approaches, Dragonborn. You may eat and warm yourself, but when the sun goes down, you must not be within these walls.”

Dunstan huddled up in the crevice he’d found in the mountainside. *Divines, Divines, Divines, this is fucking absurd.* He was freezing his ass off, and it’d been all of about half an hour. His teeth were actually chattering, and his fingers were numb, even though they were stuffed into the relative warmth of his armpits. The wind bit through his tunic and chausses as if they didn’t exist, and he couldn’t stop himself from whining a little as his shaking legs resulted in a knee knocked firmly into stone. How did people survive this shit? Were Nords just better at it?

The crevice wasn’t cutting it. He closed his eyes and steeled himself, gathering his strength for at least a minute, briefly panicked when his eyes seemed to have frozen shut, and eventually bailed out of the crevice, heading down the windy path to find something more sheltered.

He tried the hollow log of a fallen tree and several shelters made of snow before he slumped against the stone of the mountainside, gasping and shuddering. His nose and throat hurt badly, he couldn’t feel half his body, and the parts that he could feel were agony. Perhaps he’d just give it up. Who gave a fuck about the Greybeards, anyway?

Then he saw a cave entrance and nearly screamed in joy. He staggered into it, huddling up against the wall of icy earth, crying softly, trying to pull his tunic tighter around himself. He pulled it up over his mouth and nose in an attempt to ease the pain of breathing and shoved his hands down his pants in a last-ditch effort to get them warm. How did people *do* this?

He nearly pissed himself when a low growl sounded from within the cave.

Something huge and pale that he had taken for a clump of dirty ice detached itself from the side of the cave and rose up on two stocky legs. A long, bulky torso and longer, bulkier arms became visible, and a great shaggy head tossed in the dark. Three eyes caught a touch of moonlight.
“Oh, come on,” Dunstan said as the frost troll snarled at him.

It growled louder and swung a vast paw to catch him in the side and knock him deeper into the cave. It loped after him, awkward, ungainly, and terrifyingly powerful. Then it pawed at his chest, and then his crotch.

“No,” Dunstan said in disbelief. “Not you, too!”

Something slick began to poke out of the thatch of white fur between the troll’s legs, and Dunstan groaned. Then he thought better of it and reached out to touch the beast. He was beyond caring about whether it was going to kill him or not. It was either going to be the troll or the cold that did him in, and he didn’t really have a preference. The troll snarled loudly as his hand touched its hot cock, and he sighed. At least it was warm. “Yeah, all right.”

He pulled down his trousers and breeches, making a small pained noise at the cold, and sat on them to spread his legs and press a finger into himself, hoping to loosen up as much as possible before the troll shoved the great pink floppy thing between its legs into him. He had difficulty finding his entrance with numb fingers, and once he did, they were icy inside of him, to say nothing of the cold air and frozen wall of the cave.

The troll was unwilling to wait.

It shoved itself up against him, straddling him, hot fluid that quickly grew cold dripping down onto him from its cock and fanged jaws. It kept making low guttural noises that seemed designed to threaten him into submission while it tried and failed to penetrate him. Eventually Dunstan reached down and, ignoring its growls, guided its large but surprisingly soft cock into his ass.

He groaned and tried to feel unpleasant about getting fucked by a troll, but he kept coming back to the fact that the troll was warm. Gorgeously, blessedly warm. Really warm. The opposite of cold. Completely separate from all the ice and snow and wind and other assorted mountain shit. Sure, there was a great big monster cock steadily pounding away in his ass, but he was mostly numb anyway, and it was warm.

He sighed deeply and adjusted himself so that the troll could do a better job of hitting the spot inside of him that gave such pleasure. At least that wasn’t numb, as he discovered when the troll began to jab at it repeatedly and he let out a sudden and immensely undignified moan that couldn’t decide what pitch it wanted to be. “Oh shit.” He closed his eyes and tried to imagine a man between his

...
thighs. A very large, very hairy one, yes, but a man. He even started constructing a little fantasy. A lone hunter who’d found him in the cold and taken him to a desolate lair, and then, after stripping him to tend to his wounds, discovering that long years of isolation resulted in an unbearably hard cock when gazing at a naked man—

The troll gave a very loud and very trollish grunt, and Dunstan’s pleasant soap bubble immediately vanished. He opened his eyes, looked at the ugly, brutal face panting and snarling away over his head, drool and snot dripping down to land on his chest, huge pink cock spattering slick liberally over his thighs, and decided to just sit back and deal with it. The troll would finish eventually, and then presumably curl up and go to sleep, and then he could squeeze in with it to keep warm. It would work out, though it’d be nice if the troll would hurry up.

The troll did not hurry up.

It felt like an hour later when Dunstan finally smacked the troll across the face, utterly fed up. “Would you fucking finish?” he snarled at it. “Just come! How fucking difficult—”

The troll stopped thrusting, put its fetid mouth right up into his face, and gave an agonizingly loud roar that went on until it had completely emptied its lungs. Then it slammed a paw down on his chest and went back to thrusting.

“Right,” Dunstan said weakly.

When it finally came, it was sudden and violent. The troll suddenly shoved itself home and froze. Its great fat cock pulsed away in Dunstan’s ass, and kept pulsing. And pulsing. And pulsing. Dunstan put a hand on his stomach to feel and shuddered when he felt himself beginning to bulge out. He also found himself, infuriatingly, hardening. He had been half-hard through parts of the fuck, but it was also freezing cold, and he’d been largely intent on ignoring the troll and trying to focus on the warmth it gave off. Now there was a growing heat inside of him to focus on, and troll claws digging into his sides, but it didn’t seem to be enough to deter his cock.

He began to get nervous when he had to pull up his tunic. He gripped his belly, feeling it swell beneath his fingers. Oh, Gods. The troll didn’t seem to be any closer to stopping. Oh, Gods, so full. And so warm, with the cock and the come both inside him, heating him up from the inside out, spreading through him like… not like a hot soup, but definitely with similar warming properties and, unfortunately, arousing and disturbing ones on the side.

He undid the horn buttons on his trousers, unlaced his breeches, rested his head back against the cave wall, and groaned.
The next time he opened his eyes to check, his stomach was swollen up well past the point of obscenity. He looked quite pregnant. He started to get seriously concerned, and tried to push the troll off of him.

It snapped its jaws in his face, spattering more drool on him. Okay, this was starting to get seriously excessive. He sat up so that he could pull away and promptly fell back with a groan, rubbing his belly. He’d let it go on far too long, and it had gotten seriously difficult to move. He braced himself and tried again.

This time he made it about halfway off of the troll’s cock before it caught him and rammed back into him, growling.

“Shit,” he panted. Perhaps this hadn’t been a good idea. Oh, Gods, his stomach. He swung at the troll’s face with a fist. It connected with a bony protuberance that hurt like hell, and he pulled his hand back, wincing.

The troll had apparently had enough, because it reacted violently. It slammed Dunstan’s head against the cave wall with a paw, nearly knocking him out, and held him there. That would have been alarming, painful, and frightening by itself, but the troll had positioned its paw in such a way that much of the pressure rested on Dunstan’s neck. He rapidly discovered that he couldn’t breathe. He clawed at the troll’s hand, trying to get it off, or, failing that, alert it to his predicament, but the creature seemed intent on continuing to fill him up with more seed.

He pissed himself in terror after a while, mouthing uselessly at air that he couldn’t suck in, vision getting spotty, limbs twitching and flailing, gut growing and aching, cock softening. Please. Please. Please. Please. Not like this.

The troll was still spilling itself when the world went dark.

He woke up shortly after dawn, in a cave with a troll curled up around him and a belly worthy of a woman bearing a child. He was warm, more or less, and he also felt like he had been hit by a runaway horse, and perhaps a runaway mammoth immediately after that.

He whined softly.
Then a mace came smashing down out of the air and smashed the troll’s head in.

Ign er dropped to his knees and pulled Dunstan free of the troll’s arms. “Shit,” he said. “What the hell happened to you?”

“What the fuck does it look like?” Dunstan hissed. He pulled himself up to a sitting position. “Come on, help me. I need to get this out before I go back to the monastery. Can’t tell the fucking Greybeards that I passed their test by fucking a troll.” He pressed down a little on his stomach and immediately doubled over and threw up what seemed to be a large load of troll seed.

“What the fuck?” Ign er muttered. “Look, are you going to live?”

“Yes, I’m going to live,” Dunstan said impatiently, wiping seed from his mouth and shuddering at the taste. “It’s sort of a thing. Come on, help.”

“A thing? How often does this happen?”

“A lot more often than I’d like it to. The last time was the spiders, when you tried to kill me. Come on.”

“You…” Ign er stared at him. “You got fucked by…”

“Yes! If you don’t help me, I swear to all the Divines I’m going to Shout you right off this fucking mountain.”

Ign er hesitated a while longer before kneeling down and pressing hesitantly on Dunstan’s expansive belly.

“Okay,” Dunstan groaned when he had recovered from the next burst of seed. “The idea is that we want it to go out the other end, the way it came in.”

“How do we do that?” Ign er said blankly.
“Glad you asked,” Dunstan said, spreading his legs with some difficulty. “Look, I swear I’m not normally like this. It’s just that this is kind of a big deal. I need to get back to the Greybeards before they decide I’m worthless, and I can’t walk in there looking like I’m about to have a kid. I’m also really fucking cold. So if you could just start stretching me…” Seeing Igner’s face, he groaned. “I’ll fucking pay you, okay? I can’t do it myself.”

Igner got between his legs, looking dazed. Then he pulled off his gauntlets, rolled up his sleeves, and slipped a finger inside.

“Don’t worry about being too gentle,” Dunstan said. “Time is seriously of the essence here.” Igner obediently shoved three more fingers in, and he yelled.

“You said—”

“I know!” Dunstan snarled. “I didn’t tell you to stop, it just fucking hurts.”

“Can do something about that,” Igner said. He took Dunstan’s cock with his free hand and began to slide his fingers in and out, spreading, stretching. “You’re, ah… You’re leaking.”

“Good,” Dunstan mumbled. “Just keep going.”

“I don’t… This is insane.”

“Yeah, I know. You sort of get used to it, unfortunately.”

“Has this sort of thing always happened to you?”

“Nnnn. No. Recent development.” He pressed his hips up into Igner’s hand. “That’s good. You’re doing good.”

He was next aware of himself and the world around him when Igner pulled him up to a standing position, a movement made easier by the absence of a belly full of troll come. He threw an arm
around the bounty hunter to steady himself and nearly slipped in the considerable puddle of seed.
“Thanks,” he mumbled. “Breeches, please.” Then he saw that Igner had a very obvious bulge in his
pants and gave a weak smile. “Had that much fun, huh?”

Igner blinked at him before glancing down and going deep red. “Sorry. I just—”

“It’s okay,” Dunstan said with a shrug as he put one leg into his breeches. “I get hard for all kinds of
things that I really, really don’t want to get hard for.” Then he paused. “Why the fuck am I telling
you this?”

Igner shrugged and helped him into the other leg. “Thanks anyway.”

When Dunstan was supporting himself on his own feet and reacquainted with his pants, he left the
cave. Igner followed, and they made their way up toward the monastery.

“Do you think that could happen to me?”

Dunstan turned to look at him incredulously. “What?”

Igner winced. “I just… you seemed to enjoy it.”

“I really wouldn’t recommend trying it,” Dunstan said, still staring at him in shock. “Did it really…
you don’t want to, surely?”

Igner was turning red again. “I—no—look, a little, all right? I’m curious. You must have spilled
yourself three or four times while I was getting all of that out of you. Was it really that good?”

Dunstan stared for a little longer before considering it seriously. “Depends on how you look at it, I
suppose,” he said thoughtfully. “It feels really, really foul. There’s a horrible great monster grunting
at you, spreading you wider than you ever thought you could survive, and that’s awful. But it can
feel really good, too, hitting all kinds of sensitive spots you didn’t know you had. And then you feel
horrible for enjoying it. I’d really rather never do it again, ever. I’d like to go back to Cyrodiil, where
the only thing that might rape you is a bandit. But…” He shrugged. “I feel like I’ve gotten a lot more
used to the idea than I’d like to be, but nearly everything I run into here seems hellbent on fucking
me, so I’ve started just trying to go along with it.”
“Do you think you could help me try it?”

Dunstan stared at him. “With what?”

“I was hoping you’d know.”

“Well, I really don’t,” Dunstan said, shaking his head. “Look, let’s see what the Greybeards want and move on from there, all right?”

Chapter End Notes

Whoof, sorry for the long wait, everybody. I have been and still am dealing with a bunch of life and school stuff. I hope to be back to your regularly scheduled sin soon, but I can't really promise anything. I'll do my best to keep updates more frequent, and at least reply to comments. In the meantime, here, have some poorly-planned fluff and smut.
Chaurus

Chapter Summary

Dunstan ventures off to continue proving his worth to the Greybeards with Igner in tow. Things go south almost immediately.

Chapter Notes

Violence, captivity, light medical, breeding, giant bugs (I tried to play down the bug aspects because they gross me out, but you can't really get around them being bugs), come inflation, oviposition, choking (in a non-sexual way), aphrodisiacs, anal sex, excessive come.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t believe this,” Dunstan groused. “I already spent a night outside in my breeches, in the snow, in the ice, with a troll cock up my ass, and now I have to prove my worth. Horn, my ass. Who gives a shit about a horn? What do they want with it?”

“It’s an artifact,” Igner said with the dull, tired patience of someone saying it for the dozenth time. “They’re old monks. They want a symbol of their founder. Now someone’s come along who can conceivably get it back for them, so they’re taking the opportunity.”

“Well, I don’t fucking like it.” Dunstan shifted the weight of his pack. “They ought to be happy to have a potential student for the first time in a generation or two.”

“It’d be a bit shit if it turned out you weren’t any good,” Igner pointed out. He slipped on an icy patch, and Dunstan caught him before he could tumble back down the hill with the heavier pack.

“It’d also be a bit shit if it turned out I’m the proper one, the Dragonborn they’ve been waiting for, and I got killed hunting down some moldy old horn.”

“Yeah, well…” Igner shook his head. “Look, let’s just get the fucking thing, shall we?”

Dunstan crested the hill, crunching through icy snow as dead winter grass brushed his knees. “Hey, I
thought we still had a ways to go.”

“We do, I think.”

“So why’s it right here?”

Igner made it to the top of the hill and straightened up, looking rather stiff. “It’s not—oh. Huh. That’s odd.”

“I mean, it is a Nordic ruin, right? And there is a dragon on the door?”

“Well, yeah,” Igner said, peering down the hill at the ruin nestling in a hollow. “I can see it from here.”

“And we’re definitely in Hjaalmarch. Eastern end of it. And there’s a pond down that way. This has to be Ustengrav.”

“It doesn’t have to be anything,” Igner pointed out. He squinted at the ruin. “It shouldn’t be here. It should be a mile or three north of us still.” He pulled off his helm and wiped the sweat from his forehead. “Does look an awful lot like the description, though.”

“Well, I don’t see what else it could be. Round ruins are common, and so are salt marshes and ponds and hollows and probably doors with dragons on them, but they can’t be so common that there’s two of each right next to each other.” Dunstan shrugged. “We ought to have a closer look, at least.”

“Fair enough,” Igner said, putting his helm back on. He trudged down the hill after Dunstan.

Dunstan drew his sword when he reached the top of the little stone hill that was the ruin, and descended the steps into the central courtyard with care, but there was nothing, only snow and ice and old broken pottery. He frowned. There was most certainly a dragon carved into the metal door.

Igner made his way down the stairs and stood in the courtyard next to him. “Well? Want to look inside?”
“Not especially, but I suspect we’re going to have to.” Dunstan pushed open the door, which squealed loudly on ancient hinges. He waited for a moment, in case anything wanted to respond to that noise, but nothing showed itself, and he lit a torch and stepped into the tomb.

Igner propped the door open as he went in, allowing a bit of cold, gray light into the passage. It led down, curling like a snake into the hillside and below. “Not the most inviting place.”

“So I’d noticed. If you see draugr…”

“I’ll try and kill them before they kill you.”

“Good man.”

The passage only grew darker as they went deeper. The daylight, such as it was, faded quickly, and the darkness seemed to fall from the stone ceiling like so much cloying dust. Tiny streams of saltwater dripped down the walls, and stagnant puddles soaked up through Dunstan’s boots.

Then a light flickered across the wall ahead, and Dunstan froze. “Torch,” he breathed. “Not magic, either. That’s a human being in there.”

Igner nodded and stepped forward, raising his mace in preparation for whatever waited below. He rounded the corner with Dunstan following close behind.

A sudden and powerful blow knocked him down, and something yanked him forward, out of sight.

Dunstan yelled in shock and fear, was frozen for about half a second, and then lunged after Igner, which he regretted immediately. Stupid stupid stupid stupid— He ducked, at least, anticipating an attack, and something swooshed violently over his head. Excellent, he’d avoided that. He slipped a little on the wet floor as he was springing back up to his full height, and staggered.

That was when the second blow smashed down between his shoulder blades like a hammer on an anvil. Except, instead of an anvil, Dunstan was a skinny city man out of the Imperial heartland, and, instead of heroically shrugging off the blow and smiting the unknown assailant, he hit the floor like a sack of flour.
Dunstan woke up in seawater. No, not seawater, salty as it might be. Seawater didn’t stink of pond scum and decay. This was water out of the salt marshes of Hjaalmarch, he recognized it, and it really begged the question of why he’d decided to go have a soak in mudcrab-infested waters—

Memory came rushing back to him, and he lurched up to a sitting position, coughing out foul water and looking around frantically. The first thing he noticed was that he was in some kind of circular cage or enclosure, which was deeply disturbing. The second was that, yes, he was sitting up to his navel in scummy water that left greasy smears on his skin. The third was that he had avoided drowning in this while unconscious because his upper body had been resting on a pile of bones. The fourth was that he was in nothing but his breeches, and the fifth was that the bones were human.

He was breathing too fast, but he couldn’t stop himself. He gripped the bars of the cage. They were iron, hard, twisted, and flaking with rust. Nordic. He looked up, and saw that the bars ended perhaps six or seven feet above the surface of the water, where they intersected with a stone ceiling, but beyond them, there was a hole. A pit, it seemed, or a passage, down into this watery lower level, with walls of stone, one that he was at the bottom of. It was perhaps fifteen feet deep. Light shone up there, torchlight.

He pulled himself to his feet, somewhat unsteadily, wishing he couldn’t feel bones beneath his bare feet and that his breath wasn’t coming in little shuddering gasps that threatened to become sobs, and made a half-assed effort to wipe off some of whatever the water left on him. Gods, it smelled foul down here. He looked around, trying to get a sense for what the place was, and discovered that it seemed to be a dungeon, a half-flooded one. Joy.

There was a great creaking and shrieking of metal and stone, and the dungeon shuddered. Dunstan dropped into a crouch instinctively and grabbed the nearest weapon-sized object, which turned out to be what looked like somebody’s femur. He gave a quick experimental swing and decided that it’d work, just as soon as whatever was going on made itself more apparent.

The floor of his cell began to rise. It shook and grated itself clear of the water, which ran down the sides of the growing stone pillar, along with a few bones that dropped free. He straightened up and held the femur close, glancing around nervously. It looked like there were bars at the top of the pit, too, so at least he didn’t have to worry about an immediate attack. Probably.

As the top of the pit grew closer, he saw that, apart from vertical bars around the rim, there was also some sort of grate across them, forming a sort of metal cap across the opening. The bars of the grate weren’t too dense, each opening being maybe a handspan across. It reminded Dunstan vividly of a
birdcage, an image that disturbed him greatly. The slow stone pillar came to a halt some feet below the rim of the pit, and Dunstan realized that the cap was quite low. It looked to be about table height from the floor of the upper level, and if he had been raised any further, Dunstan would have had to crouch. As it was, he stood, bone in hand, taking in the room.

It was surprisingly well-lit, for a ruin, by torches, braziers, candles, and lanterns alike. The area immediately round the pit was clear, save for a table—no, a workbench of some kind. He could see the caps of other pits around the room, but his attention was more occupied by the stunning variety of magical and alchemical apparatus around the place, which ranged from simple pots and pans over fire to fully-equipped alchemy tables, covered with strange glass instruments that he’d never seen before.

Then he saw the man, standing motionless, not ten feet away, and flinched back, lifting the bone as if to defend himself.

The man laughed. Dark elf, in dark robes and a leather apron that reminded Dunstan absurdly of Siona’s. “That’ll do you no good, I think you’ll find.” He tapped a lever and chain set into the wall. “I’ve only stopped to tell you that the only way you’ll live now is if you lie on your back, arms and legs out. Understand?”

Dunstan blinked at him. “Or else what?”

The man flipped up the lever and began to pull on the chain. The stone pillar resumed its grinding path upward. Dunstan glanced between the stone beneath his feet and the iron grating above him, put two and two together, and dropped flat on his back. All the same, there was an interval where he was sure he would die regardless, and he had opened his mouth to scream and beg for mercy when the pillar jolted to a stop, his nose an inch from a bar. He could hardly move like this. He couldn’t bend his arms and legs enough to really do anything, even so much as roll over onto his side.

“Please,” he said quietly, and was pleased to hear that his voice was more or less steady. “Please, who are you? What’s going on?”

“Ulmvyn,” the elf grunted. He locked the lever into place and headed over to a table, his back to Dunstan. “I need research subjects.”

Well, there went the steady voice. “What kind of research?”
“Oh, this and that.” He was doing something at the table. Dunstan tried to crane his neck and see, but he couldn’t manage it. “Animals are well enough for making a beginning, but you get to a point where no matter how many equations you write up, no matter how many dosage formulas you calculate, you just need to try it on the right species.”

“Try what?” Dunstan strained. He found that if he wiggled enough, he could pivot his body, rotate himself around on the stone.

A hand pushed down hard on his chest. Dunstan instinctively tried to fling up his arms to protect himself, but all he did was give himself what felt like it would be a hell of a bruise. “Stay still. I need to do a physical exam. Measurements need to be taken into account.”

The elf’s fingers probed and prodded firmly, with clinical detachment. Even when he flicked Dunstan’s nipple, hard, he gave no sign that it was anything untoward. “As good a measure of reflex as anything,” he said. “There, a count of four.” He frowned down at the journal he was recording his measurements in. “You’re an Imperial, yes?”

“Yes.” Dunstan had decided against withholding any information. He had no idea what sort of “dose” was going to be given to him, and he imagined that he didn’t want any more of it than he absolutely had to get, but he had no idea what kind of lies he could tell that might get him a lower dose. He just didn’t know enough. He wished Siona were here.

The elf rubbed his bearded chin, the already-prominent creases in his forehead deepening. “It should take no less than a count of seven for the erectile response to activate.” He shook his head slowly, frowning at Dunstan, before reaching over and flicking his other nipple, just as hard, making Dunstan wince. When the flesh stiffened into a peak, the elf’s face darkened into a glare of intense concentration. “Four again.” He recorded the count in his journal and glared at Dunstan’s chest in silence, looking as though it vexed him deeply.

“There’s another,” Dunstan said finally. “My friend. He all right?”

The elf didn’t seem to notice that he had spoken. “An insignificant measurement. Little more than a guarantee that the nerves of the chest have grown in properly, and yet a very consistent one. Each race has their own response time to the stimulus, and I have yet to hear of any exceptions.” He didn’t shift his gaze from Dunstan’s softening nipples for a moment. “I cannot imagine that this has any great meaning, and yet, this should not be so.”

For a moment, Dunstan thought he was saved. He couldn’t very well be a useful test subject if he had some kind of unknown anomaly. He’d muck up the data, surely. Ulmvyn would have to let him
Then the fingers were continuing their ungentle investigation of his body, picking up where they’d left off. The elf probed his chest, sounding out the shape of the tissues beneath the skin, and moved down his ribs, investigating each one. Firm prods outlined each muscle and sank into the space between ribs. Then they met the base of his ribcage and dug up beneath it, stretching the skin and muscle, and Dunstan coughed out the air in his lungs in surprise and something that was not exactly pain. He’d never felt anything like that before.

“Breathe in,” Ulmvyn instructed him dispassionately.

Dunstan managed a little breath. It felt like the elf was poking his lungs.

“Deeply!” came the annoyed growl.

Dunstan steeled himself before sucking in a great breath, all in one go. He immediately went to shove it back out, because the elf hadn’t moved his fingers at all, and they felt like someone was wedging a prybar up under his ribs. Only there was now a hand clapped over his mouth and nose, and he was writhing and shaking under the grate. His hands snatched at the bars and clutched tight, pulling and pushing as he tried to get free and get the pain out of his ribs, and, increasingly, tried to breathe.

It went on and on. By the time the hands finally released him, Dunstan’s vision was going gray, and he could do nothing but lie there and take in heaving lungfuls of damp air. “What the fuck?” he croaked, just as soon as he felt that he wasn’t about to die.

Ulmvyn shook his head in disapproval and continued his inspection. He pressed his fingers into Dunstan’s belly, spying out the organs and muscles, noting measurements, then moved on to his hips, and then, quite suddenly, he had slid Dunstan’s breeches down, and Dunstan’s cock was in his hand, being stroked rapidly.

“Hey! Hey!” Dunstan shifted and tugged, trying to get away, but the hand was inescapable, stroking and stroking and sliding the skin over the head and shaft, with a surprisingly expert motion, and it wasn’t long before he was hard. Then he was measured, and the elf moved on to his balls, squeezing uncomfortably, weighing each in his hand.

“Hey,” Dunstan said, still indignant. “Hey! Can you tell me what the fuck is going on? Where’s my
friend? What the hell are you doing? What’s with the fucking lab?”

Ulmvyn ignored him, so he kept it up. He battered the elf with questions and, eventually, insults, for what felt like the better part of an hour, as every available facet of his body was felt, measured, and catalogued, a process which included a finger up his ass that apparently knew exactly where the sensitive spot inside of him was. Then, finally, the elf gave a great sigh, leaned over, and took a sharp hold on Dunstan’s balls. He squeezed once, twice, three times, and by the end of the third squeeze, Dunstan was breathing shakily, sweating, panting, trying not to move.

“Are you done?” Ulmvyn said.

Dunstan nodded.

“Good.” The elf walked over to the wall, flipped the lever, and lowered him back down into the pit, into the darkness and the stinking water.

Dunstan sat against the bars of the cage for a time. He found himself completely unsure of what to think. He didn’t want to be here, not in the slightest. That much was certain. Only there didn’t seem to be a way out. He was completely enclosed in here. There had to be a way for the top of the grate to open, or he could never have been put inside, but there was also no way for him to reach the top of the pit until Ulmvyn saw fit to raise him up again, and Dunstan couldn’t very well inspect the grate for weaknesses with the elf there.

Yeah, this was definitely one of his more serious fuckups. But there was still hope, wasn’t there? “Ig?” he called softly. “You here?”

Then again, perhaps there wasn’t. If Igner was here, he was making no response. Dunstan called a few more times before giving it up. Then he started investigating the bars of the cage, seeing how they were fit into the stone of the floor and ceiling, but the only thing that accomplished was to convince himself that he wouldn’t be getting out that way.

Something moved in the water.

That was more than enough for Dunstan to leap to his feet, swearing, grabbing for the femur he’d discarded earlier. He looked around frantically, trying not to move and stir the water. He didn’t know what the fuck might be down in the bottom of a half-flooded ruin, but he knew that he didn’t want it to catch him by surprise.
It didn’t happen again. He stood there waiting for at least an hour, on tenterhooks, waiting for some horror to snatch at his feet, and nothing came of it. Eventually, he sat down again and decided that he was going to sleep. Whatever Ulmvyn was going to do, he wanted to be rested for it, and if something was going to try and eat him, it was just going to have to wake him up first.

He woke up with a jerk when the floor began to lift again. He stood up again, unsure of what else to do. He couldn’t do anything. There wasn’t even anything to struggle against. Normally, in situations that he didn’t want to be in, he could at least try to yell or twist or hit something, but here, he was just… standing. What was he going to do, try and get the floor to stop moving?

“On your front this time,” the elf said as he approached the top. Dunstan complied after a moment of hesitation. He wouldn’t be able to see the grate from this angle, and he didn’t really feel like exposing his back to gods-knew-who, but he also didn’t really feel like finding out what Ulmvyn would do if he didn’t do what he wanted. Not yet, at least. So he lay on his front on the wet stone and waited.

When the floor clunked into place, the measurements began again, this time on the back. It was not as uncomfortable and odd as the previous session, but it did include bending his fingers back until he was sure they would snap. That fucking hurt, and Dunstan made sure he told the elf so. At least nothing went up his ass, though Ulmvyn did measure his hole and genitals from this angle as well.

After a while, he was simply left to lie there while the elf wrote in his journal and sketched some diagrams. He tried asking for Igner a few times, but there was no response, and eventually, he simply let his mind wander and tried to doze off.

He must have succeeded, because he woke up to the sound of a lever and chain, only he wasn’t moving. He did his best to scan his surroundings. He could only look in one direction, but it turned out to be the right one. “Ig!”

Igner was in a similar state, lying on a stone floor-table under a metal grate, but he wasn’t looking at Dunstan. He didn’t seem to be conscious at all.

“Igner! Hey! You all right?”
Ulmvyn flipped the lever to lock the stone in place, walked over to Dunstan, and gave his balls a harsh squeeze. Dunstan yelped and hit his ankles hard on the bars, swearing, but the elf was already heading back over to Igner.

“Hey! Ulmvyn! Is he alive?”

There was a derisive snort.

“I don’t know what the fuck that means!”

“If he were dead, he would not be here. What use have I for corpses?”

Dunstan settled a little at that, but he still watched nervously, half expecting Ulmvyn to suddenly decide to dissect one of them. He’d feel a lot better if he just knew what the hell the Dunmer wanted.

“Seed cannot take in the dead.”

Okay. Okay, no, he didn’t feel any better, no better at all, he was actually feeling a lot worse. “What sort of seed?”

Whatever measurements Ulmvyn was getting out of Igner’s unconscious body, they seemed to be cheering him up. “Chaurus, to begin. They’re amazing animals. Full of form and life, and of course, quite deadly.”

Dunstan, who had met a chaurus exactly once and still deeply regretted the encounter, let that pass for the moment. “And you’re going to… what, try and make more of them?”

“Only a dozen or so at first,” Ulmvyn said carelessly. “A small sample size, but it should be enough to tell whether my modifications are working. They will be useless if they are not tame.”

“Pets,” Dunstan said slowly. “You want a pet chaurus?”

“Nerevar, no,” Ulmvyn said in alarm. “Beasts of war, at my command. I have had altogether enough
of Nords and their endless bickering, and I intend to put a stop to it. They’re a hardy race, so they’ll likely serve well to grow my army, at least.”

“So, just to be clear…” The world had gotten seriously weird. Seriously weird. Dunstan was sure people hadn’t planned this sort of thing back before he’d gotten fucked by that dragon. He’d have heard about it if they had, surely. “You’re going to use us to breed a few tame chaurus, and then… take over Skyrim, somehow, and use the Nords to breed more? That’s your plan?”

“That’s the gist of it, yes.” Ulmvyn was beginning to sound irritated. “And not both of you, I think. Your friend here is far more sturdy, better able to bear the pains. Wider hips, as well.”

“Look, I…” Dunstan tried to think of how to put it so that Ulmvyn would be more interested in him, but without revealing that he was probably the absolute best breeding stock possible, judging by the fact that the world seemed extremely keen on taking advantage of his capabilities. “I take much more dick than he does. Just saying.” He couldn’t believe he was saying this. This wasn’t something that people said to freaky sadistic mad scientists. This wasn’t something that people said to anyone, unless they were trying to get laid and going about it rather poorly. Why was he like this?

Ulmvyn paused without turning around, then resumed his measurements. “I have absolutely no idea what possible relevance that has, but I thank you for the data regardless.”

“I—what do you mean, what possible relevance? It’ll fit better in me, and the eggs or whatever will come out easier, better.”

“Fair point to the first, though I still hold that this one’s dimensions are far better suited. To the second, only an idiot would allow something as valuable as a tame chaurus egg to be squeezed out of a rectum. They will be removed surgically.”

Dunstan lay there for a moment, not really wanting to believe it. “Ah.”

All right. This had been bad enough, but now it was, if possible, worse. Maybe Igner deserved to get dicked roughly a little, given that he’d tried to leave Dunstan to die and all, but he definitely didn’t deserve to get fucked by a giant insect, stuffed full of eggs, and then have his guts cut open. That couldn’t be allowed to happen.

The trouble was, there seemed to be absolutely fuck-all that Dunstan could do about it.
Then Ulmvyn finished his measurements and took the top of the metal grate off.

What? How had he done that? How had Dunstan missed it? He squinted, trying to get a closer look, to get any sign of how to escape, but he just saw Ulmvyn setting the grate down and dragging Igner off of the stone table onto the floor. How? How?

Igner was beginning to shift and moan. Oh, thank the gods, thank the fucking Divines, come on, Ig, wake up, kick his ass.

But Ulmvyn was already strapping Igner into a rack that reminded Dunstan horribly of the breeding stalls he’d seen when he’d worked mucking out stables in the Imperial City. His thighs were spread and tied down, cock and balls hanging over the edge of the bottom of the rack, his arms buckled to a bar that stretched over his head, a thick sheepskin laid over his bare back.

And then the chaurus came in, and Dunstan nearly pissed himself.

There was something viscerally terrifying about a giant bug. Dunstan had felt it with the spiders, but a chaurus was different, especially given that he could see this one clearly. They were huge, the size of a troll, or maybe a cow, and they were covered with that thick, spined armor, and their legs and jaws were constantly clacking and snapping, their eyes pale and inhuman. They were sickening, and Igner was about to get fucked by one.

This one seemed drugged. It allowed itself to be pushed over to the rack, behind Igner, and it reared up and draped itself over the sheepskin when prompted, and it didn’t resist when Ulmvyn secured it firmly to the rack with chains. Igner was starting to wake up properly, and he gasped at the weight and tried to twist around and see what it was, but he couldn’t turn his head enough. Then he heard the clacking, and he must’ve felt the legs scrape his sides, because he started to panic.

“Ig!” Dunstan yelled, before the mercenary could get going too strongly. “Ig, Ig, listen, you need to relax. That’s very important, okay?”

“Ign,” Igner croaked. His voice sounded hoarse. He was looking around for Dunstan, but Divines, they were at all the wrong angles. “Dun. What is it? Fuck, tell me what it is. Please. Please.”

“It’s a chaurus,” Dunstan said, “and it’s going to fuck you, but I need—”
“It’s going to what?” Igner’s voice was breaking. Dunstan knew how he felt. The man had only just woken up, and already he was tied down and being told that he was going to get fucked by a monster out of the deepest reaches of Skyrim. “Oh, Gods.” He was breathing too fast, and when the chaurus on top of him shifted its weight and its plates rubbed delicate human skin, he made a sound that Dunstan wished he hadn’t heard.

“I need you to relax,” Dunstan said clearly. There was a bit of panic in his voice, he could hear it, but they were both just going to have to work with it. “I need you to relax, or it’s going to hurt a lot. Please just try to let it in, all right? It’ll be worse if you don’t.”

Then Ulmvyn’s fingers squeezed sharply around his balls, and he yelped and tried instinctively to pull away, which made it rather worse. “Stop,” Ulmvyn said. “This data is important, and I will not have you skewing it. Keep your comments to yourself.”

The Dunmer moved back to the rack and began coaxing something free of the chaurus’s underbelly, something long and purplish and spiky. When he pressed the tip against Igner’s ass, both restrained parties got the idea immediately. Igner screamed, and the chaurus drove in immediately, all sluggishness forgotten.

It was bad to watch, and worse to listen to. The chaurus didn’t seem to be pumping and thrusting the way a normal animal would. It was vibrating instead, buzzing away like a mad bee inside of Igner’s ass, and Dunstan could see glowing blue fluid pulsing out of its sheath and puddling on the stone floor. Its legs and feelers were clutching and grasping, drawing thin little streaks of blood down Igner’s arms and sides and thighs. Its jaws, huge hooked monstrosities, were clamped around Igner’s neck, anchoring itself in place as it thrummed furiously. The flesh visible between its plating was pulsating violently, glowing globules surging and ebbing beneath the skin like a tide.

And Igner was screaming and writhing, going absolutely mad. He was clawing at the posts of the rack as much as he could with his arms tied, and he was trying so hard to squeeze his thighs back together and force the chaurus out that there was blood dripping from where the straps were cutting into him. Every muscle and tendon stood out as if it had been carved in stone, flesh straining against chitin and the wood of the rack, but no headway was being made.

Dunstan concentrated on getting out. The screams and the horrible, insectile buzzing were cutting into his thoughts like knives, but the only way he was going to stop either of them was by getting free. And there had to be a way out, there had to be, he’d seen it happen. There was some way to get the grates off, and Dunstan was going to find it.

He had no ideas. The first thing he did was grab at the bars of the grate and strain. That, perhaps not unexpectedly, did nothing. Then he was feeling around the edges, at the joining of the bars, at anything that was not a straight stretch of rusty iron. There had to be something. There had to be
But there wasn’t anything. Dunstan pried at every spot he could reach until his fingers were raw, and he found nothing. In the end, there was nothing to do but lie there and listen to Igner and the chaurus, which had very obviously since begun depositing eggs. Dunstan could hear the difference in the screaming. It would quiet down for a moment as the chaurus stilled and began to force an egg out, and then it would reach a fever pitch as the egg pushed into Igner’s ass, stretching the tight ring to the breaking point, and then take on a nauseous, groaning quality as the egg was squeezed deeper and deeper inside and released up in the coils of his guts.

It stopped, eventually, after far too long. The chaurus was untied and led away to its enclosure, but Igner was left in the rack, where Ulmvyn took detailed measurements and asked questions like “Did you notice a change in the consistency of the fluids at any point?” and “Have you felt any desire to urinate?”, which Igner answered in whispers that were so hoarse and broken that Dunstan couldn’t understand them. He saw Igner’s stomach, distended, bulging against the rack, and felt ill.

He was lowered back into his pit, eventually, once Igner had passed out and Ulmvyn couldn’t eagerly ask questions any longer. He sat in filthy water, thinking of his first encounter with the dragon and how broken he’d felt afterward, wishing there was a single fucking thing he could do to get them out of this place.

Something brushed his leg, and pinpricks of pale light shone out of the darkness.

He froze and stared. Then he thought better of it and pulled himself to the far side of the enclosure, away from the lights. “Fuck off,” he told whatever it was.

The lights did not fuck off. Actually, they came closer, and the thing touched his foot.

He lunged at it in a burst of speed that surprised himself, and managed to catch it. The lights shuddered and shook and tossed, but he held on to the long, thin appendage in his hand, which appeared to be… segmented? Drippy? Oh, Gods, it was a chaurus feeler. Which meant that the lights were…

The chaurus bashed its vast mandibles against the cage bars, the lights of its eyes thrashing furiously. It was big, bigger than the one on the upper level. The huge insect was writhing, trying to draw back its feeler. Dunstan almost let it, then had an absolutely horrible idea and thought better of it. He yanked the feeler, hard, dragging the beast up to the cage and holding it there. It clearly couldn’t fit its jaws between the bars, and its legs were at an awkward angle. He was safe, more or less.
“Listen,” he snarled at it. “This is going to be really unpleasant for me, and I hope you fucking appreciate it.” He reached down its underside, bypassing the feelers and heading straight for its belly until he found what he was looking for: a dripping slit, guarded by plates of chitin and folds of thick, warty flesh. He pushed both aside, grasped something wet and soft, and pulled.

Okay. So chaurus cocks were ugly. He’d sort of guessed that. It was the size of his forearm, wet and floppy and a little on the thin side, but it had a huge bulbous head and was covered with soft fleshy spines and tendrils. He jerked it, wondering if chaurus got hard at all. “Come on,” he muttered. “And keep quiet, asshole.”

He maneuvered himself around until he could press his ass up against the cage, making sure to keep a grip on the hideous cock. Wouldn’t do for the thing to get away now. Then, before he could think about it too much, he pressed that fat, squishy head up to his entrance. The chaurus, with abominable suddenness, realized that it stood to gain from this encounter and stopped trying to escape. Then, as Dunstan struggled to insert the thing in his hand, which he preferred to forget was attached to an insect, it decided to help.

The entire forearm-length cock, complete with the head that felt like someone was trying to shove a warhammer up in him, was suddenly slammed inside him, as deep as it could go.

He was on his elbows in the water, gasping, trying not to whine. Okay. Okay. Okay. It doesn’t fuck, don’t forget, it fucking… flutters, or something. Oh, Gods. He put a hand over his mouth, not trusting himself not to panic at the sensation, whenever the chaurus decided to get going, which had better be soon, or he was going to remember that this was the absolute worst idea he’d ever had and start killing the fucking thing like he should’ve done in the first place.

The chaurus started. For a few seconds, it was nothing but a gentle rumble, like a very large cat purring, and Dunstan thought that this wouldn’t be nearly as bad as all that, but then it got up to speed. It went from feeling like a very odd massage to feeling like someone was shaking him violently, and he was alarmed to discover that it wasn’t very painful. Surely it should be.

The chaurus shifted position a little, and its buzzing cock pressed up hard against the spot inside of him that he needed to ask Siona about.

He screamed into his hand and promptly cut himself off. Oh, Gods, oh, Gods, oh, Gods, right there, right up against him, fucking… doing things. It was a little like being fucked very, very fast, but not as… impactful. There was no sensation of striking, of anything hitting home, it was just that constant stimulation of movement in him, all over that sensitive spot, and his whole groin was alight with sensation. He felt suddenly as though he could feel the vibrations through all his insides, in his ass
and balls and cock and everything in between, and he kept arching his back involuntarily, like if he pressed his vertebrae together he’d be able to feel that fucking feeling in his whole body.

After a few minutes, he almost thought he could.

There wasn’t any movement on the part of the chaurus. It was all him, struggling on its cock, writhing and shaking and trying to stay still and absolutely failing. He couldn’t stop. Gods, it was right there, and he couldn’t decide whether the scream he wanted to let loose was from lust or horrible overstimulation. Even when he heard his seed hit the water beneath him, he couldn’t decide.

It took absolutely fucking forever. He’d spilled himself three more times and could hardly keep his mouth and nose out of the water by the time the vibration suddenly stopped. Hard part, some still-operational part of his mind reminded him. Relax.

Thus, he was completely taken aback when something blasted into his gut with the force of a waterfall. He lurched forward, gasping, clutching at his stomach as it bulged beneath his fingers, and was slammed with another burst. And another, and another, and another. Okay! the still semi-functional part of his mind screamed. It couldn’t be functioning that well if it was screaming, he reflected. Better than eggs! Better than eggs! Keep it together!

He felt it tug a little, and reached behind himself and grabbed its cock before it could withdraw. He needed everything he could get out of it, he needed to be as full as possible. All parts of his mind, to his consternation, agreed fully on that. “C’mon,” he mumbled into the water. “Come on, give me everything you have.”

He collapsed onto a pile of bones shortly thereafter. He managed to angle his ass upward, keeping all the sickly blue chaurus come firmly inside, before losing control of his faculties.

The next thing he was aware of was the floor of the pit rising. He was being lifted up. Thank the fucking Divines. When he came into view, the floor stopped for a moment. Then it raised with renewed speed and was quickly locked into place.

Dunstan offered no resistance when Ulmvyn parted his thighs through the grate. “I don’t believe it,” the Dunmer said in disbelief. “You shouldn’t be able to contain this much.”

He only shifted a little and mumbled something unintelligible. Then he closed his eyes and let his head loll to the side. Come on, come on.
“Well, it does no good in there, that’s for certain. By all rights it should’ve been the other one. But…” He could hear Ulmvyn shaking his head, almost as clearly as he could feel long-fingered hands probing his swollen stomach. “It must be extracted, and if you truly are so flexible, I will not risk damaging your belly.”

Dunstan nearly panicked and gave himself away when a textured metal rod with something warm and squishy on the end was fitted into his ass, but he steeled himself at the last moment and disguised it as a helpless mumble and flinch of surprise at the cold. Okay. All right, do what you have to do, just so long as…

Something began to rumble, and then, quite suddenly, the thing in his ass was bloating, swelling, growing. He shifted uncomfortably, working hard to stop himself from panicking. Shit, it was stretching him, and it just kept going and going and going and going, oh, fuck, he was going to tear.

Ulmvyn stroked his belly. “It’s a seal,” he explained quietly. “We shan’t waste a drop.” He probed Dunstan’s rim, just enough to ascertain that the flesh was stretched agonizingly taut and couldn’t possibly fit anything else in, and the rumbling stopped, and the stretch with it. Dunstan lay still, letting out an occasional gentle whimper.

“You are flexible,” Ulmvyn said in quiet awe. “You were right, after all. Appearances aren’t everything, I suppose. I will learn so much from you, little human.” Then something else turned on, and Dunstan’s spine went rigid.

Oh, Gods, it was sucking the seed out of him. He could fucking feel it. The fluids inside of him were suddenly fighting to get out, all squeezing into the thing in his ass. His belly was trying to collapse in on itself in an effort to get it out faster. It was like someone had put him in a vise and was squeezing, squeezing, squeezing, only from inside of him, compressing his organs so the seed had nowhere to go but out. He had to let out a muffled little moan of surprise and discomfort.

“The bulb is sealing well,” Ulmvyn said. He sounded pleased. He tapped the thing in Dunstan’s ass to a shuddered response. “And you did fit far too much. I’ve not the slightest idea how you’re containing it all. Don’t worry, the vacuum tube will get everything.”

It did, eventually, when he felt like he’d been wrung like a towel by an overenthusiastic washerwoman. The machine was turned off and extracted from him, and he thought he might pass out.
“Well,” came the quiet voice. “I think we should most definitely test your compatibility.” There was a sound of metal on metal, and then wiry arms were tugging him off of the stone table and onto the floor.

For a horrible moment, Dunstan was sure that he really wouldn’t have the energy to resist. Gods, he was so tired. His stomach was sore, his ass was sore, he was exhausted, and it would really have been gloriously easy to just… collapse, let Ulmvyn do what he wanted. Then he remembered that if he did that, he’d be some kind of fucked up breeding slave for the remainder of his life, and he grabbed Ulmvyn’s ankles and yanked.

The Dunmer landed with a thud and a wheeze on the floor next to him, and Dunstan lunged at him. He straddled the older man and set to punching. Then Ulmvyn punched back, hard, and Dunstan decided, on balance, to go for a choke instead.

Fuck him, Ulmvyn was strong. Dunstan had strangled a few people and monsters in his time, and they never went easily. Dying people used all of their strength, in a way that people normally couldn’t. But Dunstan had thought he was pretty safe with a wrinkly old madman, and was alarmed to discover that Ulmvyn’s hands clawing at his torso were doing a lot of damage, carving deep furrows into his skin and tissue, scrabbling at him, grabbing whatever he could get a hold of and pulling. When a hand caught a nipple between its longer fingernails and yanked with the strength of two men, Dunstan screamed and lurched backward, landing on his back.

Then Ulmvyn was on top of him, and things suddenly seemed a lot less certain. He reached for the Dunmer’s neck again anyway, deciding that it was much the safest way, and nearly let go again when a knee struck him hard between the legs. He coughed and wheezed, overcome with nausea, and yanked Ulmvyn down on top of him in a weird parody of an embrace. He couldn’t exert too much pressure from this angle, but it was enough to leave Ulmvyn choking and straining to get free. Dunstan caught one hand and kept it safely secured, but the other hand had learned from the trick with the knee and now dived for his crotch, where it caught hold of his balls and made to crush them. The only reason that Dunstan didn’t lose his ability to procreate normally at that moment was that some animal part of his brain sensed what was coming and went into full-blown panic.

He flung Ulmvyn away, sending him flying. He panted for a few desperate, gasping breaths, then remembered what he needed to be doing and leapt to his feet. Ulmvyn was lying there, wheezing, trying to get up, so Dunstan stomped on his belly, hard. Then he grabbed the Dunmer and brought him up into a proper chokehold this time, from behind, his arm tightly around his throat, squeezing, squeezing, squeezing.

Ulmvyn went limp in his hands, and Dunstan dropped him like a sack of potatoes. “Oh, fuck,” he muttered. The pain was starting to sink in. There was a bit of blood dripping down his torso, but mostly it was skin blooming dark red where Ulmvyn had clawed him. There would be bruises tomorrow, bad ones. Not to mention that his ass was still sore, and his balls, and his stomach.
wobbled a little and steadied himself on a table covered with books.

“Ig,” he mumbled after a moment. Right. Ig. He could probably manage that.

Igner was still strapped into the rack, and he looked to be unconscious still. Understandable. Dunstan undid the straps and ties and pulled him off of the rack, laying him gently to the ground. He didn’t look good, which was… kind of odd. Dunstan had been pumped a lot fuller before—hell, he’d been pumped a lot fuller an hour or so ago—but he’d never looked like that afterwards. Igner was mostly pallid and clammy, chill to the touch, but his stomach, bulging out into a lumpy, rounded shape, was flushed an angry red, especially around the navel, and there were a few dark tears in the skin, not bleeding, but inflamed and painful-looking.

Maybe Dunstan really was inhumanly flexible. The thought disturbed him, and he discarded it. Instead, he went and found their stuff. He got into his own clothes, but after discovering how difficult it was to get an unconscious man into so much as his breeches, decided that Igner could get dressed later. He swung a pack onto either shoulder—ugh—and managed to lift Igner with both arms, staggering under his weight—

Getting Igner out of the ruin, up all those godsdamned stairs, was an absolute nightmare. Dunstan didn’t dare put him down for fear he’d lose his balance, or worse, that Igner might fall down the stairs and he’d have to do the whole damn thing over again, so it was a solid forty-five minutes of struggling up the stairs, Igner’s bulging belly heavy and unwieldy. When he finally emerged into the little courtyard, he was wheezing so hard he could taste blood, and his legs were shaking.

“Heavy—fuck,” he croaked. He staggered up the stairs around the courtyard and emerged on top of the ruin. Okay. Okay. Just a little farther, quarter mile or so, get a nice safe distance, out of sight of anybody might come looking.

He made it about fifty feet, to a copse of windblown trees on marginally dry ground, before he dropped Igner and collapsed, gasping. It was a few minutes before he managed to sit up, and longer before he spread out the bedrolls and managed to get a small fire going. He dragged Igner onto a bedroll and spread a cloak over him. “Yeah, you sleep,” he muttered. “Deal with all that later.” He struggled into his own bedroll and promptly fell asleep.

When Dunstan woke up, he was still sore, and Igner was still out. He checked to make sure the man was still breathing, at least, and rooted around in their packs for something resembling food. The apple he found had seen better days, but it was food, and he ate it gratefully. The waterskin was leaking all over his spare breeches, to his annoyance, so he took it out, swigged half of it, and set it
on a stone where it could leak in peace. Then he looked up and saw the first flakes of snow descending.

“Fuck off,” he muttered. Then he got up and started fishing out the tent. By the time he got it rigged up on a rope between two trees and pegged in to the damp ground, the fire was out, and it was snowing properly. He grabbed the edge of Igner’s bedroll, made to drag it into the tent with him on it, and nearly fell over when Igner shifted and groaned.

He crouched down by Igner’s head. “All right, there?”

Igner turned over and threw up a substantial quantity of sticky blue fluid onto the remains of the campfire, extinguishing any embers that might have remained.

“Yeah, fair,” Dunstan said, nodding reasonably. “Come on, let’s get you in.” He pulled on the bedroll, and Igner moaned painfully. Dunstan stopped and knelt by him. “Look, sorry, but I’m not just going to leave you out here to get snowed on. Come on, it’s only a few feet.”

Igner shoved the cloak off weakly, bare flesh rippling in the cold, and rolled off of the bedroll, promptly getting a faceful of mud. Dunstan pulled him out of it. “Ig, come on. Just get in the fucking tent, you lazy ass.”

Igner was already getting up on his hands and knees. Then he dropped to his elbows and brought one hand back to clutch his stomach. He moaned again and coughed up more blue. Dunstan moved to help him up, then froze when he saw the crotch of his breeches. It was soaked, dark and slick against the skin.

“Oh, fuck off,” he said in dismay. “Have you really got to lay them now? Here? It’s snowing.”

Igner was panting now, rocking back and forth a little, rubbing his belly as if he was trying to coax the eggs out. He spat out another gob of blue and let out a long, low moan.

“Yeah, I know,” Dunstan said sympathetically. He wrapped his arms under Igner’s chest, well clear of the raw bulge of his stomach, and dragged him over to the bedroll that was already in the tent, trying to ignore the sharp, cut-off whines. The man didn’t seem up to getting his arms and legs under him again, so Dunstan settled him on his side, his belly out in front of him like a too-full waterskin.
He put a hand on a rough, wet cheek in reassurance and was badly taken aback when Igner suddenly caught two of his fingers with his teeth and sucked them into his mouth with a lewd muffled moan, cheeks hollowing, smearing blue-tinged fluids all over Dunstan’s hand, eyes closed, moving back and forth like Dunstan’s scraped, dirty fingers were the most beautiful cock he had ever seen.

For a moment, all Dunstan could do was stare in openmouthed shock, but eventually he recovered and pulled his fingers free to a thick, wet pop followed by Igner spitting up another mouthful of blue. It dripped over full lips and down a stubbled chin, and Igner opened his eyes and gazed up at Dunstan with a look of absolute lust.

Dunstan opened and closed his mouth a couple of times. “All right,” he said finally, his voice unsteady. “That doesn’t seem quite right.”

Igner groaned in something that could have been either pain or pleasure and shoved one hand down his breeches and the other between his spread legs. “Oh, fuck.” Then he let go of his cock and slammed a hand dripping with blue slick into the bedroll. “Gods!”

Dunstan dropped behind him and pulled the sopping breeches off. Oh, Divines, yeah, there it was. Igner was clearly trying his damnedest to force out a lumpy sphere, glowing blue, that was obviously straining his ass to the limit. “Okay, hold on, hold on, let me help you.” He tried to remember what Siona had done to help him after the incident with the Great Root. Gotten in front of him, yeah, sort of hoisted him up so that the eggs would slide naturally downward. Yeah, he could do that.

Except, of course, that Igner was gasping and panting and moaning and generally behaving like a fucked-out idiot. He was kissing and sucking on Dunstan’s shoulders and neck, spreading blue everywhere, one hand was on the back of Dunstan’s head, trying halfheartedly to get him to reciprocate, the other was on Dunstan’s ass, squeezing and groping. A hard cock was sliding back and forth against Dunstan’s thigh, slopping more godsdamned blue everywhere, and Dunstan was beginning to sincerely regret putting clothes on. And, of course, the idiot was continually rocking back and forth, struggling and straining, trying to push out eggs.

Despite himself, Dunstan shifted Igner’s weight to one arm and reached down his back to assess the situation. When Igner pushed, he could feel the lumpy, squishy sphere poke out, and, hell, he could feel the shape of it through the flesh. There was a lot to go, and then a bellyful of eggs after this one. He spread his fingers into a V and put them around Igner’s rim, keeping tabs on progress. “Come on,” he said, trying to be encouraging. “Come on, push, you’re nearly there.”

Igner pushed so hard he screamed, fingers digging in like knives, and for a moment, Dunstan thought he’d done it. Then the egg slid back in with a wet sound, thudding against all the other eggs and shifting them around, and Igner shuddered. “Oh, fuck,” he mumbled. His voice was slurred. “Come on. Come on, fucking…”
“Yeah,” Dunstan said. “I know. I’m sorry. Just keep pushing, okay? It’s okay if you need a bit of a rest now and then, and I can go get you some water or something, but there’s only one way for these things to go.”

“No,” Igner groaned, with a huff of annoyance that sounded almost sane. “You. Get inside me, come on, take them out.”

“Excuse me?” Dunstan said in disbelief.

Igner pushed again, and again the egg seemed as though it would come out, agonizingly slowly, stretching him thin, and then trembling muscles gave out and it rammed right back inside to a suffering moan. A spurt of clear, blue-tinged fluid squirted from his cock. “Put your fingers in me. Catch the— nnn —catch the fucking thing. Pull it out.”

“No!” Dunstan said, dismayed. “Come on, idiot, would you fucking push?” He slapped Igner’s ass. “All this godsdammed ass and you mean to tell me that you can’t summon up the strength to get rid of one fucking egg?”

Igner bit him. Igner fucking bit him. Dunstan jerked back in surprise and, to his everlasting embarrassment, did the first thing that came to mind: he bit back. “There!” he snarled. He could feel himself flushing badly. “What the fuck was that for?”

“Pull yourself together.” That seemed extremely rich, coming from a guy who seemed to be more or less falling apart at the seams, but he kept going before Dunstan could comment. “Get it fucking over with. I cannot—” He gritted his teeth and moaned into Dunstan’s shoulder, his ass straining beneath his fingers. “I cannot get the fucking thing out. Just take it, just get it the fuck out of me.”

Dunstan stared at him. Then he shook his head, and, before he could remember that he was not in fact a total dumbass, slipped four fingers into Igner’s ass. It wasn’t as tight as it had been, but it was hot and absolutely soaked, practically drooling that blue stuff. He withdrew his fingers and shoved the sleeve of that arm up past the elbow before plunging back in to a loud moan. “You asked for it,” he said irritably, and pushed deeper.

Yeah, there it was, he could feel the unpleasantly bulging surface of the egg, and he could just squeeze a finger around the side. “Come on, push it into my hand. Push, Sir I-Want-To-Get-Fucked-By-A-Monster.”
Igner obeyed, and the egg slipped slowly between his fingers. He couldn’t wrap around it, exactly, but he could squeeze it between his fingers, which might just be enough to keep a grip on it. The lumps on the outside felt like fluid-filled sacs, maybe about to burst, rolling around beneath the pads of his fingers.

“All right,” he said, “all right. I’m going to pull, but I haven’t got a very good grip, so you’re going to push with me, all right? Ready?”

“Unh,” was the only response, but Dunstan took it as an affirmative and pulled. He felt a weak squeeze around his fingers, forcing the egg back further, coming closer and closer to its exit. “Come on,” he said. “Come on, nearly there.”

He yanked in a sudden blaze of confidence, and his fingers came free with a gush of blue fluid. The egg stayed inside.

“Fuck!” he said. “Fuck, fuck, fuck. Again?”

“Don’t be a fucking cunt,” Igner mumbled. It was barely intelligible. “Use your whole fucking hand.”

“Rather try and break the egg first,” Dunstan said, which, now that he said it, seemed like an extremely obvious thing to do. He slipped his fingers back in, found the egg, and squeezed as hard as he could, which was really fucking difficult without his thumb.

It turned out that the sacs were actually filled with fluid, and they ruptured spectacularly, spurting a thick, bright blue fluid in pulses. Dunstan yanked his hand back in surprise. “Shit! Sorry.”

Igner suddenly moaned and shoved right up against him, hard enough to knock him onto his back. He straddled him, put his hands on Dunstan’s chest to keep him down, and began to thrust hard against Dunstan’s thigh, as if getting off had suddenly become the absolute most important thing in the world.

“Fuck you, Ig,” Dunstan said irritably. He wiped his dripping hand on his breeches. “I don’t know what the fuck is in chaurus come, but— oh.” He was suddenly gripped by the urge to spill himself. Now. Immediately. Post haste. He shook his head to shrug it off, and very suddenly discovered that the urge had no intention of being shrugged off. Instead, it redoubled, and there was nothing he
could do but lift his hips, shove his hand—still soaked in blue—down his breeches, and stroke himself feverishly.

“Okay,” he said, only it came out as a bit of a whine because of how absurdly close he already was, “okay, I see your point.” He spilled all over himself at nearly the same moment that Igner did. The bounty hunter collapsed on him, and Dunstan suddenly knew exactly what he wanted, what they both must want, the only sensible thing to do.

He shoved down his breeches, grabbed Igner’s somehow still-hard cock, and guided it into himself. “Go,” he panted. “Come on, go, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.”

Igner rose to the occasion magnificently. He seemed to feel much the same way that Dunstan did, in that he’d just come and had gotten absolutely no relief from it, and was of the opinion that he might need to come another dozen times before he was done. He plowed in with no preamble, and quickly set up a pace that really shouldn’t have possible, given the degree of his exhaustion, spurred on by Dunstan’s moans.

Only he was obviously having trouble, his movements checked by moments of intense discomfort. It took Dunstan several minutes of being thoroughly railed before he remembered what it probably was. “Can’t have that,” he panted. He slid a hand around behind Igner and slipped his fingers inside. Then, deciding that a little more stretch was always a good thing, he forced his thumb in alongside them. Judging by Igner’s moans, yeah, that was good.

The eggs came out easily, but not quickly. The pace of the fuck was too brutal for anything else to happen quickly. It did get faster as time went on, but in the beginning, it seemed that they each needed to finish at least once per egg, crying out into each other as Dunstan tugged on the eggs while Igner pushed, more blue dripping all over them both.

Dunstan wasn’t aware of them getting the last of the eggs when it happened. He was only aware of the fact that his hand didn’t have any more damn work to do, which meant that he could focus on his original goal of finding that gorgeously sensitive spot inside Igner’s ass, the one that could make his cock spit long lines of delicious fluid deep inside of him. He found it quickly and gave it his full and undivided attention.

He woke up with a hell of a headache, and covered in wet clothes besides. He crawled away, wanting nothing more than to throw up in peace, and managed it neatly in some sort of nearby bush. Whatever he threw up was blue and sickly sweet, and he elected to ignore it. His sticky wet clothes were grating on his nerves, so he managed to stagger out of them, dropping them in the snow. “Oh,
Gods.” What the fuck had he done last night?

He looked back at the tent, saw a naked Igner, still deeply asleep, covered in blue gunk and chaurus eggs, and remembered. Vividly. “Oh.” He rubbed his forehead, made a mental note to tell Siona that chaurus gunk was a serious aphrodisiac, and started a fire so that he could get breakfast going. He thought he might throw up again at the smell of food, but they needed to eat something at some point.

Igner woke up around the time that the soup finished heating. His morning routine was similar to Dunstan’s, and Dunstan decided not to watch his expression when he remembered what they’d managed to do the night before. He suspected it had not been either of their finest moments.

The bounty hunter used light handfuls of snow to clean himself off a bit, a process which Dunstan tried to avoid watching too closely, no matter how sweet and plush the curves of the man’s ass, no matter how picturesquely his parts swung when he shivered, no matter—okay, yes, he was ogling. He pulled himself back to the soup with an effort and wished he’d put some godsdamned breeches on.

“I’ve got it,” Igner said, crouching next to him and taking the spoon. “Get yourself cleaned up.”

Dunstan did so gratefully, careful to conceal his half-hard cock—had it not gotten enough last night? How had it not gotten enough? After he’d swept off the worst of the fluid with snow and a rag, he got into his spare clothes, which were somehow still damp from that leaking waterskin, and pulled on his boots. It was fucking cold. He took the spoon back so that Igner could do the same.

“So,” Igner said, pulling on his own spare breeches, which did his ass absolutely no justice, and Dunstan felt himself edging toward panic. “Ustengrav. Got to be around here somewhere.”

Oh, thank the Divines.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. Okay. I'm terribly sorry for the long silence. This semester's been absolutely kicking my ass, and I most unfortunately have not had the time to hit y'all up with your regularly scheduled kink. I still have three finals to go, but after that, I will be on lovely, lovely break, and I should be free to furnish more smut. I'm aiming for at least one bit of new content a week. See y'all later, about to go reply to a bunch of weeks-old comments. Hope you enjoyed the chapter, and thanks for all your patience and support!
They stayed camped in that copse for the rest of the day. Their clothes were desperately in need of washing, and Dunstan wandered out into the marsh for a while, setting traps for hares and fish alike. He came back to find that, in addition to hanging the wet clothes by the fire, Igner had barricaded the door of the ruin, and decided not to comment on this precaution.

He passed Igner some berries he’d found in the marsh. “Any idea if these are poisonous?”

Igner blinked at them. “Haven’t the foggiest. You could ask Siona.”

“How?” Dunstan said, puzzled. “I’m not hanging on to these on the off chance we see her again before they go foul.”

Igner pointed behind him, toward the rocky, treeless hills in the north. Dunstan turned, saw a figure approaching in the distance, and squinted. It did look suspiciously like Siona. He thought he could make out her leather apron and hair, and she seemed to be wearing a travelling cloak that flapped around her ankles, but she didn’t have her usual handcart with her alchemy supplies. That was odd.

“Well,” he said in mild surprise. “I suppose we’ve a guest.” He cleared up a space on a snowy log for her to sit and hastily stuffed the chaurus eggs into the leaky waterskin, out of sight. By the time he’d done that, she’d gotten close enough for him to see that she looked rather upset, and he put a bit of broth over the fire. At least she could get warm. He draped an old goat hide over the log while he was at it. When she got within speaking distance, he greeted her. “Hey, Siona. All right?”
She strode up to him and slapped him across the face, hard enough that he staggered backward, clutching his cheek. Behind him, he heard Igner jump to his feet. “Okay,” he croaked. “Not all right. What the fuck was that for?”

“You,” Siona hissed. Close to, she looked less upset and more furious. Her hair was a mess, matted, splattered with mud, frosted over, and bushing out in all directions. There was a scratch on her forehead, and when she put her hands on her muddy hips, he saw that they were bruised and scraped. “Where the fuck have you been?”

“Well, checked in with the Greybeards,” Dunstan said slowly, rubbing the stinging skin of his cheek. “They sent us to a place called Ustengrav.”

“And why,” she said, her voice shaking, “are you not in Ustengrav?”

Dunstan shared a glance with Igner. “Well, there was a bit of a setback.”

She shoved him. “I went looking for you!” she yelled. “I had Aya come track me down in Whiterun, tell me that they were having some kind of fucking emergency, that they needed you right fucking now, and that you’d gone to see the Greybeards…” Her yells were dropping into rattling, shaking gasps that, to Dunstan’s utter astonishment, sounded like they might turn into sobs at any moment. He cautiously led her over to the fire, preparing to duck if she looked like she might hit him again.

“So I went to see the Greybeards, and they told me they’d sent you to Ustengrav, and I said what, and they said that it’s some old fucking ruin in Hjaalmarch, so I went to Hjaalmarch, and I found the ruin, and someone’d been in it recently, and I thought it was you, and I went in—” She did sob a little then. “—and it was full of fucking monsters, and I couldn’t get out because they were between me and the door, so I had to just keep going and going and going, and it went on forever, dark and full of dead things all the way, and you weren’t anywhere!”

Dunstan had managed to sit her down on the goat hide and press a cup of broth into her hands by then. He sat next to her, and she leaned up against him gratefully. She was shaking.

“I went through that entire ruin,” she said quietly, after a moment of silence. “I went through the entire thing, and I almost died a thousand times, and there was just me and a thousand dead things walking, and a thousand more frostbite spiders and skeevers and crawling things, all in the dark together, except they could see and I couldn’t.” She shook her head, and then some of the anger returned. “And there was a fucking note, addressed to you.” She shoved it at him, a scrap of parchment with neat, slanted handwriting on it.
Dunstan read it aloud. “’Dragonborn: I need to speak to you. Urgently. Rent the attic room at the Sleeping Giant Inn in Riverwood, and I’ll meet you.’ It’s just signed ‘a friend.’” He blinked at it. “I don’t suppose you saw a very fancy warhorn in there anywhere?”

“There was a stand for it,” Siona said. She seemed to be collecting herself rapidly enough for it to be concerning. “That’s where the note was.”

“Right,” Dunstan said warily. “This is, uh—”

“Shady,” Igner supplied.

Dunstan nodded. He turned to Siona. “What sort of emergency did Aya say it was?”

“Something to do with Vrage. She went back to try and help deal with it, said to meet them back at their hideout.” She drank the broth all in one go. “I’d suggest we get over there, if they’re not already all dead or something equally gruesome.”

“You all right?” Dunstan asked hesitantly. “Where’re all your things?”

She closed her eyes briefly. “Most of it’s back in Whiterun. I asked the man who owns the stables to watch my cart for a week or two. I had a pack with some necessities, but I dropped it in Ustengrav.”

“Anything irreplaceable?”

She shook her head. “Not really. Just work supplies. I can… I’ll find more reagents.”

He hesitated, then put an arm around her. “Let’s get you back to Solitude for a bit, hey? Take some time for yourself.”

She snorted. “And how are you planning to deal with whatever emergency those bloody bandits have by yourself? Fucking it into oblivion?”
“You’re kidding,” Dunstan said in dismay. “You walled him up in the mine?”

“We had to,” Errian said simply. “You didn’t see him. He was going mad. He’d’ve torn us to bits if we hadn’t put him in there.”

“And how long’s he been stuck in the dark like that?”

“About five days,” Aya said. “Wouldn’t have been so long if you’d been easier to find.”

They were gathered around a fire on a chilly evening at the bandits’ camp. The doors that had been assembled at the mine’s entrance were closed, and piled high in front of them was a wall of large stones and logs. Siona was rubbing her temples, looking exhausted, and Igner had been enlisted as a kitchen boy, turning the spit over the fire, where a plump pheasant was roasting.

“He’s quiet for now,” Gjal said. The big man looked like he’d gotten rather accustomed to sleeping inside and was resenting being evicted by a dragon afflicted by an unknown malady. “But when he gets going, it seems the mountain might fall down.”

Dunstan looked over at the mine. “Did he actually attack you?”

“Not with his fangs,” Aya said. “But he was leaping and roaring and shoving us about, jumping off of things, and he kept trying to drag us up trees and stones and such. We’re all sporting bruises and cuts, but someone was going to get seriously hurt.”

Siona groaned loudly, and everyone turned to look at her. “You absolute bloody idiots,” she said, but she sounded more tired than angry. “Leaping? Climbing? He’s trying to learn to fly, and you’ve locked him up underground.”

There was a long silence.

Then Errian said, “What about all the physical stuff he was doing with us? That can’t be about flying.”
“Probably practicing taking larger prey while he’s on the wing,” Siona said. “He doesn’t see you lot as a threat, so he was trying to learn how it’d feel to fly while carrying something that’s struggling.”

“Oh,” Gjal said. “Oh, no, the little thing.”

“He’s not bloody little,” Aya snapped.

“Yeah, how big’s he gotten?” Dunstan asked. “He was, what, waist height from the ground when I was here last?”

“Oh, he’s easily at your chest now,” Errian said. “Part of why we had to put him away. Don’t think he means it, but he can really hurt you if he’s not being careful.”

Dunstan nodded slowly. “Well,” he said eventually, “suppose there’s no point putting it off.”

“Careful, Dun,” Siona said. “He’s a growing creature, needs lots of food and lots of exercise. He’s had neither. And they’re creatures of the open air, dragons. There’s no telling what state he’ll be in when you get in there.”

“Yeah, well, I expect he’ll know his mum,” Dunstan said darkly. He got to his feet. Everyone else stood up, too, and he felt morbidly like he was walking into his own funeral. “Sword, do you reckon?”

“No!” said Siona and Gjal, at the same time and with the same vehemence as the “Yes!” that came from Igner, Aya, and Errian.

“Conclusive,” Dunstan said. “All right, what’re your arguments, then?”

“It’s an angry fucking dragon,” Aya said. “Maybe a mad dragon. You can’t go in there not ready to kill it.”

“He’s an ‘it’ now, then?” Gjal said angrily. “He’s a fucking pup, Aya, big or no. He’s only a few
“That’s half the danger,” Errian said reasonably. “He doesn’t know his strength, doesn’t understand the damage he can do.”

“But he knows full well what a sword is, thanks to you lot,” Siona said. “He knows the damage they can do, and if Dun points one at him, he’ll be terrified out of his wits. He trusts Dun more than anything, and if he finds that he can’t, then he’ll panic.”

Igner shook his head. “It’s not worth the risk. He might panic anyway, and if he does, you’re dead without something to get him to back off.”

Dunstan sighed. “I’ll take it in, but I’ll put it down by the entrance once I’m inside, so he’ll see that I don’t mean to use it on him.” He turned and left, meaning that to be the last word, but it ended up taking a long time to remove enough of the barricade from the mine entrance for him to be able to get in, and the others continued arguing quietly while they helped him. Eventually, he made it inside with a torch in hand, and the door closed behind him.

He set his sword down by the door and walked some distance into the mine, trepidation increasing with every step. He lit a few of the torches in brackets along the walls, but eventually got too nervous to continue and stopped in the middle of the passage. “Vrage?” he said softly. “You in here?”

There was a snort in the distance, and then a great thumping of feet and wings. Oh, Gods. “Vrage?”

The dragonling came barrelling down the passage, galloping with its feet and wings like an overgrown bat, and rammed into him. He flew backward several feet and landed on his back, the torch at his side. He lay stunned for a moment before he realized that Vrage was on top of him, licking his face desperately. He pushed away a head that was much larger and more heavily armored than he remembered and sat up. “Hey, you,” he said. Vrage shoved its head against his chest and curled its body around his legs, clearly trying to have as much contact as possible. Then it wailed loudly.

“Yeah, I know,” Dunstan said, rubbing the dragon’s head, scratching its stumpy horns and fingerling the new plating. “Look at you, hey? Getting to be the big bad dragon already.”

Vrage looked up at him with bulging yellow eyes that somehow managed to convey the nervousness of a dog unsure that it has done well, and Dunstan laughed. “You know that word, then? You’re not
bad, don’t worry, you’re a good dragon. Good dragon, promise.” The beast settled back down briefly, then abruptly leapt to its feet and called again.

Dunstan got up. Gods, Vrage was as tall as he was now. When it was down on its feet and wings, its hips came up to his chest, and it could easily raise its head over his from that position. He didn’t really want to see it rear up. Its body wasn’t much bigger than that of a horse, but its wings were huge, and they’d grown more muscular since he’d last seen them, the webbing thicker and more robust, less prone to wrinkles. Still more gangly, awkward, and softer than a full-grown dragon, but well on its way to adulthood. He carefully put a hand on Vrage’s head, trying not to agitate it further. “What is it then, Vrage? What’s got you doing all this?”

Vrage shook itself powerfully. Then it reared up as much as the passageway would let it, flaring its wings, and Dunstan caught a glimpse of something. “Vrage,” he said sharply. “Vrage, stop.” But the beast was writhing, obviously hugely uncomfortable. It slammed itself against a wall and let out the first honest-to-Akatosh roar that Dunstan had heard since the last time he’d fought a dragon. Friendly beast or not, he nearly pissed himself.

Vrage saw his reaction and wailed in distress. It dropped back down to the floor and started letting out long keens, looking absolutely miserable. Dunstan walked up to it, under a wing, and pressed its side a little, trying to get it to lie down. “Come on, dragon. On the ground, get.”

Eventually, he coaxed Vrage into lying down on the ground. Getting it to roll over on its side was more of a struggle, but Dunstan managed it with a great heave that finally seemed to communicate what he wanted, and Vrage flopped awkwardly over.

Dunstan had been rather hoping that his eyes had tricked him, but they’d served him well. There was a bulge in Vrage’s groin, and while the dragon had certainly grown significantly all over since Dunstan had seen it last, this looked disproportionate. When he peered closer, he saw that there was slick dripping down the growing plates there, down the dragon’s thighs, pooling in hollows and grooves. And… yeah, there it was. The plates at the peak of the bulge were slightly parted, revealing a drooling slit.

He frowned. It looked different from the last dragon’s. That thing’s cock had poked neatly out of its slit and hardened into a very large, very intimidating erection, but Vrage hadn’t managed that. The flesh of the slit was drawn taut over something inside, something purplish red that throbbed, but whatever was in there wasn’t coming out.

Dunstan put a hand on his forehead. “Teenager,” he said with a sigh. “You’re a bloody teenager, randy all the time, and you can’t finish yourself without help, can’t get it out. If I couldn’t touch myself when I was fifteen, I’d’ve fucking killed someone by now.” He rubbed Vrage’s expansive belly. “You’re doing well. Been what, a week, two weeks, more?” Vrage groaned, and he laughed.
“Yeah, you’re doing well. You’re a good dragon.”

Then he looked back at the slit. “It’s my job, isn’t it?” he said with a sigh. “None of the others are about to help a dragon spill itself, and I’ve some kind of affinity for this shit, so, yeah, it’s my job.” He sighed again. “Yeah, all right, I’m stalling. Okay. Let’s get you settled, then.” He reached for the straining slit, then stopped and fixed Vrage with a fierce look. “No bashing around, understand? You’ve been building this one up for ages, and it’ll be fucking intense, but don’t go kicking and biting. You’ll hurt me, you understand? You’re a big thing now, and if you lash out, you’ve a good chance of seriously fucking me up.” He rubbed Vrage’s neck. “You don’t understand a word I’m saying.”

He turned to the slit. Yeah, he could just make out a length of cock in there, part of the shaft bent to the side, revealed through the stretched opening and straining to pop out. That had to be seriously uncomfortable. He couldn’t imagine someone doing that to his own cock soft, let alone hard. He hadn’t tried it with the other dragon’s, but he couldn’t see how it would be any less painful.

He rubbed a little at Vrage’s entrance, eliciting a violent shudder and a loud cry. “Yeah, all right,” he said, rubbing the beast’s belly with his other hand. “Relax, I’m trying.” The slit really was stretched agonizingly tight over the trapped cock inside, and it was all Dunstan could do to get a finger in. Vrage shrieked at that, legs jabbing out, wing flapping, neck writhing, and Dunstan had to soothe it again while he worked the finger back and forth, trying to loosen up the opening and failing miserably.

He sat back eventually and looked. He hadn’t really made progress. Vrage was wetter now, the vague bulge in its groin more prominent, but its cock was no nearer to being freed. The swell of cock that he could see was darker in color, and the stretched lips of its slit were pulsing and fluttering.

“Poor beast,” he muttered, running a hand along its side. “Come on, I’ll get you out of there. Might just have to pull and hope it sorts itself out.” He tried it, sticking a finger and thumb in and tugging, and Vrage very nearly bashed his face in when it jerked and yowled.

“Oh!” he groaned, sitting back and holding his nose, which didn’t feel really broken, per se, but definitely wasn’t in prime condition. “Okay, fine, fine, not that way. Just don’t hit me again, all right?” Vrage was whining in dismay, and he patted its leg with a sigh. “Yeah. Yeah, I know.” He gazed at the cock, throbbing and ready, but stuck behind a slit that didn’t want to accommodate it, and tried to think of a better way to manage it.

Eventually, he turned around and leaned against Vrage’s belly. “Divines,” he said. “All right, I admit it. I have absolutely no idea how to get your dick out.”
Vrage wailed as if it understood him. He didn’t think it could understand his words, but he could understand that it might sense his tone. That made sense. Even dogs could do that. He patted its side. “Sorry, dragon.” Vrage shuddered beneath him.

They sat for a few minutes, Dunstan occasionally poking at the slit to try and rearrange the cock in a way that might allow it to slide free, but without success. “You’re really stuck in there,” he said sympathetically. He’d never had that specific experience, but he’d been teased into unbearable hardness and then denied before, and he had never particularly enjoyed it. There was something to be said for drawing out a climax, but for weeks? No, that’d just be unbelievably frustrating, and if someone had tried to do it to him when he was just working out what his dick was for, it might’ve actually driven him insane.

Then he had a thought, and turned to look at the slit. “Can you get off in there?” he asked Vrage. “I’ve gotten pretty good at handling dick, and I’m definitely good at pussy, so if you don’t have a knot that needs to come out or something, I should be able to get you to finish.” Only the last dragon had had a knot. But Vrage’s cock seemed different. Maybe it was different in that respect, too?

He could at least try it, he decided. So he bent down over Vrage’s straining slit and kissed the bulging flesh of the cock trapped inside. Vrage bucked under him, and he lurched backward, coughing, more in surprise than real difficulty or discomfort. “Stay still, Vrage,” he said, putting a hand on the dragon’s hips to encourage it to stay down. Then he leaned in again.

Vrage didn’t taste bad at all. The copious amounts of slick the slit was drooling tasted a little salty and bitter, as he had expected, but there was also a touch of sweetness under that, a subtle addition that made the experience much more pleasant. Dunstan let his tongue slide into the depths of the slit, probing between fleshy folds, trying to ascertain what was slit and what was cock. There was certainly a great deal of both, and it was tight in there.

He fitted his mouth over the exposed bit of shaft and began to gently suck at it. Unconventional, yeah, but dragon sex was way the hell beyond unconventional anyway, and Vrage was definitely enjoying it, twitching and throbbing and making all kinds of noises underneath him. He spread his lips wider, trying to fit more of the shaft in his mouth, massaging it with his tongue, and suddenly became vividly aware of the shape of the cock underneath. He understood which direction it was pointing, which he hadn’t before; it had looked more like a mass of fleshy tentacle than anything else. And he understood that the head shouldn’t be too far away, just off to the right, there.

“All right,” he said slowly. “All right, I think I have an idea.”

He put his mouth back on the cock and began to suck his way toward the head, forcing his tongue under the taut lips of the slit, letting his nose push folds aside. Yeah, there was definitely a strong source of slick not far from him. It was drooling from all of the walls of the strange sheath, but it
must have been fountaining from the tip of the dragon’s cock, dripping out around his tongue and smearing over his face in a salty-sweet mask.

His tongue hit something that felt different, and Vrage shook violently. He tongued the spot again, and through Vrage’s reaction, thought he could feel a ridge. The bottom of the head, surely. Yeah. He could reach that.

It turned out to be harder than he thought. Vrage was painfully, ridiculously hard, taking up far more space than its slit was designed to contain, and Dunstan’s tongue was only so long. He probed carefully, reaching as far as he could, and was about to give up when he suddenly felt a press of fluid beneath his tongue. Yes! That would be the piss slit, then, which meant that he almost had the head.

He pushed his tongue, trying to clear the way for his lips, or maybe see if he couldn’t wrap his tongue around the end and pull it closer. Ugh, he was sore. Obviously, he needed to use his tongue more. Regardless, he kept pushing, and then, suddenly, something gave, and the head of Vrage’s cock popped into his mouth. He drew back in surprise, taking the cock with him, and the dragon’s cock was out.

Vrage roared at that. It bucked its hips furiously, and Dunstan fell back, gagging, unprepared for a dragon cock trying to fuck his throat. “Stay still,” he croaked. “Vrage! Stay still!” He rubbed the creature’s belly until it reached a state of relative calm, though it was now whining near-constantly.

Vrage whined loudly and made to get up. Dunstan pushed it back down. Yeah, the little beast had waited long enough. He knelt by the dragon’s leg and took its cock in both hands.

The response was immediate. Vrage bucked wildly and smashed its head against the wall. Its cock jerked in Dunstan’s hands and spat out a great gob of slick from its flat head. He put a hand on the armored belly. “Vrage! Stop! Stay still.” The dragon stopped flailing, at least, but it continued to twitch and shudder, obviously completely overwhelmed.

All right, best get it over with quickly. If Vrage needed to go again afterward, he could take it slowly, but this climax had already been building for a long, long time, and the dragon deserved to
He started stroking it with one hand, keeping the other on Vrage’s belly to remind it to stay down. It worked a little, at least—Vrage didn’t throw itself around, though the leg that was in the air to allow Dunstan access was kicking a little, and its tail was thrashing, and it was wailing. “Come on,” he said. “Let’s get you settled.” He picked up the pace.

Gods, it was heavy, and slick, and it was pulsing and jerking in his hand, and the little nubs around the middle were rippling, and—yeah, all right, he was hard. So there was something to be said for a huge, throbbing cock dripping all over his hand. It was fairly easy to keep his mind off of it, given that he needed to keep an eye on Vrage and be ready to dodge should the dragon react particularly strongly to anything, but he could still feel himself against his breeches.

Then something surged under his hand. He looked down in surprise and saw something bulging at the base of the cock, something that was rapidly ballooning into a knot twice as wide as the rest of the dragon’s cock. He rubbed it, and Vrage tensed so hard that he thought it might pass out.

Then another one formed, just above the first one, a little smaller. Dunstan stared at it in blank shock. He’d never heard of anything with two knots. Then a third swelled beneath his fingers, and he started to feel that the situation was getting out of hand.

Vrage came suddenly and explosively. Thin, watery seed burst out of its cock, spraying in great spurts that splattered off of its belly, off of the passage walls and floor, and off of Dunstan, who somehow managed to keep stroking the cock through its climax while sputtering and coughing and trying to wipe seed off of his face.

“Divines,” he grumbled, spitting out dragon seed. He patted the armored belly. “Yeah, good job, Vrage. Feeling better?”

The dragonling purred. It was breathing heavily, and it looked utterly dazed. Only its cock was still out, and—wait, there were only two knots now.

“Oh, absolutely not,” he said. Vrage pushed its cock up at his hands, and he shook his head. “No. Nope. Not my problem now. Come on, up.” He got to his feet and coaxed Vrage into doing the same. The dragon draped an immensely heavy head over his shoulders and groaned into his ear. “Yes, I know.” Dunstan turned and headed down the hall, toward the exit.
Vrage realized what he was doing, and Dunstan didn’t have time to react before the dragon suddenly plowed forward. He yelled, genuinely afraid for his life for the first time in this encounter, and caught the beast around the neck, which resulted in him being dragged along the mine floor as a dragon that suddenly seemed very large and very dangerous barrelled down the passage and smashed right through the door and what remained of the barricade.

Vrage skidded to a halt in the clearing outside, but Dunstan lost his grip on the dragon’s neck and went flying. He rolled and skidded across the ground until he came to a halt, groaning.

Vrage reared up and roared. Then it gave a long, warbling call and bounded over to Dunstan to inspect him, shoving its snout against him and drawing breath in loud snuffles. When it detected no injury, it started prodding him.

He shoved the horned nose away and made an unpleasant noise as he pulled himself to his feet. “Gods,” he muttered irritably.

Siona poked her head up from behind a moldering log. “All right, Dun?”

He wiped dirt and seed from his face. “Yeah, more or less. This little fuck isn’t, though.”

“So what’s wrong with him?” Gjal asked, putting his axe back down. He looked aggrieved.

“He’s a teenager,” Dunstan said, brushing off dirt to get a better look at the scrapes and scratches on his hands, “and he can’t touch himself.”

There was a long silence.

“You’re kidding,” Errian said finally. “There’s no possible way I’ll believe that’s his problem.”

Luckily, Vrage decided that that was an excellent moment to roll clumsily onto his back, exposing a dripping cock that still bulged with two knots.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Aya said, putting a hand to her forehead. “Absolutely not.”
“Isn’t this really your area of expertise?” Siona said, standing up and brushing dirt off of her knees. “Couldn’t you be… taking care of this?”

“I did,” Dunstan said, “once. He needs to go twice more before he’s done, and as I recall, I wasn’t the one who decided to hatch and adopt a dragon. He’s you lot’s responsibility, as far as I can see. You want a guard dragon, you deal with the consequences.”

The bandits looked at each other. There was a moment when it could have been any of them, but then Errian and Aya looked at each other, allied immediately, and both turned to look at Gjal.

“Oh, all right,” Gjal grumbled. “Vrage! Vrage, boy, come here.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, dearly beloved readers of freaky porn, I am officially done with finals and free to provide you all with smut. I regret to announce that updates may still be a little slow, as I was a genius and not only got, but decided to pursue ideas for five new fics at the same time, but at least a couple of those should be pretty short, and I'll see if I can't finish them up and post them soon. php30010 has once again been furnishing me with some absolutely wild ideas for future chapters of this, so feel free to go thank them profusely if you're into Dun's kinky adventures.
Camping

Chapter Summary

After an interruption that took them all the way to Haafingar, Dunstan and Igner resume their quest. Siona is heading the same direction, and things get a little messy.

Chapter Notes

Oral sex, deepthroating, lactation mention, aphrodisiacs, threesome, intercrural, ignoring, some nipple play, masturbation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I, uh—” Dunstan coughed a little. “I think I’m going to head out.”

“Yeah, me too,” Siona said hastily. She got to her feet and pulled her cloak around her.

“You do that,” Errian said, watching greedily as Gjal relieved Vrage for the third time that evening. “Feel free to come back and visit. Or maybe we’ll see you out there sometime.”

Igner was still watching, transfixed, as Gjal took Vrage’s cock to the root, his lips touching the folded skin at the base with a moan, the last knot bulging his cheeks. “You certain we can’t stay a bit?”

“Yeah, certain,” Dunstan said, pulling Igner up to his feet and handing him a pack. He was already half-hard in his breeches, and he didn’t intend to get any harder. “You lot have fun with that.”

“Stay safe,” Aya said, tearing her eyes away from the sight to look up at Dunstan meaningfully. “We’re likely to require your services again. You have a way with him, and who knows? Your milk might come in again.”

“I’m sure you’re very concerned for my welfare,” Dunstan said, clapping her on the shoulder. “Don’t overdo it, he’s only a child.”
“If he’s anything like me when I was learning how to use my cunt, I imagine it’ll be near impossible to overdo it,” Aya said comfortably. “Don’t worry, I’m sure between the three of us we can scrounge up at least one person’s worth of common sense, and half a person’s worth of parenting skills. We won’t ruin him. He’ll make a fine dragon yet.”

“Suppose no one’s particularly useful when they’re that age,” Dunstan allowed. “Best hope he doesn’t get all moody while he’s at it. Could bloody kill someone.”

“I’m more worried about Gjal choking on his cock than anything else.”

“Lovely,” Dunstan said. “Have fun.” He shrugged into his pack and headed into the forest, Siona following close behind, and Igner bringing up the rear, though for a while the bounty hunter kept glancing back.

The territory around the bandits’ den was rough, mostly rocky pine forest that somehow managed to support a bristling undergrowth. There were, pleasantly enough, a lot of fireflies involved, as the sun had set shortly after they left, and the gentle blooming of light made the journeying easier.

“We could’ve stayed there a night, at least,” Igner said. “We’ll have to camp in a few minutes.”

“If the aurora comes out tonight, we can make another mile, at least,” Siona said reasonably.

“And us under the trees? Don’t think so.”

“You’re cheery,” Siona grumbled. “Developing a fondness for Dun’s variety of sex, are you?”

“My variety?” Dunstan said, glancing back at her as he made his way down a gravelly slope. “I haven’t got a monopoly on weird fucking, you know. Gjal’s figured it out, at least.” Even in the dark, he could tell that Igner had gone red. Thankfully, Siona wasn’t looking.

“And who made that possible? Face it, Dun, you’ve started a trend.” She laughed. “I suppose I can’t complain too much. I sold half that oil from the machine to a man in Riften. A thousand septims for a bottle.”
“Yeah, well, you ought to have charged more. The sheer manpower involved. Very labor-intensive substance, that oil.” Then he paused. “A thousand? Really?”

“Yes, really. I could probably get more if I stopped by the college in Winterhold, but I really don’t fancy going up there.”

“I wouldn’t mind seeing the College,” Igner said. “It’s supposed to be very impressive.”

“And cold, and desolate, and the town’s full of angry Nords with no future,” Dunstan pointed out. “Not to mention half the place fell into the sea. Who knows when the other half will go?”

“Let’s camp up there,” Siona interjected, pointing at a relatively level area on a hillside not far away. “Where are you two off to now, anyway?”

“Riverwood,” Dunstan said, making his way toward the site. “I may think the horn of Fuck-Off Nobody’s a waste of time, but the Greybeards disagree, and I’m pretty sure they can smite me or something if I ignore them.”

“And I suppose you’re off to Whiterun?” Igner asked. “You said you left your supplies there, yeah?”

“Yes, and I’d really like them back, but I think I’m also going to invest in a mule. I’m really quite tired of lugging that cart everywhere.”

“Aren’t we all?” Dunstan grumbled. “And I suppose you can afford one now.” He reached the flat area and dumped his pack unceremoniously. “Ig, I think you have the tent.”

Siona built up a fire while Dunstan and Igner worked with the tent, and by the time they’d gotten it rigged up between a stone and a tree, she was already heating broth with some of the pheasant they’d gotten from the bandits. Not a bad supper at all, and the heat was welcome as the sun went down and the night grew cold. After they finished, they all huddled up in the tent, Dunstan and Igner in their bedrolls and Siona wrapped up in her cloak.

Dunstan couldn’t put the image of Gjal on his knees, sucking dragon cock, out of his head. He tried to think of other things, such as who in the name of all the Divines would break into a Nordic ruin, get past a horde of draugr and other unpleasant creatures, and steal a valuable heirloom just to get into contact with him, but the thought of the big man’s eyes closing in pleasure, a muffled moan half-
escaping him, spit and dragon slick smeared on his face, cock heavy and thickening between his legs, was a persistent one.

And Akatosh, he’d taken that cock well. It must have been the length of Dunstan’s arm, and Gjal had swallowed it down to the third and final knot. There’d been a noticeable bulge in his throat, a thick one, with a faint swelling in the middle, where Dunstan knew that Vrage had a ring of fleshy nubs. What did it feel like, Dunstan wondered, for something to squeeze that deeply down your throat, swollen huge in your mouth, throbbing, twitching, dripping slick into you, with a powerful beast leaning over you, begging for more? Did it make you better at sucking more manageable cocks, or did it ruin you—would you be forever remembering the larger ones while you were servicing ordinary men?

Then he remembered that he had his own experience to draw on to answer that question, and decided that it must be something of a mix. A werewolf cock could stretch you in ways you’d never dreamed, and Dunstan sometimes had a bit of a craving for something like it, something that could hold him down and absolutely devastate him, but given the opportunity, he thought that a good standard human could very well still be a fantastic lay. Igner had certainly been engaging, though their encounters had been anything but standard.

Why was he thinking about this? He’d had altogether too much sex over the past couple of months. Surely he was worn out. Why didn’t sleep sound as good as it should? His balls itched a little, and he reached down absently to scratch.

His breeches were damp.

At first he thought he’d somehow pissed himself without noticing, or done a hell of a lot more sweating than usual, but then he realized that the damp patch was spread across the inside of one thigh, nearly down to his knee. And it was a little sticky, and sort of… sweet, when he brought his fingers up to sniff.

He sat up in alarm. “Oh shit,” he said aloud, and immediately regretted it.

Igner was up in moments, reaching clumsily for his mace, and Siona lurched up to a sitting position not much later. “What?” Igner croaked, sounding more than half asleep.

“Um,” Dunstan said, doing his best to look as though he hadn’t just stuck his fingers down his breeches and sniffed them. “I’ve spilled something.”
“Spilled what?” Siona said blankly. There was nothing to spill in the tent. Then her eyes narrowed.
Dunstan felt himself blushing, and could see the disapproving calculation in her eyes, the source of
which became even more obvious when she glanced at his groin, concealed beneath the bedroll.

“It’s not that,” he said. “Well, sort of. I have something in my bag, and it must have spilled last night,
and it got on my breeches, and, um—”

Igner suddenly went pale. “Not…”

“Yeah.”

“Not what?” Siona said, alarmed.

“Nothing that bad,” Dunstan said hastily. “Just a bit awkward.”

“You’re sure?” Igner said. “It’s… you seem all right.”

“Yeah, I—it’s not as bad as last time. It must go bad or—”

“Dun,” Siona said sharply, “what the fuck is it?”

Dunstan tried to think of a way to tell her without informing her that they’d both been fucked by
giant insects. “Something that came off a chaurus. It’s, um… it’s got some aphrodisiac qualities?” He
steeled himself.

Siona stared at him for a moment before her face suddenly lit up in understanding, followed swiftly
by horror. “No! You didn’t!”

“I didn’t fucking want to,” Dunstan said irritably. “It wasn’t exactly my decision.”

“Let me see it,” Siona said. She sounded utterly weary. “I ought to be able to tell you whether it’s
poisonous, at least.”
“Poisonous?” Igner said in surprise. “You think it could be?”

“Igner of Cheydinhal,” Siona said quietly, with an air of drawing from a deep well of patience that was beginning to dry out, “perhaps contrary to popular belief, most things that you pull out of monsters are not good for you, and quite a lot actively harm you, though Dun seems to have the good fortune to be able to survive most of it regardless. Now let me see it.”

Dunstan reached into his pack and passed her the leaky waterskin, which was indeed wet and slippery, enough that she nearly dropped it. She held it up to the light of the campfire and squinted. Dunstan and Igner watched with some trepidation as she examined the fluid.

Eventually, she rubbed some between her fingers. “I don’t smell any of the common organic poisons and venoms, and if it’s what I think it is, I can’t imagine that it would be envenomed. That said, for the love of all the Divines, please avoid eating it until I get it back to my workshop and run some tests.” She paused. “Well, you weren’t kidding about the aphrodisiac properties.”

“Oh,” Dunstan said. “Sorry.” Before he could stop himself, he was already saying, “If you want some help—” He cut himself off midsentence.

Siona’s eyebrows flew up. Then she laughed. “Only if you want.”

Dunstan froze. He hadn’t imagined that she would say yes. Sure, they’d fucked before, but they’d both been high out of their minds, which had at least made it somewhat less awkward. This felt rather different.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Igner said finally. “I’m still hot from watching Gjal, and you two are hot off of chaurus come. Surely we can work something out between ourselves.”

Siona let out an honest-to-Talos giggle, which surprised Dunstan so much that he coughed out a laugh with her out of sheer shock. “Yeah, all right,” she said, a hand on her forehead, her lips pressed pale as she stifled more laughter. “All right.” She got to her feet and unfastened her leather apron. Dunstan hastily shucked his shirt and breeches, and was aware of Igner doing the same thing more hesitantly. He wasn’t going to do laundry at the moment, but he hung his breeches up over the side of the tent. He could do that, at least. Just so long as he remembered in the morning. They didn’t need a repeat of this.
Siona was most definitely pleasant to look at. He’d been at least mildly out of his mind the last time he’d seen her naked, and hadn’t really taken in the details, and he was definitely under the influence of something this time, but he was cognizant enough to be delighted by the soft shift of her breasts as she bent over to lay her dress out of the way, and the indentation under her hipbones where her waist curved to meet them, and the softness of her gently curved belly, and the grace of her limbs. He wanted to touch her.

And, of course, there was also Igner. Something squirmed powerfully in his stomach when Igner pulled his breeches down and stepped out of them, cock already hard and bobbing between powerful thighs, and if he’d just have the decency to turn around, then Dunstan could get an eyeful of—

“What do you think?” Dunstan tore his eyes away long enough to look and see Siona standing comfortably, brown flesh rippling a little from the chill, dark nipples hard. She was looking at Igner. “Which end of him would you like?”

“You can have his mouth,” Igner said.

Dunstan frowned in weary resignation when he realized that they were dividing him up like a choice cut of meat. “You could ask me, you know. I’m here as well.”

Siona ignored him. “On his back or belly?”

Igner looked Dunstan over critically. “Back, I think.”

Dunstan sighed and dragged Igner’s bedroll over to his own before flopping down across both of them and rolling his eyes. “Well, there you go, then, thanks very much for—”

Siona planted her knees on either side of his head and lowered herself onto his mouth before he could finish being irritated at them. With a generous ass in his face and an already-wet cunt begging to be licked, being disregarded suddenly didn’t seem very important anymore. He sucked at her outer lips, kissing and tonguing across her, and reflected that things could be a lot worse. She leaned forward to give him a better angle on her clit.

Then a slicked finger slipped into him, followed swiftly by a second, and he moaned a little. Yeah, all right, things could definitely be worse. The fingers spread inside him, stretching him gently, and he quivered. Yeah. All right, not bad at all.
“You’re so…” Igner’s voice was full of quiet awe. “You’re still so soft and tight.”

Dunstan didn’t pay too much attention. He was occupied with exploring Siona with his tongue. He mapped her quickly, loosely determining the major landmarks—the protruding nub of her clit, its warm hood, the lopsided folds of her lips, her clenching, dripping opening—while she ran her hands down his chest.

“I think it’s something to do with—ah—being Dragonborn,” she said. “It must make him… stretchy, somehow.”

Stubble scraped across his belly as Igner planted a kiss just above his navel. “What for? I never thought he was meant to fuck them.”

“He might be.” Siona began toying lightly with his nipples, softly and gently enough that Dunstan could keep his mind on the task at hand, though he closed his eyes and his cock pulsed warmly. “Gods, that feels lovely. It can’t be accident that he’s the only living thing that can breed with them.” She moaned a little when he went for her clit. “And if he’s meant to fuck them, then he’d have to be flexible. Inhumanly so—” She broke off with a little cry when he took her fully into his mouth and began to tongue and suck.

Igner groaned and pressed his cock up against Dunstan’s hole, but instead of pushing in, he lifted Dunstan’s knees and pressed his thighs together. Then he was rutting up between Dunstan’s thighs, making desperate noises. Dunstan tried to push down with his calves on Igner’s shoulder, hoping it would get someone to pay attention to his cock, but to no avail; Igner was focused on getting himself off, and Siona was gasping from the attention he was giving her clit. He rolled his eyes a little and reluctantly turned his full attention to Siona’s sex.

It was difficult. The force of Igner’s thrusts had Dunstan’s back bent just enough to allow the head of his cock to rub up against his belly, where it dripped occasionally. Chaurus come certainly seemed to make things… wetter. It had affected Siona, too; his face was wet with her from his nose to his chin. He pulled away from her clit and drove his tongue into her desperately contracting opening in an attempt to stem the flow a little, and was momentarily taken aback when she cried out and her thighs squeezed around him.

“Gods,” she moaned. It surprised him somewhat. Most of the women he’d been with had enjoyed penetration well enough, but had needed their clits to finish, rather like most men had to have their cocks played with before they could spill. From the sounds Siona was making, Dunstan would not be at all surprised if he could make her come without touching her clit.
Then again, he didn’t see the point. He wasn’t going to deny her more pleasure out of mere curiosity. With that in mind, he let his hands snake between her legs from the front and began rubbing her hood back and forth over her clit with one while the other pulled gently on her folds. It was a little difficult, given that Igner was still busy between his legs and that Siona was having difficulty controlling herself, but she certainly seemed to enjoy it, judging by her gasps and cries, so he continued, his hope that someone would be decent enough to at least take his cock in hand rapidly diminishing.

“Ig,” Siona moaned. “Ig, I need you to—my tits, here.” Igner stopped thrusting and leaned forward, bending Dunstan’s legs further up, and there was a wet sound followed by two groans, one muffled and one not, which Dunstan took to mean that Igner had just taken one of Siona’s rather generous nipples into his mouth. Then the cock resumed sliding between his thighs, rather faster than before, and the sounds of sucking grew messier.

Annoyed that Igner was willing to play with Siona’s tits but not, apparently, to do anything toward getting off the man who was so obligingly both allowing himself to be used and actively servicing Siona, Dunstan doubled his efforts, determined to get this over with so that he could at least have a nice wank soon. He forced his tongue as far in as he could manage and began to use it aggressively while his fingers furiously rubbed her clit. Her soft moans and sighs were rapidly replaced with cries and shrieks, and she shook and shuddered above him.

It wasn’t long before those wonderful sounds reached a fever pitch, and then she shoved herself hard back onto his face with a full-throated scream, clenching hard around him while her thighs trembled desperately. After a time, her climax died down, and she collapsed backward, sprawling on the bedroll, Dunstan’s head between her legs.

With that out of the way, Dunstan was free to take his own cock in hand at last. It was difficult, given that Igner was now thrusting quite forcefully and didn’t seem to mind how hard his balls were slapping against Dunstan’s thigh, nor how his pace was preventing Dunstan from getting into anything resembling a rhythm, but Dunstan had spilled himself in much more difficult situations, and he wasn’t about to be thrown off by some mercenary out of Cheydinhal.

Still, Igner had had much more time to get to this point, and Dunstan had only just gotten started on his own cock when the bigger man’s thrusts grew shaky and shuddery. “Dun,” Igner groaned, deep in his chest, and then he was painting Dunstan’s thighs and stomach with his seed.

Dunstan ignored him, and as soon as Igner let go of his thighs and settled back on the bedroll to catch his breath, he let his legs spread and his back arch, lifting his hips a little, getting into his preferred position. He hadn’t had to do this much since the dragon, which felt like it had been years ago but couldn’t be more than three months, and it was a little exciting to be back at it. His pleasure was in his own hands, as it so rarely was now. The method, the speed, the sensation, it was all up to him. He had the power over his own climax, and he was going to enjoy it.
Then he realized suddenly that he was too close, and before he could control himself, he came, abrupt and unsatisfying, all over his stomach. Damn.

Chapter End Notes

So it seems like every time I say something along the lines of "Hey, I'm back with your regular helping of freaky porn!" life immediately smacks me across the face and prevents me from delivering said porn, and it seems to do it harder every time, so I'm going to avoid saying it, and instead stick with apologizing for vanishing into the void for months on end and thanking you all for sticking around anyway. You're all excellent and I love and appreciate you.

With that out of the way, I also apologize for this relatively vanilla chapter. I was going to move straight on into the next one, which is much kinkier and nearly done (and which, in case life's listening, I definitely do not intend to post at any time in the near future, no way), but I think this one actually sets it up very nicely, so I kept it. Thanks again for reading and commenting and leaving kudos (seriously getting that kudos email every day is a sweet, sweet moment), I really appreciate it!

Also, to thank you guys some more, I'm going to supplement this chapter with some older drawings of Siona, Errian, Aya, and Gjal:
https://plothound.tumblr.com/post/179252981140/some-characters-from-my-skyrim-fic-clockwise-from
(yeah, I made a porn blog a while back and immediately ignored it, pretty sure it's just going to be for any nsfw-related art I do)
Companions

Chapter Summary

The trio arrives at Whiterun, and Dunstan develops a hell of a crush on a resident there.

Chapter Notes

Brief violence, aphrodisiacs, scent kink (ish), breeding kink, transformation, werewolves, knotting, come inflation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Whiterun wasn’t bad. Actually, it was about as close as one could get to a proper city in Skyrim, with the exception of Solitude. Proper walls, proper gates, a proper castle, proper shops. Not bad at all. Not to mention that the Jarl, a man named Balgruuf, was a decent sort, and inclined to be kind to adventurers who helped out when they could. Dunstan, having already helped out vis-à-vis dispatching the dragon that had destroyed one of the city’s watchtowers, was welcome in the city. With that in mind, and with the view that it was already late afternoon when the tower of the great castle of Dragonsreach became visible on the horizon, he and Igner decided to spend the night in the city and move on to Riverwood the following day.

As they came up the western road, it became clear that there was some sort of commotion going on outside of the city, in the cabbage fields of one of the farms. There was a lot of yelling coming from there, along with a substantial amount of dust.

“Think that ought to be our problem?” Dunstan asked, squinting.

“No!” Siona said sharply. “You’re not bloody law enforcement. Just leave well enough alone.”

“Well, I’m not sure it is well enough,” Igner said. He lifted a gauntleted hand to shade his eyes. “Seems to be a fight of some kind.”

“Is that a giant?” Dunstan asked in sudden alarm.

“Oh, Dibella’s tits,” Siona muttered as both men broke into a run.
It transpired that it was, in fact, a giant, and a very large and angry-looking one at that. The creature roared in fury and swung its club in a broad sweep. The little figures dancing around at its feet dodged the blow, and one of them darted in to hack at a great tree-trunk leg. Dunstan had nearly reached the fray and was drawing his sword when an arrow suddenly sprouted from the giant’s eye, and the great creature staggered, arms windmilling, groaned, and eventually toppled with a thundering crash.

There was a moment of silence, waiting to see if the giant would move again, before the fighters stowed their weapons. A tall woman with violently red hair glared at Dunstan and Igner. “Well, that’s done. No thanks to you.”

“Hey,” Dunstan said indignantly, “I got here as fast as I could.”

She snorted. “Aye, I’m sure you did.” As she slung her bow over her shoulder, he caught sight of the heavy medallion hanging around her neck—iron, engraved with a wolf’s head.

“You’re a Companion,” he said in surprise and sudden understanding.

“Oh, you’re a clever one,” she said.

“Leave off,” came a voice from over by the giant. “Kodlak will want a report.”

Dunstan looked over and saw a man getting to his feet from where he had apparently been kneeling, inspecting the giant. He was in the dark, fur-trimmed armor that Dunstan vaguely associated with the Companions of Jorrvaskr, and, now that his face was in the light, Dunstan was alarmed to discover that he was easily one of the most attractive men he’d ever seen.

The man saw him looking and frowned, which somehow didn’t mar his lovely face at all. “What?”

“Hello,” Dunstan breathed.

“Make yourself useful and clear this up,” the lovely man said. The afternoon light caught the sweat on the aquiline lines of his face. “If you drop by Jorrvaskr later, the steward will see that you’re paid for your work.”
Dunstan could only nod, and the group of professional warriors headed up the road toward the city.

“All right, what is it?” Igner said. He sounded irritated.

“Did you see that one?” Dunstan asked, still looking after the Companions.

“What, the woman?”

“Don’t be absurd,” Dunstan said. “The man, the beautiful one.”

“Oh,” Igner said. “You mean the one that talked to you like you were a servant? The one with the ugly nose?”

“He hasn’t got an ugly nose!”

Igner sighed. “That’s Vilkas. He’s one of the high-ups in the Companions.”

Dunstan came to help him drag the giant out of the cabbage field. “I thought they didn’t have high-ups.”

“Well, not really. They’re all supposed to be on the same level, and they haven’t got a leader, but they have something called the Circle, which I think is a sort of council.”

Dunstan heaved the giant’s legs over the field’s boundary wall. “And Vilkas is one of those? How do you know this, anyway?”

“I’m a bounty hunter. The Companions are mercenaries. We’re in the same line of work, it’s kind of my job. Grab his arms, I’ll get his head.”

Together they wrangled the rest of the giant over the wall. “Know anything else about him? How are my chances?”
“Well, I don’t think he’s seeing anyone, if that’s what you’re asking. You realize he barely looked at you?”

“I’ll get him to. When I go for payment. Which had really better considerable.” Dunstan used his shoulder to shove the giant toward a likely ditch.

“It won’t be. And what’re you going to do, dance?”

“I don’t know yet,” Dunstan grumbled. The giant rolled into the ditch, and he pulled out his tinderbox. “I’ll say something really clever, or something.”

Igner poured a bit of liquor over the giant to help it catch. “And what surpassingly clever line do you have in mind?”

“Dunno. Maybe I’ll compliment him on the fight. Or do you think it’s best not to remind him in case he remembers I didn’t actually help?”

Igner sighed heavily.

By the time the giant had burned sufficiently to be left alone for the fire to die out, it was late evening. Siona, it appeared, had already reacquired her cart and secured herself a place for the night with Arcadia, the local alchemist, in exchange for some dried jazbay, so Dunstan and Igner booked themselves a room at the inn. Dunstan dropped his bag on one of the beds, shucked his boots, and dropped his chausses.

“What’re you doing?” Igner said in alarm.

“Look, you’ve got to be optimistic when you’re trying to get laid,” Dunstan said, pulling off his breastplate. “You’ve got to be prepared to be successful. And if you’re going to get laid, you can’t be filthy. I intend to look and smell excellent before I head up to Jorrvaskr.”
“Laid?” Igner said. “You’re not going to ask him to dinner or something first?”

Dunstan slipped off his breeches and began scrubbing himself with a rag from the washbasin. “One thing can lead to another, Ig. Like I said, I’m going to be prepared.”

“You going to be prepared for failure, too?” Igner unstrapped his own armor at a more leisurely rate. “He’s a big Nord warrior type. What happens if he sees your skinny ass and decides he’s not going to settle?”

“Settle?” Dunstan turned to look at him. He hadn’t really considered that he and Vilkas might not be on the same romantic level. After all, he was technically Thane of Whiterun, wasn’t he? He had to have at least some dating clout, not to mention being Dragonborn and all that. And he wasn’t so bad-looking as all that, surely… “You think it’s that bad?”

Igner looked at him for a moment, then sighed a little. “Look, just… don’t be too disappointed if he says no, all right?”

Dunstan went back to cleaning, more thoughtfully this time. Perhaps Igner was right. He might have killed two dragons, but that didn’t make him the sort of warrior that Vilkas was probably looking for. And he certainly hadn’t looked at all heroic killing either of them. He’d been scared and shaking and clumsy. Vilkas was a lifelong fighter, a man who’d hardly flinched facing down that giant. That sort of man, he thought as he ran the rag up his sides and under his arms, wouldn’t be impressed by Dunstan’s accomplishments. He was going to need more.

Then he had a thought which startled him so much that he dropped the rag. He didn’t bother to pick it up before rushing over to his bag and fishing around in it until he found the leaky waterskin, the one with the chaurus come and eggs in it. He’d stuffed it into a spare sock for safekeeping, but the sock was already a little damp. He popped the cork and dipped a finger into the gunk, trying to ignore the heat that sparked in his groin as he did so.

“Dun?” Igner said warily. “Dun, what are you doing?”

Dunstan held his finger under his nose. It didn’t smell like anything in particular, and it didn’t hit as hard as it did upon direct contact, but he felt a bit of warmth slide through him as he inhaled. That was good. That was very good.

He rubbed the blue into the skin of his neck, and then his wrists. He dabbed a little down his stomach
“Dun… that’s not…”

Dunstan shuddered a little. Oh, Gods, that was strong. He was half-hard already. “You’re right,” he said, resisting the urge to roll his hips into the sweet warmth suffusing him. “I need a bit of help with a man like that.” He leaned on the bed a little. *Shit.* All right, maybe a little stronger than anticipated.

“You don’t think that’s… a bit fucked up?” Igner said helplessly.

“Look, it’s hitting me a lot harder than it’s going to hit him. It’s just…” His legs trembled briefly before he got them back under control. “It’s just to get him in the mood a bit. A little extra push.” He corked the waterskin and shoved it back in the sock. His lips parted as a bit of blue dripped down his fingers.

“What if it makes you do something stupid?”

“Well, it’s not exactly going to be out of character if I do, is it?” Dunstan pulled on his marginally cleaner pair of breeches and his spare tunic. No shirt underneath, that’d just slow things down. He wondered briefly if that was him or the chaurus come talking, and decided that no, it made enough sense. He definitely needed chausses, though. He eased into his spares. Then it was on with the boots, skipping the socks, and he gave his face a last wash before turning to Igner. “I look all right?”

Igner turned back to his pack. “You look fine. Bring something pointy, though. He’s a Nord, after all, and a Companion. You’ve got to look capable.”

“Oh,” Dunstan said. “Shit.” It would look ridiculous to buckle on his sword with this outfit, and the only other weapon he had was his boot knife, a beat-up little thing half a handspan in length. “Lend me your knife?”

Igner sighed deeply and unbuckled his dagger in its tooled scabbard. “Don’t lose it.”

Dunstan wrapped the belt twice around his waist, over the tunic, and looped the loose end. “Thanks, Ig. Wish me luck.”
Sensations felt stronger with the blue on his skin and in his nostrils. The chilly night air seemed to cut at him, but it was also somehow savory. The wind rippled up his bare forearms, into his veins and pumping through him, but no matter how cold and sweet it tickled, it was no match for his own warmth. There was a fiery heat pooled deep in his belly, and he had to work hard to ignore it. The laces of his breeches seemed unreasonably constricting, driving a pang through him with every step.

Luckily, it wasn’t far to Jorrvaskr, great ship-hall of the Companions, and Dunstan was knocking at one of the doors before he had time to get too distracted. It was opened by an elderly man in fine, if simple, clothing. He stared blankly at Dunstan.

“I took care of that giant,” Dunstan said. “Er, the carcass, I got rid of it.”

“Oh,” the old man said, eyes lighting up in understanding. “Yes, thank you. Come in, I’ll find you an appropriate payment.” He opened the door wide, and Dunstan stepped inside.

Jorrvaskr was a dark, smoky place, but the fires burned strong and hot, glinting off of candlesticks and cutlery. A few warrior-types were at the long tables, carving meats that smelled delicious and pouring horns of thick amber mead. A servant swept the floors, and a dark elf and a Nord were brawling in an open area. Vilkas was nowhere in sight.

Dunstan followed the old man past the brawl and into a small room packed with a desk, bookshelf, and mounds of papers and scrolls. The old man poked around a little before opening a large chest and retrieving a small canvas pouch. He handed it to Dunstan. “For services rendered.”

Dunstan took the pouch, surreptitiously felt its weight, and was startled to realize that there couldn’t be more than five or six septims in it. He resisted the urge to protest and instead asked, “Do you know where I might find Vilkas?”

“Oh, he’s up at the Skyforge,” the old man said. “The blacksmith’s wife is unwell, so Vilkas has taken to clearing up for him in the evenings.”

“Right,” Dunstan said. “Thank you.” It was all he could do to say a few more polite words before he made his way quickly out of the hall and up the hill to the Skyforge, where the great stone eagle loomed over the open flames.
Vilkas was there, as promised, still in his armor. He was putting away tools and sweeping away metal filings from the grindstone. He turned rather before Dunstan would have expected him to and frowned. “Who’re you?”

“Dunstan,” Dunstan said after a moment’s pause. “I cleared up that giant that you killed earlier.”

“Oh,” Vilkas said, turning back to the broom. “Yes, I remember.” He seemed utterly unconcerned.

“Right,” Dunstan said, a little awkwardly. “I, uh, just wanted to say that you did a good job on the giant. Really impressive.”

Vilkas shrugged his broad shoulders, not bothering to look at Dunstan. “Routine work.”

“It was a giant,” Dunstan said before he could stop himself. He struggled to recover without revealing that giants scared the piss out of him. “They, ah, they don’t really get any easier. In my experience. That I have.”

“They’re like any other beast,” Vilkas said. He stacked a few unused logs that had been laid near the fire, returning them to the great woodpile. “You get to know them after a time. Get to read when they’re going to swing, when they’re going to charge. They’re big, yeah, and quite strong, but predictable enough.”

“Ah.” This wasn’t going how he had hoped. He wasn’t here to talk about bloody giants, he was here to see what Vilkas looked like under that armor. His cock pulsed at the thought. He stepped a little closer, trying to stay in conversation range as Vilkas leaned over the workbench. “You, um…”

Vilkas straightened up suddenly. “Do you smell something?”

“Um,” Dunstan said in alarm. Shit, had he not cleaned up well enough? *Fuck, fuck, fuck, should’ve bought some soap, should’ve bought some soap.* “Like what?”

Vilkas sniffed the night air. “I’m not sure. Something…” He turned toward Dunstan. “Is that you?”
“No?” Dunstan tried, his horror growing. “I mean, I don’t smell anything in particular—"

Vilkas took one long step toward him and was suddenly right in front of him and leaning forward. “Gods, what is that?” His head came in, close, close, almost kissing distance. “You smell… gods.” He pressed his nose to the side of Dunstan’s neck and inhaled deeply with a great shuddering breath. Then he pulled back sharply, retreating a few steps, turning red. “I’m—I’m sorry, you just—”

“’S all right,” Dunstan breathed, hardly able to believe it. “Do I smell that good?”

“I—” Vilkas looked unbearably frustrated with himself. “Yes. My apologies, I didn’t mean to—”

Dunstan stepped forward, coming right up in front of the taller man, and pressed close, letting his groin press up against Vilkas’s. He felt the Companion push himself down to where Dunstan’s neck met his shoulder, and heard the sweet music of a groan in his ear. “What do I smell like?” he whispered.

“I don’t know,” Vilkas muttered. “Like… warmth. Fertile.”

Dunstan found that a little disturbing, but he wasn’t about to pass up the opportunity. “Yeah?” He ran his hands over Vilkas’s backplate. “I don’t suppose I can bear you a child, but I’d be very excited to go through the motions, anyway.”

Vilkas took another deep inhale before pulling away. “With me. Now.” He grabbed Dunstan’s arm and yanked him down the stairs from the Skyforge, seemingly intending to head straight for Jorrvaskr, but after a few steps, he stopped again and closed the distance between them. When he shoved his groin up against Dunstan’s, Dustan thought he could feel a growing firmness there, and the fire in the pit of his stomach flared.

They went down the steps slowly, like overeager teenagers, unable to let each other go. Vilkas was crushing Dunstan to his chest, huffing in great sniffs and moaning them out, and Dunstan was spilling over with the thrill of being so desperately wanted by a man of such beauty and power. A truly great warrior, handsome and strong, who could have his pick of maidens and men, and wanted Dunstan. It was intoxicating. Or perhaps that was the blue.

They made it to the bottom of the stairs, but instead of continuing toward the hall, Vilkas pulled Dunstan around to the side of the hill. “I’m not waiting that long,” he growled, pushing Dunstan up against the stone overhang and licking the side of his neck. “Not going to drag you through the halls. I’m going to have you here.”
“Oh,” Dunstan managed. He was grinding himself up against Vilkas’s leg. It was public and all, but oh... “Yeah, all right.”

Then Vilkas shoved at the stone, and a concealed door swung inward. He drew Dunstan in with him and heaved the stone door back in place behind him. Then he was pushing Dunstan down onto a dirt floor, pulling the tunic over his head. Dunstan fumbled at the straps of the other man’s armor, whining a little when a tongue dragged from his navel to his chest as the tunic came off.

“Vilkas!”

Dunstan started in horrified surprise and swung himself up onto one elbow to get a look behind him. He nearly pissed himself at the sight.

They were in a small cave, predictably enough. Less predictably, a great stone bowl sat on a plinth toward the back, and next to the bowl was a great hulk of a man in Companion armor who was dwarfed by the huge werewolf next to him.

“Um,” Dunstan said.

“Vilkas!” the big man repeated. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Can’t you smell him?” Vilkas groaned. He seemed undisturbed by the presence of the man and the vast beast, and was picking up where Dunstan had left off with his armor. “Like... like I don’t know what.”

“Um,” Dunstan repeated, a little more forcefully. “Who...”

The werewolf dropped to all fours and padded over to him. It snuffled at him with its great damp nose, and then jerked back in surprise, nostrils flaring. It opened its mouth, and, to Dunstan’s considerable surprise, spoke, moving its tongue carefully around its teeth. “Smells like a mare in heat,” it said in a horrible, distorted growl.

“Vilkas,” Dunstan said with growing urgency, shaking the man’s shoulder. “Vilkas.”
The Companion was busy with the laces of his trousers, having gotten his armor and tunic off. Dunstan noted in passing that his body was rawly gorgeous, all hard, lean muscle, stripped of all softness, and he suppressed the desire to lean forward and explore it with his tongue. Vilkas seemed utterly content to ignore both the werewolf and anything Dunstan said.

The big man came over, resting a hand on the werewolf’s side, and crouched by Dunstan’s head. “He does smell good,” he admitted, “but aren’t you getting a little carried away?”

“Yes,” Dunstan said, trying to ignore the fact that Vilkas had gotten his own trousers off and was getting started on Dunstan’s breeches, as well as the fact that he was still abominably hard despite the danger. “Would anyone like to explain what’s going on, please?”

The werewolf huffed and painstakingly wrapped its muzzle around another sentence. “You’re a clever one, aren’t you?”

Dunstan frowned. Then his eyes widened in understanding. “You’re the woman from before,” he said. “The Companion. You’re a werewolf!”

The big man patted him on the head. “You’ve brought home something of an idiot, Vilkas.” He paused. “Though he really does smell gorgeous.”

Vilkas yanked Dunstan’s breeches down with a force that simultaneously made Dunstan flinch and his cock twitch. “You two are welcome to partake in the idiot once I’m done.” He shoved his nose into Dunstan’s stomach, inhaling the blue there. “Gods!”

The werewolf craned her head down and licked a long, wet trail from Dunstan’s shoulder to his jaw. She huffed again. “Tastes like… breeding. Wet, hot, sweet.” She laved his cheek. “Skjor. Smell him properly.”

The big man sighed. “Aela and I were going to have a pleasant night together, you know. A moonlight hunt, maybe a nice lay afterward.” He began stripping his armor. “Suppose we can have the lay, at least.”

“I—” Dunstan bit back his protest. Vilkas was obviously friends with the werewolf and the big man, and it wouldn’t do to reject them. He’d lain with a werewolf before, hadn’t he? And this one was a woman, so it wasn’t as if he was going to get a great knotted cock up his ass. He wasn’t sure how he
felt about kissing a werewolf down there, but he could manage. And the big man, Skjor, was revealing a thick and powerful torso, which Dunstan thought was something of a good sign. He didn’t have a particular desire for older men the way some did, but he didn’t mind them, at least. He’d been with a few back in the Imperial City.

A cock pushed up against his thigh, interrupting his thoughts, followed quickly by a head of dark hair leaning in to his neck to take another whiff. “Gods,” Vilkas muttered. “Why do you smell so good?”

Dunstan preened a little before remembering that he had dosed himself with a potent aphrodisiac. Oh, well. He’d take what he could get. “Come on, then,” he said, grinning. “Touch me.”

A great clawed hand ran over his shoulder and chest, and he flinched. “Don’t mind if I do,” came the disturbingly inhuman voice of the werewolf. Aela, that was her name. She dragged her tongue over a nipple, and he shuddered. “Sensitive idiot.”

“Can you do anything more useful with that tongue?” Skjor grunted from behind her.

“Um,” Dunstan said. “I’d rather use it on Vilkas, if you don’t mind—”

Aela snapped her jaws loudly next to his ear. “You’ll use it as we say,” she growled. “Hurry up, Skjor.”

“I’m going, I’m going,” came the complaint. Then there was a sick, wet snapping, and Dunstan whipped his head around so fast it hurt.

Skjor’s arms were lengthening, thickening, and his skin was going dark, hair sprouting everywhere, rippling like grass down from his head and onto a new-formed tail. He shook himself, and the change spread down his legs. It was nothing like Errian’s transformation; this was practiced, elegant, almost beautiful. But it was still a transformation, and Dunstan wanted as little to do with it as possible.

“Hey,” he said, “look, I just came here for the one lay.” That lay was still inhaling at his shoulder in great, desperate gasps, rubbing his hard cock up against Dunstan’s thigh. “And I definitely didn’t come here to fuck two werewolves, so if you two could just satisfy yourselves—”
“They won’t have you until I’m done,” Vilkas said, his head jerking up suddenly to glare at Dunstan. “You’re mine to breed, mine to fill up.”

“Right,” Dunstan said, torn between how powerfully his gut twisted at the sight of an astonishingly attractive man so desperate for him and how nervous he was about the way Aela kept lapping at his wrist. “Go on, then, let’s have you in me.” Vilkas pulled away, and Dunstan got his first proper look at a really very pleasant cock, long and powerful-looking, just before it slammed up inside him, to the hilt, in one swift movement.

He yelped in surprise and discomfort and tried to pull away, but Vilkas was already thrusting, working at a rabbity pace. It was fast and shallow, and not at all what Dunstan had been imagining when he had planned his fantasies for the evening.

“Gods,” Vilkas groaned. “He’s tight. He’s so…”

“Look,” Dunstan said, trying not to sound too unhappy. This was an incredibly gorgeous man, after all, and oughtn’t be approached lightly. “Can you slow down a bit, and go deeper? This really isn’t doing much for me.”

Nothing changed. It was as if Vilkas hadn’t heard him at all.

“Vilkas?”

Still nothing, just more obnoxiously fast thrusting that probably felt great for Vilkas, but wasn’t going to get Dunstan anywhere near where he wanted to be.

Dunstan huffed out an annoyed little sigh and made to adjust himself. Perhaps he could at least get a good angle, and maybe if he scooted a little closer—

Vilkas abruptly caught his head in two large hands and slammed him hard on the ground. His hips stilled, and he held Dunstan firmly in place. “You’re mine,” he snarled. “I’ll do with you as I like. Fuck you, fill you, make you fat with my seed… as I like.” He gave a sharp thrust that precisely jabbed that excellent and unnamed spot inside hard enough to make Dunstan gasp and lose control of his eyes for a moment. “You understand me? Mine.”

He knocked Dunstan’s head against the ground once, not too hard, as if to drive home his point, and
then went back to what he had been doing. Only this time it seemed much more intense, what with the way his chiselled body was pressing down on Dunstan’s, Dunstan’s hard cock the only barrier between their bodies, and the way his hands were pinning him with all the strength in those corded arms, and the way he was panting, harsh and deep, into Dunstan’s ear, and… yeah, all right. Perhaps this might do it after all.

Dunstan became aware of slick, wet sounds behind him. Sloppy, dripping sorts of sounds, the kind that made him turn his head to see what he was missing out on. It took him a moment to understand what he was seeing in the dim light, but eventually he was able to make sense of the furry bodies by the plinth. Skjor’s head was between Aela’s legs, and his long tongue was alternately kissing her folds and diving deep into her opening. One clawed hand was on his head, and the other stroked his back. She met Dunstan’s eyes and gave him a hideous bestial grin. He looked back to Vilkas.

Vilkas’s eyes were closed, his sculpted features twisted up in the familiar contortions of pleasure. Sweat dripped down his forehead and around from the back of his neck, highlighting the hard details of his flesh, and strong, sharp white teeth caught the light.

*Sharp?*

Oh no. Oh, no no no no. Dunstan looked up at Vilkas, and reflected with dawning horror that his hair hadn’t been that long a moment ago.

It was spreading. Black hair was growing thicker and stiffer, standing up in a dense ruff. Pointed ears poked out of it and were quickly surrounded by more that grew on what had been a clean-shaven face. The muscles of Vilkas’s neck were not only flexing and jumping as he worked himself nearer to completion; they were growing, bulging out to support a head that was growing more massive by the moment. When the Companion’s eyes opened again, staring off aimlessly past Dunstan, they were a furious gold.

It went slowly, limbs thickening and lengthening, fingernails curving out to lethal points, ribs spreading to allow for more air and a stronger heart, veins erupting into prominence from swelling muscles, cock pounding slicker and hotter in Dunstan’s ass, until suddenly it didn’t. As if Vilkas had been holding himself back, the rest all came in one great cascade of beast, from broad muzzle to back-snapped legs, so that a werewolf was pinning Dunstan down where a moment before had been a warped man. Dunstan realized for the first time that Errian, with all his bulk and power, was a small werewolf.

On the next thrust in, Dunstan yelped. Yes, all right, that was definitely a werewolf cock, yeah, considerably bigger than it had been, and *Gods* it was pretty substantial, really, stretching, stretching —
Vilkas gave another of those great thrusts that made Dunstan’s eyes roll back, and then another, and then another, and Dunstan suddenly realized between moments of white-hot ecstasy that this was what those rabbity movements were like with a werewolf cock. He whined a little, back in his throat, but the sensations were too much for him to do anything but lie back, gasping, shaking, moaning, riding it out.

“Fuck him,” came a snarl that Dunstan took a few thrusts to place as Aela’s. “Fill him up. I can smell him from here, that wet cunt of his. Spill in him, Shield-Brother, fill him up ‘til he’s bursting with your pups.”

Then her wet nose was at his throat. He managed to turn his head a little while Vilkas kept on, and saw that Skjor had followed her over to him and was lying between her legs, still lapping eagerly at her. She met his eyes and gave him another beast-grin that would have made his gut go cold if he hadn’t been busy being fucked out of his mind. Then she snaked her head down over his shoulder and drew her tongue over his nipple, and he cried out.

Aela started back in surprise, but she recovered quickly and went back to it. It turned out that between the cock in his ass, his own cock getting some friction from rubbing against Vilkas, and a large, dripping werewolf tongue making love to his chest, he didn’t need much.

The next time Vilkas slammed home into that spot inside of him, he came, hard, all over his belly, in a climax that felt something like an explosion. Vilkas seemed to take no notice, and it wasn’t long before the fuck had rubbed Dunstan’s seed into wet smears on both of their bodies, and Dunstan was wincing from the sensitivity. With the noises Vilkas was making, though, he didn’t dare tell him to stop.

A full-throated roar right by his ear a minute later caught him by surprise, and he nearly pissed himself there and then. Then he realized who had made the sound, remembered what was going to happen, and did his best to wriggle around into a slightly more advantageous position, as much as Vilkas’s gripping talons would allow. He was still taken by surprise when the knot ballooned in his ass, hot and huge and too fast. He squirmed uncomfortably, panting, wincing as it pressed hard against the spot inside him. His cock twitched and dripped something in response, though it was half-soft by now.

It became more desperate after that. With the knot barely squeezed into Dunstan’s ass, Vilkas couldn’t push or pull too hard for fear of dislodging his cock, causing serious damage to the hole stretched taut around it, or both, but he clearly felt the urge to fuck more strongly than ever. What had been an exceptionally thorough pounding, each thrust unerringly making Dunstan arch his back and cry out, had turned into a sort of frenzied rutting that did more to shove Dunstan back and forth across the dirt floor than it did to get either of them off. If Dunstan hadn’t been practically drunk off
of his earlier climax and Aela’s incessant tonguing of his nipples, it might have been quite unpleasant.

As it was, he dug his fingers uselessly into the dirt and groaned, constantly shifting the angle of his hips to try and relieve the pressure of the huge, swollen knot inside of him, and did his best to enjoy it. With Aela still mouthing at his chest and the furious pressure on his insides—wait, that was wrong, he really shouldn’t be enjoying that part—he didn’t have to try very hard.

Then Vilkas slammed forward so hard that Dunstan was jammed back against Aela’s shoulder, to an irritated huff from her that was followed by a similar one from Skjor. Vilkas ignored them both and let loose a wild howl, and Dunstan felt heat bloom between his legs.

It wasn’t nearly as bad as Dunstan had feared. That amount of seed, enough to bulge his stomach into a gentle, low-settled curve, would have terrified him a few months ago, but now he was just relieved that there wasn’t more. There was something at once soothing and mildly, vaguely enticing about the sensation of weight and pressure there. That bore further thought and probably some amount of disgust whenever he decided to deal with it, he reflected, but for now, he was perfectly content to lie there, warm and full and sated.

Vilkas collapsed onto him with a long, low groan, compressing his belly painfully, and Dunstan yelped and shoved the werewolf’s torso off of him. Vilkas snapped halfheartedly by his ear, but didn’t seem interested in pursuing the matter further. Instead, he nestled his huge, furry head into Dunstan’s shoulder and began licking casually at what remained of the chaurus come there. Dunstan sighed and settled in, waiting for the knot pinning them together to go down. He felt… remarkably comfortable.

There was a scraping of claws on earth, and he turned in some alarm to see what was going on. Aela was lowering herself to her haunches over by the wall of the cave, legs spread, clawed hands carefully toying with a large, winking clit, comfortably distant, but Skjor was plodding over. His wolf form was as large and powerfully built as his human form, padded with thick slabs of muscle and fat. He made Vilkas look small and narrow.

Dunstan’s alarm only grew when he saw the long red cock bobbing between the werewolf’s legs, backed by a monstrous furry sac. “Um,” he said, feeling that he’d said it entirely too often tonight.

Skjor snuffed in bored response and stood between Dunstan’s legs. Vilkas gave a low, rumbling growl and rolled his golden eyes, but otherwise didn’t react, even when Skjor dropped into a crouch and used Vilkas’s thigh as a handhold.
“Hey,” Dunstan said, pushing himself up onto his elbows to get a better look. “Hey, look, I’m full, all right? That’s all the fucking I’m going to do for this evening.”

There was a snort from off to the side. “Not full. Finish him up.”

Skjor lowered his head to Dunstan’s ass, where it was stretched around Vilkas’s cock, and licked it.

Dunstan flinched, and Vilkas lifted black lips in a tired grimace, but Skjor shook his head as if chasing off gnats and continued licking. Dunstan reached down to shove the werewolf away and was met by a bloodcurdling snarl. He hastily withdrew his fingers, but continued to press his case. “Please don’t. Really. I’m done, I’m exhausted, just leave it. You’ve got Aela right there, I’m sure you could sort something out together.”

Aela gave a huffing laugh. “Skjor’s seed is strong. Won’t risk putting a baby in my belly now.”

“Well, what the fuck do you normally do?” Dunstan said, trying to inch away from the probing tongue and failing.

“Figure it out for yourself,” Aela said. “I don’t want it tonight. Rather see him do it to you.”

Dunstan sighed and let his head rest on the floor. “Well, you’ll have to wait until Vilkas can pull out to do anything about it. Just give me a rest until then.”

Then Skjor laughed, and Dunstan finally began to get really, seriously concerned. Even with that, it wasn’t until Skjor brought his hips into place and prodded at Dunstan’s already-stretched hole with the tip of his cock that Dunstan yelled and tried seriously to pull away. The attempt was met by an angry growl from Vilkas, who had been lolling contentedly by his side, apparently dozing off, and he had to stop or risk the glistening teeth.

He pleaded for a long time. He made a wide variety of offers, sexual and otherwise, that he couldn’t remember, and he tried to appeal to Skjor’s conscience, and then his more base desires, but he soon ran out of real ideas and was reduced to incoherent sobbing as the tip of the great red cock squeezed into him, sliding back and forth and wedging itself into space that wasn’t there. It reminded Dunstan vividly of a prybar forcing itself into a gap between boards, wiggling in, and pulling, only there wasn’t any pulling, just more fucking pushing. The cock only got thicker further down the length, and he wasn’t at all sure how much more his ass could take.
When he looked down to check, trying not to panic, he saw that Skjor had only managed to force in one torturous inch, stretching his ass agonizingly wide, and he cried out in despair.

Skjor kept trying, but for the moment, there seemed to be no further give. He had to take a break eventually, and when he leaned on Vilkas’s thigh, panting, Aela came over. Her cunt was dripping, clit throbbing, but she still reeked of unsatisfied need. She settled herself down, draping her vast body over Dunstan’s leg, and began licking Skjor’s cock.

The reaction was immediate. Skjor shoved his head down against Dunstan’s ribs and parted his jaws in a deep groan. The tip of his cock, apparently intend to break Dunstan open, twitched powerfully. As Aela continued licking, Skjor began to press harder, and Dunstan felt himself stretch the slightest bit wider, allowing just a little more of the cock in.

That touch of extra was apparently enough for Skjor, because the beast roared, and suddenly there were strong pulses of what could only be seed slamming right into that spot inside, one after another, and Dunstan was gasping and moaning in spite of everything, and he was watching his belly swell before his eyes. He put a hand on it, felt it throb, and came.

He hadn’t even noticed that he had gotten hard again, but damn, apparently he had, and now he was spilling a rather thin second load on his pulsating stomach, yelling. He felt himself fade out a little, vision becoming a meaningless blur, sounds running together, every part of his being attuned to the twin cocks in his ass and the straining weight of his belly.

By the time his senses returned to their normal operation, Skjor and Aela were off cuddling in a corner, and Vilkas was stretching long, powerful limbs with a huge yawn. Then, suddenly and unceremoniously, before Dunstan had a chance to protest, the werewolf pulled away.

The half-deflated knot pulled at the rim of his hole for what seemed an impossibly long time, threatening to pull half his guts out with it, before it finally slipped free with an obscene wet pop that left his ass squeezing at nothing. The sensation nearly made Dunstan black out, but not quite. He wouldn’t have minded, really. He could do with a rest. And who knew, maybe if he just took himself a pleasant nap, his stomach and clenching ass would sort themselves out. Surely…

He was startled out of what was hinting that it might become a deep sleep by something hitting him in the chest. He groaned and put a hand on it, not bothering to open his eyes. It was fabric, definitely —

“Get dressed.” There wasn’t a werewolf there anymore; that was Vilkas in man-shape, perfectly sculpted body carelessly shown off as he pulled on trousers. “This is a sacred place for us. You need
to leave.”

“I—” Dunstan bit back something about definitions of blasphemy and hoisted himself up into a sitting position. He had to sit there for a moment, collecting himself and letting the weight in his belly settle, before he could pull his tunic over his head and get to his feet. Getting into his breeches and chausses was harder, and he had to pull Igner’s belt tightly to get it to wrap around his stomach properly. He glared at his boots for a moment before deciding that it wasn’t worth it.

When he trudged barefoot into the room at the inn, Igner was asleep in one of the beds, but the bounty hunter woke up quickly. He ran his fingers through his hair, bleary-eyed, before focusing on Dunstan. Then he frowned. “What happened to you?”

Dunstan dropped his boots on the floor, followed swiftly by the belt, tunic, chausses, and breeches. “You know, I don’t really want to talk about it.”

“Not seeing Vilkas again, then?”

“Gods, no,” Dunstan muttered. “Not if I can possibly avoid it.”

“That bad?” Igner asked with a yawn. Then he squinted, and his eyes widened. “You… did you…”

“I said I don’t want to talk about it,” Dunstan grumbled. He lowered himself gingerly into bed and blew out the candle.

Chapter End Notes

[holds mic close] This one goes out to all you werewolf fuckers out there. And also all the rest of you because I very much appreciate you all. I know Vilkas isn’t exactly a looker in-game, but to be honest, I’m not sure there’s pretty guys in vanilla Skyrim at all, and I wanted someone for Dun to fixate on, so just pretend the guy's absolutely stunning, looks like your supermodel of choice. Thanks for reading! Oh, also, we broke 200 pages in my doc with this chapter, which I am... not sure how to feel about. Yay!
A Blade in the Dark

Chapter Summary

Dunstan meets a mysterious stranger in Riverwood, who presents him with an upsetting theory about dragons, and he sets off for Kynesgrove to test it. Only something seems to be going wrong.

Chapter Notes

Word-for-word Skyrim dialogue, egregious amounts of plot, minimal amounts of porn, force-feeding (ish), death, mind-altering substances, oral sex.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Riverwood was an immensely attractive little village. Inconvenient to live in, sure, too far away from everything to be really desirable, but it was definitely pretty. It had a river, obviously, a pleasantly slow one that powered the mill, and it definitely had woods, and it had lots of lovely flowers, and just one aging cow.

Dunstan shook his head in dismay. “Gods, I can’t wait to get back to the city.” He pushed open the door to the local inn, the Sleeping Giant, and stepped inside. Igner followed him.

It was dark. The windows were small, and though there was a large firepit in the center of the room, it burned low and dim, contributing more smoke than light or warmth. As Dunstan let his eyes adjust, the innkeeper approached. She was a tall woman, a couple decades older than he was and rather tough-looking in that stony way that rural women tended to get, with a lined face and pale hair tied back behind her neck. “Can I help you?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’d like—” Dunstan glanced up and suddenly became vividly aware of the building’s thatch, made visible by the utter absence of an attic. “I’d like the attic room, please.”

She blinked at him, followed his gaze, and looked back at him with raised eyebrows. “Attic room, eh?” There was a moment of silence. “Well, we don’t have an attic room, but you can have the one on the left.” She jerked her head over to one of the doors on the side of the room.

Dunstan looked at her for a moment, then handed her the gold and made his way over to the room, glancing back occasionally. Does she know what I mean? There must be someone who’s waiting to
hear that I’ve asked for the attic room, or… Or he might just look stupid. There was that possibility, too.

He’d hardly set his pack down on the bed when the door opened. The innkeeper was standing there. She stepped in, movements quick and sure, and closed the door behind her. Dunstan shared a quick glance with Igner, who looked just as confused as he was.

“So you’re the Dragonborn I’ve been hearing so much about,” she said softly. “I think you’re looking for this.” She withdrew a long, curling horn from one of her voluminous pockets and handed it to him.

Dunstan took it and stared. “I…”

“We need to talk. Meet me in my room when you’re ready.” She turned and left, shutting the door behind her again.

Dunstan ran a hand down the horn. It smelled of ages of dust, and it was etched with designs that looked vaguely Nordic to his untrained eye.

“You don’t think…” Igner said in a hushed voice.

“I think I might.” Dunstan slipped the horn into his pack, wrapping it in one of his spare chausses. “That’s definitely the Horn of Jurgen Windcaller, far as I can tell.”

Igner shook his head slowly. “She’s an innkeep. She can’t have gotten it herself.”

“Probably not, but whoever did is bound to be here. I really don’t like this at all.” He ran a hand over his head. “I suppose we could just leave. We’ve got the horn, haven’t we?”

“Yes,” Igner said hesitantly. “Yes, we have. But who knows who you might be pissing off if you don’t meet with her? Anyone who could get the horn out of that ruin without being seen by any of the things inside could probably kill you before you ever know they’re there.”

Dunstan sighed and adjusted his sword belt. “Yeah, all right.”
The innkeeper’s room was fairly obviously the one with the open door. The barman gave them a searching look, but didn’t interrupt them as they crossed the common room.

“Shut the door behind you,” the innkeeper said.

Dunstan did, with some hesitation. The room looked utterly normal, and there didn’t look to be anyone else in it, but he was still nervous.

“Now we can talk,” she said brusquely. “The Greybeards seem to think you’re Dragonborn. I hope they’re right.”

“They, uh…” Dunstan was blinking rapidly. “News to me, really, they seemed pretty undecided last I saw them, but, uh… you’re the one who took the horn?”

Her lips spread in a grin that was more a baring of teeth. “Surprised? I guess I’m getting pretty good at my harmless innkeeper act.”

He did his best to size her up again. Tall, tough, rural—all right, he wasn’t getting anywhere he hadn’t already gotten. “I, uh, no offense, but most innkeeps in Skyrim aren’t very harmless. You don’t have to dial back much to blend in with them.”

The corner of her mouth pulled back in genuine amusement. “Fair enough. But listen, I’ve gone to a lot of trouble for this. I had to make sure it wasn’t a Thalmor trap.”

Dunstan ran a hand over his close-cropped hair. “I’d really appreciate it if you could explain.”

Her face turned back to stone in an instant. “I'll explain what I want when I want, got it? You'd already be dead if I didn't like the look of you when you walked in here. But I had to know if the rumours about you were true.”

He nodded slowly. “Right. Ah, look, can I ask why you took the horn?”
She relaxed a little. “I knew the Greybeards would send you there if they thought you were Dragonborn. They’re nothing if not predictable. When you showed up here, I knew you were the one the Greybeards sent, and not some Thalmor plant.”

“All right, fair enough. But what’s all this about the Thalmor?”

“We're very old enemies. And if my suspicions are correct, they might have something to do with the dragons returning. But that isn't important right now. What is important is that you might be Dragonborn.” She eyed him with a ferocity that he hadn’t seen since his last encounter with a dragon.

Dunstan was feeling more out of his depth by the moment. “May I ask why?”

“We remember what most don’t—that the Dragonborn is the ultimate dragonslayer. You're the only one that can kill a dragon permanently by devouring its soul. Can you do it? Can you devour a dragon's soul?”

He stared at her. “I… yeah, I suppose so. Not really great at the, uh, dragonslaying bit otherwise, though.”

“This is no time to play the reluctant hero. You either are or aren't Dragonborn.” She frowned at him, eyes piercing. “But I'll see for myself soon enough.”

“You will?” he said blankly.

“Listen to me,” she said. “Dragons aren't just coming back, they're coming back to life. They weren't gone somewhere for all these years. They were dead, killed off centuries ago by my predecessors. Now something's happening to bring them back to life. And I need you to help me stop it.”

Dunstan’s jaw had dropped by the end of the first sentence. It took him some time to get his voice back. When he did, it was rather weaker and more rattly than he would’ve liked. “You’re aware you sound absolutely insane?” he croaked.

She grinned. “Ha. A few years ago, I said almost the same thing to a colleague of mine. Well, it turned out he was right and I was wrong.”
Dunstan nodded slowly. “All right. And what makes you think they’re coming back to life?”

The grin vanished as quickly as it had come. “I know they are. I've visited their ancient burial mounds and found them empty. And I've figured out where the next one will come back to life.” She leaned forward, her eyes level with his. “We're going out there, and you're going to kill that dragon. If we succeed, I'll tell you anything you want to know.”

“Right… So, running on the assumption that you’re right, which I may add is an absolute whale of an assumption, how on earth do you know?”

“You should know,” she said irritably. “You got the map for me. The dragonstone you got for Farengar, remember?”

“It’s a map?”

“Yes. A map of ancient dragon burial sites. I've looked at which ones are now empty. The pattern is pretty clear. It seems to be spreading from the southeast, starting from the Jeralls near Riften. The one near Kynesgrove is next if the pattern holds.” She rubbed her chin. “If we can get there before it happens, maybe we'll learn how to stop it.”

“Um.” Dunstan felt more out of his depth than ever before. Thalmor, resurrected dragons, some lady who’d willingly posed as an innkeep in this backwater village for at least a few years… Gods, his life had gotten weird. “Listen, I’m not… I’m not at all sure about this.”

She glared at him, and the phrase **glaring daggers** suddenly seemed to take on a new meaning. “I can't wait around for you to make up your mind. I'll meet you at Kynesgrove. Don't waste time getting there.” She pushed him and Igner out of her room, and before Dunstan had figured out what to say, she strode out, now armored in battered leather and with an unusual sword at her side. The inn’s door closed behind her, and Dunstan stared after her in blank shock.

“Right,” he said slowly. “I, uh…” He hadn’t planned an end to that sentence, but thankfully, one presented itself. “I'm going to have a drink.”
Dunstan swigged some more water as he shuffled down the road. “Okay, the drinking was a bad idea.”

Igner sighed. “Quickest way to Kynesgrove is to follow the White River north, and then east. The town’s on the east bank, and the road’s on the west bank from Darkwater on, so we’ll have to get across it at some point.” He folded his map and tucked it into a pouch. “There’s no bridge nearby on this map, but there must be a ford or something, no way the locals would go all the way to Windhelm to cross.”

“Right,” Dunstan said. “I’m sure that’ll be a joy. Hike to Kynesgrove so we can wait around for something to come along and bring a dragon back to life. Yeah, just the way I wanted to spend my week.”

“It’s not going to take a week,” Igner said. He sounded a little uncomfortable. “You all right?”

“Oh, fine.” He corked the waterskin. “No complaints. Life was already full of horny monsters and fucked-up people, and now we’ve got undead dragons and elf supremacists and innkeepers who aren’t actually innkeepers. No, this is all very par for the course, entirely to be expected.”

“I, uh…”

“Don’t worry about it,” Dunstan said with a sigh. “I’m allowed a bit of bitching now and then, aren’t I?”

“You don’t feel that you express it well enough through your lifestyle?”

Dunstan stopped dead. “Igner,” he said in awe, “you’re learning to joke.” He cuff the man lightly on the back of the head and kept moving, directly into a tree.

He sat up a few seconds later with a groan, clutching his nose. “What the fuck?”

Igner was staring blankly at the tree. “I could’ve sworn…”

“That,” Dunstan said decisively, “was not there a moment ago.”
“I mean…” The mercenary looked disturbed. “It… must’ve been, surely.” He kicked at the tree’s roots a little. Sure enough, they were sunk deeply between the stones of the road, and the soil around them had obviously been there for a few rainfalls, at least.

“I would’ve bloody seen it.” Dunstan got to his feet. “Besides, I’ve been on this road a thousand bloody times, and there’s never been a bloody tree smack in the bloody middle.” He gave the pine’s trunk a halfhearted slap. “What the fuck?”

Igner eyed it nervously. “You think… you think we ought to leave it alone?”

“I don’t suppose you have an axe?”

“Just a little hatchet for brushwood. We’d be here all day.”

Dunstan stepped back and tilted his head to look up the trunk of the tree. It wasn’t ancient, but it definitely wasn’t young, either. Maybe twenty feet, and free of branches on the lower third, reasonably broad, mossy… “All right,” he said. He rapped his knuckles on the tree. “What’re you, then?”

The tree offered no response.

Dunstan glared at it for a while longer before he sighed. “Fine. Fine! Just another thing to add to the list of stupid shit that seems determined to happen. As if I’m keeping count. Go on, then.” He prodded the tree aggressively. “Do your bloody worst. You want to turn up suddenly in the middle of a road? That’s your prerogative, and I will not have anything to do with it, understand?” He prodded it again to drive home his point, and was suddenly knocked back into Igner, who was so startled that he couldn’t do much beyond cushioning Dunstan’s fall.

The tree wilted before their eyes. Its needles browned and dropped, its branches drooped, its bark dried out and became coated with dust. It creaked ominously before collapsing in on itself, coalescing into a stiff, wooden humanoid form.

The spriggan dropped to one knee, its talons trembling against the road. The magic that animated its wooden limbs pulsed erratically. As its limbs ebbed, its belly, the size of a man’s head, glowed more brightly. Its twigs shuddered.
Dunstan stared at it in shock. He only looked away when Igner shoved him off, and when he looked back, the spriggan was inches away from his face, crouched over him like a predator.

“Uh,” Dunstan said. “Can I help you?” The empty eyes of the forest spirit’s mask were disconcerting.

The spriggan shuddered again. It seemed to be having extreme difficulty holding itself together.

Dunstan craned his head over to look down at its belly. Why on earth was all of its animating magic concentrated there? What good could it possibly do? “You, um… you lot don’t get pregnant, do you? I thought I did that, with the root thing. Right?”

The spriggan’s legs dropped uselessly to the ground with a clatter, followed swiftly by its torso, and Dunstan hardly had time to register that its magic was surging forward before it was suddenly in his mouth.

It didn’t taste like anything, and it certainly didn’t feel solid, but it tingled horribly, the muscles of his jaw and neck twitching uncontrollably, and it gagged him as effectively as any fluid would. He let out a frightened, pained grunt and scrabbled at his mouth, trying to grab on and pull out whatever was going in, but it was forcing itself down his throat, in and in and in and in, and then, just as suddenly as it had started, it stopped.

He sat up, gagging, and stared at the lifeless remains of the spriggan. “What—” He choked a little. There wasn’t anything in his mouth or throat, but the muscles there were still tensing frantically, though it was easing off. “What the fuck?”

Igner was staring at him, openmouthed. “Are you all right?”

“I think so.” Dunstan got to his feet, a little unsteadily, and examined himself. Everything seemed normal. All his limbs intact and in the right places, breathing fine, no blood. He groaned. “Fuck. What the fuck just happened?” He leaned down and picked up the spriggan’s empty mask as if it would answer him.

Igner prodded the road nervously with a booted toe. There was no sign that a tree had ever been there. “You ever see a spriggan before?”
“Oh,” Dunstan said, realizing that Igner hadn’t been present for his misadventure with the Great Root or whatever it was. “Um, yes. Several. I think I helped them reproduce.”

Igner’s face was an odd blend of horror and exhausted, resigned dismay. “Of course you did. Was it anything like this?”

“No, not in the slightest. They had this root thing. None of their weird magic involved, just… the thing. It, um… eggs.”

“Spriggans come from eggs?” Igner said in surprise. “Not what I would’ve expected.”

“Yeah, me neither. I don’t know what was wrong with this one. You saw it, right? It had something in its belly.”

“Or something in its belly had it.” When Dunstan looked at him blankly, he shrugged. “Seemed like its own magic, right? Just… like it couldn’t control it. It was all pulled into the middle.”

Dunstan set the spriggan’s wood down on the side of the row, rather cautiously. “Sorry,” he said to it. “I’ve no idea what that was about.” He tried to remember what Siona had said to the Earth Mother. Something about the sun. “Um… may you walk in sunlight.” That hadn’t been it, but it seemed to carry much the same sentiment. He thought of the spriggan who had saved him from the hagraven’s den, and felt rather sadder than he had expected to at the death of a violent forest spirit.

“Shall we get on, then?” Igner said after a moment.

“Suppose so.” Dunstan looked at the empty-eyed mask a little longer before continuing on down the road.

It wasn’t until an hour later that Dunstan started to feel… odd. Not particularly good or bad, just odd. His focus seemed narrower, but keener, both mentally and physically. Everything that he wasn’t immediately looking at or thinking about seemed strangely fuzzy and distant.
It only got worse as they kept walking. He was noticing an awful lot of details about the road, the way moss grew between the cobbles, how areas of gravel poked out from beneath the eroded sides in places, how it buckled where roots had grown beneath it, but he wasn’t noticing much else. He didn’t notice the standing stone, one of many in Skyrim, until they were right at the base of its mound, but when he looked at it, he focused so clearly on it that he could see the weathered carving on its side, and he almost immediately tripped over a branch lying in the road that he absolutely should have seen.

Ignor pulled him to his feet. “All right?”

“I…” Dunstan ran a hand over his head. “I don’t know.” Ignor hadn’t shaved in a while, and the hairs of his beard caught the light oddly. He watched idly, not moving.

“You’re not all right,” Ignor said, and Dunstan suddenly realized that the bounty hunter’s face was twisted up in a concerned frown. “We ought to head back to Whiterun, get Siona to look at you.”

“Of course not,” Dunstan said irritably. He pushed past Ignor and continued on down the road.

“We’ve already come this far. No point heading back because I’ve got a weird hangover.” His focus drifted to the road again, and while he was distantly aware that Ignor had said something, he did not know or care what it was.

“Hey! I’m talking to you!”

Dunstan stopped short, yanked away from his observation of the road. They were standing at the top of a rise, with sheer mountain cliffs rising to their right, and a dilapidated tower to their left. The person talking to him was a woman standing in front of the tower. She looked to have just gotten up from a stool by a small campfire.

She was wearing nothing but breeches and boots. Her pale hair was pulled up in an impressively braided mohawk, and her head and torso were daubed extensively in what could have been reddish-brown paint but likely wasn’t. Her breasts were small, her nipples hard in the cold air, and her arms were lean and marred with burn scars. She was stunning.

“This here’s a toll road, see,” she said, with a feral grin that said that all of them knew it wasn’t the case. “You’re going to have to hand over, say, two hundred gold if you want to use our road.”
“I don’t see any uniforms—” Igner started.

“You’re beautiful,” Dunstan blurted.

The bandit stared at him.

He stared back, willing her to see that he was telling the truth, that she was the most beautiful creature he’d ever seen, that he wanted to gaze at her broken nose and scarred face and kiss her arms and shoulders and tits and chapped lips and kiss her everywhere, and like that, he was hard, instantly, no questions asked. He was absolutely, painfully stiff in his breeches, and it was for her. Gods, she was incredible.

After a long pause, she smiled a little, just a little, a crooked and confused little smile, teeth visible on one side, and she said, “Thanks.”

“D’you want to fuck?” he asked breathlessly. “You can have me any way you like, I’ll do whatever…”

Her chest shifted in a half-laugh, and he was mesmerized, but he was taking in everything about her, how her tits swayed with the movement, how her arms moved a little awkwardly, how she shifted her weight to her back foot, how tight the breeches were around her thighs, how her hands flexed uncertainly, how she was eyeing him, obviously not sure whether to believe him, but also, he realized, eyeing him up. She was considering it, she believed him, and he almost came just thinking about it.

She poked the tip of her tongue out between her lips in thought, and then grinned wider. “Yeah, all right.” She glanced back at the tower. “Better get a bit out of sight, or the rest’ll want in on it.” She grabbed his hand and pulled him across the road, behind a boulder.

Then he was on the ground, fumbling at his belt, and she was undoing the laces of her breeches. She didn’t take them off, just left them open and tugged down a little, and she straddled his shoulders almost before he realized what was happening. “Go on, then,” she said, baring her teeth broadly in a way that might have been amusement or warning or both. “You’re so eager, let’s see you get me the same way.”

Dunstan had absolutely no problem with that, nor could he imagine ever having a problem with it
ever again. Pussies deserved to be eaten out. He did his best to restrain himself, tried to go in slowly and delicately and carefully, worship the bandit’s cunt the way it deserved, but in the end, he couldn’t stop himself, and he hadn’t been between her thighs long before he was making a mess of things. He licked and sucked at her constantly, never moving his mouth away to breathe—his nose would just have to manage as best it could—and he made damn sure that she knew he was enjoying himself, moaning and groaning into her, wiggling his hips like he was trying to bring himself off against his still-laced breeches. Oh, *fuck*, he was still so hard, the kind of hard where if someone breathed on his cock he’d come. And yet, he couldn’t really be bothered with it. Would it be nice to come? Sure. Would he shift any focus away from his task to do it? Absolutely not.

It wasn’t more than a couple of minutes before she cried out and clamped her thighs. Normally, that would have been uncomfortable, but Dunstan was so focused on the feeling of her against his lips and tongue that he hardly felt the pressure at his ears. He kept kissing her throughout her climax, only slowing and stopping as her contractions faded. Even then, it was a physical effort to release her gorgeous little clit. He wanted it in his mouth forever.

“Dibella’s tits,” the bandit breathed. She let her weight drop back onto his chest. The armor spread out the impact. “Oh, you’re good. You’re really good.”

“Want it again?” he asked, pressing the words into the place where her belly met her thighs. *Say yes say yes say yes let me taste you again.*

“Oh, fuck yeah.”

He finished her twice more with his mouth. When she recovered from her third climax, she smiled at him, not the feral grin from earlier, but a tired, languid expression that opened up her face. She looked warm and happy. “That was beautiful,” she sighed. She looked down at him beatifically. “I guess I should return the favor.”

Right then, Dunstan didn’t particularly mind. What mattered to him was how relaxed she looked, how happy, how soft and sleepy and gorgeous and *oh gods she was licking his cock*. He’d forgotten how hard he was, hard enough to ache, and she was hot and wet and then her lips slipped over his head and he was in her mouth properly and he came.

She was taken aback, but she swallowed, which made something inside of him purr contentedly. Then she got up, adjusted and tied her breeches, and waved at him, and then at Igner, who Dunstan had utterly forgotten about, and who was the color of a ripe tomato. “Thanks,” she said. “Go on, get out of here.”
Igner yanked Dunstan to his feet with force that seemed unnecessary. “Lace your bloody breeches,” he spat.

Dunstan did, languidly. He was vaguely aware that Igner was upset about something, but it all seemed rather unimportant. The important thing was that he’d come, and it had been in something warm and wet. Clothing all returned to proper state, he started to stretch, but Igner grabbed his arm and pulled him down the road.

“What the fuck was that?” Igner hissed. “What is wrong with you?”

“What,” Dunstan said in distant surprise. “You all right?”

“No! You just—you just fucked some bandit! She was going to rob us! We could’ve been killed!”

“We weren’t, though,” Dunstan said, half sure, half inquiring.

“You’re missing the point.” Igner ran a hand through his hair—not bad hair, it hadn’t been cut since they’d met, and it was dark, with a bit of a curl to it—and groaned. “Something’s wrong with you. We’ve got to get to a city, someplace with a healer, and have you looked at.”

“I’m fine,” Dunstan said. Really nice hair, actually. Really nice. It looked soft. He wondered if it was.

“Windhelm’s closest,” Igner said. He seemed to be talking more to himself now. “And there’s supposed to be a really good alchemist there. But we’re Imperials, they’d shoot us on sight. And I’m not taking you back past those bandits, we’ll never get by without a fight a second time. No, it’ll have to be Ivarstead—shit, they don’t have an alchemist. Riften, then, we’ll have to head southeast.”

“Kynesgrove,” Dunstan said. “We’re headed for Kynesgrove.” Yes, that had been it. Delphine, Blades, Thalmor, dragon resurrection. Hm, dragon. There was something important about that. “Kynesgrove, and then… something.”

They had made it to a fork in the road. Igner tried to rush him past it, but Dunstan, foggy as the world was, managed to stop and peer at the sign. “Kynesgrove,” he repeated, pointing at the relevant sign. “East.”
Igner was looking at him with an expression that was all contorted and painful-looking, but Dunstan paid it no mind. They were headed for Kynesgrove, and a dragon.

Chapter End Notes

I'M SORRY IT'S ALL I HAVE
Sex Pollen

Chapter Summary

With Dunstan compromised, the journey to Kynesgrove promises to be very interesting indeed.

Chapter Notes

Extremely dubious consent (were this any other fic I’d call it rape, but this one’s got low standards), mind-altering substances, sex pollen, masturbation, orgasm denial, oral sex, anal fingering, anal sex, multiple orgasms.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dunstan was hard. He’d been hard. He wasn’t sure for how long, but it was nighttime now, and it felt like it had been about a thousand years, which he’d spent alternately gently rubbing himself and remembering that he probably shouldn’t, though he wasn’t entirely certain as to why that was anymore. Whatever the reason, he was beginning to feel that getting off was more important.

He turned his gaze to Igner. The bounty hunter had set up camp—Dunstan hadn’t much felt like it, nor particularly seen the need, but it was nice to have a bedroll to lie in, anyway—and he’d convinced Dunstan to eat a couple travel biscuits and drink water, and now he was in his bedroll, eyes closed, breathing slow and even. Not a bad looking man. He’d… they’d been together, hadn’t they? Maybe more than once. He had an odd feeling that someone else had been there, too, at least one of the times. Oh well, Dunstan wouldn’t bother him.

He settled in on his back, unlaced his breeches, and began stroking himself. He opened the bedroll just a little, letting in a bit of cold night air. That would make the thrill stronger. A few passes in, and his back was already arching, and he was starting to pant. He’d come quickly.

Except he didn’t. He didn’t bother with taking things slowly, went straight into speeding up and speeding up and speeding up until his spit-slicked hand was making wet noises as it slid down his shaft and slapped up against his groin. He didn’t do this much—was that true? he wasn’t sure—and there was a certain precious freedom to it, an ease, a sense of control, but he wasn’t going to drag this out any longer than it already had been. He dove in for the kill, rubbing a thumb over the head of his cock while his fingers worked the shaft. His balls tightened up, and he lifted his hips, ready to moan and spill himself all over, but nothing happened.
He kept at it for a long time, until normally he would’ve come twice, he was pretty sure, but eventually, it became clear to him that this was not going to work. He was going to rub himself raw if he kept this up. He let his hips rest again and stopped stroking. He was breathing heavily, and covered in sweat, and it seemed unbearably hot inside the bedroll, so he opened it up.

It was a cool night, but not too cold. Some snow on the ground, but not falling, and if it didn’t intend to hit him in the face, Dunstan didn’t give a shit about snow. He got to his feet and dropped his breeches on his bedroll, followed swiftly by his shirt. His cock stood out stiff, weeping a little, and it suddenly struck him as both funny and arousing. He grinned to himself and watched it for a while. The head was dark, almost purplish. He wiggled his hips, and his cock followed, a little behind, bobbing after he’d stopped moving. He took it in hand again and admired it. Every detail was blisteringly clear to him, and the summation of them all was a pretty nice cock, he thought. It didn’t seem to be letting him come at the moment, which was odd, but it felt pretty good, and there was definitely an aesthetic value there.

Something touched his shoulder, and he turned in mild, unconcerned surprise to find Igner there. His face was all twisted up, which it seemed to be doing a lot of lately. He was talking, too. “—hear me? Dun, can you hear me?”

“Sure,” Dunstan said.

Igner’s face untwisted a little. “Thank the gods. Look, you can’t do this, you’ll freeze.” He had Dunstan’s discarded shirt in hand, and he was trying to wrap it around Dunstan’s shoulders.

Dunstan pushed it away. “Don’t. I’m hot.” He was so hot. He wondered if Igner would feel cold. He certainly looked it, all bundled up in clothes and an extra blanket. No doubt there was cool flesh beneath that, all cold and pale and alone. What a sad state to be in. Dunstan could fix that.

“—you warm.” Igner was trying to push him. “Come on, please, just get back to bed, please—”

Dunstan slipped under Igner’s arms and pressed himself up against him, making as much contact as he could. The fabric of Igner’s shirt suddenly seemed rough, abrasive, unpleasant, like he was dressed in sandpaper. How could he stand it? Dunstan pulled away just enough to get his hands on the laces at the neck of the shirt. His cock was hard between them, squeezed up against the awful shirt, but Igner was obviously very cold, so he couldn’t pull away and deprive him of heat.

“—are you doing?” Igner’s voice was almost a wail. “What are you doing? What the fuck is wrong with you?”
“You’re cold,” Dunstan said calmly. He got the laces undone and pulled the blanket off of Igner’s shoulders so he could get the shirt off. “I’ll make you warm.”

“I don’t—” Igner was trying to lean back to pick up the fallen blanket, and then he was trying to stop Dunstan from getting the horrible shirt off. “Would you just stop?”

Dunstan could be pretty quick when he wanted, and it was for Igner’s own good. He pushed the bigger man down onto the blanket. Not too hard, of course, just enough to startle him for a moment. He’d gotten the shirt halfway over Igner’s head before the bounty hunter started cursing, and it was tossed away by the time Igner grabbed his hands.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with you—” Igner’s voice was shaky and broken. “—but you have to stop, please, Dun, just—just go back to sleep—”

“Shh,” Dunstan said. He smiled down at Igner. “Don’t worry. I’ll get you warm.” He wiggled his hips on Igner’s stomach. He was still so hard, and so hot, and Igner’s skin against his was cool and pebbled. The give of flesh under him felt indescribably good. He ground down a little and sighed happily. Then he leaned forward and pressed his body down on top of Igner’s. Hard nipples touched his ribs, his cock fitted snugly against a firm belly, and he sighed happily into the top of a head of dark hair with a bit of a curl to it. “See, it’s all right, I’ll get you warm.”

Igner was lying very still. He didn’t say anything.

Dunstan ground gently against him, absorbed in the sensation of warming skin against his own. Yes, that was lovely. A nice, slow, easy, rocking motion, and it pleased not only his cock, but the rest of his body. That felt beautiful. Not just for the heat in his belly; his skin seemed to be practically wriggling with joy. It was so good, to touch, to feel this way, and he was happy with the knowledge that Igner surely felt the same way. He shimmied down a little so that he could kiss the bounty hunter’s neck.

“Don’t,” Igner said. It was a plea, really. “I don’t want…”

“Of course you do,” Dunstan said. He sat up and back, pressing his ass against Igner’s groin, and settled comfortably against the hardness there. “You feel nice.” Could be bigger. He had the strange and distant feeling that he’d felt cocks much, much bigger than that. Not that it really mattered.
“It’s not—look, I don’t know what the fuck is going on.” Igner sounded on the verge of tears. “I don’t know what the fuck is going on, but you’re not you, I can’t, it’d be wrong.”

“’Course I’m me,” Dunstan said. He shifted and rocked against the bulge, warm and faintly pulsing. “Who else would I be?”

“I don’t know,” Igner groaned. “Please, stop. I can’t.”

“Why?” Dunstan asked. “Doesn’t it feel good? Aren’t you warm?” He leaned forward a little, his hands sliding up and down Igner’s comfortable body.

“Of course it feels good, but—”

“So it’s good.” Dunstan slid back further and started unlacing the ties of Igner’s breeches, which were really very in the way. They came undone easily, and the cock that rubbed against his thigh felt gorgeously hot. That wasn’t really what Dunstan was interested in, but he made sure to lean down and give it a kiss—there was a sharp whine—before he began easing Igner open.

The bounty hunter had a hand over his mouth and nose, and his eyes were shut tight. His body was throbbing with tension, twitching and jumping at the slightest provocation. Dunstan made sure to offer plenty of provocation. His awareness had been focused on Igner as a whole, appreciating the curves of muscle and fat that made up his strong body, but now it was slowly spiralling inward, centering on the really gorgeously formed ass that he was carefully opening up. He was aware of Igner’s cock, looking painfully hard, and of harsh, inconsistent breaths that rose and fell up in the man’s chest, and of the way his stomach was clenched tight, trying not to move.

“Relax,” Dunstan said comfortably. “I’ll make you feel better.” He’d massaged the man’s hole open wide enough to easily accommodate one finger, so he added a second. It was tight in there, but his fingers knew what to do, and they worked their magic without any trouble. He probed a little deeper. He’d be inside, soon, get Igner’s belly warm. He kissed a spot midway between navel and ribcage, and was rewarded with a soft noise and a squeeze around his fingers. “Isn’t it good?”

Igner was shaking his head, slowly, like he wasn’t paying attention, but his cock looked about to explode, and his belly was twitching with tense, nervous motion. Dunstan sighed and added another finger, prompting a drop of fluid to slide down Igner’s shaft. He kissed it up before it could go any further, and, after a moment’s consideration, gave the cock a more full-throated kiss, taking it in down to the base in one slow, steady movement. His throat gave no hint of protest. Igner’s hips bucked a little before they were brought hastily under control, but Dunstan hardly noticed. He pulled back gently, and then moved down again, spreading his fingers as he did. A choked-off noise
crawled out of Igner’s throat.

Dunstan eased off and wiggled forward until his hips were up against Igner’s. It felt glorious to have a cock against his own, but he knew he’d feel even better in a moment. He moved himself back, and then down, and then forward, and he smiled blissfully down at Igner while he pressed up against his ass. Igner was warmer down there than when he’d started, but he could do much better. He pushed a little harder, and a little harder, and a little harder, using one hand to keep himself angled properly while the other squeezed Igner’s thigh, thick and powerful. He could feel flesh trying to resist him, being pushed further and further back as it attempted to avoid opening up and letting him in, but that didn’t matter. Just a little further…

The head of his cock popped in at last, and he doubled over and came, hard, his groin and abdomen clenching up together. Wave after wave crested and broke, and as they began to subside, he felt none of the usual relief, sensitivity, or sleepiness.

“Did you just…” Igner’s eyes had opened, and he was giving Dunstan an odd look of mixed relief and disappointment.

Dunstan shifted his hips to get a better angle, and Igner shuddered beneath him. “Don’t worry,” he said happily. “There’s plenty more for you.” He pushed in further, seating himself in one steady stroke, and Igner’s back arched, his eyes closed, his mouth open in what would have been an expression of great pain in any other context. Dunstan lowered himself, eager to feel a trembling body against his, and kissed him. There was no response at first, but he kept at it, perfectly confident in the feeling of rightness that suffused him, and eventually, Igner kissed back, hesitantly, and then with growing enthusiasm. Large hands reached around behind him, one sliding up to the back of his head, the other clutching at the small of his back, and Dunstan gasped, and came again.

“Did you— again?” Igner’s lips hardly left his, though his voice held worry.

“Yeah,” Dunstan sighed. He licked the underside of Igner’s jaw, eased his cock back a little, and pushed in harder. Igner whined beneath him, so he did it again, and again, and again. “Doesn’t it feel lovely?”

“Yes,” Igner breathed. “Yes. You’re—you’re—”

Dunstan started to pick up the pace, but had to pause briefly to come again. Each release felt better than the last, but offered no more relief, only squeezed him tighter. It eased his passage a little, and spurred him on. The body beneath him, around him, was warmer than it had been, but he could do better. Would do better. “You feel good.” Warm, wet walls, snug around him. “You feel good.” Skin
against his, muscles trembling beneath it, fingers digging into his back. “You feel so, so good.”

“Yeah,” Igner panted. He was breathing fast and shallow, and he kept trying to kiss Dunstan through it, and his hands moved like he didn’t know where to touch first, like he wanted to touch everywhere all at once, and every time Dunstan’s balls touched his ass, he moaned. “Yeah, please, gods, you’re so, nnnn—”

Dunstan kissed him, delighted that Igner was appreciating this as much as he was, and sped up again. He’d draw it out as long as he could, get Igner really hot before he finished. He felt himself tightening up to come again, and decided to press through it. His thrusts were erratic as he spilled himself, but they didn’t stop, and he went faster again once his climax had subsided. Igner’s cock was pressed up between their bellies, and he could feel it slick with its own fluid. Igner’s moans were rapidly becoming whines, and his fingers clenched and shook.

“Not yet,” Dunstan said happily. He reached down and gave Igner’s balls a gentle squeeze, never stopping his thrusting. “Not yet, you’ve got to be warm first.”

“I’m warm,” Igner gasped, his hips jerking. “I’m—you’re so—fuck—Dun—fuck—” His body clenched up, spine arching, hands digging in, and his ass squeezed hard around Dunstan’s cock, and there was more fluid between their bodies. “’M sorry, sorry, sorry, you’re so—”

“Don’t worry,” Dunstan said again. He kissed him, and felt his cock release again in hot clenches. “I told you, I’ve got lots for you. I have so much to give you.”

The noise that Igner made was frightened, but his body was begging for more, and Dunstan was happy to oblige.

“Can I bloody piss first?” Igner rubbed his eyes with one hand while he heaved Dunstan off of him with the other. He crawled out of his bedroll, got to his feet, and leaned against a tree while relieving himself.

Dunstan, who’d been desperately hard since waking a few minutes ago, pressed himself up against Igner’s back, cock against generous ass. Igner was taller than he was, so he kissed the back of his neck. “I’m full. I’m so full.” He wriggled.
Ignor shook himself dry and turned around. Dunstan tried to go straight in for an embrace, but Ignor caught his shoulders and held him at arm’s length. “You’ve got to stop this. We’ve got to stop this.”

Dunstan sighed. They did some variation of this every time they fucked, which was several long sessions a day, and after three days, he was getting tired of it. “Can we skip this?” he asked. “Come on, we both know you’ll do it, I need it and you love it, so if we could just—”

Ignor flushed and looked away. “I don’t—I don’t love it—”

“Of course you do,” Dunstan said. He didn’t understand why Ignor was so contrary about this. “Why wouldn’t you? Come on, I’ll make you feel good.”

“No,” Ignor said firmly. “You’re not in your right mind, I can’t keep taking advantage of you. I shouldn’t have done it the first time, and I shouldn’t have done it any of the times since, and I’m not going to do it now, it’s got to stop.”

Dunstan sighed. He wished they could just get straight into it, but it didn’t much matter. He knew how to end the argument, and only resented that it kept his cock out of Ignor’s ass for a little longer. He dropped to his knees and took Ignor in his mouth before he could react, and went to work vigorously and enthusiastically.

“Dun,” Ignor groaned. “Dun, please, stop, just stop it.”

Dunstan ignored him. Ignor would protest a little, and then he’d get fully hard, and then they could get going properly.

“Dun!” Dunstan was vaguely aware that Ignor’s voice had changed, but he paid it no mind. The cock in his mouth was stiffening. “Dun, get off!”

A hand yanked him back, hard, and knocked him to the ground. He lurched up to a sitting position and tried to return to Ignor’s cock, but Ignor had turned around, and was frozen. Dunstan looked up at him in annoyance, and reflected that licking his ass might actually get him to his goal rather faster. He shuffled forward on his knees, but before he made it, he heard a distant sound like rumbling thunder.

Ignor leapt back to his bedroll and started yanking on his breeches. When he turned to snatch his shirt
from where it had been unceremoniously discarded the night before, he saw Dunstan kneeling there, glaring at him, and stared at him. “Didn’t you hear it?”

“What do I care about a storm?” Dunstan complained.

“Storm?” Igner said incredulously. “Dun, that’s something talking.”

Dunstan tilted his head and listened. Igner was right, he realized with mild surprise. The distant thunder was forming words, strange words that he didn’t understand. “So?”

Igner hopped on one foot to pull on a boot. “Kynesgrove’s less than a mile away.” When Dunstan didn’t say anything, he turned around, doing up the laces on his gambeson, one foot still bare. “Dun, the dragon! The bloody dragon at bloody Kynesgrove!” He threw Dunstan’s breeches at his chest. “The dragon, you fucking bastard! The one you’re supposed to be able to kill!” He sounded nearly in tears. Then, second boot halfway on, he stopped and turned to look at Dunstan again. This time he was still, and his voice was quiet and steady. “I can’t let you do this, can I?”

Dunstan, grumpily pulling on his breeches and pulling the laces taut over his erection, looked up at the change.

Igner’s face was hard and pained. “You’re in no state to fight anything, gods forbid a dragon. I can’t let you go there. You’ll be killed.” He turned away.

Something was beginning to click into place in the back of Dunstan’s mind. Dragon… dragon… Kynesgrove…

“Dun, you have to stay here.” Igner buckled on his knife and stuck his mace through a loop in his belt. “Just—try not to do anything stupid, don’t fuck anything. I’ll do my best to come back, but I can’t promise it. I’ll—I’ll send someone for you. I don’t—”

Dunstan, already some ways down the road, barefoot, without chausses, buckling the straps of his breastplate while keeping his sword clutched tight in the crook of his arm, was vaguely aware of a sudden stream of curses erupting behind him, accompanied by running feet.

Chapter End Notes
This and the next one were originally one chapter, but it was getting pretty long and had two distinct sections, so I figured I'd split it up. Easier for people looking for dragon fucking to navigate this way.
Dunstan shoved past an old woman, hobbling down the road as fast as she could, tears streaming down her face, some distance behind the last screaming villager. His sword slapped against his leg with every stride. He ducked under the hanging sign of an inn and began scrambling up the hill behind the village. The voice was thunderously loud here, inhumanly deep, like a mountain had decided to talk. It was saying words he didn’t understand. If only he could remember what it was about the dragon that was so important.

He forced his way through a thicket, ignoring the cuts and scratches on his hands and feet, and suddenly burst out into a clearing, just in time for the ground to break open.

Hovering in the air, vast wings beating slowly, was an enormous black dragon, covered with spines. Its eyes burned deep in its sockets, like bonfires at the bottom of mineshafts. It was still talking—no, not really talking, it was more like an incantation. Dunstan didn’t understand a word of it.

“Salohknir, zïl gro dovah ulse, slen tiïd vo! Salohknir, kaali mir, zïl gro dovah ulse, slen tiïd vo!”

Something grabbed him by the arm and yanked him behind a tree. “What the hell happened to you?” a woman hissed. “Why aren’t you dressed?”


A vast horned skull burst out of the ground, followed by a chain of thick, spined vertebrae. Wings ripped out after it, and ribs, and legs, and a long, blade-tipped tail that thrashed. The skeleton of a
dragon crawled out of the shattered earth, parted fleshless jaws, and let out an earsplitting roar.

The woman shook him. “This is no time to lose your nerve! Say something!”

“Slen tiid vo!”

The dead dragon shook itself. “Alduin, thuri! Boaan tiid vokriiha suleyksejun kruziik?”

“Geh, Salohknir, kaali mir.”


Dunstan leapt into the clearing and drew his sword.

The black dragon followed him with firepit eyes. “Ful, losei Dovahkiin? Zu'u koraav nid nol dov do hi.”

Dunstan yelled back in challenge.

The black dragon tossed its head, while the dead dragon arched its back and snarled. “You do not even know our tongue, do you?” growled the black dragon. “Such arrogance, to dare take for yourself the name of Dovah.” It turned back to the dead dragon. “Slen tiid vo, Salohknir, slen tiid vo.”

The dead dragon shook itself, and then, quite suddenly, fire was wrapping around it, weaving in and out between its bones, and as the fire moved, flesh followed. Tissue knitted itself into place around ancient ribs, and leathery skin and dull, coppery scales crawled over the top. When it roared again, the sound was louder, deeper, and infinitely more powerful.

“Salohknir, krii daar joore.” The black dragon’s wings swept under it, the wind of its passage nearly knocking Dunstan down, and it soared up and into the clouds like an overgrown bird of prey. The remaining dragon, now looking alive and well, flared its great green-tinged wings, roared, and lunged.
Dunstan dodged. He didn’t think about it. He was busy trying to remember what it was about dragons. There was something clawing in the back of his mind, trying with increasing desperation to tell him something important, but he didn’t know what it was. *Dragon. Dragonborn. Dragon.* He brought his sword across in a swift horizontal cut, and the steel rang off of the dragon’s armored side like a bell as the beast charged past.

*Dragonborn. Dragon.* The beast’s head came snaking around, viper-quick, and snapped at his face. He ducked and slashed up, catching the beast hard behind the jaw, where the scales were thinly spaced, and hot blood spattered over his face and arm. *Dragon.* The deadly tail flashed, missing him by inches, but he was focused, trying to think past the fog in his brain that limited his thoughts. *Dragonborn.* His answering strike came down across its nose, where he might as well have hit a stone, and bounced off, the sword thrumming in his hand. *Dragon.*

The dragon lurched, shrieked, and jumped away, and Dunstan saw that a long, curved blade in the hand of a stony-faced middle-aged woman had bit into the back of its leg. Her face was hard, mouth a thin line of anger and concentration. “You’re brave, I’ll give you that.” She shifted to a guard stance, one alien to Dunstan’s eyes, low and solid, and kept her eyes on the dragon.

*Dragonborn.* He threw himself after the dragon, swinging wildly, trying to remember. The dragon flared its wings, which lifted it back just out of reach, and dropped back onto the ground. Then it gathered itself and sprang forward again, coming down on him like a mountain. *Dragon.* He stared at its approaching jaws. What had he forgotten?

Something heavy slammed into him from the side, knocking him over, and the dragon’s teeth missed him. The vast bulk of its body swept over him, but it was already stopping itself, trying to turn. Someone was groaning in his ear. “Dun—you—stupid—idiot—” Dunstan grabbed the man lying half on top of him, who he vaguely recognized as Igner, and flung him away. Igner was heavy, but surprisingly limp.

The dragon’s beak and nasal horn drove into the ground a foot away from his head, and he rolled and leapt to his feet before swinging at its neck. He almost lost his sword to the spines there, but managed to keep it. *Dragon. Dragonborn. Dragon.* He lunged forward and caught one of the spines, then swung himself up like he was climbing a tree. One foot found a neat hold between two spines, and he wrapped the toes of his other foot around a protruding one. He was hanging off the side of the dragon’s neck, and it was shaking its head furiously, trying to swing him off. *Dragon. Dragonborn. Dragon.*

He drove his sword into the beast’s neck at an angle. It shrieked again, loudly, piercingly, but he didn’t pay any attention, just drew it out and plunged it in again, ignoring the blood, ignoring the horrible noise. He was focused entirely on the dragon. What was it? What was he missing? There

*Dragonborn. Dragon.*
was something important here. Something vital.

The dragon bucked, hard, and he lost his grip and was tossed off. He landed with a *thump* that knocked the wind out of him. Then he was on his feet without thinking about it, and a huge fanged maw was coming at him.

The long, curved sword came from somewhere he hadn’t been looking and caught the dragon across the ridge of its eye, and it screamed, truly screamed. Then it was flapping frantically, and it pushed off in a cloud of dust and left, raining blood. *Dragon. Dragonborn. Dragon.* It was heading downhill, into the volcanic barrens. Dunstan stared after it, frowning, trying to think.

“Your friend’s hurt,” the woman said. *Delphine.* This had to be Delphine, surely. And that had been a dragon. “You! You all right?” He turned to look, and saw her crouched beside a body in dark armor that was clutching its stomach. “Did it get you?” Igner moaned and shook, and she frowned. “I didn’t see it get you.”

“My—” Igner made a sound like he was going to throw up. “My stomach. I don’t…”

“Take him to a healer,” Dunstan said, mildly surprised. He hadn’t been planning to say that. “I’ll deal with the dragon.” *Dragon. Dragonborn. Dragon.* He didn’t wait for an answer, was hardly aware that he’d spoken. Then he was running down the hill, sword in hand, bare feet cold and bleeding, coming after the dragon, trying to remember.

He forgot what he was looking for quickly. He’d come into the barrens looking for something, but he didn’t know what it was. All around him were hot springs, smelling of sulfur, and the bleached bones of the mammoths who came here to die. Steam poured off of shallow water, and he couldn’t remember why he was here. Eventually, after a time that he couldn’t measure, he came to a stop, standing in one of the springs. Why was his sword in his hand? He put it away and tried to think. The air was cold, but there was hot steam jetting out of the pool, and he’d been running for some reason. He wiped sweat off of his forehead.

“You are… persistent.”

He turned and looked up at a vast dragon the color of dull copper, curled up against a cliffside. This seemed familiar. There was something about this.
“Draw your blade, little mortal. We’ll finish this yet.”

Dunstan frowned. He was so close. There was something about this.

“What is it, little false Dovahkiin? Frightened at last?”

Dovahkiin! That was it, that was what he was supposed to remember. He was Dragonborn. And this was a dragon, and together, those things meant… He wasn’t sure what that meant. Gods, he was hard.

He heard a voice dimly, in the back of his head, a woman’s voice. … can’t be accident that he’s the only living thing that can breed with them. He wouldn’t mind breeding. This time yesterday, he’d been fucking Igner. He’d like to fuck something. Hm. He looked up at the dragon. “Want to fuck?”

The dragon drew back with a startled snort. “You… wish to partake in the piercing?”

“Sure,” Dunstan said. He dropped his breeches. “I think I can make you feel good.”

“I do not doubt it,” the dragon said. It tilted its head, studying him. “But this is highly irregular, little Dovahkiin. Can you contain me?”

“Oh,” Dunstan said in sudden understanding. “You want to be inside me.”

The dragon laughed. “If you thought I would submit to you and your little instrument, false one, then you are truly a fool.”

“See,” Dunstan said, “trouble is, lately I can only come if I’m in someone.”

“Not uncommon among the dov,” the dragon said. It arched its neck and gave him a very dragonish grin. “But I confess I have something of a reputation for spilling my defeated foes.”
Dunstan considered. “All right. But if I don’t finish, use your mouth or something, I want to come.”

“As you wish,” the dragon said. “There is no shame in the use of a tongue to aid a fellow dov. You are no dov, and I suspect no Dovahkiin, but you seem a worthy foe, and I, Salohknir, will spill you.”

“Oh, good,” Dunstan said. “Get on your back.” He unbuckled his sword belt and tossed it away.

“On my back?” Salohknir said, both bemused and offended.

“Yeah,” Dunstan said. “It’ll be easier for me to get on it than for you to put it in me. Besides, it’s big, and I’ll want to take my time.”

The dragon squinted at him suspiciously. Then it gave a little snort, got down awkwardly on its belly, and, with difficulty, rolled over onto its back. It propped its neck up against a boulder and kept an eye on Dunstan.

Dunstan was staring at its groin. He could almost… had he done this before? He could almost remember something, a vast, bloated cock, slowly sinking in between his legs, spitting slick all over his thighs, wet bumps and nubs thick against and inside him. Had that happened?

He climbed up its tail and set his feet where the dragon’s legs joined its body, seating himself on its tail behind its groin. He reached out, and his fingers seemed to know to run along the edges of the plates there.

Salohknir quivered, which in a dragon was a vast movement that threatened to shake Dunstan off. “Have you done this before, mortal?”

“I don’t know,” Dunstan said. He started rubbing, trying to work his fingers between plates, and liquid began seeping out. The mound before him grew as the plates shifted apart, spreading, revealing dark reddish tissue beneath them. Maybe he could come if he fucked along those slick red channels.

“You show talent,” the dragon sighed. “Long ago, I heard tales of dov who kept mortal beasts as pets, for pleasure when they did not wish to fight for it. Not your kind—typically larger beasts. I think you would do well as such a one.”
Dunstan leaned in and licked between the plates. The bulge beneath them had grown a foot higher, and there was beginning to be a definite opening down the center line as the plates spread. He could just see the beginnings of something in there, something large, and he scooted forward to have a better look. As if on cue, the opening spread all at once, and a thick, hot, reddish-purple cock popped out, catching him in the face before slapping forward to drape across the dragon’s belly, thickening steadily, throbbing.

It was huge, this thing; not quite the length of his arm, but close, and thick. What looked like a set of four prehensile fins fluttered at the tip, winking open and closed around the dragon’s piss slit—did dragons piss? Dunstan leaned forward and rubbed himself against the vast length of cock. He still had his armor on, which struck him as irritating, but his cock was free, and that was the important thing. He put his mouth to the wide, flat head and tongued his way around the hole there, putting together a working relationship with the strange fins. They could be coaxed open, and when they at last folded outward and laid flat against the rest of the head, a gob of thick, gummy, clear fluid hit him in the cheek. He licked at it and found the taste rather uninspiring, and so decided to get back to the cock at hand.

It really was gigantic. He pulled himself forward until he had it between his thighs, his cock pressed up hard between it and his belly, and hugged it to his chest. From there, it was no stretch at all; he hardly had to crane his head down to service the tip. More clear fluid oozed out, flooding his mouth, bubbling and smearing over his face. He pressed his mouth up against the hole, lips forming a seal while he worked his tongue in.

The dragon gave a low, rumbling groan. “I see the appeal, little mortal, I see the appeal. No dovah tongue was ever so small and clever as yours.” Its head arched down, and when it stretched out its long, textured tongue, it could just swipe across his head. Hot, thin drool ran down his forehead. “You may continue.”

Dunstan had no intention of stopping. The dragon’s pre was growing on him. It would likely never be truly pleasant, but there was something about the way it constantly dripped out, a tiny fountain that spat warm, thick slick all over him, filling his mouth, spreading all over his face as he dug into the source. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, and quivered at the heat in his belly.

The dragon’s cock had gotten larger. It was twitching strongly now, in pulses that Dunstan had to resist with both hands in order to keep the cock where he wanted it. It hadn’t gotten any longer, but it was thicker, the head more pronounced, the ring around the middle standing out more proudly, the gently ribbed details grown more prominent. And gods, it was thicker. The idea fascinated him. It had been huge when it had emerged, and now it was absurd. He wrapped his arms around it, enjoying the sensation of the huge, hot, throbbing pillar against his bare arms. He could feel the heat of it through his breastplate. He pressed his lips to the hole again and took in another mouthful of pre. When he pulled away to swallow it—messily, excess dripping from his lips—more fluid dripped down the cock in constant viscous streams. He licked at one of them, enjoying the way the dragon’s
chest heaved in front of him. Then he sat back a little and let the cock flop down against the plates of the beast’s belly, too huge and heavy to stand upright.

“I want it in me,” he said, gazing at it admiringly. That would feel lovely, wouldn’t it? An immense cock, heating up his insides like a hot rock in a bath. It would open him up gorgeously, feel exquisite. He could imagine the feeling, pure pleasure, huge inside him, medial ring popping in, pouring all that thick pre into his belly, the fins at the tip tickling his insides. He’d stretch invitingly for it, accept it easily.

He got to his feet, balancing awkwardly on the dragon’s groin. Positioning himself was awkward, because the cock kept wanting to flop back down, and he needed it pointed straight up, but eventually, he pushed it further back, so it was behind him, held in place by his body, the head resting against the small of his back. Then it was a matter of making sure his footing was good, reaching around to guide the cock into place with a hand, standing up straight so that he had some clearance over the cock, and he could finally lower himself down onto it.

The fins fluttered at his entrance, spreading more slick all over his ass. The sensation of warm goo bubbling up against his hole made him giggle. The dragon was giving him a reproachful look, but he didn’t care. There was something the size of his leg between his cheeks, and it felt excellent.

“Will it enter you?” the dragon asked. Its voice sounded a long ways away, somehow. “I do not feel your opening, little mortal.”

“It’ll fit,” Dunstan said dreamily. He pressed down lower. The head of the cock was pushing back against his ass, too large to apply pressure to his hole alone. He imagined himself bowing in back there, like a crater, and the thought both pleased and displeased him. He didn’t want it to stay outside. He wanted it inside, and he wanted it now. He reached back with his free hand, which he had been using to balance, squeezed past the head of the dragon’s cock, and slipped a few fingers into his hole. It opened easily, and he lowered himself further.

Something pressed inside of him. It was one edge of the head, a round ridge like the edge of a dinner plate, and its rim was penetrating him. He tried to compress the head so that the rest of the edge could fit in, but the dragon hissed in protest, and he had to turn to widening his entrance. That took a lot of work. He held the dragon’s cock in place with one hand, and began to pull himself open with the other. It was difficult. The lean muscles of his arm stood out more strongly than usual. His fingers strained against his uncooperative hole.

The dragon’s plates were slippery around its cock. It had been dripping pre for a while now, and there were little rivers of it, slick and wet and everywhere, running down the mound of its groin, around its thighs, onto its belly. Balancing on the dragon’s groin would have been difficult without this obstacle, and with it, the act required a great deal of concentration. Dunstan’s concentration was
focused entirely on getting his ass open wide enough to accept the cock beneath him. He let his head fall back, eyes closed, mouth open and sighing and moaning, cock hard, toes curling, legs flexing, and he slipped.

His head hurt. He’d bonked it against something hard. He rubbed it. Then he tried to get up, but something pulled so hard at his ass that he gasped and fell right back down.

“Mortal?” the dragon said cautiously. “Are you all right?”

Dunstan craned his head around to get an idea of what had happened. He seemed to be lying on his back. There were two dragon legs in front of him, down by his knees, and he was resting on something hard and uncomfortable. More importantly, there was something inside of him.

He sat up quickly and moaned as something vast in his ass shifted. When he could focus his eyes again, he found that he was sitting on the dragon’s tail, and the head of the beast’s cock was in his ass. As best as he could tell, he’d slipped, fallen down hard enough for the head to pop in, and the hold of the cock inside of him had stopped him from falling right off the tail. He was hanging by it. He reached down to touch himself and found a bulge around his ass where the head anchored him.

He didn’t bother answering the dragon’s question, hardly noticed that it had been asked. Instead, he lurched to his feet, and howled at the movement inside. He stood there, feet in the crooks of the dragon’s thighs, its gigantic cockhead just inside of him, and panted. Then he pushed down.

The dragon groaned, but Dunstan didn’t care. He cared about how another magnificent inch of the magnificent cock was now inside of him. He was stretched so tightly around it that he could feel both the dragon’s pulse and his own. It felt… “Oh, fuck,” he sighed. He steadied the cock with a hand and forced in another inch.

“Little mortal!” the dragon rumbled. It pushed its tail against his back, and he was dimly aware that it was trying to help hold him up. “Little mortal, that…”

“Yeah,” Dunstan breathed. He strained immensely, eyes screwed shut, body covered in sweat, and got in another finger’s width. When he looked down, it was hard to convince his eyes that he didn’t have another leg between his thighs, a purple-red one that was covered in fountaining slick. His cock was twitching. His armor felt tight. “Yeah.”

The dragon’s cock jumped inside of him, and he nearly fell again. It felt like… he had no idea what it
felt like apart from a cock the size of his leg that had just jerked several inches in his ass, giving his organs a hard shove. It made him scream. He pushed down farther, lost in ecstasy. “Again,” he moaned.

The dragon did it again, and his entire body shook. He could feel the dragon’s pulse in his belly, slower than his own, but much heavier, like a drum beat in his guts. If that pulse was a drum, then the twitching cock was… he didn’t know. An explosion? It was too large. He didn’t have any words for it. All he could do was stand there, feeling like the world was ending inside of him, like some god had started an avalanche that was powering its way through his body, getting stronger all the time.

“You are most impressive, little mortal,” the dragon groaned. “I had no notion that your kind was so flexible. I had thought that you would burst upon being pierced.”

Dunstan groaned and put a hand on his lower belly, just above his cock, below his breastplate. He could feel movement there, a bulge, the imprint of something huge that had somehow squeezed into him. He tried vainly to clench around it, but he was stretched to his limit, and all that his efforts got him was a sore twinge somewhere in the region of his bladder. The cock jumped in him again, knocking his hips forward several inches and back again, and he wobbled for a moment, eyes rolling back in his head, before he dropped to a crouch, all in one go. His ass seemed to resist for a long, agonizing second, like it would rather implode than allow any more of the dragon’s cock passage, but then something gave, and his pelvis spasmed around another six inches of flesh.

He teetered uncertainly. Something seemed… almost unpleasant about this, like it wasn’t something he should be doing. But it was also very good. There was something about the fullness, the feeling of being stuffed with cock until he could fit no more, that appealed to whatever had been keeping a stranglehold on his balls. He’d wanted to fuck forever—how long? days? Years?—and he knew that he couldn’t come unless he was inside something, but perhaps he’d gotten it wrong. Was it that he couldn’t come unless something was inside him? Things were getting muddled again, thoughts and memories rearranging themselves. It didn’t make sense, surely, to need to have something inside to come. Didn’t it seem more reasonable to need to be inside something else? Wasn’t that… that was what cocks were for, wasn’t it? What his cock was for?

The dragon surged beneath him, and the next thing he knew, he was on his back, substantially shaken, his body trying to process what was going on. Legs on either side of him, heaving plated belly above him, cock still in his ass as deeply as it had been before, a huge bulge running up from his groin and disappearing beneath his armor. His head hurt a little, but his cock was still furiously hard.

“As victor, little mortal, the piercing is my right. You submitted to me, and I shall set our pace.” The cock flexed inside of him, and his hips lifted off of the ground before dropping back. He was too overcome with the sensation to speak. “Hold yourself in position, and I shall seat myself fully.”
Dunstan didn’t particularly care what the dragon did, so long as it did something. He took his cock in hand and began to stroke feverishly. He thought he said something. Maybe. If he did, he didn’t remember what the words were.

The dragon pushed, and Dunstan was dragged several feet forward along the ground, and back again when the beast tried to withdraw. He moaned loudly and clutched at his lower belly. The change of position had just about undone him, so his reactions were a little more muted than they had been before, but he was rapidly recovering. Yeah. On his back. That was a good way to be. Something in him, filling him up, that was good, too. That was the way he was supposed to be, really. Full. Full of something, always, full of… cock would do. Yeah, cock would do. He wrapped his feet around the base of the dragon’s cock for support and yanked himself further down. He screamed at the top of his lungs when he felt more cock inside of him, more than he’d had before—had he ever had this much before? He couldn’t remember anything else that had been inside of him. There was only the dragon’s cock, and it was hot and thick and there was slick pouring out of his ass whenever it moved.

“You do not comport yourself well, mortal,” the dragon rumbled. “Enthusiasm for the piercing is the mark of a dishonorable foe, when the piercing is done after battle.” Its cock jumped again, and Dunstan took the opportunity to try and cram another finger’s width inside. “Though it must be said…” It groaned loudly. “You are a fine creature to pierce. I enjoy this victory.”

Dunstan meant to tell it to shut up and keep fucking him already, he needed more in him, but he only made loud, vague noises of pleasure. Not that it mattered, really. As long as his hand was on his cock, and his ass was full, he could make do. The steady beat of the dragon’s pulse thumped inside of him, and he arched his back. Yeah, he could make do.

The dragon didn’t seem to be able to really fuck him. It never gave up on trying to thrust, shaking him back and forth on its cock, but most of its movement consisted of flexing its cock inside of him, making it jump, and making Dunstan howl. The beast was panting heavily. Its tail thrashed. Its cock throbbed, and when Dunstan put a hand on his lower belly, he could feel it. He was delirious with it. It felt gloriously right. He needed this to come. He needed to be full, really full, and if he could only get full enough, he would spill like a fountain. He was close, he thought, maybe, so if the dragon would just get in a little further…

The dragon groaned, and Dunstan suddenly became aware of something growing inside of him, high up in his stomach. He undid the buckles on one side of his breastplate, and the pressure eased a little, but he could still feel it inside. Something was swelling at the tip of the dragon’s cock. It was forcing his insides further and further open, stretching him, growing, growing… It was followed, quite suddenly, by a roar from the dragon, and then an immediate vast pressure, as though something had exploded inside of him. It subsided momentarily, and then struck again, harder, accompanied by the cock spasming inside of him. His belly surged.
He came. He had gotten used to climax as something of a non-event, something that he could do that
would provide momentary relief, but would not hamper his ability to fuck someone into the ground.
This was not like that. When he spilled himself, the entirety of his body seized up, from his neck
smacking his head against the ground, to his spine arching up, his hips contorting, legs flexing, toes
curling, and he came, howling, in arcing spurts on his breastplate, which was rising ever higher as his
belly grew.

Dunstan came to in a daze. He was on the ground, which was odd, and he felt uncomfortable, but
there was also that fading haze that followed climax, which was—had he come? What was going
on? He opened his eyes and screamed.

“What the fuck?!”

There was something huge looming over him. A quick glance up and down its length confirmed it to
be a dragon, huge and scaly and oh gods it was inside of him. He clapped his hands to his belly and
lurched at the pain, the overwhelming sensation of being far too full, everything hideously
oversensitive. He screamed again in sheer horror. What the fuck had happened?

The dragon maneuvered its head down between its wings, and when Dunstan craned his own neck,
he could get an upside-down view of a huge, fanged maw. “Mortal?” the dragon growled, sounding
almost polite.

“What the fuck’s going on?” Dunstan yelled. He swung his leg to try and kick the dragon in the
groin, where the part of its cock that wasn’t in him was exposed, and immediately doubled up in
discomfort. “Get out of me! Get out of me!”

“You will have to wait,” the dragon said. It sounded confused. “Are you injured? You were more
than eager a moment ago.”

Dunstan hoisted a foot—a bare foot, what had he been doing—up with his arms, planted it against
the dragon’s plated groin, and shoved, hard. Nothing happened beyond his belly giving another
unpleasant lurch. “Why the fuck would I be eager? Why would anyone be eager to get fucked by a
dragon? I said get out!”

“And I said that you must wait,” the dragon rumbled. “I have pierced you, and filled you, but it will
take time to withdraw. What has happened?”
“What’s happened? What’s happened?” Dunstan dug his fingers into the ground and pulled, trying to drag himself off of the cock, and he thought that he might have gotten an inch of it out. “I’ve just woken up to a dragon fucking me, which is something that I absolutely was not going to let happen ever again, and I’m fucking—” He put a hand on his stomach, swollen vast and taut, half imprisoned beneath his breastplate, and where the fuck were the rest of his clothes? “I’m fucking full again, fucking hate this.” He heard his voice shake, and snarled in impotent fury. Everything about the situation was made infinitely worse by the fact that his cock was hard again, pressed up flat against his bulging belly. He did hate it, he did, he didn’t want to feel like this, so why was his cock so godsfucking-damned hard? His stomach roiled.

“Were you cursed?” the dragon asked. It sounded genuinely curious. “You have most certainly not been asleep. We battled little more than an hour ago.”

“We fought?” Dunstan said, momentarily distracted from the overwhelming sensation of too full too full too full. “How was I?”

“Unskilled,” the dragon said, “but strong and swift. For a mortal. Hardly fair with three against one.”

“Three against one?” Well, that wasn’t bad, that wasn’t bad at all. Hell, that was pretty fucking good, given that he’d apparently lived to tell the tale. “Where are the other dragons? Did I get them?”

The dragon gave an unpleasant grumbling growl, and Dunstan realized after a moment that it was laughing. “Three mortals, little one, three mortals against one dov.”

“Oh.” Well… okay, that wasn’t quite as good. “Where are they, then?”

“How should I know? They did not follow me as you did.”

“They didn’t…” Dunstan put two and two together. “You ran, didn’t you? You big scaly fuck, you fucking ran.”

“I flew,” the dragon said, annoyed. “It was not a fair contest. You and one of the other mortals were dangerous foes. A retreat was the only proper choice.”
“Only one?” Dunstan considered. “What did they look like?”

The dragon made a vast shrugging motion, its shoulders rolling. “Mortals. Two legs, two arms, a head. I take no note of such creatures.”

“You’re helpful.” He braced his feet against the dragon’s thighs, steeled himself, pushed, and cried out. The head of the dragon’s cock scraped along inside of him. He couldn’t see its progress with his belly so swollen with come, but he could sure as hell feel it. Like… like a mountain or something, moving through him, feeling like it was dragging half his guts along with it. He put a hand between his legs, carefully avoiding his cock, and found that he’d gotten another couple of inches out. “How long until I can get this fucking thing out of me?”

“Some time,” the dragon said. “The flare must recede.”

“Thanks,” Dunstan grumbled. He pushed again, but not much came out. He slumped back against the ground, limp, and rested a hand on his belly. It was hard beneath his fingers, like an overfull waterskin, but when he gave it an experimental push, he found that it shifted a little, to his immense discomfort. His cock, for whatever godsforsaken reason, was thrilled. He sighed and reached around his belly to his cock.

About an eternity later, give or take fifteen minutes, the dragon shifted above him. Dunstan, who had been escaping the situation with a light doze, started awake, making his stomach roil uncomfortably.

“It is time,” the dragon proclaimed. “I should be able to withdraw.” It began pulling its hips backward, and Dunstan, to his horror, found himself being dragged along with it.

“Hey!” he snapped. “Hey, stop!” He tried to get a good hold in the dirt, but there wasn’t much of anything to grab on to.

The dragon sighed loudly. “You will come off one way or another, mortal.” It was silent for a moment, and Dunstan felt it shifting. “Could your hands keep ahold of that tree?” Its tail pointed to a nearby fallen pine.

“Yeah,” Dunstan said. “Hold—” But the dragon was already moving, dragging him across dirt and gravel and pine needles. He made a variety of loud, protesting noises, but the dragon ignored him, and then they were at the tree. Dunstan grabbed it, swearing.
“Hold tightly,” the dragon instructed. It braced itself with its wings, set its legs, and pulled back.

Dunstan yelled. A lot of the cock came out, yeah, but a lot of it stayed in, and the cock that did come out felt like it was turning him inside out. He instinctively brought a hand to his ass, as if he could hold himself together. “Fuck! This shit isn’t going to—”

The dragon pulled again, and suddenly there was a vast rounded shape under his hand, bowing out his ass. He didn’t know how big the cock had been when it went in him, but there was no way it had been this big. This thing was… it had to be the size of a horse’s hoof, and not one of Skyrim’s shaggy mountain ponies, no, one of those big drafts with hooves like plates. It was going to break him open, and he yelled something to that effect. His belly weighed heavy on his hips.

Another pull, and he could feel his hole trying to stretch around the absurd cock. Now it was really right there, at his entrance, which couldn’t decide whether to push out or pull in. Either way seemed to be a waste, because gods fucking knew there wasn’t anywhere for it to go. There was very little to do but lie there, gasping, wondering if his insides or outsides would give in first.

Then there was one great final pull, and he strained around the vast head for what felt like years, shaking, trembling, trying desperately to loosen up, because if he didn’t, this thing was going to come out anyway and who the hell knew how much that was going to hurt, and then there was an obscenely loud wet pop, and he had never felt so full and so empty at the same time in his life. He thought he was probably still in one piece, but he couldn’t be sure.

The dragon groaned above him. “That was most enjoyable, mortal. Now…” It backed up, waddling back and forth in an undignified fashion, until it could look down at him comfortably. “Now, as pleasurable as it would be to keep you for my own use, Alduin instructed me to kill you, and I shall not disobey my lord.”

Dunstan came back to earth about halfway through that, and had just enough time to frown and say “What?” before the dragon suddenly flared its wings and gave an earsplitting screech. It lunged forward, jumping right over him. The underside of its tail just brushed his breastplate, leaving a long, bright scar in the metal and knocking the wind out of him, to say nothing of how his stomach heaved. He gagged a little, but stopped himself from throwing up. He tried to crane his head around to see what the hell was going on—there was a lot of shrieking, and the sound of metal on scales—but his body was uncooperative. Eventually, he managed to roll over onto his side and look up, just in time for a dragon’s immortal soul to flow over him.

It felt just as strange this time as it had the two times before. There was a huge, wild energy to it, like someone had shoved lightning down his throat, but there was also a strange sense of balance, a balance that would be very difficult to tip. A balance between earth and air, fire and frost, flesh and bone. Something inside of him resonated with it. And then it was gone, settled inside of him,
somewhere that even dragon cock could never reach, where he couldn’t feel it anymore unless he focused hard.

Then he noticed the figure standing over a dragon skeleton, cleaning its sword. He squinted. “Delphine?”

She sheathed her strange sword. “Dragonborn. Well, you weren’t kidding about not being good at dragonslaying.” She strode over to him, looked at him critically, and then prodded his belly with a booted toe, ignoring his groan of discomfort. “You’re brave, and you’re stupid. It’s not a good combination.”

Dunstan managed to roll over onto his back again. The weight of his stomach pressed down on him. “That’s great. Help me up?”

She eyed him. “Can you walk? I’d say you’d broken your pelvis if you weren’t pretty clearly not in agonizing pain.”

“I can walk if you help me up,” Dunstan said, holding out a hand. When she made no move to take it, he sighed and let it fall. “All right, so how much of that were you there for?”

“Not much, but enough to see you with a dragon’s cock up your ass. Want to explain?”

“I’d love to, but I don’t have any good explanations.” Dunstan sighed and spread his arms in a gesture of bemused hopelessness. “I was normal. I swear, my whole life I was normal. Then there was this dragon that attacked Whiterun, and I helped kill it, and it turned out that I steal dragon souls or something. Then I met another dragon up north of Solitude, and it fucked me, and since then I swear the whole fucking world’s been trying to sleep with me, constantly.”

“Including dragons.”

“Yeah, including dragons. I hope that satisfies you, because it’s all I’ve got.”

A calloused hand gripped his and heaved him to his feet. He wobbled unsteadily and leaned on Delphine for support. She steadied him roughly. “Well, it’s certainly not like the stories, but if you can keep dragons busy long enough for someone else to kill them, we’ll have to make do.” She held him at arm’s length and looked him up and down. “Let’s get your breeches on.”
Dunstan leaned on her heavily as she helped him into them. Then, figuring that he might as well tell her everything, he said, “Listen, I should tell you, I have no idea how I ended up here. Last thing I remember, I was in Riverwood.”

She frowned. “Well, you didn’t travel with me. I left immediately, and you stayed back to travel with your friend.”

Friend… “Oh, right, Igner. Where’s he?” Delphine was silent for a moment, and something cold settled in his gut. “He all right?”

“Not exactly,” Delphine said after a moment. “Not hurt, I don’t think, but he’s ill. I left him in the inn back in Kynesgrove. The innkeep’s keeping an eye on him, and once word gets out to everyone that the dragon is dealt with, the mage will have a look at him.”

“Ill? What kind of ill?”

“It’s odd,” she said. “Come on, let’s get back to town.”

Dunstan did his best to disguise how out of breath he was, but he couldn’t stop himself from panting a little and leaning on a beam for support once he made it inside the Braidwood Inn. Delphine gave him a sidelong look, shook her head, and led him into one of the rooms, closing the door behind them.

It was dim inside, and for a moment Dunstan was aware of little beyond his own heavy breathing, but his eyes adjusted quickly, and he saw that there was someone in the bed. “Ig?” he said, concerned. He made his way over and cautiously lowered himself into a chair. “You awake?”

The muffled groan that issued from beneath the blankets was definitely Igner. “Fuck you.”

“Good to see you as well. What happened to you, then?”
Igner groaned and turned over onto his back. He did it very slowly and delicately, like he might shatter if he moved too fast. Then he went limp with a shaky sigh. “I don’t fucking know, but it’s your fault.”

“Oh, yeah?” Dunstan said, amused despite himself. “How do you figure that?”

“Who the fuck else would it be?” Igner made a rude gesture with his hand before reaching down and carefully easing the blanket down to his hips. His belly stood out, red and angry and painful-looking, like a woman most of her way through pregnancy. His skin there looked strained and stretched, like it would break at any moment, and the rest of him was disturbingly pale and sweaty.

Dunstan stared in silence for a while. Eventually, he managed a befuddled “What the fuck?”

“The fuck do you think?” Igner closed his eyes and shifted, looking pained. “That spriggan did something to you, and you did something to me when you fucked me.”

“I fucked you?” Dunstan said blankly. “Why the fuck would I do that?”

An odd look went across Igner’s face before it shifted to easily-recognizable anger. “The spriggan!” he hissed. “Remember the fucking tree? The spriggan? The bandit? The—” He broke off suddenly and gave Dunstan a searching look. Then he went limp, letting his head drop back against the pillow. “You don’t remember any of it, do you?”

“Ig, last thing I remember, I was in Riverwood. I woke up with a dragon not too long ago.”

Igner’s sigh was long and full of exhaustion. “Of course you don’t.” He pulled the blanket back up. Dunstan continued to stare at the covered bulge, oddly mesmerized. Its form was softened, but it was still there, round and heavy. “Well, we left Riverwood, and we met a spriggan, but it was all fucked up, and it did something to you. You got all weird, and you wanted to fuck all the time. You fucked a bandit, and then you fucked me. You were stupid, you couldn’t remember anything for more than a couple of minutes at a time, and I wanted to get you to a healer, but you were stubborn, fucking insisted that we keep going, even though you didn’t know where the hell we were going or what for.” He sighed. “And now you’ve done something to me. I don’t know what the fuck it is, but I don’t feel good.”

Dunstan nodded slowly. “Right,” he said. “That sounds insane, but I’m inclined to believe you.”
“Fuck you,” Igner muttered.

“I think we need Siona,” Dunstan said thoughtfully. “She’s got experience. She can probably fix whatever it is.”

“Do I look like I can travel?”

“We’re hiring a carriage,” Dunstan said firmly. “I’m not walking any further than I absolutely have to, and we ought to have the gold between us.” He glanced around. “Where is all our stuff, anyway?”

“Probably back at the camp,” Igner said mulishly. “Where you left it when you ran off barefoot to go fight a dragon.”

Dunstan sighed. He held out a hand expectantly, and after she rolled her eyes, Delphine came over and pulled him to his feet. He steadied himself against the wall for a moment before he stepped out into the inn, where a small girl was stoking the fire. “Kid?”

“My name’s Froa,” the girl said, not looking up from her work.

“Yeah, great,” Dunstan said. “Listen, I need you to run an errand for me.”

“So pay me.”

Dunstan frowned. “You talk like that to your elders?”

“You don’t count.” She put another log on and turned to him with her arms crossed. “You’re not wearing pants. Or shoes.”

“Kid, I just saved this village from a dragon. You can do me one favor.”

“Sure, if you pay me.”
Dunstan groaned. “Fine. Down the road—”

“How much?”

“A gold piece. Now you’ll have to—”

“I want five. Three now and two later.”

Dunstan stared at her. “Three, all later.” He put up a hand to forestall her protest. “Keep pushing and you’re not getting anything at all, and I’ll still make you do it. Now listen, my camp is just across the river and down the road. I want you to go down there, grab all my stuff, and bring it back here. You’ll probably want a couple of your little buddies to help so you can get it in one trip. Once it’s all here at the inn, I’ll pay you.”

Froa eyed him up and down. “Three each.”

He pointed at the door. “Kid, go!” She left at a run, and he groaned and leaned against the wall for support.

“A negotiator born,” Delphine said. “I’m going back to Riverwood. You can meet me there once you’ve got all this sorted out. Try not to get killed.” She gave him a brief nod before she pulled up her cowl and strode out.

Dunstan dropped into the chair by Igner’s bed again. “Fuck’s sake,” he said.

Chapter End Notes

There's got to be a good way to designate dragon chapters. Maybe I could have like a in-title rating system for chapters based on degree of fucked-up-ness, e.g. "12. Spiders (Extra Fucked Up)", "19. Sex Pollen (Practically Vanilla)", et cetera.

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