Let Sleeping Dragons Lie

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Summary

Rokurou encounters a dragon and wants to challenge his skills. The dragon has other ideas.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Rokurou couldn't help himself. He lived for a challenging fight - it made his blood sing in a way nothing else could. And when he saw the large, slumbering dragon, he knew he would have to fight it.

His friends might have tempered his enthusiasm, once. Velvet would have preached caution, even if her own goals would drive her into neigh insurmountable odds. Magilou would have been in favour of whatever was most interesting without risking her own hide. Eleanor might have preached mercy for the ex-malak - Zaveid certainly would have, long ago. Laphicet would want to find a way to restore the dragon to his previous form. And Eizen...well, he might have been the sole voice in favour of his action, seeing it as a kindness to put the dragon out of its misery.

Rokurou knew all this, distantly. But it simply didn't matter to him at this moment. His friends weren't here now and hadn't been around for centuries. He had given up ever seeing any of them again. But the best reasoning he could ever come up with paled in the face of that deep, near uncontrollable instinct that saw the dragon as a worthy adversary and demand they meet in battle to see who would emerge victorious.
He approached at a steady pace, deliberately making enough noise to alert the dragon of his whereabouts. He didn't want to win through a surprise attack. Rokurou wanted to win through a fair fight, or else die trying. That was what it meant to live by the sword.

The dragon cracked open one large amber eye, regarding the daemon warily. Other than that, it remained motionless.

“Come on, sleepyhead,” Rokurou called, unsheathing his twin blades. “Aren’tcha gonna give me a fair fight?”

The dragon huffed, raising its great head. Rokurou felt the prickling of mana around him as the dragon summoned energy, and just leapt back in time to avoid the earth spiking up around his feet. The attack felt familiar - like Rokurou had seen it many times before. Like he had felt this surge of mana by his side, so many years ago.

“Eizen? Shit, you know it's awfully considerate of you to give me a new opponent to best but this is going a bit far, don't you think?”

The dragon gave a low growl.

“Right, not one for conversation right now. Got ya. Hope you’re still up for a rumble.”

With that, Rokurou rushed in, blades flashing. The dragon reared up, swiping with massive foreclaws.

The ensuing frenzy was fierce. Evidently, Eizen had lost none of his skills to the malevolence that had claimed his body, and it was all Rokurou could do to dodge the heavy blows in close quarters. While he scored some nicks in the scaled flesh, with his short swords they could only ever be surface wounds, yet drawing Kurogane would leave him without the agility needed to fend off the worst of Eizen’s blows. They were evenly matched, Rokurou thought, and the battle was the stuff of great legends.

Lovers and comrades doomed by malevolence to fight each other eternally, each knowing that a single slip would mean their end. Too bad there wasn't a witness, much less a storyteller, to chronicle their fight.

Eventually, Rokurou began to feel the telltale weariness in his limbs. He couldn't fight forever, much to his own regret, and yet Eizen seemed tireless. Rokurou would have to finish this soon, or else he would be resting forever.

Drawing on the last of his reserves, he drew Kurogane and leapt into the air for one decisive blow aimed squarely at the dragon’s neck. The dragon roared, twisting around on the spot and lashing out with his muscular tail, batting Rokurou harmlessly out of the air, Kurogane tumbling from his grip.

Rokurou was defeated - in a single moment, Eizen had him pinned to the ground with his claws. Even knowing death was coming, Rokurou couldn't find it in him to feel scared. It had been a good fight, each holding nothing back.

“I guess you were too much for me to handle, Eizen,” Rokurou smiled. “Goodbye, Ufemew Wexub.”

The dragon huffed, the warm breath enveloping Rokurou. Then those wickedly sharp teeth came closer and ripped savagely.

Rokurou was somehow still alive. He glanced up to find the tattered shreds of his clothes stuck in the dragon’s teeth. A quick glance down confirmed that he was wearing next to nothing - just a few
ripped shreds around his arms and ankles.

“Always liked me better out of my clothes than in, didn't you?” Rokurou joked.

The dragon bent his head down slowly, pushing Rokurou’s head up steadily with his snout. Rokurou’s throat was exposed to the tender mercies of the dragon and if somehow that was a more terrifying thought than simply dying, Rokurou tried hard to tamp down on the nervous flutter deep in his gut.

The dragon’s long tongue flickered at the exposed base of Rokurou’s neck. That elicited a little shudder from Rokurou.

“Hey, didn't anyone ever teach you not to play with your food?” Rokurou whined.

The dragon glared at him. It was amazing how those eyes could appear so different from the ones he remembered, yet still look reproachful, as though Eizen was still in there somewhere. Maybe he was, but Rokurou wasn't in the habit of wishing for miracles. Especially given Eizen’s bad luck. And especially given the multitude of sharp, large teeth barely a hand’s breadth away from Rokurou’s bare skin.

The dragon nudged at Rokurou’s body with his snout, sniffing deeply. Rokurou tried his best not to react to the odd behaviour, but the combination of cool, leathery scales and uncomfortably warm breath against his skin made him squirm. The dragon responded with another swipe of his long tongue, this time tracing Rokurou’s stomach and chest.

Maybe the dragon was just confused by having a daemon in his territory and was investigating him. Rokurou had heard that lizards used their tongues all the time...or was he thinking of snakes? And regardless, did that even apply to dragons? As much as their outward appearance suggested so, Rokurou couldn’t forget that they were creatures of purely spiritual origins. As Rokurou was wondering if there was a way he could use this to escape, the dragon gave a shrill whine and rested his head on Rokurou’s body.

“You’re a lot heavier than the last time you tried that,” Rokurou groaned.

Even just his head threatened to crush Rokurou’s body, being almost as large just by itself. Rokurou couldn’t move a muscle, pinned down by claws at his arms and a great heavy lump on his chest. To add insult to injury, the dragon’s eyes were closing, and it seemed an awful lot like he was settling down for a nap.

“Do I look like a pillow to you? Come on, Eizen, if you’re gonna kill me there’s quicker ways of doing it.”

With another great huff, the dragon moved his head, then, very slowly, his claws, releasing Rokurou’s arms. His golden eyes stared at Rokurou the whole time, as though he were waiting for something. Rokurou felt a little like a mouse who had just been caught and released by a cat. The sudden freedom felt far too convenient for him to trust. Any wrong move would result in the ‘cat’, as it were, pouncing again. It was just impossible to know what the wrong move was.

Rokurou slowly moved his arms - they ached from the battle and from the weight of being held down but were hardly the worst injuries he had ever sustained. The slow pace was more to avoid provoking the dragon still staring at him. Carefully, he manipulated himself up to a sitting position, but something told him anything more would be seen as a threat. Rokurou knew all three of his swords were far out of reach and even a slight move towards them would result in a loss of freedom again...or worse. But surely there was something more that he could do than stare down a dragon
until the dragon got bored.

Rokurou reached out with his left hand slowly, fingers splayed wide to show he had no weapons. He figured that if he’d misjudged this badly, he could do better without his left arm than his right. Eventually, his fingertips came to rest lightly on the dragon’s snout. The dragon had remained motionless and staring throughout, but at that light touch, he moved forward, head leaning into the touch.

“What do you want from me?” Rokurou wondered.

The dragon stood, spreading his wings wide, and for a second, Rokurou thought his luck had run out. But instead of a fatal swipe of wicked claws or a sudden crunch of those great jaws, the dragon simply moved to curl his body around Rokurou, so Rokurou was sat in the curve of the dragon’s abdomen. The dragon’s muscular tail wrapped around Rokurou’s legs, squeezing gently.

Rokurou was just as trapped now as he had been before, since he could hardly untangle himself from the dragon’s firm grip, yet the new position left his hands free and he felt less vulnerable. He couldn’t help softly running a hand along the dragon’s side. The scales looked sharp and hard from a distance, and indeed the ones on his head and back seemed to be, but lower down they were softer and smoother, not completely dissimilar to well-worn leather. He felt the dragon's chest rise and fall as he gave a little huffing whine beneath Rokurou's hands.

Then Rokurou felt something damp brush against his leg. He startled and twisted to try and see what it was, but when he finally did, he couldn’t help laughing.

“Well,” he commented between chuckles, “that’s certainly different.”

Protruding from the base of the dragon’s tail was a bright pink growth, shiny and slick. It looked smooth and tapered down to two points. Rokurou ran his fingers lightly across it - it was soft and vaguely warm and coated in an almost slimy thick fluid. The dragon whimpered.

It was also, apparently, very sensitive.

Rokurou paused. While he might not be an expert on dragons - though he might be the only person in the world with such intimate experience with one, so maybe that did make him the closest thing to an expert possible - it seemed pretty obvious that this was whatever counted as a sexual organ for dragons. Not that dragons could procreate, but neither could malakhim and Rokurou could definitely confirm that Eizen in his previous form had all the expected parts.

The dragon growled, a low menacing rumble that shook the scales Rokurou was surrounded by. Evidently, the dragon wasn’t pleased by Rokurou’s inadvertent teasing. Rokurou wasn’t quite sure how this day had turned quite so far away from his expectations, but sometimes you just had to go with the flow. Sometimes that flow happened to involve encountering your old lover as a sexually frustrated dragon.

Rokurou returned to fondling the growth, giving it a firm stroke with his hands. The growling immediately stopped, replaced by the high pitched whimpering sigh that Rokurou assumed was a good sign. He was presented with a bit of a problem - the dragon’s appendage was small in proportion to the dragon, but large in proportion to Rokurou himself. Even with two hands, he couldn't fully cover the appendage. From the vocal reactions the dragon was making, it didn't seem to mind much, just as long as Rokurou didn't stop.

Rokurou’s own body was getting rather interested in proceedings. He blamed the adrenaline. Something about a fight cut too short always got him wound up, though it had never lead to a
Rokurou shuffled closer, so that his own member was brushing against the dragon’s. And incidentally, so were his thighs and stomach. The dragon seemed pleased by this turn of events.

Rokurou did have the briefest qualm about whether he should be enjoying this, but he dismissed it quickly. His choices - such as they were - seemed to be either do as the dragon wants or die. And as long as he wasn't dying, what was the issue with having some fun in the meantime? It wasn't like anyone would ever know - Eizen wasn't exactly capable of telling anyone right now even if he’d wanted to.

It wasn't exactly dignified; rubbing long firm strokes along the large growth while shifting and squirming to find some of his own pleasure. Then again, dignity had gone out the window at about the same moment his clothes had been ripped off.

Curious, Rokurou bought a hand up to his mouth and experimentally licked the slick fluid from his fingers. It was musky, yet oddly sweet. Feeling bold, he took one of the tips of the growth into his mouth. That met with some approval from the dragon if Rokurou was interpreting the scrabble of foreclaws in the dirt correctly. Rokurou sucked, feeling the hot heavy weight of it against his tongue. The muskiness was much stronger now. Even fitting one tapered tip in his mouth was a struggle and his mouth was stretched wide open just to accommodate it.

Rokurou slid his tongue along the underside of the growth and the dragon’s tail squeezed gently around his legs in response.

It was an odd feeling - Rokurou had no allusions that the dragon could crush him as easily as swatting a fly right now, yet the powerful beast was keening and twitching under his administrations. It was a delicate balance of power, but right now, Rokurou was the one marginally in control. Even though his jaw began to ache and his own needs were frustratingly unmet, the jolt of adrenaline that accompanied the danger was powerfully addictive.

The dragon came without any warning but a deafening roar. Rokurou was in half a mind to joke about how fast it was, but any attempt at speech was thwarted by the flood of bitter fluid threatening to choke him. Rokurou swallowed what he could, but the dragon’s seed kept pulsing out and he withdrew his mouth, coughing. The rest wound up all over him, and he was half impressed by amount the dragon produced. Followed by dismay at the fact that he was now filthy, sticky and still ridiculously hard and aching and the dragon seemed to be interested in nothing more than settling back down for a rest. His genitalia had already retreated safely back under the dark scales.

Rokurou bit back a groan as he took matters into his own hands. The mixture of slick and cum coated everything, and soon, the wet slap of skin on skin filled the air. Rokurou didn't realise how loud he was being until the dragon moved with a low short grumble. With his head craned round, the dragon was watching Rokurou closely.

“Come on, you got yours,” Rokurou whined but his hand slowed to a still anyway, wary of provoking the dragon.

The dragon gave a short high trill, then flickered out that long tongue, carefully cleaning every inch of Rokurou, from his neck to the soles of his feet...all except the one area Rokurou most needed the attention.

“You’re doing that on purpose,” Rokurou groaned, as a light stroke slowly inched a path up his inner thigh.
Something in those large amber eyes looked incredibly smug. Then, the dragon finally licked up Rokurou's length. It was slow and deliberate and simultaneously wonderful and simply not enough. The dragon steadily lapped at him, from the base of his cock all the way to the tip, enough to feel maddeningly good yet never quite enough. Rokurou was powerless to do anything but whimper.

"Are you going to make me beg?" He panted.

The dragon’s tongue flicked at the very tip of his leaking member.

"Unh...please, Eizen, I need—"

The dragon’s long, muscular tongue wrapped around Rokurou’s member and squeezed firmly. He came, his seed spilling all over the dragon's tongue…and much to his own amusement, all over the dragon's face. Rokurou couldn't help a chuckle at the image. There was just something hilarious about the sight of a terrifying dragon - powerful death on wings - streaked with his cum.

"When you get back to your old self, you are going to be mortified, Eizen,” Rokurou panted.

The dragon sprang to his feet, snarling and snapping his teeth at Rokurou. Rokurou broke out of his post-coital amusement instantly. It was amazing how sobering a mouth full of three-inch tall teeth could be, especially when bared aggressively at eye level.

"Whoa, was it something I said?" Rokurou said, his palms held up in a supplicating gesture.

The dragon spread his wings, and with one final snarl, took off, flying for a distant mountain peak. Only then did Rokurou realise what he had said. ‘When’ Eizen returned to normal…as though that were even an option. Rokurou was so used to the idea that daemons could return to their previous lives with some purifying silver flames that he had neglected to think that perhaps it worked differently for malakhim. Until this moment, it had never fully occurred to him that he was never going to get the old Eizen back.

He should feel sad, Rokurou knew. Even anger would be an understandable reaction. But he was not built for sadness, nor for regret. One of the little joys of being a yaksha. It was almost a blessing not to be crippled with those feelings.

Eventually, Rokurou gathered what little fabric was left of his clothes, and tied them around his waist. It was barely enough to keep him modest, but it was not as though he was planning to head straight into town like this. He would just have to find some more clothes once he was out of the mountains. The other rags he used to mop up the worst of the various fluids and discarded them on the mountaintop.

Rokurou trekked halfway down the mountain at a slow pace, lost in his thoughts about Eizen and his fate, before he was interrupted.

“You’re lucky to be alive,” a female voice said, carefully monotone.

Rokurou turned to see a female malak with blonde hair, idly twirling her umbrella in her hands. He couldn’t help noticing - with some suspicion - the Nor doll tied to the umbrella.

“He normally kills anyone stupid enough to go up there,” she continued.

“You must be Edna,” Rokurou guessed. Eizen had spoken about his little sister more than enough for Rokurou to work it out.

“You must be Rokurou. Eizen had a lot to say about you in his letters. You’re not what I pictured,
Rokurou let that comment slide, though ordinarily, he would be curious as to what Edna had expected him to be like. There were more important things. He glanced up the mountain, in the vague direction of where he had seen the dragon.

“Eizen’s still in there, isn’t he?”

“You’re alive, aren’t you? He recognises my voice and up until now, nothing else. But he obviously recognised you.” Edna’s eyes looked up and down Rokurou’s dishevelled form. “I really don't want to know the details of how, by the way.”

“But he’s only going to get worse. Other dragons…”

Edna turned away from him, obscuring his view of her with her umbrella. “I'm going to find a cure before that happens.”

Rokurou said nothing. He remembered another malak looking for a cure for his loved one. That hadn’t turned out well. With Eizen’s luck, he wasn't betting that the outcome this time would be any different.

Rokurou’s outlook was more realistic. He would get stronger, and more skilled, and one day, he would return for one last meeting with Eizen. He didn't know who would emerge from that one victorious, but just the thought of the impossible odds got his blood pumping in a way it hadn't for centuries.

For now, there was nothing to do but leave. And definitely bathe somewhere soon - Rokurou could imagine all too well the sight he must make.

“So long, Edna. Nice to put a face to the name,” Rokurou called amiably.

“Likewise,” she replied, in a tone that suggested the opposite.

Rokurou left the mountain, vowing to return one day. Until then, he would be training. The way of a swordsman, after all, was brutally simple.

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End Notes

Fun fact: This was actually the first Berseria fic I ever wrote. But there was no way it was going to be the first thing I ever posted. I went back and forth a lot over whether to even post it and whether I should use a psued for it, but in the end, here it is.

In the immortal words of my poor, poor beta reader: "now that I've read it I kinda wanna go find your old stuff so I can read some normal, people porn". And now I've finished this, I am definitely going back to writing some normal, people porn for a bit!

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