

Joel S. Williams, aka Mr. Ogunberry

Kiran the Sorcerer

A tale from the “Grand Odyssey Chronicles”.

By Joel S. Williams, aka Mr. Ogunberry

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Behold the Grand Odyssey, a world where romance of treasure, adventure, tragedy and victory awaits those with the heart bold enough to brave new frontiers. Let us dive into such a tale, and immerse ourselves in a world beyond our imagination.

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CHAPTER ONE

After several months of preparation, now came Kiran's time to prove his worth. Dressed in a red tunic adorned in golden swirls on the hems, and grey trousers beneath, he carefully crept through the lush bushes in search of his target. Apart from a compact, metal cannon in a bronze frame, Kiran had a knapsack on his back with his various necessities inside, along with a staff he placed through a strap on his bag.

Most of the sunlight was hidden by the thickness of the jungle's trees, and Kiran had to rely on the effectiveness of his eyes. The parts of the soil present had a sandy tone and texture, however Kiran was more focused on following the footprints of his prey. He occasionally looked up to see his surroundings, knowing he was not the only one out here on the hunt.

Focus, Kiran, he thought. This is your only chance.

Kiran, at sixteen years old, needed to obtain a special ingredient in order to start preparing the spells for the tournament, and that vital ingredient he needed, was right before him nibbling on a few fallen mangos.

Among all the beasts on the continent of Aardel, bosdrakes were one of the rarest. They were few in numbers, and said to only lay ten eggs every twenty years. Some said it was a curse from the gods as a means of curbing the rise in numbers of the powerful creatures, but the bosdrakes never were the type to tell.

The typical bosdrake was ten meters tall from head to toe, with a thick tail half its height, capable of levelling small trees in one swing. But the one before Kiran was around five feet tall, fairly young. It had yellow skin and a stocky build, its thick arms and legs ending in four digits with large talons. It had a large head with a blunt snout, and its eyes were bright green and its mouth wide. The bosdrake had two rows of orange studs on its head that ran all the way down to its tail that coiled against its back, with green hair set in a drooping mohawk—unlike Kiran's hair was braided into ten individual locks. This bosdrake in particular also wore a necklace of red and copper stones and square wood carvings.

Besides the smoothness of its jaw and the eyelashes, Kiran could tell it was a female by its exposed genitals; a plump labia with dark lips and round breasts. The sight of it caused blood to rush down Kiran's groin, and he had to briefly pause and wait till his thoughts settled.

The bosdrake hummed a sweet tune as she sat on her bottom beneath the tree, entertaining her eyes with the swaying branches as she ate.

Now's my chance! Kiran thought. He lifted his cannon and looked along the iron sight. Kiran made sure he had the bosdrake's head in view, and pulled the trigger. The hammer struck, and the cannon bucked with a flash of smoke from the muzzle, releasing a ball the shape and size of a chicken egg.

But to Kiran's horror, the bosdrake ducked, and the projectile struck a tree and exploded into a cloud of brown smoke. It was a concoction of chemicals with enough strength to knockout a fully-grown wildebeest.

"Oh no!" said Kiran as he punched the spent shell out of the side of the cannon. At the base of it was a cartridge that held four rounds, one of which he just wasted.

The bosdrake laughed mockingly as she got up and faced Kiran. The intensity of her glare caused him to flinch. "Amateur human!" she said. "You disguised your footsteps, but I smelt you coming a mile away. Hold your weapon!"

Kiran was about to point the weapon at her but he froze. That was when the bosdrake said, "Who are you? And what do you want with me?"

"M-My name is Kiran..." His voice was shaky, but nonetheless he bravely spoke. "I'm a sorcerer in training...and I'm looking for an ingredient for my next spell..."

"What kind of ingredient?" The bosdrake took four steps towards Kiran. The boy took four steps back. "Answer now you blasted human!"

Kiran swallowed a nervous lump. "...I need the queex of a bosdrake."

The dragon gawked at Kiran. "What?" She was well aware of what "queex" was; the creamy vaginal fluid of any woman, possessing magical properties as a result of being influenced by their soul. "Oh, so you wanted to rape me, huh?"

"Wait! No!" said Kiran. "I was just going to knock you out and scrape out some of it!"

"Liar!" the bosdrake ran after Kiran, chasing him between the bushes and trees. Kiran attempted to point the cannon around him and fire, but his shot missed the bosdrake. She was running on all fours, and despite her slight chubbiness she was getting dangerously closer.

Kiran hurried clumsily down slope and served towards a path that lead out of the jungle. Just as Kiran found the grassy path, he felt the full weight of the bosdrake as she pounced upon him.

They rolled in a heap; Kiran trying to free himself from the bosdrake's grasp while she tried to pin him down. Eventually her strength overpowered his, and she knelt over Kiran, smiling and bearing her sharp teeth.

"I've got you now, *human*," she said.

"Please, let me go!" said Kiran.

"I'll let you go...after I've bitten off that pretty nose of yours!" And the bosdrake opened her mouth wide enough that Kiran could see all forty of her teeth.

He screamed and closed his eyes. "Doooooon't!"

Kiran saw his whole life flash before his eyes, and as his body tensed in preparation for his end. But nothing came.

Reluctantly, Kiran opened his eyes one by one, seeing the bosdrake looking at him impatiently. After he caught his breath, Kiran said, "You're...not going to eat me?"

"No," said the bosdrake, getting off the young man. "Human's taste awful." She walked over to the cannon on the ground and picked it up.

Kiran scurried to his feet. "...Why?"

The bosdrake abruptly smashed the cannon over her knee. Kiran yelp in disbelief. He ran over to the two piece and took them up. "My cannon!" He held the objects dejectedly in his hands. He looked at the beast. "You broke my cannon!"

"Would you have preferred If I broke your neck instead?" said the bosdrake staunchly.

Kiran imaged the horror of his vertebrae snapping like a twig, and suddenly looked at the pieces of his weapon as if they were nothing. "Awww blast..." He tossed the parts away. "Now I'll never get the queex I want."

The bosdrake, sensing no killing intent from the human, felt comfortable enough to ask, "What do you need my queex for?"

Kiran regarded her with a baffled stare. "I told, I need it for a spell?"

"You're a wizard?" said the bosdrake.

"Uh...yes...yes I am..." The conversation felt too alien for the young boy. "Excuse me...miss bosdrake—"

"My name is Gatril," said the reptile.

"Oh, okay," said Kiran. *Wow, am I really talking with a dragon?* "Why are you asking about my profession all of a sudden...Gatril?"

The bosdrake suddenly sat on her bottom, partially opened her legs and gave Kiran a peak at her vagina. Gatril yawned and said, “I’m curious as to why you wanted to hunt me down, human. And you would do good to remember I spared your life out of courtesy, so it’s in your best interest to answer my questions.”

Kiran sighed. “Okay...fine...” His best chance of getting out of this alive was to just play along. But he was proud of himself. He was handling the situation better than he thought, for he had not soiled his pants yet. “The Witching Tournament is held three years in different countries. I’m trying to qualify for this year’s tournament, but I need special animal parts to perform my spells.”

“And that’s why you were going to capture me and rape me?” said Gatril.

“What? No!” Kiran waved his hands dismissively. “I wasn’t gonna rape you! That’s terrible! I’m still a virgin!”

“Then how did you plan on getting my queex?” said Gatril. “In order to get my queex you would’ve had to stimulate me so I can orgasm.”

Kiran nervously rubbed his hands together. “Well,” he looked at a stone on the ground, “I was planning to use my fingers.”

Gatril’s eyes lit up. “Really?” She noticed the key words in his statements, and painted a picture of the young man. “Do you live with your parents, boy? What’s your name?”

“My name is Kiran,” he said. “My father works at a carpeting company. My mother’s a farmer.”

Gatril sat forward, regarding Kiran with intense inhuman eyes that arouse more of his unease. “You sound like a well-off boy, Kiran?”

“Kinda,” he said. “How would you know about human jobs?”

Gatril chuckled. “Do you think you’re the first human I’ve met. For as long as I can remember humans have been coming in contact with beasts. Most hunt us down for our power. Only a very rare few treat us with compassion.”

Kiran hung his head, his eyes losing the willingness to look at Gatril. “I’m sorry,” he said. “This was my first-time hunting anything—anyone. I didn’t know what to do.”

Gatril slowly rose and approached Kiran. He didn’t run, not that he could out-speed her anyway. But he didn’t seem startled. Gatril looked him up and down quizzically. *He seems firmly built*, she thought. *Well, he is a farm boy.*

“So are you going to kill me now?” Kiran said.

Gatril shook her head. “No.” She ran her fingers across his cheek, feeling the warmth of his flesh. “I’ve decided I’m going to have some fun with you.”

Kiran arched his spine upon feeling a tingling sensation. “What kind of fun are you talking about?”

Gatril, wearing a fleshy smile, said, “I knew a human once. A man. He was, interesting. I want to see if you can take his place. Meet me here tomorrow at the same time. I’ll help you with your spells.”

“R-Really?” said Kiran, unable to hide his excitement. “I mean...you’re not afraid I’ll just runaway and never comeback?”

“Oh, you’ll return,” said Gatril. “A responsible sorcerer wouldn’t let an opportunity like this pass, would he?”

“No, I wouldn’t!” Kiran’s smile was big and toothy. “Oh wow! Thank you!”

“Stop kissing my ass and go home and get ready,” said Gatril, “we have a long day ahead of us tomorrow.”

Kiran hurriedly took up the parts of his cannon and clutched them under his arms. He gave Gatril one last glance before he hurried to the edge of the jungle.

As promised, Kiran returned the next day. The jungle itself was fifty acres, surrounded by the town on both sides with only a river at the north and south that connected it to distant jungles and forests within the country of Tatanui.

Kiran’s method of transport was a quacycle, a four-wheeled vehicle with a large seat and trolley at the back as the main centerpiece, held within a metal. It also had a large steam engine beneath it, with exhaust pipes jutting out the back.

It was sixty years ago since the world was plunged into the industrial revolution, and small engines like these were becoming widely marketed. Kiran just got his for his sixteenth birthday from his parents, albeit he had to put up some of the money from the odd jobs he was doing through the town; paperboy, yard sweeper, fruit picker and stable boy.

But it was having to put himself through such tasks that gave Kiran joy in his quacycle, and he scribbled his name all over the vehicle and decorated it with red paint and small banners of symbols of the arcane

Kiran stopped a few yards inside the jungle and switched a knob near the steering wheel, turning off the engine. He tied it to a tree with a lock and key and took his knapsack out of the cart. He had hastily repaired his cannon yesterday, only needing to weld the barrel back to the body. Now his focus was on accomplishing his first spell with Gatril's help.

With giddiness Kiran jogged through the trees with his staff in hand and cannon and knapsack slung across his back. In the distance he spotted a small herd of deer grazing, when they suddenly popped their heads up and looked at him.

Expecting them to run away from the potential predator, one of the deer's head snapped to the side, an arrow stuck in its eye.

Kiran yelped and dove behind a tree. The deer fell and the others scattered out of sight. Kiran reached for his cannon in preparation for a potential conflict, when he saw the culprit who had fired the projectile in the skull of the herbivore.

They were diminutive, noisy, painted their pale skin on the chests and shoulders and wore clothing of simple loin clothes over their genitals. All these were the traits of a typical a batoiko. They were a group of people of only four feet in height, who also wore masks with hollow eyes and horrible expressions of tortured faces. They were made up of different tribes, seven of which lived within the country of Tatanui.

They chattered around the dead deer with spears and knives in hand. One of them with a bow kicked the corpse of the animal. Met with no response, the male batoiko leaped onto the carcass and shouted in a garbled tongue. The other men and women shouted with the same synergy.

Kiran doubted the excitement was due to this being their first kill, and rather their relish of the act. But he wasn't going to stick around to see if they liked hunting people as well. He was well aware of the batoiko's existence in the jungle, which was another reason why he brought along his weapon.

With a rehearsed pace the batoiko lifted the deer over the heads of four of them and hurried off out of sight. But one of them, a female by the proportions of the body and the small, bulging breasts, lingered behind.

Kiran folded behind the tree before she could look in his direction. The boy held his breath, and to how hard his heart was beating in his chest, wished he could silence it too before the batoiko heard him.

Seconds passed by, but Kiran didn't dare look from around his hiding place. Then he heard the footsteps in the leaf litter plow away. When Kiran was certain he couldn't hear the footsteps anymore, he cautiously peeped from behind the tree.

And as Kiran walked from behind his cover, the batoiko fell from the tree upon him, dropping Kiran with a blow to his shoulder.

Kiran yelped and reflexively pulled the trigger. A round exploded against the base of a tree. Kiran rolled over and was greeted by the female's crude looking mass and mane of hay around it. He screamed and brought the butt of his gun across the batoiko's face, but the female pulled away.

She wrestled the weapon from Kiran with a startling strength and pulled a knife from the waist of her skirt. Excited, strange words rolled off her tongue as she lifted the blade.

"No!" Kiran crossed his arms over his head and clamped his eyes shut.

And Gatril leaped onto the batoiko like a lion, having been alerted to Kiran's smell. The female failed to react in time as Gatril bit down on her shoulder, spun with her and tossed her aside.

The woman kicked up leaves as she rolled across the ground. She screamed choppy words and sprung onto her feet. She spotted what attacked her, and like a predator over its kill, Gatril stood on all fours over Kiran, her breasts dangling tantalizingly over his face.

Gatril made a snarl that shook the air around her, and having gotten the message, the batoiko woman squeaked and ran off.

"Little insects..." Gatril sneered.

Gatril looked down at the human and crawled off him. Kiran sprung up and reached for his cannon. "Th-Thank you!" he said, trying to catch his breath.

But Gatril's face repelled his thanks with an irked frown. "You really are a clumsy weak human. This is the second time you almost got killed out here."

Kiran dusted the leaves off him. "I'm sorry, Gatril! I'm not really a fighter like that."

"Yes," said Gatril, "a deer with apples on its feet is more like it." Kiran frowned at her, but the dragon was unperturbed. "Just follow me." And Gatril walked away.

Kiran trailed behind Gatril, mindful of her undulating tail and the possible other threats lying in wait for them. It wasn't long before Gatril brought them upon her home. Kiran had been

expecting from the stories his grandfather told him about dragons a tunnel leading to a massive cavern filled to the brim with treasures collected from around the world.

This wasn't the case.

The mass of branches bent and folded around four trees, covered by a layer of large leaves knitted together. The scene managed to spark both disappointment and intrigue in Kiran. "This is where you live?" he said.

"Yes," said Gatril. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

Kiran studied the finer details of the construction, noting that it resembled a dome somewhat, along with wooden posts that made up the frame. The inside had two straw beds, the second Gatril had prepared the previous night. Lighting was provided by holes in the walls, covered by large leaves.

Gatril gestured to one of the beds. "Sit."

"Umm..." Kiran carefully seated himself, looking across at the bosdrake on her own bed.

"So," said Gatril, "Kiran, let me see what you've got."

Kiran took out jars, scalpels, tiny prongs, his lunch and a book out of his bag and laid them on the floor. Beside the book, he put everything else aside, and opened the text. "This is a book of all spells that can be easily done with animal parts," he said.

Gatril took the book and looked through the first five pages. She put it down and said, "But you know in order to do spells, you have to be able to use your spirit energy?"

Kiran replied with a sly grin. He opened his palm. His forehead furrowed with concentration, and he produced a faint white light in his hand. "I already learned it. My grandfather taught me."

Gatril's face puckered. She hadn't been expecting this level of commitment from the boy. "That's impressive," she said. "Accessing one's spiritual energy can't be done by just anyone. You and your grandfather seem to have latent talent for it."

"We do," he said. "My father's side comes from a long line of sorcerers and witches. My grandfather, when he was younger, he failed to slay a wyvern that was terrorizing a town. He was ashamed and forced himself into retirement. His name as a wizard wasn't good anymore. That's why his son, my father, took on carpeting as a profession. But I want to become a sorcerer just like we used to be." Kiran dispelled the light from his hand and relaxed. "So, like...how

are we going to start this?" Kiran took out a smooth ovoid object and some water. "I'd brought these to...you know..." and Kiran made a thrusting motion with the object.

Gatril slapped the objects from Kiran's hands. Kiran flinched, forming a pout as he stared at her. "Rubbish! Is that how you intend to get what you want?"

Kiran nervously rubbed his neck. "Well I don't know how else."

"You've never had sex before, you said?" Gatril said.

"Nope," said Kiran. "Not with a human or a beast."

"Hmm," said Gatril. "I guess you're not a sexplorer then."

"A what?" Kiran said.

"Sexplorers," said Gatril. "They're humans who travel the world with the goal of having sex with rare and exotic people and monsters. They're mostly men, though you have a few horny women who do it too."

"Wow," Kiran said. "That's really perverted. Have you ever met one?"

"Once," said Gatril. "He was a foreigner. He was a nice man. But he was a rarity. Sexplorers are usually rapists. Some even kill and eat the monsters they have sex with."

Something ran up Kiran's back and made him shudder. "Well, I'm not like that! I just want ingredients for my spells."

"Just my queex, right?" Gatril crept closer to Kiran. She sunk her finger into her crotch and stirred the center. Kiran's body jittered, and blood flooded his crotch. "If you want my queex, young sorcerer, there's only one way to get it."

Kiran's mouth opened and a hissing exhaled came out. He couldn't take his eyes off Gatril's vagina as she spread the lips of it and stuck her finger inside. "I've never done this before..." he repeated.

"Don't worry," said Gatril. "I'll show you." She took her hand from between her legs and brought it to Kiran's nose, jarring him with the pungent smell of fresh onion and roasted turkey. She stuck her fingers in the boy's mouth, tickling his tongue with them. Kiran savored the taste, and his penis throbbed rhythmically.

Gatril took her fingers out of his mouth as she smiled mischievously. "If you want a woman's queex, you must do it the right way."

Gatril laid on her back and opened her legs. "Come, young sorcerer."

This is it now, Kiran thought as he bent over and grabbed her thighs. *This is how I lose my virginity. Well, It's not like she's ugly. I guess I just have to enjoy the ride.*

Kiran took a deep sniff, absorbing the fragrance in his lungs. He tickled her vulva with his tongue, sending electrifying ripples up her stomach. She grabbed his breasts of if the hold her body steady. Kiran wagged his tongue inside her until he found the bud of flesh. With long, deep strokes of his muscular appendage Kiran produced more stimulation. Gatril uttered soft moans and closed her eyes, kneading her breast to assuage the overwhelming desire for satisfaction within her. All the while Kiran's penis throbbed painfully, yearning for its own release.

Gatril got moister inside. "...Yes...that's a good boy..."

Kiran lapped up the fluids, still going further and further. Minutes passed and the sensation grew stronger inside Gatril along with her moans. Her body writhed as the contracting waves between her legs strengthened.

"Kiran...I think...I think I feel it cumming!"

Kiran reached for a bowl and placed it beneath her. He made strong sucking motions, until finally she came.

The discharge was equivalent to a burst artery, spewing a huge amount of strong smelling, viscous fluid into Kiran's mouth. He quickly spat it into the bowl along with the rest that poured from her.

The small bowl was filled halfway, but more than what Kiran was expecting. "Whoa!" he said.

Gatril relaxed and caught her breath. She became so comfortable that she almost went to sleep. But there was more to be done.

She got up and exhaled. "*Phew!* Okay. Now it's my turn." Gatril went on her hands and knees, exposing her rear to the boy.

Kiran's face lit up gloriously, and he went and caressed her rump, giving it soft kisses. He licked the excess wetness from between her ass and buried his face in it.

"Hurry up," said Gatril.

"Y-Yeah." Kiran stooped, leveling his waist with her bottom. Gatril bent her tail over her back to allow him ease of access. Kiran pulled back the foreskin of his manhood and bumped the tip against Gatril, feeling her muscles tense just a little.

"Slowly now," Gatril giggled. "You might hurt yourself."

Kiran slowly entered her, feeling the squeeze of Gatri's warm wetness. He winced and moaned softly.

"Good work," said Gatri. "You're no longer a virgin. Now, start pounding. Slowly."

Kiran cocked back his hip and swung inward, delivering his first thrust; a brief burst of sweetness. Kiran continued to do so until Gatri sunk into the flow of things, closing her eyes and moaning along with her human consort.

As the minutes passed, Kiran increased his speed and power. Both he and Gatri winced and clenched their fists.

"That's it!" she said. "Faster...faster..."

Kiran closed his eyes as his moans grew louder, and before he knew it, he pulled out, spurting a thick jet of white fluid over Gatri's head and onto the wall. He let out a deep, long sigh. Kiran's body shuddered spasmodically. The painful throbs had become pleasurable contractions that dripped his semen each time.

Gatri lay on her chest and crossed her arms beneath her head. Kiran staggered to his feet, careful not to trip over his belongings. He sat back against the wall and wiped the tip of his penis, folding it back into his pants. "That was amazing!"

Gatri lifted her head, rolled on her back and sat up. "Not bad for your first time. Especially your tongue."

Kiran blushed and looked away. "A few prostitutes live near me. They used to talk about how they like it to be done."

"Really?" Gatri laughed. "I can't believe it. Just word of mouth thought you? You're a really good listener."

Kiran got up, looking down at Gatri as if he knew her all along. "So," Kiran was a bit hesitant with his words, "what does this make us now?"

"Hmm. Let's just leave it at friends with benefits," said Gatri.

Kiran nodded. "Yeah. Sure." He looked around at the floor. "Well, I better start working on my spell now."

While Gatri wiped herself, Kiran took the bowl and poured its contents into a clear jar. He took up two other jars and fetched the spell book. Along with the vaginal fluids of a bosdrake, he needed a little sulphur and powdered mango seed. Once he got the substances together, Kiran mixed them around in the jar.

Gatril sat and watched Kiran at work, wondering who his grandfather was, and also about Kiran's profession and future. Not many beasts had the opportunity to see the intricacies of how humans developed their society.

When the queex began to take on a gelatinous form, Kiran took it out of the jar and placed it in his hands. He rolled it together until it hardened into a white, discolored orb.

"Got it!" Kiran said.

"What will you do with that?" said Gatril.

"Just watch..." Kiran's movements were bouncy. He took up his staff and quickly carved a space at the top that he filled with glue. He placed the orb into it and waited for it to dry.

Kiran sprung to his feet, his pants still stained with semen and vaginal fluids. "It's ready!"

Gatril got up. "Good. Now we can see what all that sex was for."

Gatril followed him outside, squinting a little from the sunlight. Kiran looked around and found a large stone. He summoned forth his spirit energy and channeled it into the staff. "Okay Gatril, watch closely."

"I am you little rascal," she said.

Kiran tossed the rock. As the object fell, he channeled his energy into the orb in the staff. A shockwave snapped from it and hit the rock, sending it flying into the bushes like a missile. Kiran leaped and punched the air. "Yes! It worked!"

Smiling, Gatril said, "Congratulations." She scratched her cheek. "What the hell was that anyway?"

Kiran said, "It was a basic force-counter spell. It produces a blast of kinetic energy that can repel objects of a certain size. Anything the size of a man will be sent flying."

"Neat trick," she said. Gatril swayed her tail as she assessed the situation. "So this competition that you're going to enter, what else does it have?"

Kiran proudly stood with the staff before him like a cane. "We're supposed to complete three trials, then face off against each other in the finals. The successful ten contestants will be chosen to serve on the Grand Magic Council, or as aids to nobles and the king. I need to create five spells, so I need the queex of five beasts."

Gatril frowned. "Five beasts? Their queex? Really? Are you sure it's not just an excuse for you to have sex with beasts?"

Kiran dropped his staff and frantically waved his hands. “No! No! I swear!” He pointed back into the hut. “The spells I want require those specific parts! Honest!”

Gatril narrowed her emerald eyes at the human. “Hmmm. And you say I was the first?”

Kiran nodded. “Yeah! I-I was going about it by order. First there’s you; a bosdrake, then a lamia, a selkie, popobawa and a j’bafofi.”

Gatril became visibly shaken. “A j’bafofi? That monster feeds on humans and other beasts alike. They aren’t as negotiable as I am.”

Kiran gave her a firm nod. “Indeed. And I need one for a strong spell. A wizard must be willing to go to the furthest lengths both physically and mentally, to achieve their desired magic. That’s what my grandfather taught me.”

“Your grandfather is a madman,” said Gatril. “You’ll die if you go there all on your own.”

“Well...” Kiran hugged Gatril around her waist. “I won’t be all by myself, now that I have a friend.”

Gatril gave Kiran an incredulous look. “What makes you think I’ll help you, human? I’m quite fine here in this forest. I can eat sleep, and have sex with the occasional beast, or batoiko that wanders off from his tribe...”

Gatril trailed off when Kiran smiled even harder at her. “Aww,” he said. “I see, so you’re a bit of a sexplorer yourself. Must’ve picked up a thing or two from the that human you were talking about.”

Her cover blown, Gatril said, “Yeah whatever. And your point is?”

“Then come with me,” Kiran said. “You and I can have lots of sex, now that my virginity isn’t weighing me down.”

Indeed, the prospect was tantalizing to the bosdrake, but her instincts had to consider the possible dangers that would be out there along their possible journey. “This continent has five kingdoms,” she said. “Between them are scattered clans and villages that war and trade with each other at times. If it were not for some villages pledging allegiance to these kingdoms with taxes in order for protection, these places would be in chaos. Not only will you have to worry about monsters, but humans are notorious for being capable of horrible things.”

“My parents already understand,” said Kiran. “My father already has two other sons besides me to carry on his name, and help in the carpentry business. He doesn’t hate me, but he doesn’t like that I took on his father’s profession. He says those are for the old days of witch doctors—

that medicine has come far along with the sciences. But this world—it still has magic. I want to be a part of those old days of legends.”

Gatril heard the resolve in the young man’s voice and began to reconstruct her previous assumption. Perhaps he was more than just a stiff cock for her to sit on when she was in heat. “Fine, Kiran the sorcerer. I accept your request. However, I have a few conditions.”

“Sure,” Kiran said, “what did you have in mind?”

“First, I like my crotch licked,” Gatril said, “so you’ll have to be willing to give more than I will for you.”

Kiran nodded. “Okay.”

“Second,” Gatril continued, “assuming you’ll be fighting monsters, you’ll need my assistance. Henceforth, I’ll need to eat the best food money can buy, or we can hunt.”

Kiran nodded.

“And third,” said Gatril, “I wish to go to Lemuria.”

Kiran nodded on practice, then instantly gaped at the bosdrake when he realized what she said. “Huh? Lemuria...you mean one of the uncharted continents?”

“You heard me,” Gatril said. “I want to discover what grate foods lie there. However, the only port that exists there is own by humans, so I would need a human escort.”

“Um,” Kiran scratched his head. “Sure, but why do you want to venture so far all of a sudden?”

“Do you think humans are the only ones who like adventure?” said Gatril. “You presume beasts like to live in trees, caves and huts. We like material things as well, you know.”

“Okay,” said Kiran. “I can understand that. So, I’ve agreed to all your demands.” Kiran looked over Gatril and raised his hand halfway. “Do we shake on it or...”

Gatril presented the tip of her tail to Kiran. “Kiss it.”

“What?” he said.

“Kiss it,” she replied. “It will be proof of our allegiance.”

Kiran sighed. “You know, I think you’re getting back at me for trying to capture you.”

“Yes, actually,” Gatril retorted.

Kiran shrugged, and kissed her tail.

CHAPTER TWO

Kiran took three days to prepare for his journey, gathering clothes, food, weapons and the items necessary for crafting his spells. His home was situated in a large town of cottages composed of wood and concrete, broken up by many paved streets with those being bare earth in the communities.

Kiran pushed his quacycle through his front yard and out the gate. Just as he turned to close it, he saw his mother and father walking out of the house. His father had on leathery overall made from the skin of a buffalo, stained with grease and other unknown substances. His mother wore a simple blue frock and beneath her messy apron.

“When will you be coming back?” his mother said, her round face looking perturbed.

“In about two weeks,” Kiran said. “I’ll need to register for the tournament soon.”

“So long?” she retorted. “Your allowance won’t last all that time, you know.”

“Don’t worry,” Kiran said, “I can find some jobs around the villages if I need to.”

“Do you have your ID Kiran?” his father said.

“I do, dad.” Kiran took it out of his pocket and held it up for them to see. It was a pass-card was a translucent piece of material with one’s name, address and their fingerprint.

“Good,” the man said. “Be sure to stay out of trouble.”

“Yessir,” Kiran said.

His mother waved at him. “Be careful dear! And good luck!”

Kiran waved back and hopped onto his vehicle, pedaling off down the road. Passing through his community he saw the brothel where visitors to the town frequented, as well as bars and various workshops. The hospital along with the police department and the village headman’s office was in the town square, but Kiran took his journey closer to the eastern outskirts of the village where the jungle was.

Reaching the lonely path again, Karin turned into the forest. Yet, he didn’t need to go far, as Gatril was there waiting on him, sitting wearing a loincloth over her privates and a bra of matted leaves. She had a small pouch tied around her waist as well, and munched on a handful on fruits.

Kiran parked his vehicle and approached her. “I see you’re all set.”

Gatril swallowed and said, “Hmph. You brought a lot of stuff with you. I hope you have food.”

“I do,” he said. “You sure do eat a lot.”

“Bosdrakes don’t like going anywhere on an empty stomach,” said Gatril. “And we expend a lot of energy during fights.”

Kiran shrugged lightly. “Okay. So, our first mission is finding a lamia!”

Gatril swallowed her last bit of food and said, “Those are a bit bigger than I am.”

Kiran took a book from out of his backpack and flipping through the pages. “I know. I have a bestiary.” Kiran held the book up so she could see. Gatril saw the image of a coiled serpent with arms, legs and a human-like head and neck. Beneath it were some notes about the creature, it’s diet and habitat.

Gatril made a thoughtful hum. “These books aren’t always accurate. Sometimes the monsters’ behavior may change along with their environment.”

“Well that’s what you’re here to help with.” Kiran put away the book. “Anyways, we should get started.”

Kiran hopped onto his quacycle and gestured to a space behind him. Gatril carefully climbed on and held onto Kiran’s waist. “I’ve never rode one of these things before.”

“Don’t worry,” Kiran said. “I’m an expert.”

“...Why don’t I feel confident in what you’re saying?” Gatril said dryly.

Kiran chuckled and turned on the engine. Steam spewed from the tubes, and he rode out of the city of trees.

It wasn’t uncommon for monsters to be seen outside of their wild habitats, however people took care to avoid the beasts, even though they possessed the intelligence to communicate. Kiran and Gatril left the thinning jungle and came upon a small grassy plain, inhabited by gazelles, wild boars and zebras.

Gatril licked her lips as she seized up the animals. “I could eat one of those right now...”

“Focus,” said Kiran. “We need to keep an eye out for predators too.”

“That’s what I’m doing,” Gatril said. “Don’t start lecturing me, human. Beasts know more about the wild than any man.”

Kiran rolled his eyes and acquiesced to her statement. Then, within his field of vision, Kiran caught something in the distance, and pointed to it. “Look over there!”

Gatril turned her gaze towards the west, where in the distance she could make out a cluster of tall buildings, almost hidden beneath the looming mountains. “That’s Cronbark,” she said. “It’s one of the cities in the Tatanui kingdom, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” said Kiran, looking aspiringly at the constructs. “That’s where I’ll go and register once I’ve gathered my spells.” He giggled. “I can’t wait!”

It was over two hours later when they finally made it to their destination; a plain of bare earth covered in scattered bushes, trees and rocks. This allowed for loose soil, the perfect kind for a lamia to burrow through

Kiran said, “Here we are,” and he and Gatril got off their transport. Kiran parked the quacycle near a tree under the shade, then checked his cannon once more, as well as the ammunitions. He fitted his staff in the small sheath on his backpack as well as the necessary jars from the trolley inside it.

After watching him go through all of this, Gatril said, “So how do you plan on tracking down the lamia?”

“Well,” Kiran hesitated for a while, “Lamia are beasts, so they have human intelligence, but still live like animals. It’s a reptile, so it needs to be somewhere cool to bring down its metabolism.”

“You’re almost correct,” said Gatril. “When hunting beasts, you should take care to study what they like. Lamia of a young age can’t breed as yet, so they don’t produce much queex. They love to eat rabbits, deer, wild boars and humans. Humans don’t have fur, scales, feathers, horns or claws, so they’re easier to swallow. They usually come to the surface to warm up, because they’re cold blooded, unlike us bosdrakes. That’s when they’re most vulnerable.”

“Sure,” said Kiran. “So it's best to look for them in the day?”

“Yes,” Gatril said. “Midday to be exact. A lamia will usually climb high out of reach to get warm before slithering back into its burrow.”

“Then we just wait until the sun’s high in the sky before we search then,” Kiran said.

Gatril said, “Right. And in the meantime,” she lifted her skirt, exposing her wet vagina, “let’s have some fun with that mouth of yours.”

After having pleasure Gatril, she and Kiran found themselves a tree to climb and get a wider view of their surroundings. While Kiran looked from pair of binoculars, Gatril used her sharp eyes to scoured the land for any sign of their target.

Apart from the grazing animals and a pack of wild dogs that had marched by, they spotted nothing close to what they were after. Even after it had past twelve in the afternoon, and the sun scorched everything below, the pair didn't see a hint of a lamia.

But an hour later, their patience was rewarded.

"I see it..." said Kiran, smiling brightly.

"I see one too," said Gatril.

In Kiran's sight he saw the long, dark green body of something slithering across the ground. Then it suddenly reared up on its thick legs and trotted towards a tree. The one Gatril looked at had a color closer to brown, making its way towards a rock.

"How can we tell the gender?" said Kiran. "I need the queex specifically."

"Just look at the face," said Gatril. "But I can also tell by smell. These are both male. Males usually share the same territory, travelling in gangs. Females live by themselves, so we should look elsewhere."

"Okay," said Kiran.

They both waited until a few more males came out, scattered around the plain, until they got down and made for the quacycle. They were about to get on their transportation when something sped out of the bushes at them. A massive leopard.

Kiran screamed and fumbled for his gun, but his dragon companion roared and launched herself into the ferocious feline. They growled and snarled as they touselled on the ground in a heap of thrashing limbs and tails, trying to find a mortal opening on the other as Kiran frantically tried to find a chance for himself to take a shot. Finally Gatril's jaws found the leopard's neck and she sank her teeth into its flesh.

Blood ran from the wound, and the leopard's flailing grew less intense. Gatril stood and wiped her mouth. The big cat was dead on the ground.

"Are you alright?" Kiran said.

Gatril knelt over the leopard and inspected it. "I'm fine," she said. She took out her knife and began cutting open the cat. Kiran saw the scratches on her skin, but little blood. Dragon skin was known for being very resistant after all.

“What are you doing?” Kiran said.

“Can’t let meat go to waste,” she said, ripping out the leopard’s heart and liver. These she ate on the spot, and peeled the leopard’s skin off and carve off huge hunks of meat. She wrapped them in the skin and stood. The process itself took only a few minutes. “Let’s leave before more predators come after us.”

They rode away from the carcass and through the plain once more, their eyes and ears warier of the predators. This allowed Gatril to identify a clan of prowling hyenas and instruct Kiran to ride around them.

Kiran and Gatril came to another tree where they made their second stop. This one was close to a nearby cluster of trees and bushes and a very small watering hole.

They climbed the tree and surveyed the land once more. Their wait wasn’t long, and Gatril saw it. Saw *her* first. It came out of the brush, slithering across the ground with a slick and shiny grey body with bands of black. Her face had a blunt nose, and thin lips rimming her wide mouth. Her eyes were bright yellow with long lashes, and around her head was stringy brown hair. She leisurely coiled her body atop a rock, resting her head across her folded arms.

Gatril tapped Kiran for his attention, and gestured to the lamia. Kiran observed the beast through his binocular and grinned excitedly. “Great! I have her!”

Gatril nudged him. “Keep your voice down”

“Sorry,” Kiran said. “So how do we get it from her? I wanted to subdue her with some glue rounds. But maybe that would get her riled up.”

“I’ll try to give her a talk,” Gatril said.

“Really?” replied Kiran.

“Beasts such as ourselves have respect for each other you know,” said Gatril. “If you were to go, she would most likely eat you on the spot. Just give me a moment.”

Gatril climbed down the tree and approached the massive serpent. Kiran watched in the distance as the lamia raised her head at the bosdrake. He saw their mouths moving, but he couldn’t hear their words. At one point Gatril gestured in his direction and the snake turned its head his way.

Then Gatril turned to the tree and waved at Kiran.

Kiran took a deep breath and relaxed. He climbed down the tree with his gear towards the two reptilians.

Upon nearing the lamia, Kiran could see more of her in detail, and realized that her huge, muscular body could easily crush him to a pulp.

“Here he is,” said Gatril, playfully pushing Kiran to the front.

The serpent rose its upper body and unfolded her arms, revealing small breasts with pointed nipples. She hovered over Kiran, her pink tongue flashing from her mouth like lightning. She had a smell similar to wet soil, not unpleasant, but pungent, and it got Kiran wondering how her fluids would taste.

“So,” the serpent said, “this is the lowly human who wishes to get inside my womb?”

Kiran glanced over at Gatril and wondered what the bosdrake could’ve told the lamia. He brought his eyes back to the lamia and said, “My name is Kiran Kehomba. I’m a young sorcerer in training. Great serpent, I wish to receive some of your queex so I can complete a spell. I’m ready to do anything you desire.”

“Is that so?” she said. Half her body slithered off the rock and wound its way around Kiran. His muscles felt almost weak against her muscles, even though she was careful not to touch him. “What makes you think I need anything from a human, other than to put him in my stomach?”

Kiran’s said, “Well...besides eating, what else do you like, great serpent?”

“My name is Scalian,” she said.

“Yes. Right. Scalian.” Kiran looked at Gatril again, who urged him to go on. “Well Scalian, I can give you anything you want besides a human to eat. Like the best sex you ever had, for example?”

Scalian frowned. “...Is that all?”

Kiran fumed. He climbed out of her coils and stood a distance away. “Look here,” he said, “my plan was to attack you while you were sleeping, but I chose not to. I’m trying to be nice. Just stop being mysterious and tell me what you want already?”

But to Kiran’s surprise Scalian laughed, a raspy one. She turned to Gatril and said, “I guess you were right. He isn’t a sexplorer.”

“Wait, you were testing me?” Kiran scratched his head.

Scalian said, “Yes. I hate humans who try to establish their dominance over everyone else. If your friend hadn’t convinced me otherwise, I would’ve already eaten you.”

“Okay...” said Kiran. “Then, will you give me your queex?”

“I will,” said Scalian. “But I won’t have sex with you,” she showed Kiran her long tail. “I use this when I get lonely. I’ll pleasure myself and provide the queex to you.”

“Oh,” said Kiran. “That’s good news.”

“However,” Scalian began, “I will need something to stimulate me. You and your friend will have to mate in front of me to get me properly aroused.”

“Whoa,” said Kiran. “I don’t think I can do it in front of someone else.”

Then Gatril hugged Kiran’s arm and said, “Oh, stop being so shy. I thought you said sorcerers are willing to do anything to get what they want?”

Kiran remembered his words clearly, and decided this wasn’t worth walking back on his resolve. “Alright. I’ll do it.”

“Good,” said Scalian. “Follow me to my burrow.”

The lamia slithered off into the vegetation. The human and bosdrake followed behind, careful not to trip over her elongated body. Scalian eventually got on all fours and crawled into a hole in the ground big enough for a cow to fit through.

Kiran and Gatril crawled through the dark, cool tunnel, with Kiran’s small lantern as their guiding light. The path eventually ended in a vast circular space, which despite Scalian’s size, was big enough that she only occupied one third of it.

Upon entering into the serpent’s chambers, Gatril began to strip. “We better get started.”

Kiran took off his clothes under the watch of Scalian. She was able to contort her body so that her lower half with her legs, vagina and anus rested before her. Kiran handed her a jar, instructing her to pour her fluids inside it when the time came.

Gatril took Kiran’s hands, bouncing on her feet and jiggling her breasts. “So you want me to go first or you?”

“Let’s do it together,” Kiran said, getting on his back.

Gatril stooped over his face, stroking his erect manhood. She turned to Scalian with a seductive grin. The other reptile began to tickle her vulva with her tail and fingered her anus.

Kiran grabbed Gatril’s bottom and buried his face between her butt-cheeks as his frisky tongue eagerly wiggled inside her, soaking up all the seeping moisture. Gatril took hard licks of the tip of his member, each causing the boy to twist his toes. Gatril swallowed his penis, bobbing her head slowly, forcing all of him into her throat.

Scalian stuck her tail into her sufficiently moist passage, poking against her cervix with thrusts that made her tense. “Hey...you two...switch now...”

Kiran lifted Gatril off his face, and Gatril spat his penis out of her mouth. She turned around and positioned her vagina over his lap. She sat, slowly guiding Kiran inside her, making both of them moan. Scalian made sounds of euphoria as well.

Gatril grinded rhythmically on top of Kiran, increasing her speed and the intensity. Both of them winced each time Kiran slid deeper into her. She moved fiercely now, both of them wearing intense expressions.

Scalian bit her lips as she thrustured her body parts inside her. Her ears filled with the moans of the two. Fluids seeped out of both ends; where her vagina produced queex, her anus produced smek, however she concentrated more on milking more of her queex for the young man.

Kiran grip Gatril’s waist and thrust his hip like a piston. Her muscles clenched vice-like, but he kept going like a rocket, creating unbearable friction that had them wincing and bearing their teeth at each other, locked in a battle. Scalian’s body gyrated in coils as the pleasurable waves spread through her like an intoxicating high.

With such intensity among them, it was no surprise when they climaxed simultaneously in a chorus of screams and sighs. Scalian brought the jar to her leaking vagina as she trembled, filling it to the point where it overflowed onto the floor of the cavern.

Gatril sighed and leaned over Kiran’s face as both caught their breath, drenched in sweat. They kissed, gently. They chuckled, and kissed again.

Gatril got off him, dripping his seed onto the ground. The bosdrake said to Scalian who was lying down, “Are you finished?”

Scalian lifted the jar of viscous matter.

Kiran got up and put on his clothes, eager to get to work. He took the jar from Scalian and said, “Thanks.”

“If you do need anymore, you can visit me again,” Scalian said. “But do bring back some food next time. Now hurry up and go. I usually get hungry after any mating activity, and I’m not very picky.”

Kiran and Gatril hurried outside and went back to his quacycle. Kiran took out the ingredients to add to the mixture; cobalt and volcanic rock he bought from a merchant in his

village. He brought them through the same process as he did the last time, creating a small orb, however this one was a pale-yellow color.

Kiran fitted it into another socket, whereby Gatril said, “What does this one do?”

“I’ll show you.” Kiran got some distance from Gatril and raised his staff. He activated the yellow stone and tapped the ground. There was an abrupt tremor and a huge wall of earth erupted from the earth.

“Is that a shield?” Gatril said.

“Kind of,” said Kiran. “I can use it for defense, or,” Kiran tapped his staff twice, creating two more walls of earth each smaller than the first, “I can use it as leverage.” Kiran climbed onto the rocks and reached the highest one.

“This Witching Tournament is beginning to sound more interesting,” said Gatril. “I wonder, do they allow beasts inside?”

“Only as pets,” said Kiran. He hopped down and approached Gatril, embracing her. “But you’re not a pet. You’re my friend.”

Gatril almost smiled. His words were tainted with the slightest of sincerity. But she had to realize that this was just one human. The others might not be the same. She said, “Don’t pay it much mind. It’s just a consideration. Now where are we off to next?”

“To find a selkie,” he said. “I need a water spell. And hopefully this time I get to taste between their legs.”

CHAPTER THREE

The following day, after resting in the safety of a tree, Kiran and Gatril ate some breakfast of dried meat and fruits and took a bath in the nearby watering hole. At that time Kiran also had to fire a few shots at a pride of lions to scare them off.

Next on their list was finding a selkie, an aquatic beast who fancied itself deep, silent rivers. There was no such place for miles, and the pair ended up going back on the main road. It was heard that Gatril had to cover herself from head to toe with a cloak, as they rode past a few steam-powered and animal drawn carriages.

The nearest river was through the town of Wopol, a slightly larger settlement than Kiran's village, also under the rule of Tatanui. Here the buildings were constructed of a type of green clay similar to cement, their tops fitted with sloping roofs. They were painted mostly in beige, dark brown or yellow, and advertised various businesses. The town was also well aware of the happenstances with the beasts who lived nearby, and built ornaments and charms that supposedly gain their favor or ward off their unwanted attacks.

Kiran found a motel on a less crowded street, surrounded by tall trees that offered sufficient shade. He looked along the road to see if anyone was looking in his direction, and when he realized no one was, he looked over his shoulder and said, "It's clear to go, Gatril."

"I'll see you later," said Gatril, hopping off the quacycle. She hurried into the bushes and disappeared out of sight.

Kiran rode onto the compound of the inn and parked his vehicle away from some of the carriages, tying it to the fence. He entered into the mahogany colored interior and found the reception desk. There were small tables and chairs with refreshments around them, but unlike the other visitors, Kiran moved with urgency.

Kiran booked a room using money he'd saved up during his many errands in the village, and walked to the back where he was led by a waitress in a black frock to his room.

It wasn't anything extravagant, it was a small town of course, but it did have a bathroom behind another door and a stacked bookshelf. After securing his goods inside the dresser, Kiran got his ID and firearm license together. He placed a bundle of flowers outside of the window so Gatril could find his room, and left the inn with his gun and staff.

At this leg of his journey, Kiran's goal was to familiarize himself with the town's streets and finding the location of the river. He spotted a few of the Tatanui police on patrol, men wearing red uniforms with white hems and seams, covered by sharp plates of metal in the form of a vest, gauntlets and shin pads. The emblem of their country was proudly embezzled on their chests, and in their hands they brandished stocky rifles with large cartridges. Kiran guessed they were the kind that usually held twelve rounds.

Kiran took care to avoid the officers on the street, and instead made his way to the local fish market, attracted by its strong smell. The vicinity was a set of stalls and square spaces covered by tarpaulins so the sun wouldn't spoil their goods. Fishes of all colors, shapes, textures and sizes from those as small as Kiran's index finger to ones as large as himself were on display. Some vendors added diversity to their goods with vegetables and other animal meat.

Kiran heard various conversations as he walked by. Some vendors called out to him for a sale, but Kiran either declined or didn't respond. But soon Kiran's ears picked up something in his realm of interest. A conversation where the word "selkie" was mentioned more than once.

It came from a fish merchant and a police officer.

The merchant was an aged woman with a few grey streaks in her plaited hair, however her face still bore a suppleness, the last remnants of youth as the wrinkles under her eyes tried to steal them. Her breasts also stood up despite her not wearing a bra either.

While she weighed some fish for a customer, she said, "I just told you, sir, I haven't seen any of those selkies around here for months."

The guard said, "I don't believe that. Numerous persons reported seeing selkies in the river scaring them away from the fishes."

After attending to the customer, the woman gestured to her stall. "Do you see how much fish I caught? I wouldn't have gotten so much if the selkies were really scaring people. People confuse all kinds of animals and other monsters with selkies. This town is too big and noisy to house monsters. Like I said, I haven't seen any."

The guard frowned. "Very well then mam. Thank you for your time." The guard walked away, but as he did, Kiran, who had been standing close by and pretending to read a map, took a few glances at the woman and found another peculiarity.

She just so happened to have a huge bulge in her belly. Was she pregnant?

Kiran knew human females couldn't breed beyond the age of fifty, and she also happened to have a wider variety of fish, and bigger ones at that.

Suspicious tickled Kiran's nose, and he decided he would do some investigation of his own.

Kiran waited until evening came, when everyone was starting to pack up after a good day's sale. Kiran returned to the market and found the woman packing up her things on a cart and pedaled it out of the market. "Okay," he whispered, hiding in a dark alley as the woman rode by, "time to go."

Kiran moved by foot, opting for stealth rather than speed and ease of transportation. Not to mention he was quick on his feet too. As the sun set, and the gaslight lamps came on, Kiran skulked from alley to alley behind his target.

He followed her to a secluded part of the city through a path of fern bushes and noisy crickets. Kiran took out his staff, now cautious of what was lurking around these parts. The woman led him to a cottage built atop a concrete base. It was situated in a damp area with large, smooth stones placed around the house with a walkway leading onto the path. Further from the house was a small stream, further fueling Kiran's assumptions.

"Now let's see what happens," Kiran said, and crouched behind a tree.

The woman parked the cart inside a small shed and proceeded inside the house. Lights came on through the windows, and a lamp outside illuminated the yard. The woman came back out, dressed in a light blue skirt and her hair tied into a bun. She sat on the front porch in a rocking chair, drinking something while she caressed her stomach.

Kiran picked up a fishy smell in the air he hadn't a few moments ago, but casted it off as just the leftovers coming from the woman's house. She hummed to herself, adding to the noisy insects, frogs and gurgling stream.

Then Kiran heard splashes.

They came from out of view, east of the river where the growth concealed the rest of its body. The splashes got louder, and the silhouette of the form that made them appeared, thick-bodied with humanoid proportions.

Kiran tightened his grip on his staff.

He saw the woman stop the rocking chair and stand up. More of the shadowy figures appeared, varying in height with a few short ones. He heard the woman say, "Good evening everyone. How are you?"

The visitors lumbered out of the water and towards the house, into the light that revealed them. They had slick, shiny skin a shade between blue and grey. Their hands and feet were webbed, with a dorsal fin that stemmed from the back of their heads and down their spines. They had large pale eyes and a green neck and belly. Their mouths were wide, their lips thick, and their muscular nostrils large and contracting. The sides of their jaws were lined with gills, and Kiran knew exactly what they were.

“Selkies,” he whispered.

Kiran contain his excitement, assessing the situation. He glanced at their crotch, but saw only pink, fleshy stubs atop their testicles. There was no female in sight much to Kiran’s dismay.

The woman approached them eagerly. Three of the selkies the size of children ran towards the woman and hugged her, while the three larger males watched in silence.

I knew it, Kiran thought. She must’ve been with the selkies. And those ones, they must be her children.

Kiran had heard stories about humans and monsters mating to reproduce under certain circumstances, particular the beasts who possessed human intelligence. Here was something along those lines. But his mission came first, he needed selkie queex for his spell. He didn’t dare face them on his own, and decided he would go back for Gatriel.

But as the boy turned around, he was met with two of the selkies staring him down. Kiran froze. “Yikes!”

“Trespasser...” growled one of them.

Kiran tried to run but a selkie held onto him. Kiran spun around with his staff and activated his force-counter spell. The concussive blast knocked the selkie away, but the other one managed to deliver a backhand to Kiran that immediately stunned him and dropped him on the ground.

The selkie dove after Kiran. Kiran lifted his staff one more, but the selkie slapped it away. Kiran shrieked and leapt towards it. The selkie grabbed him and threw him into a tree. The burst of pain cause Kiran’s muscles to seize up, and the selkie lifted him by his neck and carried him towards the house.

Kiran struggled, but his strength couldn’t match that of the fishman. This made him realize just how helpless humans were without their magic or weapons.

“What’s this?” the woman said as the selkie dragged the human to the front of the house, tossing him on his hand and knees.

“A spy, madam...” the selkie said.

Kiran looked up and saw that he was surrounded by the selkies. The smaller ones came curiously close to the human, then retreated when Kiran gave them terrified stares. The other selkie Kiran had knocked down eventually recovered and joined them, holding Kiran’s staff.

Kiran saw the many faces of all shapes, differentiating each selkie, but the commanding stare of the woman was what caught his attention. “Who are you, boy?” she said.

“M-Me?” said Kiran.

“Yes, you!” the woman said. “What are you doing on my property?”

Kiran decided honesty was the best way to get on their soft side, and said, “My name is Kiran Kehomba. I’m a sorcerer in training. I came here searching for the queex of a selkie.”

“Queeeeeex?” a selkie said.

“What is queex?” said one of the children.

“A woman’s crotch juice, son,” said another. He glared at Kiran. “You want to find a selkie woman to rape, human?”

“No! No!” said Kiran. “I’m just trying to find one that’s willing to give me! I-I’m not a sexplorer! Honest! I have a bosdrake friend!”

The woman laughed, while the selkies made guttural chuckles. She said, “Oh really? Then where is this bosdrake friend of your?”

“Here!” Gatril leaped out of the bushes. “Let the human go!”

Kiran said, “Gatril! How did you find me?”

“I followed your scent,” she said. “When you didn’t make it back this evening, I figured something might have happened to you. I told you you’re too stupid to go about on your own.”

“This boy trespassed on my property,” said the woman. “He’ll have to pay for it.”

Gatril accessed her second stomach and spat a ball of acid. The selkies hurried away from the steaming blob that melted into the ground. “And I say we talk about it,” said Gatril. “Do you really want to start a fight with the children here?”

The selkies turned to the woman after being unable to come to their own conclusion. The human female noticed Gatril’s tense posture and her clenched fists. After looking at the innocent faces of the young ones, the woman said, “Very well. We’ll talk inside my house.”

The woman brought them into the living room, instructing them to sit. She was accompanied by two of the males, who stood at her sides as guards. Kiran sat close to Gatril.

“My name is Eyeka,” said the woman. “You said you were a sorcerer, boy?”

“Yeah,” Kiran replied. “My friend hear is Gatril. She decided to help get the ingredients for my spells.”

“A bosdrake...” said Eyeka. “To think you would venture this far with a human companion.”

“And to think you would be breeding for beasts,” said Gatril, glancing at Eyeka’s stomach. “I would like to hear the story behind it.”

“It’s a simple one,” said Eyeka. “You see, the selkie men on my property have a bit of a problem. Their females have been kidnapped by various bandits and sold to sexplorers around the kingdoms. So they came to me with a proposal; I would bare their children, and they would provide me with enough fish to increase the profit of my business.”

“Wait,” said Kiran. “Were they really scaring away the people who come to the river?”

“Can you blame them?” said Eyeka. “Their women have been taken as slaves, and they’re under constant attack from monster hunters and the Riverwench. Their population is shrinking.” Eyeka rubbed her stomach. “But I think this time, I’ll give birth to a female.”

“Wait a minute,” said Kiran. “Did you just say a *Riverwench*?”

“Yes,” said one of the selkies. “She lives in a nest nearby, terrorizing everything in the river.”

“I’ve never heard a creature like that before,” said Gatril. She turned to young man, who was deep in his thoughts. “What is it, Kiran?”

He said, “It’s closely related to a selkies. She’s a female selkie that underwent a special mutation due to eating certain foods. They’re big and aggressive. But I’m surprised the selkies didn’t try to mate with her.”

“We did try,” said one of selkies. “She ate the males that approached her.”

“Ouch,” said Gatril.

Then Kiran said, “Why I am interested is that I can get the same ingredients for my spell from her.”

“You can?” said Gatril.

“Yeah,” Kiran said. “It’s dangerous. I didn’t want to fight monsters of that category without my spells, that’s why I was saving the J’bafofi for last. But,” Kiran looked at the concerned faces of the others, “I think I might need to now.”

“You would dare to challenge the Riverwench?” one of the males said.

“Well, she’s not as dangerous as a J’bafofi,” said Kiran. “If I have Gatril with me, we just might be able to do it.”

“It would be a huge favor to us,” said Eyeka. “The selkies could begin to expand territory if that beast is gone.”

Kiran smiled. “Think of it as a way of me repaying you for trespassing.” He turned to Gatril. “What do you say, you trust me to get this done?”

Gatril sighed. “You haven’t displayed exemplary leadership so far. But I’m still stupid enough to follow you.”

Minutes later, Kiran and Gatril were led up the side of the stream by three of the selkies. The water-body became a river, getting deeper the further they went. The moonlight above was adequate over the water, but being a human, Kiran lent his trust to his lantern. The river wound through the jungle, and they came upon a settlement of straw huts on the river banking where they met around twenty other selkies. Men and children.

“It looks like their population really is shrinking,” said Gatril.

Their escort waved away the curious onlookers, assuring they meant no harm, and brought the human and bosdrake to a section of the river where a sort of wooden fence had been built across the water. The top was sharpened to points that leaned in the other direction as a deterrent from anything rushing towards the settlement.

Gatril had seen similar things built by tribes around their homes when they wished to keep predators at bay, and the selkies probably did it to bar off crocodiles and raging hippos.

A selkie who they’d come to know as Tokko pointed over the fence and said, “Over that barrier is where the Riverwench lives. The beast is dangerous. She’s taken on three of our finest fighters at a time and bested them. Be careful.”

Kiran readied his gun. “Thanks for the help. Come on Gatril.”

Kiran made his way around the barrier that had spread even further inland, trekking back to the riverbanks with Gatril leading the way with the lantern now in her hand. They had spotted the reflective eyes of crocodiles in the river, but they smelt Gatril’s presence and kept at away.

“I wonder how her lair would look?” Kiran’s voice was both curious and concerned.

“Probably something like that,” said Gatril, pointing to massive construct that ran from the edge of the river and into jungle. The two of them could only describe it as a colossal, horizontal termite mound of vines and sticks woven together.

Kiran clutched his weapon tighter. Too many times he had been panicking when encountering these beasts. He needed to muster his resolve once and for all. He turned to Gatril and said, “Do you smell anything?”

“I smell her,” Gatril said, “and something...rotten.” Gatril crept closer to the nest when her eye caught something. She washed the light of the lantern over it, revealing gnawed bones of various animals littering the place.

Kiran studied the remains and found among remains the parts of crocodiles, deer, gazelles, hippos, lions, selkies, and humans. “...This place...it’s...” He shuddered.

A deep hiss suddenly crackled in the air. Kiran and Gatril scampered away from the nest. “She knows we’re here!” said Gatril.

“Quick!” said Kiran. “Set the nest on fire!”

Gatril tossed the lantern upon the nest with so much force the glass shattered, splashing the flammable liquid everywhere. The crackling and snapping of the oxidation of the nest and its subsequent combustion spread along with the flames.

Kiran had an idea, and said to Gatril, “Do you know how to use a gun?”

“Just point and pull the trigger, right?” she said.

He tossed the gun to her and said, “The cartridge has four shots. They’re sticky rounds, so aim at her feet.”

And just as Kiran got his staff ready, the nest burst outward. Thrashing arms flung debris from the face of the beast. It stood at eight feet tall, squat built with green-brown skin. Its large head was vaguely humanoid but the green eyes were wide-set, along with a massive mouth. It had long, wiry webbed arms and a large dorsal fin. Its hair was long and stringy, soaked in some kind of fluid. But what caught Kiran’s eyes besides the toothy maw were the smooth, dangling breasts and her scaly vagina, slick and wet.

The Riverwench opened her mouth and said, “You dare to burn down my home, insects?”

“Says the one eating people left and right!” Gatril replied.

The Riverwench snarled. “I’ll devour you and turn you into dung!”

Kiran set the orbs on his staff alight. “Gatril, shoot when you have an opening!” Kiran charged ahead. He tapped his staff and raised a column of earth.

The Riverwench smashed it with her arm and dove after Kiran. The human leaped out of the way and rolled onto his feet, immediately unleashing consecutive concussive blasts. But they only staggered the beast and enraged her.

Gatril fired at her feet. The sticky ball exploded around the Riverwench’s ankles and affixed it to the ground.

The beast shrieked and lifted her foot along with the dirt, freeing herself. “Wretches and your witchery!”

“The ground is too loose!” said Kiran. “Head further into the forest!”

But the Riverwench was too fast, rushing towards Gatril now that she realized their plan. The bosdrake barely leapt out of the way of the beast’s arm. The Riverwench swung her claws, but Gatril was able evade all of them, then spat a stream of acid in retaliation. The Riverwench lifted her arm, screaming when the liquid sizzled her flesh. She struck with her foot and sent Gatril flying across the ground.

“Gatril!” Kiran ran towards the monstrous fish, tapping the ground and raising a set of mounds before him. He leaped onto them and launched himself at the Riverwench. But he was wide open, and the Riverwench swung her arm back for a deathly.

Just as Kiran had predicted.

Kiran shot out a blast that propelled him higher and over the creature’s head as she swung at nothing. He landed and twisted his ankle, letting out a loud yelp. The pain was intense but he blocked it from his mind and continued with his plan. Kiran tapped the ground and raise it beneath the creature’s feet. He fired another concussive blast that toppled the Riverwench.

Kiran suddenly felt a grip around his waist. It was Gatril, on her feet. She ran with Kiran into the woods. And the Riverwench got up and went after them.

“Can you walk?” Gatril said.

“Not fast enough!” said Kiran.

Gatril put the gun into her mouth and quickly climbed a tree. She laid Kiran near a large enough limb and gave the gun to him. “Now you stay here! I’ll get her attention!” and Gatril looked down at the Riverwench.

She spotted the two up in the tree and said, “Do you think I cannot climb a tree, fools?”

Gatril grinned at her, and said, “Don’t worry! I’m coming for you!”

Gatril leapt out of the tree and the Riverwench opened her mouth. But Gatril spat acid in it. The Riverwench choked and coughed out the fluid before it could do any damage. Gatril ran around and threw her feet, cutting away at the Riverwench’s flesh to reach the tendons, using the trees as leverage and shield as her taller adversary tried to grab her.

Fortunately for the Riverwench, her stamina outlasted Gatril’s, allowing her to finally catch the bosdrake with a big swing of her arm, launching Gatril into a tree.

Gatril’s whole body succumbed to the blow and she fell. She saw the Riverwench coming in for the finishing blow, but couldn’t find the strength to move, crippled by the searing pain from a broken rib. Gatril prepared her last line of defense and brought up acid in her throat, but she hesitated when there was a muffled explosion and the other female suddenly found herself stuck.

Alarmed, the Riverwench looked down and saw black, rubbery matter around her foot. Kiran fired a second shot that glued her other foot to the ground. The human carefully climbed down the tree as the Riverwench tried to twist her feet free, but the wounds dealt by Gatril stole the strength from her muscles.

Seizing the chance, Gatril spat acid on the Riverwench’s right shoulder. She screamed and leered at the bosdrake. “I’ll kill you!”

Kiran went over to Gatril and shouldered some of her weight on him, gently lifting her. “Are you alright?” he said.

“I’ll be fine once we get to screw her,” said Gatril. Then she turned to the giant. “Hey, you!”

The Riverwench ignored them and continued to try and free her foot. Her arm strength wasn’t up to par thanks to Gatril strategically targeting her shoulder. Finally giving up, the Riverwench knelt and her hands and knees, breathing heavily.

“Curses...” she sneered. “To be beaten by the likes of prey like you. Go ahead, finish me.”

“No,” said Kiran. “That’s not what I’m here for.” Kiran wasn’t a man with a lust for blood, but he had to remember the monster wasn’t innocent. “I’m a sorcerer. I need your queex in order to complete a spell.”

“Sorcerer,” said the Riverwench. “Of course. You used magic. What...is my queex?”

“The juice from your womb,” said Kiran. “If you allow me to mate with you, I’ll set you free. So long as you move somewhere else where you won’t hurt selkies or humans.”

The Riverwench made something between a scowl and a frown. “You, mate with me? Absurd! It would be a disgrace to let my prey mount me. I rather die than be humiliated!”

“Really?” said Gatril. “Are you sure your life is worth less than swallowing a human cock?”

The Riverwench looked at the bosdrake, then the human. Both of who wore spiteful grins. She weighed her option, and the large female hung her head and growled. “Very well. If you promise to set me free, I’ll allow you to mate with me.”

“Definitely,” said Kiran. He gave his weapon to Gatril and took a jar out of his backpack. “Since you’re already on your hands and knees, just hold still.”

Kiran made his way around the back of the Riverwench, while Gatril kept a watchful eye on her. Kiran took off his pants and faced her behind, met with her vagina presenting itself to him. Knelt over like this, the Riverwench’s bottom reached just below Kiran’s chest, and he stooped to plant his face in her crotch.

She had a slight fishy smell mixed with garlic and honey, which translated over to the taste when Kiran stuck his tongue inside her. The Riverwench shuddered as Kiran’s tongue slithered inside her, flailing against her clitoris like a slippery fish. She tried to bite back her moans to deny the human the satisfaction of pleasuring her, even going so far as to cover her mouth. She gripped the dirt in her hands as her body contorted, making guttural sounds as the human licked, sucked and drank from her. But Kiran was too much, and in no time the Riverwench dropped her hand and uttered a deep, long groan.

Her body practically quaked as her queex poured into the jar and all over Kiran’s face.

“Whoa!” said Gatril. “She couldn’t handle it.”

The Riverwench hung her head between her arms, closing her eyes in embarrassment. “Damned human...”

Gatril walked around to where Kiran was, and said, “The air smells strong from the queex. Let me try some.”

The Riverwench abruptly lifted her head. “What?”

Without warning Gatril licked the female’s labia and shot her tongue inside with electrifying grace. She grabbed the Riverwench’s bottom and held her steady as she contorted out of control, still sensitive from Kiran’s first round.

“In that case,” said Kiran as he corked the jar and put it away in his backpack, “I’ll deal with you face-to-face.”

Kiran went to the Riverwench's head and held her cheeks. She spotted the reddish tip of his veiny manhood and shuddered. "W-What are you doing?"

"Just letting off some steam," said Kiran. "You don't want to?"

Gatril nibbled on her clitoris and the Riverwench abruptly reeled like a horse, falling back on her hands. "P-Please!" she said. "I won't eat humans or selkies anymore! This is embarrassing! Just let—"

Kiran silenced her by ramming his phallus into her mouth. The Riverwench choked and grabbed his waist to prevent him from thrusting, but her last orgasm left her a tad weary, powerless to stop Kiran from pounding her face. His balls slapped against her chin, and he closed his eyes and threw back his head as his mind melted away.

"Wow, you have a good mouth," Kiran said, but his sex mate could only reply with garbled sounds and saliva running from her mouth.

The Riverwench's body shuddered once again as another orgasm consumed her. She clenched Kiran's waist tighter to the point where he felt he was going to break.

"Ouch!" he said. "Hey, careful!"

Gatril took her face out of the Riverwench's behind, licking the excess fluids from her lips. "Hey, Kiran. I'm hot over here."

Kiran stopped, the Riverwench sighed inwardly. "Okay. Come over here and I'll help you out."

Kiran pulled out of the Riverwench's mouth. He let go of her and she laid her head on her arms. "I-I'm so tired."

"Don't worry," said Kiran. "I've already got what I wanted."

Gatril grabbed Kiran's penis. "Yeah," she said, "now you're gonna give me what I want."

Kiran and Gatril quickly finished up in the missionary position. His thrusts and her contractions produced an intense heat in their groins that had them climaxing almost instantaneously.

They recovered and gathered their belongings, after which they cut the rubbery material from around the Riverwench's feet. She stood unsteadily, almost losing her balance. She made no hostile action but her face wore an expression of pure hate.

"Okay," said Kiran, "you will have to leave the jungle now. Or you can stay and leave the selkies and humans alone."

She grunted. “Fine,” she said. “I will stay, and keep away from them.”

“Good,” said Gatril. “Or we’ll come back here and give you some more good loving.”

“Thank you miss Riverwench,” said Kiran. “Your queex will really help me. Well, we’ll be leaving now.”

“Wait,” she said. “before you go...at least know my name. I’m not a whore for a human to mount and leave.”

Kiran said, “Okay... What is your name?”

“Kundis,” she said. “That is the name I choose to go by.”

Kiran nodded. “Kundis. That’s a nice name.”

Kundis didn’t smile at the compliment, but simply said. “I need to rebuild my nest. Good night, Kiran.” And she turned and went into the trees.

Kiran held Gatril’s hand. “Come on. Let’s go back.”

After Kiran returned to the cottage and reported the news to Eyeka and the selkies, he was given their gratitude, which was enough for him, even though Gatril urged him to ask her for her queex.

The pair snuck back to the inn under the cover of night. Kiran had himself a bath in the shower, as Gatril had already cleaned herself in the river. When Kiran returned to his room he relaxed in the bed next to Gatril, both naked. There was no arousal amongst them, but they enjoyed the warmth of each other.

It was in the middle of the night when Kiran was awakened to Gatril munching on some meat in the corner of the room. He rubbed the stagnation out of his eyes and said, “Late night snack?”

“Well, I can’t exactly go downstairs,” she said, taking another bite of her jaguar meat.

Kiran chuckled and rolled out of the covers. He put on his underpants, ran his hands through his dreadlocks and went over to the wardrobe where he had his things. “I might as well work on the spell while I’m up.”

Kiran took out the jar of queex along with a paper containing fish scales and powdered aquamarine stone. He sat on the floor before Gatril, sneaking glances at her as he worked.

“Is something wrong?” said Gatril.

“I was just thinking,” Kiran said as he poured the powder and fish scales into the jar, “why did you really come with me; a human?”

Gatril said, “You still don’t trust me?”

“No, I do trust you,” Kiran said. “I just find it strange that a beast would want to go on an adventure with a human. Don’t you have any beast friends?”

Gatril shook her head. “There aren’t many where I’m from.”

Kiran said, “I heard there aren’t many bosdrakes left in Aardel. Do you ever get lonely not being around others like you?”

“...Sometimes,” Gatril said. She stared out the window at the luminous moon. “I don’t even know where my family is. Our kind usually scatters once we grow older, tending to live by ourselves. We like our own territory, but...sometimes company can be nice.”

Kiran had finished rolling the substance into a green-blue sphere and put it in his staff below the white orb. He tapped the staff once and put it down, giving Gatril his attention. “Well, I’m here with you. And I’m really glad you’re with me, helping me out.”

Gatril turned to Kiran and smiled. “Yes. So am I.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Kiran and Gatril woke early the next morning to continue their journey.

Kiran brushed his teeth and went to the kitchen to get them breakfast, returning with two plates dumplings, chopped pumpkins and stewed beef.

After their meal Kiran gathered his things and went outside to his quacycle, then rode around the back of the inn where Gatril leaped over the fence to meet him. She wore her cloak to conceal her appearance. The bosdrake hopped onto the human's quacycle, and together they rode out of Wopol and onto the main road.

"The popobawa," said Gatril. "These are forest creatures, right?"

"Yeah," said Kiran. "They're a bit dangerous too. They come out at night to feed on blood. But they disguise themselves as humans in the day time."

"They also have good agility, I heard," Gatril said, "I'm not very good with flying foes either, and I still haven't fully recovered from our fight with Kundis."

"We can camp and rest when night falls," said Kiran. "I heard reports of a popobawa in a forest near Dehafi Town. That's three miles from here."

"Okay, boss man," said Gatril.

Their journey took them around a small hillside that overlooked a vast plain and mountains in the distance, where the morning became brighter and warmer. Just beyond the mountains in the east lay the country of Gobanyi, where Kiran knew young magical practitioners like himself were prepare for the Witching Tournament. It got him wondering how well his spells would fare against the techniques of the others.

Of course I'll do fine, he thought. I'm going through so much trouble to get rare spells after all.

As they descend onto flat grassland, the town of Dehafi rose into view. Its most dominant features were pillars of black smoke spewing from the factories. The distance between the town and the human-bosdrake pair was occupied by scattered trees that loomed over the swaying grass, grass being tended to by grazing gazelles and zebras.

Kiran and Gatril weren't looking out for anything out of the ordinary, concerned only with reaching the town, yet something amongst the animals managed to snag their attention.

"Whoa, what's that over there?" said Gatril.

“Huh?” Kiran parked his quacycle along the road. He looked in the direction Gatril gestured to, and spotted someone in a dusty robe kneeling next to one of the zebras. “Who is that?”

“There’s only one way to find out if you really want to know,” said Gatril.

Kiran turned off the engine and he and Gatril got off the vehicle. They made their way through the grass, kicking up bugs with each step. Some of the animals scattered but the one the person was next to didn’t budge an inch. And when they got close enough, they saw what was really happening.

The stranger was a woman. She wore a red tunic and a shiny, green fabric wrapped around her waist and draped over her shoulder. Kiran recognized it as a sari, and coupled with the woman’s brown skin and black, straight hair, he deduced her origins as a Gabanyese from the neighboring country.

But it was what she was doing rather than her nationality that captivated Gatril and him.

The zebra’s penis was fully erect, which the woman stroked and sucked on fiercely with slurping sounds and lots of froth.

“Wow, she’s really working it,” said Gatril.

Kiran looked at her indifferently. He was not disgusted in the sense of the word, but he didn’t fancy sexual activity with animals. What differentiated beasts from animals was the fact that they had human intelligence and at least human-like features; breasts and genitals shaped like that of a human female.

“Excuse me, lady?” Kiran said.

The woman held a finger for their silence, and continued to stimulate the animal until her cheeks abruptly puffed, spilling semen from the corners of her mouth. She made a choking sound as she held a little of the fluid in her throat. She reached for a jar on the ground, pulled the throbbing, dark phallus out of her mouth and spat the semen into a jar.

As the strange woman got up and wiped her mouth, Kiran noticed a knapsack at her feet and the crude handle of a pistol in her waist. She looked at the pair with black eyes, smirking a little as if please with herself. “Yes, may I help you two?” she said.

Kiran and Gatril looked at each other, and the bosdrake gesture to the woman urgently. Kiran said, “Excuse me. I didn’t mean to intrude. I was riding by when I saw you here. I guess this is a bad time?”

“No,” she said. “I’m just about finished.” She took up the knapsack and put the jar inside. Shouldering it, she said, “So, why is a human travelling with a bosdrake?”

“I’m his friend with benefits,” said Gatril, slapping Kiran’s bottom.

The woman smiled. “I see. My name is Aparna.”

“My name is Kiran,” the young man said. “And this is Gatril. I’m a sorcerer.”

“I could tell,” said Aparna, gesturing to Kiran’s staff. “I guess you could call me a sorceress then.”

It was as if someone quickly wound up Kiran, straighten his back and widening his eyes. “Really? You practice magic too?”

Aparna nodded. “I was getting this zebra semen for my spell.” Aparna looked Kiran with heightened curiosity. “Wait, would you be entering the Witching Tournament by any chance?”

“Yeah,” said Kiran. “I’m here trying to get some popobawa queex.”

Aparna said, “Really? That sounds a little dangerous though. I know a few people who got attacked by them. They got their blood drank, some even got raped. I heard they used to attack the townsfolk until they got guns and killed them off. Now only one lurks in the forest nearby, but no one dares to venture inside.”

“That’s no problem,” said Gatril. “We fought something much scarier than that just yesterday. Do you happen to live around here?”

“No,” said Aparna. “I’m actually visiting from Gabanyi. I came here for a few ingredients that could only be found on this side of the continent. So far I’ve gotten two of the four. I need the queex of a brustark and the semen of a dandepuffer.”

“Those aren’t easy animals to capture either,” said Gatril. “Especially the brustark.”

“Don’t worry,” said Aparna. She gestured to the zebra behind her, now going about its business grazing. “I can drug them like I did this one.”

“Dandepuffers are close to my village,” said Kiran. “Opposite of where I found you, Gatril.”

Something had been bothering Gatril, and she said, “But Kiran, she just mentioned that the popobawa usually rape people. Are they all males, or do they also have females?”

“They are a bit of both,” said Kiran. “They tend to look like females, but they have a five-inch-long clitoris they use to have intercourse with and release semen. I just need to knock her out and capture her.”

“Okay,” said Gatril. “You know Kiran, you’re starting to sound like a real sexplorer.”

“No,” said Kiran. “I always ask nicely for their queex first. The last beast was killing and eating innocent people, like the popobawa are. I’ve never killed anyone either.”

Gatril didn’t protest any further, but said, “Well we better get some rest. I think it’s best we do it tomorrow night after we’ve recovered.”

“You’re both welcome to stay with me if you want,” said Aparna. “I have enough space in my room that I booked.”

“Really? Thanks!” said Kiran.

“No problem,” said Aparna. “It’s a pleasure to help a fellow practitioner of magic.”

Gatril groaned and rubbed her head. “Ah, I’m not too fancying going into human territory every minute. I know this question might sound off topic, but isn’t there a place where humans and beasts get together?”

Kiran folded his arms and looked at the ground as he tried to figure out something that could help. “Hmph.” Kiran unfolded his arms and looked at the two women. “There’s a place called a Furshack where humans and beasts meet, but that’s way on the north coast where the ships dock. Even if we could afford to refuel my quacycle, it will take around five days to reach there.”

Gatril frowned. “Nah, forget it. We don’t have enough resources or tools to defend ourselves. Let’s just finish up with your task and then we’ll get a move on. I’ll just stick around here by myself.”

“Are you serious?” said Kiran.

“Boy,” said Gatril, “I’ve been living on my own for years. This won’t be anything.” Gatril abruptly pulled close and whispered in his ear. “Now go and have some fun with your new friend here. But make sure she washes the semen out of her mouth first.”

Kiran frowned at her. “Really, Gatril?”

“Stop being a wimp and let’s get going,” Gatril said, walking back to the quacycle with the others.

Kiran towed the vehicle next to him in a walking pace with the two females. Once they were close to the town, Gatril gestured a few trees that she would mark as the checkpoint for Kiran to meet her outside.

Aparna took Kiran by the hand and lead him through the streets, careful to avoid the prostitutes, police, back-alley merchants and other unscrupulous characters lurking about. Kiran’s interest in his new, taller companion wasn’t subtle either, as he kept sneaking stares at

her face and chest. But it wasn't by the influence of his hormones either, for he wondered what kind of magic she possessed in her arsenal.

They came to a white building that was the inn. Inside Aparna showed the receptionist her key and they allowed her and Kiran upstairs to the rooms.

"Right here, Kiran," Aparna said as she brought them to a door at the end of the hallway, next to a window that glowed white from the sunlight.

Aparna opened the door and they went inside. The walls were made from clay, polished and painted in a beige color. The caretakers had put more effort in making the walls and ceiling more ornate, and the room carried a sweet scent of vanilla.

Aparna turned to Kiran and said as she took off her knapsack and cloak, "Make yourself comfortable."

"...Sure." Kiran put down his knapsack on the table next to Aparna's and took off his shoes.

He saw that one of the beds was untouched and chose that one to lay down in—and abruptly looked up when he saw Aparna stripping down to nothing but her underwear. Aparna's slender frame manage to have enough curves to entice Kiran, and her bottom, though small, was well rounded.

Kiran realized his eyes weren't coming off her and he closed them, finally looking away. Aparna hung her clothes on a rack and took out a beaded necklace from a drawer. "So Kiran," she said, sitting on the other bed and looking across at him, "what kind of spells have you gathered so far?"

Kiran, relieved they had a productive conversation at hand, reached for his staff at the bedside and showed her the orbs. "These are all hardened queex from monsters. This is Gatril's, this is from a lamia and the other is from a Riverwench."

"You really fought a Riverwench?" Aparna said.

"Sure did," said Kiran. "The first orb is a force-counter spell. The second one is an earth-pillar spell, and the third pulls water from the atmosphere; for when I'm travelling and run out of something to drink."

"That's resourceful," said Aparna. "You know, those spells can be created in other ways with similar materials, right?"

“I know,” said Kiran. “But my grandfather told me that in the old days, before magic merchants got tons of the materials and started selling it, wizards had to find their ingredients the old fashion way. And my grandfather says I’ll need the combat experience.”

“Doing it old school, huh?” Aparna said.

“Yep,” Kiran replied. “So what kind of spell do you have?”

Aparna gestured with the necklace. “Mostly charms, like this one. It wards off hexes from other people. Each of these white beads can absorb a hex, but they turn to dust afterwards. In that case I would need to make a new one. I had to buy the ingredients for this once. It costed a lot, so that’s why I’m trying the old school way, like you.”

“Okay,” he said. “And the zebra semen, what will you do with that?”

Aparna said, “If I add some sand and onions, I can harden it into a crystal that will enable me to sense vibrations on solid surfaces.”

Kiran realized something about the two spells Aparna mentioned, something he read about and also told to him by his grandfather. “Aparna, your spells, they’re passive ones, aren’t they?”

“That’s right,” she said, amused Kiran was able to deduce it. “These spells actively feed off the user’s spirit energy and are active even when the user doesn’t think about it, so long as their spirit energy has not been diminished. While active ones, like your force-counter and earth-pillar, rely on you to command it in your mind and channel your spirit energy manually. But the Witching Tournament is also about flashy spells, so my next two will give me enhanced strength and the ability to make things float.”

“It looks like you’re going for a close-combat type of combination,” said Kiran.

“It is,” said Aparna, getting up. “I’m going to brush my teeth. I have a spell book on the table you can check out if you want.”

“Oh, nice!” Kiran leapt up and towards the table. He snatched up the book and fell back in the bed.

Kiran studied the texts in the book until Aparna got back. They delved into a conversation about which kind of magic combination was the most efficient, and recalled the most famous magic practitioners of past. No sex was brought up, not that Kiran was feeling particularly lusty, but more than once Gatril crossed his mind.

Three hours later they left the inn and decided to scout out the location of the forest, moving on foot to conserve the fuel of Kiran’s quacycle. Though Kiran walked around with Aparna,

there were a few other foreigners in the town as well, easterners like Aparna and northerners whose light skin made them stand out like a giraffe amongst zebras.

Within little over half an hour they were able to find the street that ran from the heart of the town and into the forest. It also bore a small police post, where a few officers were stationed as lookout for potential smugglers and monsters, even incorporating a tower for an enhanced point of view.

Kiran and Aparna slowed their approach as an officer came to meet them. Kiran noticed his eyes paid more attention to Aparna, but he wasn't surprised.

"Good afternoon children," said the officer. "Where are you both headed?"

"Sir," said Kiran, and the man switched his lustful gaze from Aparna to an annoyed one when he saw Kiran. "My name is Kiran Kehomba. I'm a sorcerer in training. I've come from my town to try and find popobawa parts for my spell. My friend here is accompanying me."

"My name is Aparna," she said. "I'm also a sorceress. We're both trying to find resources to enter the Witching Tournament. I have a permit to enter this country and participate if you'd like to see."

"Sure," said the officer, "let me have them."

Kiran and Aparna took out their IDs, and the officer gave Kiran's a quick glance and handed it back to him. However, he carefully ran his fingers over Aparna's hand as he took hers. She frowned and wiped her hands in her clothes, but the officer merely cackled and looked at her identification. "Aparna Borasing. Gabanyese, eh?"

"Yes," she said.

"Are we allowed to venture into the forest, sir?" said Kiran.

"...We don't recommend it," the man said thoughtfully. "If you do enter the forest however, you'll have to sign a contract with the authorities giving your consent to be the ones solely responsible for your own wellbeing."

"Sure," said Kiran. "We'll sign once we're coming back. Come on Aparna."

The young woman snatched her ID from the officer and followed Kiran back into town. They decided to take a walk along one of the factories to explore how far the advancements in technology in the country had gone.

The facility was surrounded by a large fence of wooden posts, and through the large open door, the two could see trolleys and small carts carrying hunks of metal to and from the back.

Kiran looked up at the sign which read “Okoyo’s Engine Repair Service”. “Do you think they made a spell that can combine magic and machines?” said Kiran.

“Not to my knowledge,” said Aparna. “I don’t think that would even be allowed in the tournament either.”

“Would’ve been cool though,” Kiran said. “I know you have knights who are good at using gadgets.”

“Gadgets malfunction, spells don’t,” Aparna snapped. “Let’s go already. I still need to get the tingle of that policeman off me.”

Kiran shrugged and continued with Aparna back to the inn. While Kiran studied his book of spells once more, Aparna was just about finished with her knew spell, having gathered the ingredients to mix with the zebra semen and turn into an orb. She had a large bracelet with three sockets, one of which she fitted the orb into. Aparna channeled her spirit energy into the stone and locked the bracelet around her foot.

“Okay, all done,” said Aparna.

Kiran closed the book and sat up. “Okay. Let’s go see what Gatril’s up to.”

The two took his quacycle and rode out of the town. On the outskirts they made their way to the set of trees Gatril had indicated to them, only to find a giant, round mass of branches bent and woven into a nest.

“What in the world is that?” said Aparna.

“Don’t worry,” said Kiran as he parked his vehicle outside from the structure. “I think she just made a house.”

They got off and walked towards the nest, though Aparna kept a cautious distance behind Kiran. The boy turned on a new lantern he bought and carefully brought its light close to the entrance of the nest. “Gatril...?”

“What?” The voice came from behind them, and both humans spun around hysterically to see Gatril falling from the tree.

“G-Gatril!” Kiran said. “Don’t scare us like that!”

“That wasn’t nice, dragon,” said Aparna, her hand on the grip of her gun. “I could’ve shot you.”

“If you did, I would’ve bitten your head off.” And Gatril smiled, displaying her formidable teeth.

Kiran quickly went between them and said, “Hey, you two knock it off. We just came here to see how you are Gatril.”

“Check this out Kiran,” said Gatril. She turned away from everyone, inhaled briefly, and exhaled from her throat a stream of cloudy, green substance in the air. Kiran and Aparna got a whiff of it and immediately felt their heads going fuzzy and their knees buckling.

“Gyaaah!” Kiran covered his nose and hurried out of the mist. He fell on his knees. “G-Gatril, what is this stuff?”

Aparna fell on her bottom, wrapping her mouth and nose with her cloak.

Gatril was all smiles despite the unhealthy predicament of her comrades. “You guys like it? It’s a special plant I ate. Bosdrakes have the ability to regurgitate specific chemicals in the food we eat.”

As the green fog disappeared, Kiran and Aparna rose to their feet, taking deep breaths so their lungs could recover.

“You could’ve at least given us a warning,” said Aparna.

“That would’ve spoiled the surprise,” said Gatril. “Kiran, did you bring any food?”

“...Yeah,” he said. He handed her the basket.

Gatril took it and flung the top open. “Hmmm, pork,” she said, the fragrance immediately watering her mouth.

“We better leave fun time for tomorrow night,” said Kiran. “We’ll need all our strength against the popobawa. I’ll sleep out here with you tonight just to make sure we’re safe.”

“I told you already, I don’t need your company,” said Gatril.

“It’s not up for discussion.” Kiran crept into the nest and carefully placed the lantern in the center of the floor of matted leaves. He put his knapsack in the corner along with Gatril’s small items.

“Excuse me,” said Aparna. “What do you two mean by, *funtime*?”

Gatril swallowed the piece of meat in her mouth and said, “Sex.”

“...I see,” said Aparna. “You two seem to have quiet the relationship.”

“We’re just friends with benefits,” said Gatril.

Aparna made a lopsided grin. “He’s a really good friend to be staying out here around predators with a dragon.”

Aparna's words slipped into Gatril's ears like a salted worm, wriggling about and stirring up unwanted thoughts—thoughts she didn't want to entertain. "He's a good human. That's why I'm following him. Now are you going to come inside or not?"

"I'll head back to the inn," said Aparna, a slick smile on her lips.

"Good," said Gatril. "Now go away and leave me and my friend alone."

Aparna chuckled and made her way back to the town.

The following evening, Kiran went back in town to pick up fuel for his quacycle, and on his way out he fetched Aparna. He returned with her to Gatril's hut, getting her to add the final piece to his party. The trio rode around town, testing the limits of the single large seat with the women behind Kiran; Gatril in the center. As a result, their weight made their pace slow, but they had intended to pay keen attention to their surroundings.

Along with the lantern Kiran had placed at the front of his vehicle, Aparna steadily held a torch in her hand despite the slight bumps on the road. Gatril's keen sense of smell, sight and hearing would also alert them to anyone their lights couldn't reveal. Despite a few critters and the croaks and chirps of the nocturnal residents, they found nothing out of the ordinary.

"We're here," said Kiran as they reached the cluster of trees. Darkness stared back at them, silent and waiting.

"We should stop here and set up bait," said Aparna.

Kiran said, "Good idea," and proceeded to park the vehicle in the grass along the path.

Kiran went to the back of the quacycle and took out the items needed to attract the popobawa.

The popobawas were beings with an appetite for blood, so Kiran took out a jar of cow's blood and poured it into a bucket, enhancing the fragrance with special chemicals. Gatril helped to place it on a large piece of wood similar to a rat trap, only instead of throwing over an iron bar to crush whatever would take the bait, it had a hollow holder container a powdered plant that would be launched at the unsuspecting victim. The powder of the plant would then paralyze the target when inhaled.

They carried the trap a few yards into the forest, knowing the popobawa wouldn't want to venture out of its cover, and quickly sprinted out of the trees before their prey caught on to them.

Kiran, Gatril and Aparna crouched in a nearby brush, silently waiting on the popobawa to take the bait.

“How long will we have to be here?” said Gatril.

“I don’t know,” said Kiran.

They heard an abrupt sound. A creaking one of sorts. It struck them silent, and they strained their ears.

Aparna said, “That...sounded like the trap, Kiran.”

“Already?” Kiran sounded incredulous.

Gatril, unlike the humans, immediately realized what was going on. “It’s the trap alright, but way too soon. Something must’ve seen us coming—or has been waiting on us.”

“W-What?” Kiran sounded panicky. “B-But who?”

Something landed before them. They sprung up and scattered themselves to get room to commence battle.

“What the hell was that?” Kiran said. He quickly switched on the lantern, revealing the bucket of blood.

“It threw the bucket back!” Aparna said.

Gatril went to Kiran and took the lantern from him. “What are you doing?” he said.

Gatril ignored Kiran and tossed it in the grass near the trees. With the dry weather they were having, the ground quickly caught fire. Gatril retreated with the others, waiting impatiently as adrenaline surged through her veins.

“Come on you bastard,” Gatril sneered.

Then their adversary walked into the light, his form revealed. The officer from the forest lookout post.

“You!” Kiran said.

“I knew I felt something off about him,” said Aparna.

The officer didn’t have any firearms, but then again what fun would they be? He was all smiles as he waltz towards them. “I told you children it was not a good idea to come into the forest. Now I’ll have to show you why.”

Gatril stood before Kiran, bearing her teeth. “Kiran, get back and use that spell of yours. Aparna, can you fight?”

Aparna took off her cloak and took out her revolver and knife. “I wouldn’t have been here if I couldn’t.”

Kiran kept his focus and channeled his spirit energy into his staff. “Popobawa!” he said. “I came here only for your queex. If you can masturbate and give it to me, I can give you anything else in return but us!”

“Oh, boy, but I do want you all,” he said. The man’s body suddenly gave off a dark mist and broke apart, recombining into a lanky figure with gruesomely sharp claws on its hands and feet, and dark hair swaying off her head with the texture of bristles.

The shape was undeniably feminine; a small waist with wide hips, and ample breasts. Her face had a single red eye glaring at them like hot coal, above a half-open mouth filled with sharp teeth. Her ears were pointy, her skin of a reddish hue, and striking, membranous black wings sprouted out of her back like the cursed sails of an old, lost ship.

Kiran clenched his ass cheeks. “Yeeek!”

“I’ll drink your blood and screw you all!” the popobawa said, and her clitoris abruptly swelled until it resembled a throbbing phallus.

“Attack!” said Gatril, lunging at the popobawa.

She leapt over the bosdrake and struck her in the back with her foot. Gatril winced and fell, but got up and leaped at her once more. The popobawa attacked but Gatril slammed her tail into the popobawa’s thigh.

The bat-creature yelled and took to the sky with a flap of her wings, cackling dreadfully as she zipped through the air. The popobawa dove at them with the intended vice-grip of her talons, forcing the trio into a frantic duck-for-cover scenario.

Gatril and Aparna tried to counter with acid and gunfire, but the popobawa was too fast for their attacks.

The flying attacker came after Kiran, and the boy ducked and fell. He still clung to his staff, pulling water from the air into a huge ball that had already grown as big as himself.

“Everyone!” said Gatril. “I’ll use my stun-fog! Cover your noses!”

Gatril predicted the popobawa had become quite comfortable in her swooping technique, and if she could just execute it when the popobawa was in her descent, it would affix her into a dive right into Gatril’s attack.

But the popobawa struck first, vomiting a dark smog. She flew in a circle around them to completely shroud them in the black smoke.

Aparna fanned the substance from her face and pulled her blouse over her nose. She turned to Kiran, but his form immediately became obscured. “Kiran!”

“Gatril? Aparna?” Kiran called to his friends, but could only hear them. He could vaguely make out the massive sphere of water before him.

Almost ready, he thought.

Not even Gatril’s feral eyes could penetrate the darkness, yet alone that of the humans. But the popobawa’s single eye was specifically designed for such a task, able to clearly discern their body temperature and shape.

And Kiran was the perfect option for the popobawa. The popobawa snatched him by his shoulders and hoisted him into the air.

“Uhh! Help! Let go of me!” Kiran kicked but his thrashing was piddly compared to the strength of the popobawa.

“Don’t worry!” the popobawa said. “You’ll be screaming a whole lot when I bust open that ass of yours.”

Below, Kiran could see the smoke clearing, and the flames continuing to spread. *No!* Kiran thought. *I got everyone into this mess! I should be able to save myself!*

Kiran felt his spirit energy depleting, but the water he gathered was enough. He launched the liquid sphere over his head and it shuddered, bulged and popped.

Water fell in huge droplets with the force of stones. They splattered upon the popobawa, continuously pushing her down and hitting against her wings—just as Kiran had planned earlier.

The popobawa swore and snarled. “Blast! You damn boy!”

Kiran clutched the staff and wailed upon her repeatedly. “Let go of me!” he said.

When the smoke cleared, Gatril saw the two in the air struggling. “Shit...” She tried to come up with a plan and turned to Aparna for assistance.

However, the young woman seemed to have been a step ahead of her.

Resting her shooting arm on her other for support, Aparna used the last light of the vanquishing flames to aid her sight as she aimed at the popobawa. Once she had him in her sights, she smiled. “One point for me,” she said

Aparna fired.

The muzzle flashed.

The bullet found its mark, and the popobawa screamed, releasing Kiran. They both plummeted, and the women below screamed in despair.

But Kiran wouldn't have it. His death wouldn't be here.

The young sorcerer reached out and grabbed the popobawa by the arm and pulled her close. Channeling the last of his spirit energy into his staff, Kiran used the force-counter spell to propel them across the sky. The blast was enough to change their trajectory and decrease their momentum.

They hit the ground from seven meters up, and Kiran's vision suddenly went dark.

Kiran woke the next morning to find himself the dimly lit confines of Gatril's nest. His eyes were instantly met with Aparna sitting next to him, and Gatril along with an olive-skinned woman, her hands bound behind her and a vexed pout on her face.

"Hey..." Kiran said to everyone, his voice feeble. He tried sitting up but electric pain sat him back down. "Ouch..."

"Don't move around too much," said Aparna, gently pushing him back down. "You broke a few ribs and your right arm."

Kiran responded to the news with distress. He looked at his arm and saw it in a sling, and the bandages on his shoulders and leg. "Aww man." Kiran groaned. Then he suddenly remembered and his eyes came alight. "Wait a minute, where's the popobawa?"

"Right here," said Gatril, gently shoving the strange woman. "We threatened to cut off her clit if she didn't hand over his queex, so she shapeshifted into this woman."

Kiran stared at the woman once more, concern replaced with intrigue. She had a slim build and perky breasts, and her crotch was covered in thick pubic hair. "Oh, alright."

"Bastards," said the popobawa, its voice high pitched to match its female form. "Just hurry already so I can leave."

"You're not in the position to be making demands," said Gatril. "You're gonna satisfy my friend to the fullest."

"Are you sure about that, Gatril?" said Aparna. "Kiran can barely move yet alone thrust his hips."

"Oh, that's simple," said Gatril as she stood and removed her bra and loincloth. "I'll just get the queex from her for him. You can stimulate Kiran while he watches."

Kiran shot Aparna a startled glance. It seemed outrageous to think this newcomer would be willing to join their special recreational activity. Aparna met Kiran with a contemplative, almost cynical stare, making him retract his neck in embarrassment.

Kiran turned to Gatril and said, “I think Aparna would be more willing to get the queex from her while you do me.”

“That’s fine,” said Aparna.

“I-It is?” stammered Kiran.

Aparna stood and took off her clothes. “I’ve always wanted to try a Tatanuese man.”

Aparna’s pubic hair was shaved in a “V” pattern. The fresh smell of bitterweed and sweat wafted off into Kiran’s nose, arousing his sense like an intoxicating drug.

Aparna gently laid next to Kiran and pulled down his underwear, stroking his swelling penis. She kissed him, and brought her chest up to his face where he could see her dark nipples ready and waiting. As Kiran nibbled and sucked on them, his flaccid phallus had swollen into a sturdy pole.

Gatril got a bowl and got behind the popobawa, sitting her down in her lap and spreading open her legs. Kiran multitasked amongst milking Aparna’s nipple, fingering the inside of her warm damp crotch and watching as Gatril placed the jar between the popobawa’s legs, kissing her cheek and neck.

The popobawa felt Gatril’s clawed fingers slide inside her and winced. “Aah! S-Slow down!”

“Quiet,” said Gatril, and locked her lips with hers, swiveling her tongue in her mouth. The bosdrake tweaked the popobawa’s nipple and vigorously fingered her. The popobawa moaned against her will, unwittingly riding the hand inside her with the contractions.

Aparna applied another wet kiss on Kiran’s lips before she knelt over him and slowly crawled back. Her dark, mysterious eyes glinted like black pearls, locking Kiran in an entrancement. She took his penis and nibbled on it. Kiran bit his lips and twisted his nose. Aparna licked his shaft from the base to the tip. Then she engulfed it.

Kiran had thought the inside of a woman’s vagina was spectacular, but Aparna was proving him silly for ever having considered such a thing.

As Aparna vibrated her tongue on the tip of Kiran’s penis, her lips applied suction that almost pulled the blood out of him, bobbing her head with the force of a engine’s piston. Kiran

clenched his teeth and clutched the leaves on the floor, resisting the urge to scream. Across from him Gatril unleashed upon the popobawa a cataclysmic sensation as well that had her making muffled screams. Spit and froth fell from between her and Gatril's lips, as did Aparna's mouth as she vacuumed the energy from Kiran.

Kiran unleashed a mighty roar, as he did his semen slapped into the back of Aparna's mouth. The popobawa screamed. Her body quaked, and like a busted pipe her queex sprayed on the floor and inside the bowl.

Gatril took her tongue out of the popobawa's mouth and allowed the woman to catch her breath. Gatril pushed her aside and took up the bowl. While she brought it over to a jar, Aparna approached the popobawa on the ground and took her by the head. Aparna's lips were tight, and she pried open the popobawa's mouth. She was too weak to resist as Aparna slowly opened her lips, and the semen plopped onto her tongue.

"Now be a good girl and swallow," Aparna said.

The popobawa reluctantly ingested the semen, grimacing. "That was disgusting."

Aparna patted her head and kissed her. "That's karma for you." She laid the woman onto her back and stooped over her face. "Now, time for round two."

"That's right," said Gatril, also with her bottom over Kiran's face. "Time for you two to make us feel good."

"At least my tongue isn't injured," said Kiran, giggling along with the other women. The popobawa, though frustrated with its defeat, was at least pleased to know a cock wouldn't be penetrating her, and as Aparna and Gatril sat, both her and Kiran leisurely began eating out the snatch of the women.

Kiran and the popobawa were experts in their own right, able to maintain a rigid flexibility to their tongues while the women bounced on their faces. Aparna and Gatril increased their pace as they made sensuous moans. Aparna was first to reach her climax, then Gatril.

The popobawa licked the scented liquid off her face, savoring the taste. "You Gabanyese women are spicy."

Aparna saw a tiny smile on the popobawa's face. "Thanks for the compliment," she said.

Getting up, Gatril said, "Sounds like someone's enjoying themselves. In that case..." Gatril gestured for Aparna to get off the popobawa, and the bosdrake cut her restraints with a claw. She helped her to her feet and motioned to Kiran. "Why don't you finish things off for us."

The popobawa saw Kiran looking at her expectantly, stroking his still rigid cock with one hand. He smiled at her. She made a frown, but Kiran could tell it was forced. “Why don’t you come over here and...have a seat.”

The popobawa smirked. “None of you tell anyone about this.”

“My lips are sealed,” said Gatril. She turned and kissed Aparna—stuck her fingers inside her. “Let’s cuddle.”

The popobawa crawled over Kiran. She kissed him on his lips, his chin, his neck. With one hand she steadied his penis and slowly sat on it. She moaned softly at the pressure against her insides at the size that filled her. “...Boy...you have a gift it seems.”

Kiran held on her waist with his one hand, while she pressed against his chest. The popobawa started out with slow motions of with her hips. She leaned over Kiran and offered her breasts to him, and happily obliging, the boy sucked on each of them.

The popobawa chuckled and held him close. Their love sounds filled the nest, with Aparna and Gatril watching from the other side. Once the popobawa felt Kiran’s grip tighten on her flesh she knew what was coming. She clenched her muscles and held him in place as Kiran’s warm juices flooded inside her. The popobawa closed her eyes and as the hot fluid nestled inside her, her flesh willingly absorbing everything he had to offer.

“Wow,” said Gatril. “That was...”

“Sensual,” said Aparna.

“Well,” Gatril said, “I was thinking more of, fricking aces!”

Kiran got some more rest, though a beast such as the popobawa, who called herself Trewanti, was already beginning to recover from the non-lethal wound. While Aparna went back to the inn to fetch Kiran some more supplies, Gatril and Trewanti got wet clothes and wiped down Kiran, also giving him mint sticks to remove the smell of crotch from his breath.

Trewanti kept any thoughts or opinions behind her sealed lips most of the time, raising both Kiran’s and Gatril’s interest. After they’d put on back his shorts, Kiran said, “Trewanti...”

“Yes?” the woman sat on the ground and crossed her legs. She was still naked, still in her humanoid skin.

“So, what will you do now?” said Kiran.

Trewanti smiled with a playful charm. “I’m still a popobawa. I need to feed on blood, and I still possess my urge for intercourse, especially with beasts and humans anally.”

Kiran sighed, and said, “Do you think could not feed on humans or beasts, just animals? I wouldn’t want to have to confront you like this again.”

“Ai,” said Trewanti, “you humans and your demands. Always acting like you have the right to everything.”

“The request is fair enough,” said Gatril, folding her arms. “Just stop killing and raping humans and beasts.”

Trewanti returned a contemptuous gaze at Gatril, and said, “Is that how he got you? He beat you up, captured you and force you to suck his cock?”

“Nope,” said Gatril, “I actually captured him when he tried to. I just so happen to have taken a liking to him and let him mount me.”

Kiran laid an annoyed scowl upon Gatril. “No one needed to know that?”

“And you believe they don’t think that?” said Gatril. She turned to Trewanti. “He’s my sex companion.”

“I’m a sorcerer too,” said Kiran assertively. “I’m on my way to enter the Witching Tournament. The last thing on my list is a j’bafofi.”

Gatril saw the chink in Trewanti’s smile and said, “What, you don’t think he can do it?”

“I never said that,” said Trewanti. “I’m just wondering how’ll he’ll deal with the competition.”

“What are you talking about?” Kiran’s displeasure lead him to ignore his discomfort and sit up.

“I take it you mean the female j’bafofi,” said Trewanti. “In that case, she always has many of her males trying to impress her with the sole intent of planting their seeds inside her. If they fail, she simply eats them.”

“I know that,” said Kiran. “I have plans to take her down.”

“The simple traps you have?” Trewanti chuckled, her mocking tone reverberating in Kiran’s ear. “They’re around thirteen j’bafofi nests in this country, the closest being in the Preteblu Hills seven miles from here. Rumors say that they’ve already overrun a small town; the males in particular, trying their best to impress the female with special human trinkets.”

“All the more reason to go there,” said Kiran. “If I can stop that J’bafofi, I can make a name for myself too.”

Trewanti bent the stiffness out of her neck. “I wish you the best of luck. I’ll go back to my home in the forest—with your requests in mind. I might consider prostitution. I’m sure I can find some homosexuals who like their assholes plowed.”

Kiran grimaced. “Okay. It’s better than rape, I guess.”

“Are you coming with us Aparna?” said Gatril.

Aparna took a sip of her malt beverage and said, “No. My work here is done. I need to collect the last ingredients for my other spells.”

“We can help you if you want,” said Kiran. “It’s the least I can do.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Aparna replied. “My quests aren’t as dangerous as yours.”

Gatril smacked Kiran with her tail. He winced and rubbed his thigh. “Ouch, Gatril!”

“Stop being so pushy already,” Gatril said. “The women don’t have time to be your little sex maids. Trewanti has blood to suck and Aparna has...animals to attend to.”

Kiran said, “Well good luck then, guys.”

“Thanks,” said Aparna.

Trewanti remained silent, only shrugging.

“When are you leaving, Kiran?” said Aparna.

“I think I’ll need about four days for my arm to heal,” said Kiran.

“So short?” said Gatril.

“Spirit energy can be used to heal the body,” said Kiran. “I need to start working on that spell too before the queex goes off.”

“Don’t worry,” said Trewanti, slightly opening her legs. “There’s always more when you need it, young sorcerer.”

CHAPTER FIVE

Three days of preparation, and the young wizard and his dragon accomplice were ready for the final leg of their journey. The morning started off with a hearty breakfast of oatmeal, bread and pork. They went over their equipment; Kiran mostly taking up that task.

Kiran had gotten some more supplies from the merchants in town, storing them in the back of his quacycle and backpack. Trewanti was the first to leave, transforming into her frightening form and flying back to the forest. Kiran and Gatril got onto the quacycle and rode off, waving back at the shrinking image of Aparna.

The quacycle's wheels spun over miles of earth and grass uphill until their destination faded into sight.

It was once called Ashfield Road, named after the legend of bodies that were burnt after a massive war between two tribes, and the crisp remains of the corpses had rained upon the land that day like dark snowflakes. But that was decades ago, and now lush trees that called all manner of wildlife within the surrounding greenage stood here, hence its new name the Preteblu Hills.

Mongoosees scuttled across the ground and gay birds chirps and flew overhead. The leaves ruffled like paper being crushed next to the ear in the winds, and for the briefest moment, the thought of confronting ferocious beasts slipped out of Kiran's mind.

Gatril felt his muscles relax, and the quacycle slowed. "You feeling okay?"

"I'm good," Kiran said.

Gatril tightened her arms around Kiran, and rested her chin atop his locks. Regardless of the barriers of their species and social standing, the comfort of his presence was too good to pass up on.

"We're almost there," Kiran said.

And that was when their ambushers struck, barging out of the bushes with clubs, machetes and crude-looking blasters in hand.

They were of the shape of men, hairy with a hyena's snout and ears, hunched over with a mane of bristly hair running from their backs atop their heads. Grating cackles filled Kiran's and Gatril's ears, and they quickly stopped the quacycle and hopped off as the seven beasts surrounded them.

“What are they?” Kiran said, switching between the individuals, the stones in his staff already lambent from his spirit energy.

“Bultungins,” sneered Gatril. She forcefully flicked her tail around unpredictably, sending a message to the beasts one foul move would befall something horrible upon them.

They all wore various animal skins that had crudely torn edges, and all manner of trinkets that seemed to have sculpted by more skilled hands as opposed to the dirty, clawed ones of the bultungins.

Kiran knew the human crafts in particular the bultungins didn’t get by righteous means.

One with his mane dyed white approached them, eagerly tapping a femur tipped with an axe-head in his palm. He rose above them by inches, and the width of his shoulders told the pair a blow dealt by his hand would be fatal.

“Little meatballs,” he said, “you look like you’re a long way from home.”

“Yeah,” giggled one of the others, gesturing with his machete, “you tell ‘em boss.”

“Piss off!” said Gatril, keeping her eyes on the ones with blasters. “I’ll melt you all alive if you touch us!”

The leader grinned, and gobbets of saliva reeking of rotten flesh fell from his mouth. “Hey boy, hand over that quacycle and your stuff, or we’ll show you how our gang does things around here.”

Kiran touched Gatril, stealing her attention. She saw the glow of his spirit energy in the jewels on his staff, and face laced with concentration. She realized his stance wasn’t that of a coward seeking someone to save him from his demise, but a man trying to gather his bearings to access the situation.

Kiran wasn’t afraid anymore.

“Last warning,” said Kiran, unflinching, “leave us alone.”

Two of the bultungins charged and abruptly stopped, baring their teeth. It was a tactic meant to inject fear and unease into their targets, but Kiran’s countenance reflected his inward annoyance rather than the terror they’d hope to see.

Realizing this, the leader couldn’t let this standoff continue with words. He dropped his axe by his side, tensing his arm. “Don’t say I didn’t try to play nice. Get ‘em!”

And Kiran tapped the ground with his staff. Earthen walls sprung up with multiple quakes, catapulting two bultungin into the air and barricading Kiran and Gatril from their gunfire.

Gatril instantly followed up by jumping onto one of the walls and into a bultungin with a gun. She twisted her body and slapped him away with her tail. She sprinted on all fours, darting left and right, tripping them with her tail and cutting them open with her claws.

“Blast!” The leader turned and ran. “Let’s get outta here!”

The remaining two men fled with their boss.

But Kiran wasn’t having it, and he holsters his staff and took out his cannon. Kiran aimed it at the bultungin running through the trees and fired with honed precision. The sticky blob knocked the leader in the head and grounded him.

Gatril darted after the others and leaped into the back of one with the force of a raging bull. She heard a loud snap of something vital to the beast, and switched to the other one. Gatril hawked up an acidic ball that splattered onto his back. The bultungin wailed at the sound of his sizzling flesh; like fresh lava had been poured onto him.

Kiran went to the quacycle to check if he had accidentally damaged his vehicle in the ruckus, while Gatril dragged the leader back to the side of the road.

Gatril tossed him by his foot unceremoniously before Kiran. “Start yapping,” she said.

The cowering bultungin raised his trembling hands before him as if he expected one of the two to stomp-in his face. “I-I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to attack you!”

“Where did you get all those ornaments?” said Kiran.

“We found them in a town up ahead,” he said. “It was overrun by the j’bafofi. The entire place has been murdered. The only people there are the dead ones. W-We just happened on it and found all this jewelry. Then they chased us out!”

“They...?” said Gatril.

“The males!” the beasts said, his lips wet with disdain. “The bastards chased us out. They want all the territory for themselves to farm food to impress the female.”

“Thanks for the information,” said Gatril, kicking the man in ribs. “Now get going!”

But the bultungin couldn’t move from the hellish pain Gatril inflicted on him, and the two simply went the quacycle and left the squirming gang of beasts.

Another path veered off the main one into a hazed outline of buildings, and they followed it. Though the wind blew, the trees barely moved as if they were petrified, and the birds didn’t take to them either. But the closer Kiran and Gatril got, they saw the reason for this.

A galaxy of webs had been thrown over the trees like a white sheet stretched to the thinnest fiber. They knitted the leaves and branches dead stiff, preventing the grace of the winds from permitting them a swaying dance. Hung within them like the leftover of a demented child's macabre play things were dried corpses of animals who'd fallen prey.

And on their path into the town, it was no different. The webs were all over the buildings, and Kiran decided he better save his vehicle from going further into the webbed museum and turned off the engine. He and Kiran got off, looking for anything that waited to surprise them.

"Do you smell anything, Gatril?" said Kiran.

Gatril's nose inhaled the choking smell of rotten wood, alkaline and something dead. "Nothing out of the ordinary," she said. "I never picked up the scent of a j'bafofi before.

Kiran saw the unattended windows and doors. It ran across his mind to search them, but he remembered something about spiders. They were creatures of stealth, lying in wait for something to carelessly wonder into their trap of threads and deliver a paralyzing blow, leaving the prey defenses as its organs were liquified and consumed alive.

A most gruesome ending Kiran didn't want him and his friend to fall to.

"Gatril," he said. "Either they're hiding in the buildings, or they're out hunting."

"Then what do we do?" she said. "Should we lay the trap here? This isn't the queen's lair."

Kiran considered his options, and said, "I guess I'll take that chance."

He went to his quacycle, only to have a six-legged fiend fall off a roof onto it.

It had a glaring pink-red coloration, and a pale face with beady black eyes above two nostrils and its jittering mouthparts that possessed actual human teeth.

Kiran screamed and ran away, stopping once next to the muscular bosdrake. "Eeek! Spider!"

Gatril took the cannon Kiran gave her off her back and positioned the arachnid within her sights. She had previously switched the sticky rounds with a cartridge that held eight lead bullets.

Just one of these creatures made the bosdrake and human nervous, and when more of them crawled out of the houses, unconditional terror embraced them.

"There are dozens of them!" said Kiran, looking at the spiders blocking off all exits. Their thoraxes were long, narrow and flexible, a design granting them the ability to aim their spinnerets over their heads. Their front legs were modified into three-digit grasping appendages. Their mouths made clicking and snapping sounds that Kiran's ears couldn't translate.

"Gatril, can you understand them?" he said.

“I’m not familiar with their language I’m afraid,” she said. She saw them inching their way closer. She roared, they snapped into a quick retreat, but advanced once again. All of this spoke to Gatril. They didn’t have the intelligence of beasts to know what a gun was or the power she and Kiran possessed. They moved purely on instinct. Confident in their numbers that their prey would go down.

“Kiran,” said Gatril. “We don’t have a choice now...”

“Do it!” said Kiran, covering his mouth and nose with his shirt.

Gatril inhaled for a big air push and exhaled, spinning as she spread the green mist. The spiders railed in displeasure. Enraged sounds channeling from their mandibles.

Kiran blasted away two of the spiders. “Run to the back of the town!”

Gatril and Kiran made toward a street. It was walled off by webs—until Gatril melted it with acid. But the further the pair went, the more spiders they saw coming at them.

Kiran and Gatril had a little more speed as opposed to the spiders burdened by their hard exoskeleton; which they compensated for with the long reach of their spewing webs at the feet of the fleeing duo.

Gatril burned them another passage through the webs, and a third. Kiran used his earth-pillar and made a path over the webs on the ground and the spiders coming from the sides. Gatril took a few shots that popped messy yellow holes in their hides. The spiders screamed and collapsed. Kiran used his force-counter and knocked away three more of the spiders into the side of a house.

Their persistence led them to a path into a thin forest where they found more deceased animals entangled in the webs, and a smell of stale urine and moss assailed their senses like a stealthy, stinky predator.

But in the distance, Kiran and Gatril saw it.

“There’s a cave!” said Gatril, her keen eyesight catching it before the human.

The dark hollow was supplanted into the side of a high mound. Threads stained in yellow split from the mouth and matted around it. The plants were withered as if the threads were robbing them of life, and the pungent smell tripled.

Kiran spun around with his staff, ready. But to his surprise the spiders hesitated. “Look, they stopped.”

Gatril witnessed the once bloodthirsty arachnids stalling, placing their feet forward and back, hesitant as their food was so close, yet so was the abode of the female.

“Are they afraid of the female?” said Gatril.

“At least they aren’t going to kill us anymore.” Kiran took Gatril’s arm and walked back into the cave, keeping his eyes on the males just in case they mustered enough courage to come closer.

The sunlight died soon inside, and Kiran felt goosebumps all over him. “We forgot the lantern back on the quacycle,” he said. “Gatril, can you by any chance breathe fire yet?”

“Not naturally like my stomach acid,” she said. “If we had some potassium and glycerin to eat I could though.”

Kiran channeled his spirit energy into his staff. “I guess it’s a good thing I made this spell with Trewanti’s queex.”

Kiran activated his fourth spell from a white orb with blue streaks. Light swelled from it, forming its photons into the shape of an eye. The iris sparkled and a second body of radiance stung the dark out of existence, revealing a rocky ceiling from which twisting roots ran into the walls and floor, all covered in moss. Insects who relished the dark hurried from the scorching light exuding from Kiran’s staff.

“Shall we?” said Kiran.

Gatril shoved Kiran along. “Stop trying to sound all fancy like.”

Kiran and Gatril found two separate, winding paths. The angle making it seem the lumpy walls intended to close and chew them up. The first one they took revealed insects and small rodents who expertly traverse the surface of the web-laden walls and ceiling. It seemed to have been an adaptation, which made Gatril in particular wonder how long the j’bafofi had been here.

The width of the path grew as they went, seeming more befitting of the massive beast fabled to live inside here. Then they reached the end, but contrary to the fangs, claws and beady eyes they were expecting, a mass of corpses piled on top of each other stood at the end, waiting on them like some sick trick.

“Holy crap...” Kiran tried to contain the urge to vomit, triggered by the scent that burnt his lungs.

“They’re hundreds of them,” said Gatril.

The corpses were a menagerie of humans, beasts and animals, like a deranged necromancer's collection. The ones at the very bottom were nothing but bones infused with moss and other discoloration over time, while at the top the newcomers still had their skin, though it was shriveled, and with the impact of the moisture had sagged and fused with heat of the others as if they were all trying to become one—souls locked together in an embrace of death.

Kiran pointed the light above the bodies, where they found a tunnel leading to probably the source of where all these remains came from.

Kiran shuddered as if he could feel multiple hairy legs on him. "It's like this place is—"

"A dumpster," Gatril finished. She saw rats scabbling to the top where others nibbled at the scraps of flesh left. "Come. We should go."

They went back to the beginning of the fork in the cave and took the other path. This one was larger, very. Big enough to permit an elephant passage. Gatril's intuition gnawed at her body and she readied her cannon. Kiran drew his knife just for safe measure.

And it came so unsuspectingly that it had the same effect as something leaping out of the dark to bite them. A sweet tune, a hum that came from a throat of liquid crystal. It was soft and reassuring, like the lullabies Kiran's mother would sing to him.

"What? Who is that?" Kiran wondered if the cave was playing tricks on him. The song was unbefitting of the accursed hole they'd wondered into. It had to be a trap; a siren's song to lure wary sailors to their doom, as his grandfather would tell Kiran at night when he visited the old man.

And then came an orange glow from around the bed. Faint, flickering, casting jagged shadows on the walls.

"Are you sure we're in the right place?" said Kiran.

Gatril gestured to the ground briefly. "The webs here are a bit fresh. And now that I know the scent of spiders, it's like this one's right under my nose."

They closer they got the slower their steps became. But it seemed by the room they found, they had been right to be so cautious in their approach.

A flame burnt in a bronze urn close to the wall, and the essence of freshly sundered wood and mint seeped from it. Thick branches were stuck to the walls of the chamber, holding enough books that seemed to be the humble beginnings of a library. In the corners of the room were trinkets, jewelry that sparkled from the grace of the flames. And in the center, there she was.

It was something humanoid, female in shape, but the body parts composed of jointed limbs and a segmented torso. She had four long arms, each ending in four digits, and her pelvis was squishy looking and pink, contrasting the brown of her chitinous body. The thighs were thick and attached to the outermost of pelvis, from which a long tail hung, tipped with spinnerets. Her six eyes were occupied by a book before, her mandibles clicking thoughtfully as she processed the information, and she briefly brushed back a lock of her black hair with a hand.

But the legs weren't set in preparation for a lunging attack. The hands weren't about to wring their necks, and her fangs weren't dripping neurotoxin in the hindsight of puncturing their flesh. Even when she lifted her head from the book she was reading and spared them a glance, she looked away, only to do a double take as if surprised by who was there instead of the fact that they snuck up upon her.

"Who are you two?" she said, her voice high pitched but grainy.

"My name is Kiran Kehomba," the boy said. "I'm sorcerer seeking the queex of a j'bafofi. I came here seeking your assistance."

The six eyes turned to the bosdrake. "And who is this?" the spider said.

"I'm Gatril," she said. "I'm his friend."

The spider closed the book, and between her mandibles they could see her lips making a smile. "This is quite the surprise. I was just reading a tale about a human female, falling in love with a beast. To think I'd see something similar even here. The universe must like me."

Kiran said, "I don't mean to be rude, mam, but I want to ask you a few questions."

"You come into my domain, and want to question *me*?" the spider narrowed her eyes.

Kiran and Gatril's nerves went array, and their spines wanted out through their backs,

"Shit," said Gatril. "Quick, Kiran offer to eat her crotch!"

Kiran was a stuttering wreck: "I-I-I—"

"Enough!" said Gatril. She approached the spider, flinching when she saw the size of her mandibles. Seven inches. The size of Kiran's cock. "Now look here!" Gatril pointed, but her finger was too close to the spider's face and she dropped it. "We just—"

The spider grabbed Gatril by the throat. Gatril tried prying her hand open but the spider's strength was more than hers, a mighty dragon.

Kiran's spine suddenly straightened in his back. "Gatril!" He approached the spider. His staff raised with orb for the force-counter pulsing. "Put her down! Please!"

“My,” the spider said, her mandibles salivating. “I’ve never had a dragon before.”

“Bitch!” Gatril squeaked.

“I said drop her!” Kiran boomed.

The spider finally recognized Kiran’s killing intent and payed him heed. She sensed a supernatural force emanating from his staff, and narrowed two of her eyes at him. “You’re a sorcerer...”

“That’s right,” Kiran said, trying his best to contain his rage. “Now put her down before I tear this place down!”

The spider dropped Gatril, not out of fear, but intrigue with the human. Gatril gasped for air and retreated behind Kiran. “You freaky bug! The next time you do that you’ll regret it!”

The spider rose, tendons and chitinous body parts rubbing together like sandpaper. At three meters, she towered over them.

“Human, how many spells do you know?” said the spider.

“Four,” said Kiran. He and Gatril looked at each other with uncertainty.

“Why would a spider be interested in spells?” said Gatril.

“Isn’t it obvious by what your eyes see?” said the arachnid. “I’ve become enlightened. I no longer thrive on my instincts except to feed to maintain my health.”

“Is that why you haven’t laid any eggs?” said Gatril.

“Yes,” she replied. “I’ve recently stopped accepting offers from the males. They are lowly beasts. Not bright in the head. I’ve sharpened my mind, nourishing it with the knowledge of humans.” She showed them her hand, conjuring within it a ghostly white energy that danced like a swirling mist.

“That’s...spirit energy,” Kiran said.

The spider closed her hand and the energy vanished. “I’ve grown fond of this power that some humans possess, to point where I managed to discover it in myself. Kiran, if you can teach me about magic, I can give you the queex you want.”

“What?” Gatril turned to Kiran, expecting to see him speechless just like her, but the boy smiling much to her dismay.

“Wow!” said Kiran. “That sounds like a fair trade.”

Gatril grabbed Kiran by the shoulders and quickly walked him back to the mouth of the room. “What are you doing?” Gatril whispered.

“What’s wrong?” said Kiran.

Gatril pinched his lips. She looked over her shoulder at the spider’s six eyes visually ravaging her. Gatril flinched and turn to Kiran. “You can’t teach her magic. You’ve seen what she did to those bodies. Imagine if she starts walking around with a bunch of spells.”

Kiran’s train of thought came an abrupt stop, reversing to take another route that brought him upon a different outcome. “Oh, no,” he said.

“I can hear you, you know,” said the spider.

Kiran and Gatril spun around with innocent smiles. “Umm, you might have misheard,” said Kiran. “We were just talking about how pretty your vagina looks?”

The spider flexed her arms. “You don’t have much of a choice,” she said. “Either teach me about magic and get my queex, or I trap you here until you change your mind. One scream, and all the males will come running in at my side.”

“Then we’ll just have to make this quick,” said Kiran, raising his staff.

The spider flicked her tail and unleashed her webs in an arc. Gatril and Kiran dove out of the way of the silky strands.

Kiran used his force-counter spell, but the j’bafofi leapt into the ceiling. She uttered a high pitched clicking sound that froze Kiran and Gatril.

“Shit!” Gatril said. She opened fire at the spider but the J’bafofi was too fast; scurrying over the surface of the room, spewing more webs that threatened to fill the area. Gatril quickly spat an acidic mist around her that melted the webs, and the j’bafofi seized the opportunity, lunging with a kick that threw Gatril into the wall.

The spider hissed and lunged once more, only to have a column of rock punch her in the stomach. She winced and crumpled, quickly leaping into the ceiling.

Kiran lifted a large rock out of the floor again and launched it with his force-counter. “Got you!” he said.

But the j’bafofi caught the rock and attached it to a thread of silk from her tail. “Thank you,” she sneered.

Kiran felt something heavy drop in his gut when the spider threw the rock at him. Luckily Gatril already got up and dove with Kiran out of the way. The she-spider used the rock and silk like a flail, constantly trying to smashed the human and bosdrake, forcing them all over the room, tripping and kicking over books in their way.

“Kiran!” said Gatriil as she ducked beneath the flying rock. “Get me some higher ground!”

“Got it!” said Kiran, tapping the floor and ascended Gatriil atop a column. At this height Gatriil got a better shot, and managed to put a round in the spider’s shoulder.

The j’bafofi screamed and drop the rock, falling to the floor ground with brute force.

Gatriil laughed. “Stay down bitch!”

But unbeknownst to the dragon, a single strand of silk as thick as her pinky had flowed from the spider’s tail and attached to Gatriil’s foot. The dragon only found out when the spider yanked her tail and snagged Gatriil’s footing from beneath her.

Gatriil fell into the j’bafofi’s grasp. The spider held her arms and legs with all of hers. She brought Gatriil closer to her impending, salivating fangs. Kiran leaped at the spider with his staff, only to have her tail coil around him.

However, Kiran’s hand with the staff was free, and he looked to the ceiling with epiphany. I hope this works! Kiran thought, and he charged his staff with spirit energy and tossed it into the ceiling.

“I never ate a dragon before,” the spider said with insidious grin behind her fangs.

Gatriil bore her teeth in defiance. She tried hawking up some more acid but her stomach’s content had reached its limit. But that proved unnecessary, as Gatriil has the pleasure of seeing a huge rock land in the j’bafofi’s head with a solid *thunk* sound.

The she-spider’s eyes rolled into her head. Her grip loosened and the bosdrake and human quickly stepped away from the beasts as she fell on her knees.

Kiran took up his staff and said, “Quick, tie her up!”

Gatriil used her rifle as a club across the spider’s face, measuring the force so that it didn’t cause further damage, but dealt enough force to knockout her—which it did.

“Bitch!” said Gatriil.

Kiran and her quickly bounded the j’bafofi’s six arms and legs together, as well as her tail. They sat her up against the wall, where by the time she regained consciousness she was looking across at Kiran and Gatriil who’d seated themselves on some of her books.

“Well look who’s up?” said Gatriil, closing a book she had been reading.

The j’bafofi tried to lunge at Gatriil but instantly met with the force of her restraints. “Curses!” The she-spider struggled, but Kiran and Gatriil had used a good amount of webbing to tie her that would’ve restrained even a raging bull.

“Save your energy, missy,” said Gatril. “Because we’re going to work you.”

Kiran stood, and said, “Please listen to what we have to say—”

“As if I’d take orders from my food,” said the spider. “Just wait until I get free! I’ll liquefy your organs and drink them like soup!”

“We can free you right now if you cooperate,” said Gatril.

The j’bafofi for the first time took a keen interest in Gatril. “A drake taking the orders of a human. Did he cast a spell on you?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Kiran. “She can leave or kill me whenever she wants. She just knows the kind of person I am and trusts me.”

The j’bafofi looked at the bosdrake quizzically, then chuckled. “This is a very strange thing indeed. I hear your words human, but I still don’t trust you. What do you want with me?”

“I told you before,” said Kiran. “I just want your queex. Once I get that, I’ll leave you alone. So long as you promise not to eat anymore humans or beasts.”

“Ferrans,” she said.

“What?” Kiran said.

“We are ferrans,” said the j’bafofi. “We who are not human, but part human and part beast, are not simple-minded creatures. A monster is a mindless force of destruction, and beasts are just smart enough to be a human’s pet. Ferran are those on the same level of intelligence and social development as humans.”

Kiran turned to Gatril, confused and dumbfounded. Gatril herself seemed puzzled too, but she had a knowing air about her.

“Have you heard of this before?” said Kiran. Gatril turned her eyes away, but Kiran had already seen the thoughtful, knowing look in them. “What is it, Gatril?”

“You’re young, Kiran, so you wouldn’t know,” said Gatril. “Some beasts have started to form their own communities, even cities. Those in those places are starting a movement to organize the beasts into their own identity. Ferran comes from the word feral and human; meaning one as powerful as humans, yet untamed by humans.”

“R-Really?” said Kiran. The boy snatched up his bestiary and skipped through the pages. “I know they form clans but nothing as big as that!”

“That’s why I said not to trust books written by just humans,” said Gatril. “Humans have a tendency to permit only what’s beneficial to them to exist. You, spider, what is your name?”

“Shirksire,” she said.

Gatril said, “Are you from one of these ferran cities, Shirksire?”

“Yes,” Shirksire said. “A long time ago I was exiled because of my belief that humans will never see me as equal. When I found this cave the town soon learned I was hear and tried to kill me. I defended myself—”

Kiran slapped the book shut, startling both women. Kiran put it down and looked at Shirksire testily. “That doesn’t give you the right to kill the entire town.”

“Don’t lecture me on morals, human!” Shirksire barked. “How many ferrans have you killed and skinned, beheaded and boiled down to the bone just to keep as your trophies? I only killed those who entered my cave to kill me. Their weapons are over there in the corner. The males caught wind of me here and did the rest. Besides...I doubt the entire town died. Probably some humans escaped. If the two of you can get past those idiot males, then there’s a good chance they did.”

Gatril turned to Kiran to see what his response would be. She didn’t want to tell him she mostly agreed with Shirksire; that she didn’t see anything wrong with killing and eating humans who came after them. But her interactions with Kiran and previous humans couldn’t fully make her accept the mindless killing of humans without reason.

However, her answer from Kiran was an unexpected one. He got up, took out his knife and began cutting the webs at Shirksire’s feet.

“What are you doing?” said Gatril, getting up with the gun in her hands.

“Showing her forgiveness,” said Kiran as he finished removing the webs from around Shirksire’s feet. “She doesn’t trust humans. But I’ll show her trust—Shirksire.”

The j’bafofi sat patiently while Kiran cut away her restraints. But she still didn’t move, courtesy of the gun aimed at her. When Kiran was finished, he went to Gatril and gestured for her to lower the gun.

“Are you sure about this Kiran?” Gatril said.

“...I haven’t been wrong yet,” said Kiran. He turned to Shirksire. “If you don’t trust me, you should at least trust another ferran...”

Shirksire waited on Gatril, and finally the bosdrake pointed the gun away from the j’bafofi. Shirksire slowly stood, flexing the stiffness out of her limbs. She looked down at the pair and said, “You are foolish for thinking you can make friends out of all your enemies, boy.”

“Are you *my* enemy?” said Kiran.

Shirksire sighed. “Fine... You win, human.”

Kiran smiled. “In that case...” He quickly pulled down his trouser and underwear and began stroking his penis. “Let’s get started...”

Shirksire flinched and backed away. “S-So soon?”

“What?” said Gatril. “You’ve never seen a penis before?”

Shirksire saw the quickly increasing size of Kiran’s cock and grew uneasy. “The males...they do not have one so...*thick*...”

Kiran chuckled. “Don’t worry, it won’t do you anything much.” Now Kiran was fully erect and bobbing with the pulsing blood flow.

Still uneasy, Shirksire said, “How would we begin...?”

“On your knees and suck it,” said Gatril.

“Y-You mean...in my mouth?” said Shirksire.

“Of course.” Gatril approached Shirksire and yanked on one of her arms. “The sooner you do it, the quicker you’ll get use to it. Now come on. This is great trust building.”

Shirksire reluctantly stooped, now eye-level with Kiran. She took his warm member and gently stroked it. “I swear, human. If you ever double-cross me I’ll eat you alive.”

“You’re about to do it anyways,” said Kiran.

Shirksire understood the joke too clearly and bit her lip in embarrassment. “Damn human...”

Shirksire’s mandibles pulled apart and she brought her mouth towards Kiran’s penis. She stuck her tongue out and brushed it against the tip. She licked it and made a funny face that Kiran smiled at. Then Gatril suddenly shoved her by the back of the head and all of Kiran entered her.

Shirksire chocked and grabbed Kiran.

“Come no now!” said Gatril, repeatedly shoving her head onto the young man’s rod. “Flick your tongue around it and swallow.”

Shirksire did as she was told. Kiran winced and moaned as Shirksire’s tongue startled to get the better of him. Gatril let go of Shirksire’s head, and the she-spider started steadily sucking Kiran, closing her eyes as she got into her rhythm and stuck with it.

Gatril decided to play her part, and got behind the j'bafofi and reached over her thigh for Shirksire'd already slick vagina. As Gatril rubbed her swollen clitoris she began to moan with Kiran, her other hands gripping her thigh as Kiran tightened his hand on her hair.

Once Gatril felt her fingers becoming sufficiently moist she brought around the bowl beneath Shirksire. She started dripping inside it. Gatril removed her hand and tasted it. "Hmmm..."

"Bring it here..." said Kiran, his face contorting with pleasure.

Gatril got up and put her hand to Kiran's mouth. He sucked her fingers and met a tangy taste of something like a sour fruit and raw meat. Kiran leaned into Gatril with a kiss, and slid his finger inside her crotch—abruptly gripped Shirksire's head, stiffened and tipped on his toes. "Ooooooh!"

Kiran exploded inside Shirksire's mouth. The j'bafofi pulled away and gagged. She cupped her hand under her chin and opened her mouth to let his semen slide off her tongue and into her palm.

Kiran sighed loudly and staggered back into Gatril's embrace. "Oh man..."

Shirksire flicked her hand and flung the semen on the floor. She turned to Kiran, wiping her mouth. "You could've told me you were going to do that."

"Sorry," said Kiran. "I got lost in the moment You were really good for your first time..."

"I'm a quick learner," said Shirksire. She took up the wait bowl from beneath her and looked in it. "But I haven't reached my orgasm yet."

"Oh, don't worry," said Kiran, holding his still sturdy penis. "I still have a round left inside me."

Surprised, Shirksire stood up. "Again? Already?"

Gatril said, "That's how we do it. Now get on your hands and knees. I want to try a position I always thought about."

"Please," Shirksire said, "nothing drastic." She leaned over, and Gatril carefully climbed onto her back. "W-What—"

"I see," said Kiran. He positioned himself behind Shirksire, his hip in line with her bottom, his face with Gatril's. Kiran caressed Gatril's vagina with his tongue while slowly thrusting his penis inside Shirksire.

Shirksire's body tense and she moaned, feeling every inch of Kiran's member press against her walls. Gatril bit her lips and gyrated her bottom in Kiran's face while he slowly thrust in and out of Shirksire.

Kiran started slow as usual, making sure to savor the taste of Gatril and the feeling inside Shirksire. Both women's moans filled the cave, and got increasingly louder as Kiran picked up the pace. Kiran's tongue moved friskily now, making Gatril wiggle and tense spasmodically. His thrusting hips slapped his testicles against Shirksire and she became more tender, arching her back.

Kiran squeezed Gatril's bottom for support as his mouth dug into her, until she yelled and sprayed her fluids into his mouth. Kiran hung onto her and lapped up everything, while Shirksire succumbed to the relentless pounding inside her and reached her own climax. A very loud, wet and warm one.

Kiran finished up with another load of semen that stung the Shirksire's cervix.

"Ouch!" was her response.

Finally drained, Kiran fell on his back. Shirksire collapsed and Gatril rolled off her. All three individuals were on the floor, and one by one they all fell asleep.

When they woke up Kiran quickly made the spell, with Shirksire seated before him and looking intently.

"So you can only use queex?" said Shirksire.

"No," Kiran said as he mixed the contents in the bowl. "But in my case it makes for a unique spell, plus I also want the battle experience."

"...I see," Shirksire said. "Are you sure you are not a sexplorer?"

Kiran laughed. "Don't get me wrong, I love sex, but not as much as I love magic." Kiran finished making a white orb with grey ripples. He tossed between his hands, waiting for it to dry. "However, I still feel a little urge to have intercourse with bea...ferrans. They have such different flavors."

"Are you his girlfriend, bosdrake?" Shirksire said.

"Friend with benefits," Gatril replied. "You can join the group too, if you want."

Shirksire pontificated on the offer, tapping her index finger from three of her hands. "I would love to have someone teach me magic, but I..."

Kiran was putting the orb into the fifth and final socket when he looked up at Shirksire's troubled expression. "What is it?"

Shirksire said, "I feel much safe in this cave than outside."

"Trust me," said Gatril, "someone like you wouldn't have much to fear. You just need to mark out your own territory. You can even stay with me if you want to."

"Really...?" Shirksire said, half rising from her seat.

"Of course," said Gatril. "I'm close to where Kiran lives. He can always visit us."

Then Shirksire's elation dwindled when she realized something. "...But my books... There are a lot of them."

"If you've ready read them, then you don't need them anymore," said Kiran. "If you were trying to learn magic, they obviously weren't helpful."

Shirksire smiled. "Your offer does sound tempting. I must considerate, though."

"No problem," said Kiran, getting up. "Now let's see if this works..."

Kiran channeled his spirit energy into the staff and pointed to the gun next to Gatril. A thick strand of silk spewed from the orb and attached to the weapon, and Karin yanked it towards him and caught it.

"A web..." Shirksire remarked.

"Just in case I can't reach something from where I am," said Kiran. "So, shall we all leave? This cave is getting a bit cramped now."

Shirksire got up. "Right this way..."

Shirksire lead them to out of the cave into the ruins of the town, where the male spiders awaiting them, peering from atop the buildings and inside through the windows. However, any thoughts of making an attack on the human and bosdrake were stalled by the presence of their female.

"What will you do about them?" said Gatril as she walked by the arachnids.

"I'll still keep them around as a deterrent from travelers," Shirksire said, watching Kiran hurry towards his quacycle and check for any damages.

The sun was setting in the distance, and long shadows were strewn from the trees across the ground. The air was cool, and Kiran felt relaxed now that his entire mission was complete. When they were out on the highway, Kiran and Gatril faced Shirksire, about to say their final goodbyes.

“When will you be back?” said Shirksire.

“Within a month’s time, after the tournament is finished,” said Kiran. “If I get my sorcerer’s license, I can keep beasts...or ferrans as my pets. In this case, you would be my partner. It means you could walk amongst human’s freely without any persecution. Then we can study new magic together.”

Shirksire smiled. “I like the sound of that.” She knelt over Kiran, held his cheeks and kissed him on his forehead. “I’ll be seeing you, Kiran...”

“You too, Shirksire,” said the young man.

“We should get going,” said Gatril. “bultungins usually get active at night. And we already pissed off a gang of them.”

Kiran and Gatril got on the quacycle and rode off, while Shirksire walked back to the town.

“Well,” said Gatril, “you’ve acquired all your spells, young sorcerer. I guess you only need to prepare for your grand debut at the tournament.”

Kiran said, “Yeah, but that’s only the first part. After that I’ll need to raise money doing a lot of missions. I still remember my promise to carry you to Puzzland. And I want to discover different magical artifacts on the uncharted continents.”

Gatril’s arms slinked around Kiran affectionately. “Do you think we can say we are boyfriend and girlfriend now?”

“That’s if you mind sharing,” said Kiran. “The uncharted worlds are really dangerous, so I’ll need as much support as I can get. I think I really will teach Shirksire how to use magic. Heck, maybe all the other girls can join me.”

“So long as you eat my crotch the most, I don’t mind,” said Gatril.

Kiran looked over his shoulder at Gatril, and said, “Don’t worry, you’ll always be my main girl.”

Gatril’s mouth was slightly ajar, and she closed it. She smiled at Kiran and kissed his cheek.

Kiran turned his attention back to the road, grinning. *Have I got a story for you, grandpa.*

THE END

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