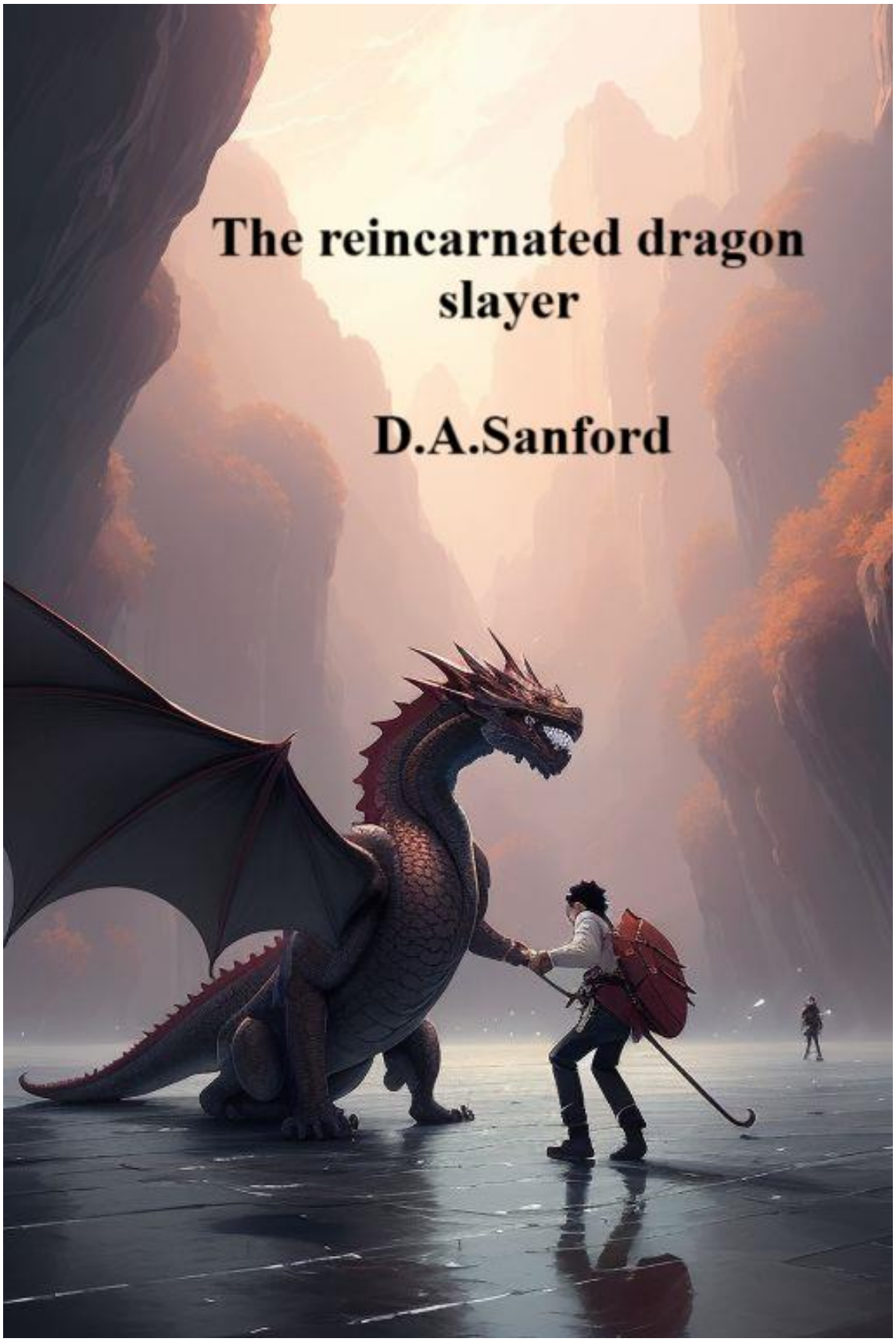
The reincarnated dragon slayer
D.A.Sanford

The reincarnated dragon slayer
by D.A.Sanford

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Warning: Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

Battles, Language, Sexual

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Character sheet

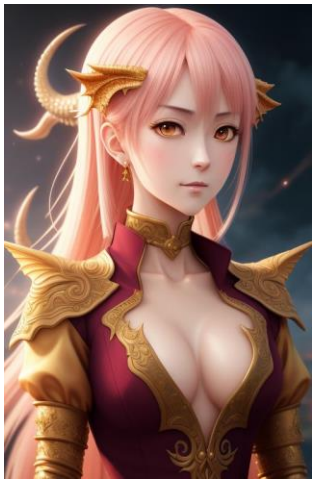
Kron the second

Lila

Zarco

Azael

Draco



Zoe

Sorra

Healer

Protector

The dragon slayer's error

"All hail the great dragon slayer Duke Clive Montague."

That is the cheer that the crowds yell as he returns to his domain. He now has added another great dragon to his list of kills. With all those kills he has risen from just an adventurer to be famous.

This is how it should be. He deserves it. He knows that he was born for the fame. The peasants would not be living if it was not for his, and his only, heroic actions in defending them from those monsters.

Only he would know that they are not that fierce. At least compared to him. He would completely eliminate all of them himself. Then, those toadies that think they control the kingdom will finally bow and make him the grand emperor of the entire world.

Clive knew that there were those out there that envied him. Once he was emperor, he would rout out each and everyone. They would be disposed of in various manners.

If you haven't guessed by now, Duke Clive Montague, is an egotistical bastard. In this world, the only hunted dragons were those who had gone rogue. The duke had eliminated three of them as his first kills and had convinced the population that none of them could be trusted. All would end up going rogue so they should be eliminated.

The decree went out that he was right and that he was given the sole and absolute authority to hunt them. Hunt them he did and the dragon population has dropped to a level that, as a species, they were all but extinct.

Dragons, with their long life, did not reproduce as often. Their numbers have now dropped to a point that they would never come back. That did not stop the duke.

He was warned, by those he thought envied him, that he was single handedly destroying a peaceful race that had the wisdom of the ages. He was upsetting the balance of the world. The duke was now so powerful that those who told him that were also going extinct.

Every time he returned to his castle, he had a scribe waiting. He dictated the heroic tales to the scribe. He needed to make sure that his history was permanently made part of his world's lore. It needed to be, he was only a step or two from that dream of becoming emperor.

The duke received word that the last dragons have been located. They appear to have gathered and are just waiting.

In his mind he knows that they have resigned themselves to their fate and were waiting for him to put them out of their misery. There were the last ten and he had their location. He decided it was time.

He rode to their location. The duke wanted it to be known that he and he alone destroyed the last ten. He ordered all the men that came with him to stand down and watch. If he needed them, he would signal but don't expect it. Only he was able to do it.

"All of you could not take down even one if I was not with you."

He charged in at the first. The dragons did not follow his script. He was going to fight one on one. Ego led him to believe that they would attack one at a time. Wrong. They descended on him.

Being in trouble, he signaled the others.

The others looked at him. One of the others sarcastically asks the second,

"Does that look like the signal he said he would give?"

"Nope" is all the second said as he turned the group and rode away. They had just seen the duke slide down the throat of one of the dragons.

The god of fate

The duke finds himself in a white void. It's without any reference to judge any dimensions or size. All he knows is that someone was going to regret interfering with his latest and greatest conquest.

He hears someone or something laugh as he sees a figure appear.

"Latest and greatest conquest? Think hard. Isn't there a memory of sliding down the throat and ending in that dragon's stomach? You're dead and I am the god of fate."

I am totally pissed and demand that she put me back. "My troupes are coming into the battle. I will win."

The she laughs again. "You have such a distorted view of your old life. Those troupes watched as that dragon swallowed you whole. You did not have anyone loyal with that ego. They were there for the money. You told them that you could handle it alone."

Now it gets serious as she tells me "You have no idea of what you have done. You have doomed your world to being totally destroyed. Those dragons held the other species in check. Without them it was a total world war. All the races were reduced to unsustainable levels and your planet's sentient life died. Only the animals and plants have survived, just barely."

"They weren't important. They had no role with the exception of bolstering my public stature."

"Enough of that attitude!"

I am frozen in place.

The god of fate calls out for the Watcher to come. She asks her to take me to that planet she uses for her problem children.

"I'll send him alone. I need to talk to you about something."

She sends me to a burned planet that it devoid of any life. I was there for years, alone, hungry, thirsty. There was nothing to sate my hunger and thirst but I did not die. I only suffered. After that long time, I was back in the room and there was only the god of fate.

"I hope you enjoyed, what did she call it, oh yes, did you enjoy your vacation? She told me that she now was going to use your now vacant world as a refuge for rescued goblin slaves. You are being assigned an important task that will right your past mistakes. On another world, there is a being that is in need of your aspirations. Someone that is destined to rule. The one you will take over for has just been injured badly. That spirit has expired. If you don't jump in, that future of being a king will be lost. You have a choice. Do you want to be a king or just fade out?"

To be a king, that is almost as good. I am destined to rule. It does not matter if it is my world or someone else's. I make like I am pondering. I can rebuild my fame. I will reclaim those accolades. After all, this is the god of fate and this is my fate, to rule. I'm better than all the rest. Why is she laughing so hard.

She says, "I haven't had this much fun in ages. You are an idiot. Don't you know by now. To the gods, you have no private thoughts. I have decided, you really need this new life."

With that I am in the dark. I can feel my heart beat, my breathing. I panic, I can't be back in that dragon's stomach. He hears a soft but worried voice saying a strange word over and over again.

"Zarco, Zarco please wake for me. My son please come back to us. Kron come quick his eyelids look like he is waking."

It is very hard but I try and slowly my eyes start to open. There is a woman with hope in her eyes and a man behind her. They are a good looking couple. They must be my parents in this world.

"Son, can you see your mother and me?"

My eyes are clearing up and I see something that I never expected. Those two had wings. Smaller but they looked like dragon wings. What the hell is going on. I don't even have a sword.

"Who the hell and what the hell are you two?" I say to them.

The woman started to cry but the man reminded her that the healer told them that he was beaten so bad that there may be some memory loss. The man then looks at me.

"We are your parents. You are our son Zarco. You got yourself into trouble and were beaten so bad that the healer said at one point that she thought you died but moments later you started to breathe again."

"Why the hell do you both have wings? Why are you calling me Zarco, I'm Duke Clive Montaque famous dragon slayer."

The female leaves the room crying.

"If you were not beaten so bad, I would be remiss if I did not beat you to a pulp. That is the worst thing you could have said. Dragon slayer. That attitude of yours, along with that perverse imagination is what got you beaten. If you weren't our only son and this world's only heir I would throw you out." And he leaves.

I try to move but it hurts really bad. Another woman enters the room. She is human. Finally, someone that will recognize me. She looks me over and then starts to talk to me.

“Your parents were warned that your mind could be affected. I’m going to try to get you back by telling you what happened.” She places her hand on my head and I hear her in my mind.

“Did you like your vacation?”

Oh shit, I think and know that this is the one that was with the god of fate.

“I knew that this was going to happen so I decided to visit. The man is your father Kron the second, king of the dragons. He is a full blooded dragon and can change into a half humanoid. The female is your mother Lila, she also is a full blood. You are their son Zarco. You are a full blood also and the heir apparent. You were beaten badly due to your ego, your position and most of all you started it. You now have his past memories. You will treat them with respect. I will not let you destroy the future of this planet like you did with your own world. I’m now going to heal you completely. I do this so you can get your wise ass whooped by your father while he teaches you respect. You will find out. Now you will only call yourself by Zarco. You will remember every aspect of your old life but you will have to learn how to live on the other side.”

With that, she shouts “High heal” loud enough for the couple to come in. My pain is gone and I feel good.

My parents are now here. She tells them that she did not want to use it if he was not going to make it. “That would have given you false hope. Now that he is awake, I healed his body. I was able to get him to remember.”

She then addresses me, “Zarco, just remember, this is the only time I will cast that on you. The next time, and there will be a next time, if you don’t straighten out that attitude.”

She looks at Kron, “Don’t beat him too hard. I know dragons are a tough lot but only enough to beat some sense in him. You may want to start teaching him some of that dragon warrior skills that you are famous for. That would be a constructive correction.”

“Lila, he should eat something. You know how raw bloody meat helps your kind to recuperate. Make sure he eats some at every meal. Kron you may need to help with that.” She laughs as she sees that Kron gets her point.

She gets up, pats me on the head and walks out with my parents.

Later, I am treated to a plate of bloody meat. My father is the one that is feeding me. He seems to be enjoying the fact that, since he made the point to bring in the butcher knife, just in case he had to cut, the pieces, I hated each bite, even though, evidently my dragon self liked the taste.

Adjusting to his fate

I don't like this. I killed dragons but now I am one. WTF! I'm still repulsed by them but I cannot let them know how I feel. That is how I got beaten up. Now I am being threatened by none other than the son of the founder, my father, Kron the second, king of the dragons.

Since I am physically recovered, my father is starting to teach me their style of fighting. The dragons I have fought were nothing like this. They were animals. I am being shown tactics in their full form but in the humanoid form, he is showing me weapons and hand to hand fighting.

He is very pleased when I, to him, show a talent for the sword and archery. What he did not know was my hidden history. There is only one problem. He is not going easy. When I complained, he told me that, in battle, my opponent would not go easy. They would go for the kill. I felt that thought. For some reason it hurt. I knew that he was right.

Day after day, the first thing I did was combat. The last thing of the day is combat. I am finding that slowly that it is becoming natural. Slowly there is a feeling creeping into my mind that I feel comfortable in this body. I have acquired the taste for that bloody raw meat.

I find I have an uneasy feeling. Am I slipping into this life? Am I fading and the dragon is winning? At least the feeling is not the sensation of sliding down a throat. I must say that there are certain advantages that come with this life. Oh shit, I am!

Training, then lessons. The dragon matriarch has come to educate him. She, for some reason, is just as hard on him as his father is. He can't help himself, his thoughts. For over three hundred years old, she is very attractive but she's a dragon.

I try to keep my human side but find that I am losing the battle, especially when I fly. That sensation of being in the air. The freedom, the elation of escaping the ground, escaping gravity, it cannot be described in words. It must be felt to be understood.

The training is progressing. My father is starting to, when he thinks I don't see him, smile. Then the day happened. I was able to penetrate his defenses. Just once, but it felt good.

"That was excellent. You are the first to be able to touch me with the sword. Zarco, my son, you may just make it. Now maybe I need to step up our sessions. I have been going easy on you."

"Easy on me, father, on this end, it did not feel like it. I usually get my ass handed to me in a basket. I only got lucky. You are just too good. I got lucky."

"Luck had nothing to do with it. You fight like you have been doing it all your life and then some. You are a natural. The only thing you need is to remember that we fight to protect our family. We fight to keep the peace. I have never gone into a fight for the fun

of it. That is perverse. That will get you killed. I can see some of that emerging in you. You need to get that under control or you will find yourself dead. That would kill your mother and I will not allow that."

With those words, he came at me. That man is fierce.

In this world there are many races. We once ruled the whole world but my grandfather let the other races have their own rule and we stepped back. Once we did that, the human species started to become self inflated. They saw all others as inferior.

My thinking, I have finally seen exactly what I used to be. Self inflated. Only the top of the food chain was where I wanted to be. I killed for the fun of it. I killed for my own benefit not others. The images of all those I killed flash in my mind. Those images have to become my reminder of what evil truly is.

That man needed to be eaten. Yes, in that world I saw them as animals but isn't that what these humans see? The dragons of my old world did not change into humanoid form or did they. Maybe they refused to let the lowly humans see that.

I have flown to an area that I find that I could be alone with all my thoughts. It's a large area. With some work, I have told myself that I want to make my palace here. Here is where I can start righting all those wrongs I have committed.

Today is the day that I let Duke Clive Montague die. I choose to keep his skills. I choose to remember all his deeds, as a reminder to try my best as penitence towards those I wronged.

This area is large enough to have a dragon community. I fly around and find that the area is devoid of human life. They will eventually come so I need to start making my claim to this land. This will be my kingdom when the throne is passed to me.

Clearing the soil until I hit the solid bedrock, I start to lay down the stones that will be my palace.

Later that day, I get back and find the matriarch waiting. She has instructed everyone that she needed to be alone with me. She looks at me and silently indicated that I am to follow her to the meeting hall. It is empty and all the doors are closed. I feel that there is another here besides the two of us.

"You may never tell anyone of this." The matriarch tells me. "Today you have turned that corner. Today you laid more than the foundation of your castle, you have put a gravestone on the duke."

"How did you know?" I'm confused but a figure appears beside the matriarch. I instantly know who it is and I take to the knee. This time I am not arrogant as I was before.

“Stand up.” The watcher says. “Zarco, this is the day that you have now started to become the leader that you need to be. I will only tell you that those stones you put in place have started a dynasty that will eclipse any of those petty expectations that the duke had. There is one goal for you. Learn everything that you can. Be virtuous and have a respect for everyone. I am going to tell you that the history of this world will record you as one of the founders of the future peace. Your seed will produce someone so special that he will, with a brother and sister, forever put this world as a place of peace. A world that everyone is family.”

The matriarch now says, “You are the only one that knows that I know of this ethereal. She has shown that past that you had. That the soul of Zarco had departed and yours replaced his. She also has shown me the two worlds of the future. That is why I was so hard on you. Mark my words. I will not let up on you. As you yourself have come to the conclusion that you need to make up for your past life, I am to help you. To that end, you will include a sanctuary for matriarchs in that palace. I and my successors will use that as our base.”

I again take to the knee before the two. “Thank you for this opportunity to see exactly what a fool, a deadly fool, I was and what I can and will become. I only ask that, if I stray from this path, you take something and hit me in the head to get my attention. I now have a thick skull so it may take a tree trunk or two to get my attention.”

We all laugh.

Then the matriarch just gives me a stern look, crosses her arms and taps her foot. The Watcher tells the matriarch,

“That is better than anything you could hit him with. Look at his face.”

She is right. I’m thinking that a tree trunk would be less threatening.

The Watcher leaves and the two of us come out. There waiting, is both my father and mother along with most of the staff.

The Matriarch announces, “I have confirmed that this young one, Zarco, son of Kron the second and Kron the founder, is the true and only heir to the throne. He has, today, broken ground and lain the foundation of his kingdom. Kron, it is your obligation to train him well. Teach him those skills in the combat arts but now more important is the need to impart your wisdom to him. He needs to be taught the leadership, the heart of the dragon. Make him a fighter but also a friend. Strong but compassionate. He and his children will be facing tough times. Lila, you also have a task that is far more important. It will be you and I that seek out the mate he will rule with. That choice will determine the future of this world. That choice will determine the difference between a burned up world, devoid of any life or one of a paradise.”

She finishes with, “Today, I declare that Zarco is now and forever a full dragon.”

My palace

After the edict from the matriarch, my father is having me shadow him as he goes through his duties. This is, of course, after my daily morning beatings. He is now going at full strength. I'm sore every day but I am grateful. I need this.

All the things that a leader needs to do is my greatest surprise. Who ever invented paperwork needs to be eaten. Over all, that is only a small part. The general welfare is his main obligation. For the really first time, I see the incredible weight he is carrying.

Minor to major disputes, items of general concern and such. The biggest thing that he has on his plate is the slave traffic. The dragon community has not had anyone taken but the other species have not fared well. It is mainly the humans that buy those unfortunate ones but it is usually the orc race that does the abductions.

"Son, the only thing we can do is to make sure that in our territories, the slavers are subject to gravity. We take them up to the cloud level, then drop them. They make a wonderful sound when they hit. We try to make sure that the slaves are freed."

"Father, how do you deal with those that have nowhere to go?"

"I allow them to settle in my land. That is how some of the villages have started. Know this, if you allow them to settle, they are to understand that they come under our justice system. Minor offences are settled by them but ones that concern the peace, you must rule on."

There were a lot of hard lessons like this. Sometimes the battle lessons are easier on the mind. Hard truths injure the soul.

He has done one thing. I am given ample time to go to my land.

"Build for the ages. Built it strong. Your palace is destined for greatness. Make it befit your destiny. I know that this castle is old. My father built it as a fortress. There are many modifications that are needed but this is the founder's castle. I will this to the people as a memorial to the past. Your palace needs to look towards the future."

I now take months away to build. Others have offered to help but I thank them and tell them that I need to lay every stone. Every stone is important but every stone is just that, stone. It is only when they are put in their proper place that they no longer are stone, they are a fortress. I feel that I need to make sure that they are where they need to be.

Little by little the whole area is being filled with buildings. My palace is taking the most time. I have invited my parents to see but my father is the one that says that they will come when it is finished.

"We will need to see it then so we can know where to place caretakers while you go on your flight."

All this building does not signal that I am an adult. That is the traditional yearlong solo flight. That flight is so I can find myself. For now, I build.

While there, building, I hear the cries of people crossing my land. I fly to see a dozen chained people. There are humans and orcs herding them. Slavers. I have not been noticed. I quickly fly to my parents.

“I need help” I tell my father. “I have spotted slavers on my land and I could have handled them myself but that would put the captured people in danger. There are six slavers. May I have a few of your guards help me?”

With out a word, he goes off and returns with a dozen guards.

“These are yours. I will be going but only as a guard. Your land, your rule. It is now time for you to step up into the role of heir. Prove to me that you are worthy of that title.”

We fly.

It was easy to find the slavers. Forcing people to walk is slow. I had explained, before we left that I wanted the slavers picked up and brought to my palace. Unfinished as it is, the dungeon was the first part that was built. I wanted the captured people brought to the palace grounds. I have completed several buildings. They can rest up there.

We swoop in. I grab the leader while my father and four others grab the other slavers. A short flight with our six criminals. They were screaming all the way.

They were locked up and we waited the short time for the people to come. In the meantime, my father commented that he did like what I have done.

“Very sturdy construction. The stones themselves seem to be proud. I can see why you call it your palace. It is very strong but has the feel of a grand estate rather than a military fortress. Your mother will want me to make changes to our home.”

It was a good friendly talk. I felt that this was the first real conversation that I have had that was man to man, rather than the usual father to son. That moment was not the last but the slaves are showing up.

Let loose, they were scared. I am not a great cook, so I talk to them.

“I am Zarco and this is my father, Kron. This is my land and I will not tolerate anyone that is in the slave trade. For now, rest up, you are under my protection. We will talk after the trial of those six. I have supplies here but I can burn water. Can anyone of you cook?”

Some of the women tell me that they will cook.

“I don’t know how long it has been since you last had a good meal so, please feel free to cook a lot for yourselves, none for those six. After that, I will bring those up and I will ask for your account. After we hear from all of you, my father is the king, so he will rule.”

At that point, my father steps up to me. In an almost subservient tone, he addresses both me and those people.

“This is your land, it is your rule. This will be your first step on your long road. Listen and judge wisely.” Turning to the people, “This is my son and the heir to the kingdom. He is owner of this land. He is building this palace and estate with his own hands. This is his rule. I will be just an observer.”

With that, the food was prepared and each could take as much as they wanted. I sat and ate the bowl I was presented. It was then I realized that it felt like this is the time for me to start that quest that the penitence is requiring of me.

Finished with the meals, the six were brought forward. They were bound in the ropes they bound their prisoners in. One by one, the people recounted what happened. There was murders of husbands, sons and drivers. Humiliation, beating and rape of some. They all said just about the same. By the end of their testimony, I already knew what I was going to do.

Now my father stood before me. “As lord of this land, it is your responsibility to pass judgement on these six. What say you?”

“They are all guilty of the most heinous crimes anyone could commit. My sentence is death.”

“So be it. As judge, it is your responsibility to carry out the first execution.”

I knew that this was the rule. It was to make sure that your judgement was respected as final. I change into full dragon and take the leader up to the clouds. I see my father joining me with one of the others. All the slavers are now here. They all are begging and crying. My fellow dragons are looking at me. I let go and I hear the scream. The others waited for me to give the signal, which I do.

Once back on the ground, my father addresses all.

“I ask you all, is there anyone here that thinks that the sentence was unjust?”

There was almost all saying it was just. One of the women said.

“It was unjust. They only had the terror of their brief time falling. It was over too quick but the just portion is that they will no longer be a threat.”

Now for my final ruling. “All of you have suffered. If you would like to go back to your homes, we will make sure that you get back safely. For those who do not have a place to go, I offer employment here in my palace. That offer comes with the knowledge that you would be under our laws and our protection.”

All said the same thing. They had had their men killed by those slavers. They would like to stay here. I accepted them and my father granted them the dragon protection.

He explained that I needed to go on the years flight after I finished the building. There will be a dragon presence here at all times. When I return, I will gather my subordinates. He then said that no one here is going to be bonded to this place. If at some time in the future they wanted to leave, they could. All accepted that.

Then my father and some of the dragons left. There were five that expressed that they would like to be my firsts. He granted them their leave. Then told them to, one by one, come back and gather their possessions.

It took almost another five years to complete my palace and grounds. My mother wants to move in. She says that they will look over the palace when I am gone but father over rules her.

“You may visit from time to time but this is his home.”

From the great hall to the throne room, to the living spaces, this is a palace in every sense. I know my flight is next. I’ll miss it but what is a year out of a dragon’s life. My parents are middle aged if you compared them to other specie’s life spans.

Other species life spans. I will find out just how important that time is.

Heros have no ego

Now that my palace has been finished, it is time for my year of flight. This is the time that I am required, as a dragon, to explore this world. I am to meet up with other dragon communities but I must travel alone. This is so a dragon feels what it is to be truly by one's self.

I am being trained to rule. To rule is to be alone, even in a crowd or a family. It is also the time to miss family. A time to appreciate the family interactions. A time to be lonely. It's the time to find the real you.

During my travels, I do need to spend time with the other dragon communities. Each community, I am just Zarco. Not the heir to the throne. All the communities know who I am but they know that I'm not to be given any preferential treatment. I don't want any.

The first few months were basically sightseeing. Then my first challenge.

As I am flying over an area, I hear a weak sobbing. On closer look I can see a small child lying on the ground. She looks like she is lost and hungry. I land close to her but change into my humanoid form.

I now see that she is very frail. She looks like she has been lost for a while. I approach her and find that she is of the canid race.

"Are you lost?" I ask.

All she can do is groan. I break out some of my food and start a good fire. Wrapping her in my blanket, I sit her by the fire to warm up and give her a bowl of soup. She attacks it like a wild animal. I make her another bowl.

"Please eat slower. I'll let you have more in a little while. Now, I'm Zarco. May I ask your name?"

"Mira" she says between mouths full.

"Mira, nice name. How long have you been lost?"

She hangs her head as she says, "I'm not lost. My father threw me out. There were too many mouths so, he got rid of me."

I cringe, how can someone dispose of a living being, let alone one of your children? This is the first thing that I need to correct.

"I am a dragon. I will carry you to the next of our communities. There I will ask them for help to find you a good home. Do you want to come fly with me?"

"You won't drop me?" She has a worried tone to the question.

"Never, on my honor."

She is now sleepy, but it is of a good kind, so we camp here for the night. I again feel anger rising up. She is so helpless. When I have a child, that child will feel the effects this child is having on me.

In the morning, I make a seat cage that I can carry in my full dragon form. The thing that surprises me is that Mira is delighted to see me in my full dragon form. She is getting the biggest thrill sitting in her special seat and watching the world pass below her.

All she could talk about when we stopped for the night is the wonderful things she saw on our flight. It is good to see her excited. We eat and talk. Then she says something I did not expect.

“Can I stay with you and be your daughter? I have had more fun in this one day than I have ever had.”

“I’m on a one year travel. The goal is to travel alone but if you are willing, I would love to have you with me. We will need to ask the next dragon village’s chief for a ruling on it. If he says no, then I will return with you to my home and have you stay there in my parent’s care. Will you be okay with that?”

“I want to go with you but staying with your parents will be fine. I’ll miss you, daddy.”

I’m hooked. The love for this child I have is overwhelming. I hug her and say to her that she is now my daughter and my family.

By the end of the second day of flying, we reach the next community. Much to my amazement, the matriarch is there. She comes over as I land an greets us.

“Leave you alone and you pick up a pretty young lady.”

“This is Mira, my new daughter. We are now family. She would like to travel with me for these last eight months. Mira, this is the matriarch of the dragons. She is the spiritual ruler of all dragons.”

The matriarch kneels down and asks Mira,

“Is it true that you want to be Zarco’s daughter?”

“Yes, matriarch.” She answers strongly.

The matriarch stands and announces to the gathered crowd that she officially recognizes Mira as my daughter and is now a member of the dragon community.

“We now need to go to the chief.”

In a very formal setting, my now daughter and I sit before the judgement table. The chief is in the middle seat. The matriarch is on the right and the chief’s second is on the left. The chief is the first to speak.

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