

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.

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