

## At Least He's Pretty

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You look behind you; the knight's still following along. Good.

He's such an idiotic nincompoop. Even now he's using that lame excuse for a shield to look at his reflection and make sure his hair sits just right. Heaven forbid he actually get a scratch on that pretty face of his, which if he doesn't look where he's going, is about to happen—especially since the moron refuses to wear a helmet.

You quickly work a little magic, and he narrowly misses braining himself with a stalactite.

Why are you helping him? He certainly doesn't *deserve* it. It doesn't matter; your reasons are your own, and this story isn't about you anyway.

And here you are: the close space opens up into a vast cavern. The light from outside reflects faintly off a pile of gold and jewels, and atop it is the biggest dragon you've ever seen.

Of course, it doesn't help that you're about the size of a flea, but still! Even by human standards, this dragon is *huge*! Each of his *fingers* is as big as a man. His forearms are as big as chariots, and his chest might as well be a building. He sleeps soundly, the rush of his breath tousling your poor knight's hair. This distresses him greatly as he stops moving forward, puts his shield down, and bends over to smooth his hair with both hands.

Idiot.

Only after he's done smiling at himself and admiring his jawline in his shield does he pick it back up and venture a glance at the dragon in front of him. He frowns.

A smart knight would use the dragon's slumber to his advantage, would try to look around a bit, would see if he could find a weakness. A smart knight would—

Crap, there he goes.

"Hey!" he yells in a tinny voice, striding forward boldly. "Hey, you, dragon!"

You'd better get busy, or he's gonna be a splat on the cavern floor. Hastily you fly over to the dragon, looking for something you can weaken, but the gusts generated by his huge body pummel you, and you quickly fly into an immense crevice in his body to shield yourself.

"What do you want?" the dragon demands in a voice that even from your hiding spot is so deafening that you cover your ears. "How *dare* you awaken me? Do you have any idea who I am?"

"Psh, please," your knight says. "Do you have any idea who *I* am?"

"Lunch," the dragon suggests.

Uh, oh.

You quickly fly out of your hiding place and cast a deflection spell. The dragon's tail uncurls from him and whips towards the knight with impossible speed, but just at the last minute, it glances off your spell's protective bubble, sailing over the knight's head by mere inches. You quickly hide again.

"No, you stupid dragon!" the knight spits.

Here he goes again. He must spend a good fifteen minutes recounting "his" exploits every time he starts. Perfect; that'll give you time to do what you need to do. No place like the present to start working your magic. Of course, he's completely oblivious to your spell. Is he stupid enough to think the dragon actually missed a stationary target on his own?

You sigh and begin casting from your hiding-place. The dragon's body shifts and shudders beneath you, and you fly into the air as an immense wall of flesh begins rushing towards you. You fly up and up, but it continues to chase you at dangerous speed! But there, in the middle: there's a hole! You push your wings for all they're worth and fly into the hole, gasping as the walls of flesh shoot up around you.

At last the walls of flesh stop, and you catch a breath and begin casting again. The walls begin to swell towards you. Fleeing again, you race towards the light and into the cavern, erupting from the quickly narrowing tunnel. Looking behind you, you see that you were inside the dragon's penis! You laugh to

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yourself and grin, casting some more magic from a distance. The dragon's penis is already as big as the knight, and as you cast, it twitches and throbs, growing even bigger. The veins on his cock bulge and begin throbbing. At first, they're as big as a man's little finger, but as his cock grows, they widen until they're the size of a man's arm. His cock, originally tan-colored, is now a deep red and throbbing angrily.

"Why, I'm the most famous knight in all the land!" the knight finally finishes, tossing his hair and looking smugly at the dragon.

"That was the most boring waste of my time I've ever heard," the dragon sneers, "and full of lies."

The knight opens his mouth to protest, but the dragon continues.

"You are by far the *scrawniest* knight I have ever seen. Just a gust of my breath could knock you over!"

To demonstrate, the dragon blows on the knight, not even bothering to use any fire in his breath. You're sorely tempted to let him blow the knight over—if nothing else, the look on his face would be priceless—but you dutifully cast a fortification spell. The knight braces himself and remains standing, thanks solely to you.

"Ah, ha! *You* are the liar, dragon!" the knight gloats, "And I shall smite thee for thy treachery!"

The dragon snarls, and his head lunges forward. You cast a protection spell just in time. The dragon's head strikes the knight and shoves him backwards but does not injure him. The knight awkwardly swings his rapier—if you could call it that; you've seen butter knives that were sharper—and it glances harmlessly off the dragon's snout.

"I *hope* you've got something a little stronger than *that*," the dragon scoffs. "I think I've had splinters that were sharper!"

You don't wait to listen to the knight's retort and cast some more magic as the two continue boasting mindlessly about themselves. The dragon's already hard and throbbing cock grows even more, its veins growing as thick as a man's neck as they throb lividly. His cock is now beet red, glistening, and as big as a carriage. You snort: if the dragon wanted to, he could let his penis drop on the knight and squash him. What an amusing way for the moron to meet his fate!

"Oh, stop that absurd posing!" the dragon snaps, rearing back on his hind legs and getting your attention. "The only defense that pathetic foil you call armor has is that it is dazzlingly shiny! I'm going to enjoy killing you, and then I will add it to my jewel collection!"

You turn to see the knight striking poses, and sure enough, the light reflecting off his armor bounces all around into the room, including the dragon's eyes. But as soon as he sees the dragon's immense penis, his eyes bulge, and a grin spreads over his face.

"A bit aroused by all this, are you?" the knight taunts.

"I—"

"What was it you were saying, that I'm such a *puny*, inferior human? Was that it?" The knight strikes another pose. "But I think you're turned *on* by it, aren't you, Mr. Big Dragon?"

"You *insolent* wretch!" the dragon bellows, his head turning nearly as red as his cock with rage. "Enough of your senseless prattling!"

You cast another deflection spell, and the dragon narrowly misses the knight, who swings again, his dull sword not even making a mark on the dragon's scales. But that doesn't deter the knight, who quickly advances on the dragon, running at full sprint towards him and trying futilely to plunge his sword into the dragon's foot. It glances off, like trying to stab a marble with a toothpick.

The dragon lifts his foot and goes to stomp the knight, but you quickly cast a spell that knocks the poor fool out of harm's way.

"What is the *deal* with you, knight?" the dragon fumes. "I can't seem to hit you!"

"I'm just that good," the knight replies, getting back to his feet and swinging his sword wildly in the air.

You pinch the bridge of your nose and snap your fingers. The rapier flies from the knight's hand and lands close to the dragon's crotch. The gasps in surprise, and he quickly runs after his sword, protected from the dragon's spearing tail by your magic.

"Ha, ha!" the knight exults as he grabs his sword and holds it up right below the dragon's cock.

You half expect him to demand a prize for his glorious feat. At least the moron has the sense to swing his sword with all his might.

The dragon screams in pain as the knight carves off a sheet of skin from his shaft about a quarter inch thick and eight inches square. Blood begins to pool on top of the wound as the dragon takes a step back.

"How *dare* you damage my perfect, immaculate malehood?!" the dragon roars, lunging towards the knight.

The knight stands there like an idiot as the dragon charges towards him, and you quickly use your magic to knock him to the ground. The dragon sails over him, and the knight lifts his sword to hit the dragon's ankles as he passes. His sword glances off harmlessly, and the knight quickly gets back to his feet as the dragon whirls for another attack, snorting with anger at missing the puny knight.

The knight puts his sword up as the dragon rushes him again, and you guide his sword to come down on the dragon's glans as he rushes forward. His sword penetrates and carves off another little chunk of dragon-flesh. The dragon trips and sprawls on the ground, roaring in pain and anger as his cock stretches out behind him, pointing right at the knight. Before the dragon can get up, the knight runs up and stabs his sword into the dragon's fleshy tip, eliciting a cry of agony. As the dragon's tail thrashes wildly, you deflect its blows while the knight stabs the dragon's penis over and over again, making a dozen tiny holes in it, each of which starts to bleed as the dragon's penis begins to retract, trying to escape the abuse.

But as the dragon beats his wings in his attempt to get back, up, the gust blows over his cock, making it instantly hard again. The knight looks exultant and begins hacking at the tip of the dragon's penis over and over again, carving out piece after piece of dragon flesh and sending it flying across the room. Yet the dragon's penis is nearly big enough for the knight to stand in it, and even as his rapier hacks chunk after chunk out of the dragon's glans, the damage seems to barely even scratch the surface.

At last with a mighty roar, the dragon gets back to his feet as his penis tries once more to shrink out of sight.

"Why won't you die?!" he bellows, breathing a fireball at the knight.

You quickly cast a fire resistance spell, and the ball blows over the knight harmlessly.

"Hey, I will if your penis will come out and play!" the knight suggests. "Here, little dragon wang!"

"Silence, pitiful mortal!"

The dragon whips his tail around. You cast a spell, and the knight jumps just in time to clear it. The motion, though, arouses the dragon's lust, and his cock again throbs proudly, though now blood weeps from the tip and the slice off its shaft.

You grin, seeing an opportunity. The knight won't like it, but...

As the dragon charges once more, you cast a spell to levitate the knight slightly. The dragon moves towards him, and you guide the knight down the dragon's urethra.

"Augh, it's dark!" the knight protests, swinging his sword blindly inside the dragon.

The dragon abruptly stops and lets out a deafening scream as the knight hacks him up from the inside. Chunk after chunk of penile flesh falls from the walls of the dragon's urethra, landing on the bottom of his piss-tube at the knight's feet. Blood rushes to fill the wounds, and the knight runs up and down the length of the dragon's penis, slicing and hacking.

"Get OUT!" the dragon roars, grabbing his dick and swinging it with such force that the knight flies out of it and sails across the room.

You quickly cast a spell to catch him and float him back to the dragon, who stands with blood leaking from his pee-hole, his damaged penis once again trying to retreat.

"Hey, dragon!" the knight taunts, charging up to the dragon and slapping the sides of his penis, "I bet this feels really good to you, doesn't it?"

You blink: how on earth did the moron have the wits to figure that out? You shrug. Every knight must have his day *once* in a while, right?

And sure enough, the dragon's penis begins to swell again, and the knight quickly swaps from slapping the dragon's penis to hacking at it with his sword with all his might. The rapier dents the dragon's flesh, then parts it as he hacks over and over again, creating a widening void as little sheets of penile tissue hack out of the dragon like chips of wood from a tree being felled. To your relief, the little pieces become less like skin and more spongy: the knight is *finally* making some progress!

But now the dragon's cock is retreating fast, and the dragon kicks out with one of his feet, the talons razor-sharp as they flail towards the knight's chest. The knight is completely oblivious as you work some very creative magic to throw the dragon off-balance.

"Die, you vile human!" the dragon screams as the force of his kick flips him over on his back.

The knight is on him in an instant, using both hands to again plunge the rapier into the dragon's glans and shaft, anywhere in reach. Blood gushes from dozens of pricks and patches of missing flesh, coating the knight in the thick, red, hot liquid. He grimaces.

"Ugh, it's so dirty!" he protests, but you quickly guide his sword to continue hacking at the dragon's prick.

Over and over his sword comes down, scooping out dragon meat one piece at a time. From your vantage point, you can see the jagged cross section of the dragon's penis as the knight continues to hack towards his urethra.

The dragon's leg twitches, the sudden movement making the knight lose his balance. He falls towards the dragon's belly, and as the dragon begins trying to get to his feet, the knight plunges his sword into the side of the dragon's penis and grasps the dragon's shaft as he plunges the sword in again, moving towards the opening of the dragon's cock.

Just as the dragon rolls forward onto his feet, the knight ducks inside the dragon's pee-hole and yells as he falls down it towards the base. The dragon again tries to fling the knight out of himself, but you cast a spell just in time to make the knight stick to the dragon's flesh. Swing as the dragon might, he cannot get the knight out. The knight returns to attacking from the inside, stabbing, hacking, and slashing while the dragon grips his cock and screams in pain, yelling obscenities at the knight and vowing the most horrible death upon him as soon as he comes out.

Unfortunately, that happens sooner than expected. With all the blood spurting from the walls around the knight, the dragon's penis is beginning to fill up, and the knight has to let go his grip on the walls of the dragon's piss-tube and float towards the tip.

Of course, a smart knight might want to avoid giving away his position so that he could surprise the dragon as he came out, but not this knight. He plunges his rapier into the dragon's urethra and holds on for dear life as the blood floats him, pulling him against the sword and making it rip into the dragon, slowly slicing a deep, jagged cut into him with stuttering progress.

The dragon roars in pain and flicks his dick, sending the knight flying. You quickly cast a spell to soften the knight's impact, and he falls onto the ground, gets back up, and charges forward once more.

You *will* give the knight a little credit: what he lacks in brains he makes up for in tenacity.

Meanwhile, the dragon is livid and blasts out a stream of fire at the knight. With your protection spell intact, all the fire does is charbroil the dragon's own blood on the knight's armor, turning it to a crisp before the force carries it away, leaving the knight gleaming once more. The knight looks down at himself and grins boastfully.

"Thank you, you stupid dragon!" he chortles as he closes the distance and swings his rapier with both hands, cutting a slit sideways across the tip of the dragon's penis. "I was tired of being covered in your disgusting blood!"

"Die in fire, you vile pest!" the dragon screams, shooting a fireball that passes over the knight and slams into the dragon's penis.

"Ha! Why are you hitting yourself?" the knight crows, leaping forward to cut another slit into the dragon's cock-tip, then gasps as a quarter of the dragon's glans falls off, having been severed in all directions from the inside and outside.

"I can see inside your dick, you prick!" the knight boasts as he begins flicking his sword over and over, slicing off sheet after sheet of the second quarter of the dragon's glans. Blood flows continuously from the spongy material, getting onto the knight's sword only to be flicked off as the knight continues carving.

The dragon's penis again tries to retract as the dragon flings his tail around himself like a flail, aiming for the knight. You redirect the tail to slam into his own dick instead, and the dragon screams in anguish as the blow at first makes his cock suck back into him before erupting again violently and spurting blood that douses the knight.

With the dragon distracted with the pain of having just whipped his own bleeding cock, the knight sets to work again, now hacking at the dragon's shaft as if trying to fell a tree. Another gash appears in the dragon's penis, only an inch deep but growing swiftly as the knight falls into a rhythm of hacking at him over and over. More blood comes from the wound as it gets deeper and deeper. Now it's a foot deep, and you can clearly see all the spongy tissue in the dragon's cock as blood flows into, around, and out of it. Now it's two feet deep, and you can't see anything anymore because there's too much blood.

The knight abruptly strikes one of the immense veins, and the dragon wails in agony as his cock loses its ability to stay hard. Blood arcs into the air over the knight's head, splattering to the ground some thirty feet away. Acting quickly, you grab the sword with your magic and drive it into the base of the dragon's cock, trapping it and not letting it retreat into its slit. In a moment of lucidity, the knight understands what happened and begins scooping out spongy dragon penis-flesh with his gloved hands.

The dragon reaches down to claw at the knight, but you quickly deflect his claws, and one of his talons cuts a deep gash into his cock. Having lost a lot of blood, the dragon isn't moving as fast now, though his curses still fill the air as he tries over and over again to claw the knight off of his ruined penis. Alas for him, you deflect each of his blows, leaving the knight blissfully unaware of the danger he's in as he climbs into the gash in the dragon's cock and begins tunneling like a mole. The dragon shrieks and claws even more desperately as the knight scoops out chunk after chunk of the spongy tissue.

And then the knight disappears from sight. He's tunneled deep inside the dragon's malehood, but you can tell as the skin collapses around the dragon's shaft where the knight is destroying him from the inside out. Abruptly, the whole right side of the dragon's penis collapses, and the knight skids out, driven by a wave of blood. You cast a spell to let him grip, and he sinks his fingers into the tattered remnant of the dragon's glans and falls down into the dragon's urethra.

He disappears for a moment until with a shout, his shiny, gloved hand appears at the bottom of the gash in the dragon's cock; the weakling managed to punch his way through the fast-deteriorating urethral wall, and before your eyes, he begins clawing and ripping a bigger and bigger hole in the flesh. The dragon staggers, aims to claw at the knight, and misses without any help from you. His razor-sharp claws slice right into his penis and leave half of his glans hanging by a ribbon of flesh. The knight quickly holds onto the inside of the dragon's piss-hole and kicks hard at the piece, making it fly wildly in the air but still attached. He kicks again, harder, whipping the piece yet again. Over and over he kicks until it rips off and crashes to the ground below with a bloody splat.

The dragon staggers. He's lost so much blood that he's no longer thinking coherently. The knight rushes down his penis and finds his sword cutting across the tunnel. Snarling and jerking hard, he begins to yank the sword, slicing the dragon's cock in half bit by jagged bit. As he moves, the dragon's cock tries to retract and gets caught on the sword, putting more pressure on the dull blade and making it cut even deeper.

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Abruptly, there's not enough flesh to hold the sword back, and with a sudden jerk, the dragon's cock retracts, ripping the rest of itself against the blade and bisecting itself as it disappears into the dragon. You quickly grab the knight with your magic and float him to safety as his sword falls to the ground, no longer held by the dragon's prick. The knight rushes forward to grab it, and the dragon gives a gurgling groan.

You look up and see the dragon begin to teeter. Rushing fast, you use your magic to shove the knight out of the way as the dragon falls over on his side, his limbs twisting at an unnatural angle and cracking under his own weight.

Blood gushes from his slit, and as his soul expires, his body relaxes and his cock—what's left of it—falls back out. It is tattered and hacked to pieces. Nothing remains of the glans, and his skin hangs loosely around his urethra, the spongy matter all scooped out into heaps on the ground. A huge, gaping hole in the side lets you see all the way into his piss-tube, the knight having torn a massive hole in it.

The knight suddenly shrieks, and you whip your head around to look.

"My *hair!*" he cries, looking at his reflection in his shield. "It's ruined!"

You're welcome, you moron.