

Beast Nullification

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They are all wrong.

Of this fact, you are certain. They told you he couldn't be beaten, but you are sure of your training; you will show them that they are mistaken. The beast *can* be defeated and his reign of bad luck broken.

Your feet pad softly on the bedewed, humus-rich soil of the forest, releasing its sweet, earthy aroma into the air. Dawn has broken, but the forest is not yet awake, still wrapped in the mist of its slumber.

The myth says that the beast is the god of fertility and fortune, and legend has it that he resides somewhere here in this forest. It seems odd to you that a cold-blooded creature would choose to live beneath the dense canopy of the trees, but you have nothing to go on beyond the myth and legends.

And so here you are. The legend goes, "To lay eyes upon The Great Beast of Fertility and Fortune, you must arrive in the forest 'ere the first bird stirs in the morning, and just as the forest discards its mist-blanket of the night, you must call out his name and state your reason for calling upon him. Then, if the Great Beast deems you worthy of his attention, he will make himself known to you."

You come to a stop where the mist appears thicker than other places. Through the sharp rays of morning light piercing the canopy, you see it begin to lift.

"Jiqing Shengyu!" you call out loudly, "I am here to destroy you!"

Time appears to stand still. The mist freezes, and for several long moments, you see no signs of motion whatsoever.

Suddenly with an earth-shattering shriek and a deafening crash, an eastern dragon bursts from the trees in front of you, its upper body covered in dusky green-tinted gray scales and its underbelly a yellower tint. The beast is enormous, far larger than you ever imagined! Each of his scales is as big as your hand with the fingers outstretched. His body is 25 feet long, and his tail stretches easily that long again. Standing above you on all fours and growling angrily through a sneering mouth and trollish nose, even the lowest point of his chest is nearly six feet off the ground.

The beast regards you for half a second and then decides that you are nothing more than a morning snack! His head dives for you, attempting to swallow you in one bite, but you quickly dodge to the side, get up under him, and deliver a mighty punch to his underbelly. But the beast's scales are as hard as steel plates, and your punch glances off him.

His genitals! you remember. Destroy his genitalia, and you destroy him!

Before the beast can recover, you run towards his legs to see two flesh-colored testes, each over a foot in diameter, yet the beast's penis is nowhere to be seen.

No matter.

You take your stance and fluidly move into a fierce uppercut. With a shout, you launch yourself into the air and deliver the blow. The beast roars in anger as your fist connects. His tail whips around below his legs and flies towards you. You jump over it, roll to the ground, spring back up, and deliver another blow to the beast's testicle.

Suddenly you see it: in the beast's passion, the tip of his penis has emerged from a hidden cleft between his testes. Strangely, it's a little off to the side, making the beast asymmetrical. It is covered with spines all over, looking more like a sea anemone than a penis. But that doesn't matter. As soon as you see it, your hands flash into your pack, take out some strong cable, and in a deft move, you loop it around his penis, snagging it on the spines, and yank forward to pull it out of him. It grows another foot, the entire thing completely covered in those same spines. The beast roars in anger and reaches down to crush you under the foot of his muscular foreleg. You roll out of the way, wrap the cable around his leg, and quickly tie it in a knot. The beast screams in frustration. Now every move of his foreleg yanks on his own penis. You have him exactly where you want him.

With the beast's penis in easy reach now, you shout and rush in with an eagle claw, grasping one of his spines and yanking backward with immense speed and force. The beast screams as the spine breaks off in your hand, yet no blood comes from the splintered nub; the act may have hurt, but it is not enough to weaken the beast!

The beast dives forward, moving to kick you with one of his back legs. You leap onto the leg and use the beast's momentum to launch yourself up against his testicle, driving a right hook fiercely into it. The beast's tail lashes up between his legs again and drives into you. You block at the last second and groan as the blow threatens to shatter your arms.

But as quick as it arrived, his tail is gone, winding up for another attack! With a series of vicious strikes, you break off five more spines, exposing an area big enough that you can hit his penis directly. Just as the beast's tail flies between his legs once more, the sharp tip of his tail aiming straight for you, you yank down on his prick, and his tail drives into the opening between the spines.

The beast screams and falls onto his side as his tail lodges in his penis, blood spurting out from around it. He yanks his tail out and screams again. Blinded with hate, the beast gets back onto his feet and tries to crush you, all four legs flying after you as you dip, bob, and weave around them.

But the beast is aching from the pain in his penis, and the continual strain of trying to pull it back inside of him and yanking the bleeding, sensitive member against the cable tied around it are taking their toll. You catch the cable slackening as he relaxes his member, letting another foot of his penis out. You fly to the cable and quickly pull it taut again, giving no quarter to the beast's vile penis! A circumferential ring around his shaft makes the spines flip outward, forming a dangerous band of spines waiting for you to impale your hand on them. The beast roars in surprise and dismay and tries again to withdraw his penis back inside, but you have him trapped! Your flying hands rip off several more spines towards the front of his penis.

With the spines out of the way, you see large portions of unprotected flesh. You bring a hammer fist down between the shattered nubs, and the beast screams and kicks out at you instinctively. You cross your leg over, dodge the kick, and with impossible speed, you deliver a spinning back fist to the same spot where the hammer fist landed. You feel a sudden give as your fist penetrates slightly, the flesh beneath it breaking down under the repeated blows.

The beast roars in fury, his yellow eyes flashing beneath long, wickedly curving horns as he lunges down to try to bite you. You quickly rush backwards, jump and kick off one of his thick back legs, and perform a somersault, kicking his testicle forcefully. You feel your foot sink into his flesh, and all at once, his scrotum rips open, spewing blood and pieces of testicle onto the ground. The beast, already mid-lunge, tries to follow you through his legs and flips himself over as you land next to him.

With the beast on his back, you seize your opportunity to tear him apart while his genitals are within easy reach. You run, jump, and scramble up his side, skidding on his slippery scales to stop in front of his member. Despite his writhing and his body churning under your feet, you fly into him, delivering a quick series of hooks, each landing in the same spot as the beast struggles to flip over. Your feet dance to stay on top of him as your right arm winds up for a bolo punch right to the beast's penis.

You feel his weakening flesh sag beneath your blow. It won't take much more now to pierce into it! Your fingers line up together, and with a fierce lunge and a shout, you drive them into the side of the beast's penis, feel it give, and continue driving forward up to your shoulder. The beast screams in agony and convulses under you, his back and chest heaving in pain, but with your arm all the way through the beast's penis, you don't have to worry about keeping your grip!

Grip! Perfect!

You yank your arm out of the beast and form claws with your hand, lash out, and grasp the beast's sensitive skin at the edge of the hole you created. Yanking backwards, you rake your tiger-claw towards the tip of the beast's agonized prick, drawing his skin with you and turning it inside out, flaying the tip of the beast's cock alive and exposing a layer of smooth, bleeding tissue.

The beast's legs flail wildly, and you have to jump off for fear of being thrown should one of them connect. Blood spews down the beast's groin, forming twin rivers, one going between the beast's legs to fall to the ground near his asshole, and the other flowing around his leg to hit the ground near his belly. The blood makes your footing treacherous as you once again leap up onto him to continue the job! Your claws fly over and over, ripping through the dragon's flesh layer by layer as muscle fibers tear from his body, exposing the once-engorged corpus cavernosa, now deflated as the blood streams out of his body instead. As shock begins to set in, the blood flow decreases, but you are not finished. A hard chop across

the shriveled vessels cuts them off. The tip of the beast's penis flies towards his leg as the severed blood vessel relieves the tension on his shaft. Meanwhile, the base of his penis quickly begins trying to retract with nothing left holding it anymore. You hang on tightly as it and you fly towards his testes. As the distance closes, you yell out and plunge your claw into the cleaved tip of the beast's penis, rapidly feeling around.

There!

With a yell, you launch your spear-hand into the end of the beast's penis once again, feeling tissue part around you as you fly towards your target. Your hand strikes sinew, and you begin to claw it for all you're worth. It begins to fray even as it continues yanking you into the beast's body, until it suddenly snaps. The beast screams as you sever his retractor tendon, and what's left of his penis unravels, pulled by your weight and falling limply like a slinky.

At last!

Holding onto his penis with one hand, you drive blow after blow against it with the other, slowly breaking down its integrity. The skin bruises almost instantly, forming a black line of destruction as you move closer and closer to his body.

The beast is in the throes of agony and offers little resistance now. As you reach the base of his cock, you sink a crane hand into the weakened flesh, opening it up. Again and again you pierce his skin, forming a row of punctures along the blackened, bruised line, until with a single chop down the length of his penis, you split him open. The beast whimpers feebly as you get inside of him, his blood splattering all over you as you begin to dig out his innards, leaving nothing but a limp tube of spines and open space where the fleshy, expanding part of his penis used to be. All that remains inside is his urethra, and with a series of clawing moves, you shred that into pieces.

But destroying his penis is only half the battle: he *could* still impregnate another by rubbing his cloaca against the victim.

That won't do!

Your attention turns to his ruptured jewel, the blood already beginning to crust on it. You punch your tiger-claw into it and feel the coiled tubules of his testicle between your fingers. You squeeze hard and yank out, pulling a thread of them out through the rip in his scrotum. With a tug, you begin unraveling them from inside him and pulling foot after foot through the rip. Before your eyes, his scrotum begins to deform as you rip its contents out. There's sudden tension as you reach the end of that lobule's tubule. You snatch your hand back and down, severing the connection.

Your hand plunges into the rip again and tears it wider, giving yourself access to get both hands inside. You lean forward and dig into the bowels of his scrotum with both hands, each one grabbing a handful of tubules. You leap backwards, dragging the tubules with you. His scrotum deflates even faster as multiple lobules unravel all at once. But instead of severing the connection this time, you wrap the tubules around his leg and use it as a pulley to pull against his innards. You feel a slight give as his testicle begins to pull free of the tendon that holds it. You tug harder and feel another give. Then, with a hard yank, you pull the rest of his testicle through the hole in his scrotum. You drop to your knees on top of it and smash it to pieces, pulverizing the epididymis beneath your furious fists.

With a final chop, you cut his vas deferens, and the remains of his testicle slide slowly off his body and plummet to the ground with a splat.

One down, one to go!

With the beast's penis and one of his testes gone, you can feel his energy draining. Invigorated by your success, you waste no time delivering a right cross straight into the fleshiest part of his remaining gonad. The testicle bounces backwards and flops back forward again like a speed bag, and you proceed to deliver jab after jab, feeling yourself press deeper and deeper into the beast's flesh with each blow.

He is weak—he was *never* as strong as the legends said!—and you will now finish him off. As the beast lies groaning below you, you shout and deliver a double-fisted blow into his testicle. Both your hands penetrate, and the beast lurches weakly below you. You clasp your fists together and use your arms as

levers to split the beast's scrotum open, ripping and tearing his flesh and exposing his damaged testicle. The split opens wider and wider, until it is big enough for you to pull his testicle out all at once. This you do, but it is still held fast by a tendon to his body.

No matter.

You deliver a sharp chop to the tendon, severing it and freeing the beast's testicle.

This is it: victory is in your grasp!

You clutch the testicle and jump down to the ground. The beast doubles up as the testicle pulls against his vas deferens, but you don't care. You carry your prize with you towards the creature's head, his epididymis unravelling as you go.

At last, you stand before the downed dragon. The light is all but gone from his eyes, and he looks at you exhaustedly, waiting for you to finish him off.

"What ferocity," you spit at him sarcastically. "For a god, you sure are pathetic! Now meet your end, foul beast, and free the people from the curse of bad luck you've imposed!"

You throw the testicle into the air, time your attack just right, and deliver a combo of blows: an upper-cut to get it in the air, a left hook as you reset from the uppercut, the momentum carrying you right into a spinning back-fist, a jump to rotate your body around to deliver a karate chop, and finally an overhand punch to drive the destroyed testicle to the ground, kicking up a cloud of forest floor debris. You detach your cable from the beast and put it through a loop on your waist.

As the dust settles, the beast's breathing is labored, but he is still alive.

"Not enough?" you demand of him. "Why aren't you dead? I destroyed your prized package!"

Your eyes narrow, looking at the nullified dragon suspiciously. The legends never said how fast the dragon would die after his genitalia were destroyed, but you had expected something sooner than *this*! The sun has already reached its zenith and begun its descent. This was meant to be a quick endeavor!

The beast pants tiredly, and his tail twitches involuntarily.

You gasp. There across from where his penis was is a little nub you hadn't seen before. You approach it quickly.

Of course, the beast is reptilian and has hemipenes—two penises!

Annoyed, you leap again onto the beast's belly, grab his peeking penis by the barbs, and try to yank it out. The beast struggles to fight, retracting his penis as hard as he can: he knows that if you destroy this last piece of him, it will be his end. Not even your whole weight is enough to yank his member out further. Grabbing your cable from your hip, you quickly fasten it around the crown of his head and drop to the ground, pulling the cable in tow. His penis sucks back inside of him.

Not deterred, you route the cable along his back and loop it around his horn, pulling it tight. As you climb back onto his abdomen and begin repeatedly driving your heel into his solar plexus, he doubles up, pulling on the cable and forcibly tugging his own prick from its hiding-place. You stop kicking him and let him relax. As he does, you keep the cable taut, effectively ratcheting it around his horn and once again begin driving your heel into him. Again and again you repeat these motions until his own movements have yanked his entire member out of himself.

You tie the cable off and advance toward his member.

"You're done, beast," you tell him. "Free my people!"

The beast looks at you, a final flash of anger in his eyes, a last desperate attempt to stay alive. His whole body shakes, and you leap clear as he rolls over, trying to crush you.

"Tsk, tsks," you say, grinning to yourself.

His penis is now on the ground within easy reach. You fly to it and once again begin breaking off the spines while the beast tries in vain to thrash. You snort to yourself as your fists fly into the unprotected space: it's *too* easy.

But this penis is different from the other one: his skin here seems to be covered in scales and is just as impervious to penetration as the rest of his body. Your eyes narrow thoughtfully: there *has* to be a way to finish him off!

A thought comes to you, and you go to the tip of his penis. If you can't destroy him from the outside in, you'll destroy him from the inside out!

But you grimace as you try to punch into his urethra: it is sealed tightly shut, and your hand glances off the hard surface.

"All right, *fine*," you growl. "We'll do it your way!"

You begin to rub the tip of his penis vigorously with both hands, stimulating it to arousal. In spite of all that has happened to him, the beast cannot control his body's response, and his penis quickly engorges, the spines angling outward slightly as his cock reaches full size. But more importantly than that, you see a tiny opening form in the tip of his prick: his body is readying itself to deliver a load—devoid, of course, of any seed.

You continue to stroke him, and the hole in the tip of his member slowly grows. The tip of his cock flares out, the spines rotating to point straight outward. Woe be unto the creature he breeds!

With his cock at full attention and ready to orgasm at any second, you seize your chance. In a fluid motion, you stop stroking him, wind up, and drive your arm into his piss-hole with all your might. Just as it buries itself to the shoulder, you spread your fingers, making a tiger-claw inside of him and ripping the inside of his urethra. The beast screams—the loudest sound he's made since you first encountered him. You must have hit a nerve!

Smiling grimly to yourself, you twist your arm inside of him, widening the rips you created until his urethra is cut in two inside of him. Blood trickles out around your arm. You form a crane beak inside him and begin pecking viciously at the corpus cavernosa. He thrashes, agonized once more, lifting you by the arm off the ground, but that doesn't stop your relentless internal pecking. His flare abruptly deflates, and you feel his penis collapsing around you as a sudden burst of blood launches you out of him. You grab the distal piece of his urethra and drag it out with you, prolapsing it and ensuring that you'll have a way to get back inside of him.

The beast's body lurches as his death-throes begin. Time to finish him off! You rush back to his penis and shove one arm up his inverted urethra, followed by the other. As you did with his second testicle, you use your arms to pry the opening in his penis open until you have enough space to maneuver. His scales crack apart and fall to the ground as the beast groans and cries continuously.

You wind up to deliver a stepping overhand. Time slows. The muscles in your feet propel you forward. Your hips twist, bringing your right hand forward. Your abs tighten, bracing your core for the blow that is to come. Your shoulders engage, thrusting your arm up over your head. You feel yourself lift off the ground slightly, lifted by the momentum of your arm and legs. You feel yourself start to fall. Your fist flies in slow motion down towards the beast's piss-hole. You're right on target.

Your fist connects. A shockwave makes the spines on the beast's cock ripple, and then his cock is driven violently backwards towards his body from the blow. The force snaps all of the spines that held the cable clean off, and his cock rapidly tries to flee back into him.

But you are prepared. Your other hand has already grabbed the underside of the beast's prick where you've removed the scales in a vise-like grip. As his cock tries to flee, you dig your tiger-claw in and rake the flesh from him before your claws latch in, anchoring you inside of him. His cock yanks you with it as it quickly races back toward its hiding place.

"No!" you yell, delivering a series of hard chops to his spines, snapping them but not breaking them off.

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The beast screams as the broken spines drive into his tail, forcing his prick to remain in the open. You wrap your legs around his cock and face the tip, delivering blow after blow and making the scales at the tip of it fall out one by one. You keep hitting him, descaling a path from the tip to the base of his prick.

At last it is time to end this beast once and for all! With fists flying impossibly fast, you deliver a series of spear-hand attacks, opening up his penis in a line of punctures as if an enormous sewing machine had gotten him. With a vicious rake, you join the punctures and split his dick open. Blood spurts from it as the beast's death throes intensify.

The end happens in slow motion: you claw at the corpus cavernosa and scoop it from his prick until you come to his severed urethra. You puncture it several times with a series of crane pecks and then leap off the beast as he rolls over onto his back with a deafening death-rattle.

All light fades from his eyes, and he lies there in a bloody heap. The deed is done.

The sun begins to set as you turn to head home.