

Having taken care of the horses and wagon at the stables, the travelling group split up for the night. Tav headed into town on his own, while Isk and Violet stayed in the wagon together with Lumino.

I decided it was about time I got something to drink, so thereby headed straight into town to try to find the best tavern Drurienesa had to offer. Didn't take much exploration to find the one watering hole everyone went to in this town, hearing the loud shouting and happy laughter of drunk folk having a good time. The tavern was one called 'The Hog and Hammer', according to the crudely-made metal sign that hung above the door, faintly jingling as people passed in and out.

Heading inside, the tavern was filled with what looked to be a travelling band, people dressed in colourful clothing carrying their instruments alongside sword and dagger. Some of them sitting down to play what would have been great music, were it not for the occasional drunkenly-missed chord.

Grabbing myself a table and ordering a mug of ale and a warm meal, I comfortably soaked in the cheerful and welcoming atmosphere.

...



Meal consumed and a few mugs in, I glance out over the room as I notice a halfling lass, half-clad in what looks to be some ornamental armor as she slowly moves over. Pieces of it seemingly having been removed at random, in what looks to be her rather tipsy state.

Putting her mug of ale down on the table with a thud, she heaves herself up on the seat opposite me, a glint of mischief in her eyes as she looks at me.

“So what’s a tall gorgeous dragoness like yersel’ daein’ in a watering hole like diz” she inquired, accent heavy on her voice, with a flow that comes when a line is rehearsed a few times in one’s own head.

“Hehe, smooth. Well judging by your question likely the same thing as you are~” I respond trying to keep my composure as I lean forward on the table, taking an ever closer look at her.

She’s a cute little one. Well built enough to probably toss me across the room despite her size, with short-cut silvery hair and cute lil button nose.

Before getting resurrected, hooking up like this would likely have felt off but seems with this new body, that has now changed. Looking at this lil gal I desperately want to get to know her more, and hopefully intimately before the




end of the night. Guess the history of my now-past-life was holding me back more than I knew. I now feel so... free.

“Eyh so yer lookin' fur some fun then tae eh, weel whit's yer taste in partners? Do this knight o' the platinum dragon hae a chance tae worship anither dragon?” her tipsyness now showing through ever so slightly as her blush and smile grows stronger.

“Well don't know who'd be worshipping who but you most certainly have my interest peaked,” I say leaning in closer, our faces now almost touching as I feel my own smile growing. I feel excited at the thought of what this lil gal is capable of.

Faces close enough to feel each other's breath, our eyes meet for what feels like an eternity before she quickly steals a kiss, swigs her mug of ale and jumps up on the table. She then walks across the table, grabbing me by the cheeks as she goes in for another kiss. Sitting down on the table's edge as we start to make out, the sweet taste of barley and hops on her lips.

Realising just how different making out as a Dragonborn is from making out as a Tabaxi makes this all a very new experience as I try to keep up. Quickly getting the hang of it while our tongues intertwine, realizing my now extended reach and putting it to use as I swirl our tongues together getting a deep taste of her, making us lose ourselves in the moment. The outside world fading away, the ruckus of the tavern turning to a faint mumble.

I begin moving my hand over her neck slowly exploring downwards as she does the same to me, gracing my smooth scales with the softest of touches. As my hands glide across her body, I feel her muscles as my hand slips under her shirt. Gracing her firm, yet soft to the touch form hidden away under those layers of under armour. 

Making out as we slowly strip each other down I think to myself, “We must be making a real scene” before quickly pushing the thought away. “No! The person who cared about that was the old me. Who cares if people see, I've hidden away for too long to care any more!” I think to myself “You know what, I want people to see! Look at me, this is who I am! ♥”. Feeling invigorated by the thought, her pulling away took me by surprise.

A string of saliva still connecting our lips, she stammers for a sec “S-say, hoo far dae ye want tae tak this? Should ah continue unner the table whaur the real worship can begin?” A cheeky smile grows over her rosy face.



“Hah-ah, If that was only the beginning I would happily indulge in your worship my knight” I say only half believing the words coming out, my mouth feels so cheesy calling her that - though in this moment she does feel a knight in shining armour.



As I am befuddled by the words I just said and the alcohol slowly getting to me, she gives me a cheeky smile and wink before swiftly slipping down into the room between my legs and the table. In one fell swoop she's down between my thighs, my belt unbuckled and pants being pulled down. The movement getting out of my gaze, I let out a “Ooh!” as I help her remove the remainder of my bottom wear.

My genitals now exposed, I can feel her breath as her hair tickles the inside of my thighs. Reaching my hand down I can feel just how wet and worked up she has managed to make me - so sensitive and wet I invite her by spreading my pussy. Her tongue makes contact as her flushed, pretty face looks up at me with what I can only describe as pleading eyes.

Licking away with what feels like a thousand tongues, she pushes her face in closer for a real mouthful of my dragonhood. Instinctively I grab her hair and push her into me. As she slides her fingers inside and treats my clit like the sweets of caramels, I can't help but let out a moan. If we hadn't grabbed the attention of the other patrons of the bar we sure had now, and by the looks of it, my cute knight was looking to put on a show.



Relentlessly she comes at me, her fingers knowing just where to push and her tongue swirling around with relentless orgasmic rhythm leaving little to no breathing room. I want more, I want it all and she just keeps giving!

Pressure building I can feel myself getting close, only barely pulling her away as I cum. Convulsions ripple through my body, as I paint her face.

Between the alcohol, the orgasm and the fact that this is the first time I reach a climax in this new body, I enter a daze. My cute knight's blurry face looking up at me with what I can only assume as a smile. I for a brief moment hear the muffled voice of a man shouting, quickly seeing her expression change. Unable to make out what the man said, I sat there confused for a moment trying to regain my grasp on reality. I only barely manage to do so before a large and burly eleven man grabs my cute knight from under the table, pulling her out and up to her feet, her face still drenched and flushed.

“Hey what the fuck! What do you want with her!” I exclaim as I stand up, realizing a second too late the shakiness of my legs as I see the burly elven man's fist goes flying towards my face.



The punch knocks me onto my back, throwing me back into that daze.

Coming back to my senses I hear the mans grovelly voice shouting "... to believe that a sister of the order would stoop this low! You know well our commandments..." the rest of his scolding begins fading into the unintelligible as he barges out the tavern door, pulling my cute knight with him as she briefly looks back at me and gives me a sad look. On her lips I read a sorrowful farewell as she disappears into the night.

In a moment of clarrity despite the alcohol I feel sadness flow over me. "Hope we meet again my cute knight" I think to myself.

...



Trying to collect myself, I still feel slightly dizzy - and now with my face all sore from the blow, I decide I need another drink in me to deal with all that just happened. May not help but at least it'll take the edge off that pain.

Legs still shaking, I make my way over to the bar, grabbing some coins from my pouch. I toss them on the counter and ask the keep to get me the strongest he has.

With a judgmental sigh he sweeps the coins off the bar and pours me a small cup of a clear liquid. It smells strong enough to burn my nostrils as I hold it up to my face. I pour it down in a fell swoop, the strong alcoholic taste mixing with something herbal and a sensation that can only be described as a pleasant way of getting kicked in the face.



It takes another 3 of these before the pulsating pain of my sore face wears off, at which point the warmness of my drunken state also sets in. Face warm and mind fuzzy, a singular thought sets in.

"I need to piss."

I wave my hand to the tavern keep to ask for the closest outhouse. Before I can get a word out a member of the travelling band, who's playing now had turned to the occasional correct cord rather than the other way around, bumps into me, hands filled with empty mugs.

"Oi keep we need us another refill over er!" he shouts to the tavern keep, placing the mugs down on the counter, before looking back at the dragonborn he just bumped into.



He drunkenly stares right at me for a second before his eyes drop, his face somehow turning a shade rosier. Looking down I come to the same realisation that he has.

Here I was, sitting coochie out in the open with only my cape to cover my back end. My pants lost to some corner of the bar that in my current state I would not be able to locate. Normally this would be an incredibly embarrassing situation but as I'm feeling all warm and fuzzy from the alcohol rushing through my veins, it feels as casual as wearing clothes ever could.

Quicker than my reason could possibly stop me, I feel words fly out of my mouth.

"Well I need to piss so if you need a refill hand me that cup of yours~"

Taking myself completely by surprise I thought to myself "Oh god did I just say that? Seems I did... Fuck this is going to get me in trouble." But to my surprise, the man with a drunk smile on his face holds out the mug between my legs ready to catch any golden delight coming his way.

"Oh god am I really doing this?" I think to myself, sitting there for a moment.

"Well I offered and it's seemingly what he wants, can't go back on that now".

Taking a deep breath, closing my eyes and then letting it all out, the golden liquid flows into his mug, filling up one after the other. The relief and the surprising arousal that came of it left me feeling great, as if I had just come into contact with a kinkier side of myself that I didn't even know existed.

An impulsive thought breaking through the drunken haze and warmth saying "What would the old Eri think if she saw you like this? Disappointed? Disgusted?"

"What does that matter? She's gone, I'm me and this feels amazing! If this kinky and freaky is who I am now then so be it! I wouldn't have it any other way!"

As I open my eyes again a few members of the band have joined in. Now standing in front of me, mugs filled to the brim as one of them shouts "Tastes like piss anyway so this rounds on the dragon lady! Skål!" Grabbing one of the filled mugs of the counter I join in their toast, clinking mugs together. Some more of my still steaming piss spills over on the ground in an ever growing puddle. Swigging down the warm golden liquid the men grimace for but a second before breaking into a cheerful laughter.

Moments later the cheerful laughter gets broken up by the jingle of armor as the towns guards step through the door. The tavern keep having seemingly called for them, now gesturing towards me and the travelling band at the bar.



Grabbed by the guards and hands tied, I'm marched out through the door on to the now moonlit street. A light breeze makes my wet and bottomless attire increasingly apparent as the few people still out on the street stare. Slowly making our way towards the outskirts of town the disapproving mumbles from the guard cut through my drunk confidence, letting some of the embarrassment settle in, alongside satisfaction. Despite this this abrupt end to the night and my cute knight departing too soon, it has still been one to remember. One that in a reinvigorating way, has left me with new purpose and insight into who this new me is.

Arriving at the guards barracks they follow the usual procedures - grabbing my weapons, making sure I don't have any contraband, and stow all of my stuff away before tossing me into what I can only assume is their idea of a holding cell. A few drunk, tired, and angry faces look up from the dark corners of the cells as they d
I enter. Most only give a grumble in response to their faint attempts at sleeping off their involuntary stay being iterrupted. However one set of pale red eyes keeps staring, their dark clothing keeping their appearance obscured as a mere silhouette in the dim flickering lamp light.

"I know, I know, no pants" I say, trying to wave away the attention as I sit down next to them and make myself as comfortable as possible for what's going to be a rough night of sleep.

Having found a position that might let me sleep some, however uncomfortable, I realise that the gaze of those pale red eyes had yet to waiver. As I layed there huddled up in my cape, they were still studying me with an inquisitive curiosity.

My eyes slowly adapting to the darker room I could now make out a little more of their small figure, covered from head to toe in dark drapes, that of someone who wants to remain unseen. The only details of their person being the pale red eyes and silvery white scaled snout ever so slightly poking out from under the loose bindings. "Dragonborn? No, too small of a figure, that would only make them a mere child. Kobold perhaps? Would fit the figure, though I have never seen one so pale." I think to myself, studying this inquisitive cellmate.

Noticing my returning inquisitiveness they timidly avert their gaze, seemingly returning to their uneasy resting.

Wondering who they might be along with thinking about the other of the night's events I lay there and ponder for a while till the alluring grasp of sleep flows over me sending me into a deep dreamless slumber.

