

Oscar's Oral Odyssey

Part 4: Kota

Oscar was an open book for someone as perceptive and experienced as Kota. His unexplained disappearances, his gaze following and lingering on certain crew members, that fresh, sudden wave of self-confidence and, of course, that pep in his step. The dragon didn't judge — it was only natural that a virile mythical like Oscar would sow his wild oats. And the minotaur carried himself well, quite discreet even if the dragon could catch hints of it.

One afternoon the two were alone down at the bedrock, working on a project. The dragon couldn't let slip the chance to give some sagely advice.

"You've grown very confident in these last few weeks. The difference is evident."

"Thank you, sir. I just really like it here. First time in my life I've made real friends."

"I noticed you are often with Themba and Robert. That's good, it's healthy for young mythicals to be around others of our kind. It's enriching."

Enriching. Oscar's mind went to a night when Themba and Robert took turns on him. Enriching the minotaur with their seed.

"They taught me a lot. I didn't even have the courage to go to the gym before they helped me with that. And now Robert's teaching me a lot about jazz."

The dragon's heart warmed up at such words. He couldn't help but worry about Asterion and Oscar, given everything that was inflicted on their kind.

"And how are things with Pedro?"

Kota almost regretted asking that question. The minotaur went on a speech about all of their latest adventures — just the previous week the peacock had taken him to Canada to

attend a show of one of Oscar's favorite musicians. It was endearing how child-like the minotaur became whenever the peacock was involved.

The dragon let him go on and on, until the topic returned to the minotaur's acquaintances in the hotel.

"Ah, to be young. It's delightful hearing from you, and joyful to see you growing into such a fine man."

The minotaur's ears went red. He tried to say something but couldn't find the words.

"Though, if you would hear a bit of fatherly advice, I imagine someone so lively and handsome must have a number of pretenders vying for your attention."

Oscar said nothing, even when the dragon went very quiet. Any answer, he knew, would be too revealing, and Pedro had taught him to resist this sort of interrogation. Receiving nothing, Kota continued.

"It's natural and healthy to explore and sow your wild oats. But I urge you to be responsible. Use protection, as people say these days."

Again, Oscar remained quiet. It was better to omit what he learned from Asterion — that the same magic stopping animals from being spawned at the hotel impeded diseases from being spread. The hotel by itself was probably the most effective method of protection invented by men. Or Gods.

Oscar's silence only made the dragon more curious. He lost control.

"So? Who is it that caught your attention?"

With a smile — gentle, soft, even understanding — Oscar answered.

"A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

Kota left the bedrock beyond satisfied that day. Oscar was a good lad. A very good one indeed. He had to be rewarded, in fact, so the dragon invited him for a drink.

Kota talked and Oscar listened, interjecting little and thoughtfully. He understood the old dragon was in a mood, and that there was a certain affection in all the lecturing. It was an enjoyable night for Kota, despite the lounge's blaring cacophony and flashing lights.

A week later they repeated the ritual, this time outside on the poolside bar. The minotaur agreed to drink sake, sending yet more cheer to the dragon. The boy even knew how to measure himself with alcohol, remaining tight-lipped about his escapades even at the height of their inebriation.

The following night, a Friday, they drank in Kota's own room and from his personal stash. Something in the dragon told him to be conservative with his clothing, but a nostalgia, maybe a longing, made him throw caution to the wind. He greeted Oscar wearing his fundoshi and summer robes, chest and lower body exposed. The minotaur didn't seem to mind.

Such a fine young man. He didn't shy away when the dragon's arm grazed him. There was no judgment in his eyes when Kota reminisced about his younger days in Japan. When it was welcomed he was inquisitive, when necessary he was tight-lipped, always he had that bright cheerfulness to him.

It was hard to say who started with the slight, discreet touches. Maybe it began when they both reached for the bottle at once, hands touching. Maybe it was Oscar's hoof touching Kota's shin beneath the table. Maybe it was Kota's hand lingering for too long on his back when the lad choked with a harsher cup of sake.

But it hardly matters who started it. The dragon's excitement peeked out from his slit, and the minotaur's gaze was drawn to the dampening fundoshi.

"It's very hot in here, sir," said Oscar, his face again showing that warm smile.

"It is. Do you mind if I...?"

"Not at all."

Kota disrobed.

"Forgive my waistline. I'm no longer in my prime."

"You are a god, sir. No need to say yer sorry, as if there was anythin' worth apologizin' for."

The dragon's heart skipped a beat. It had been so long.

"Still. It is difficult for a god, even one as small as myself, to feel comfortable without worship to invigorate us. To become weak and vulnerable is shameful."

"Worship?"

That long, breathless pause. A knowing glance. A rich drop of excitement drips down.

"It's been a long time since I've been worshiped."

Oscar calmly finished his drink, enjoying every gulp. Not a single drop remaining of his sake.

"May I?"

"You may."

They moved to the bed. Oscar unwrapped the dragon's leaking erection with the care of handling a flower. When it came free his eyes went up and waited for the dragon to nod his approval before he dove in to worship.

The strong but clean smell from a day of hard work, the ambrosia-like precum, how filling that dragonhood was in his mouth. But it was all without the excesses the minotaur had become accustomed to — none of Themba's or Black's girth, or Robert's shamelessness. Kota's manhood was fine, and so was his attitude, in a humble, subdued way.

And this ritual — it was a ritual, his education as an occultist said so — required a special kind of care. He traced Kota's dick from slit to its tip, let it slide beautifully against his pre-coated tongue, he sucked it in and out while twisting his head.

Oscar knew that denying himself release would be fitting, in a way. It heightened the worship, that he would restrict himself in such a manner. He felt proud, powerful and dearly appreciated.

He was not surprised when the dragon took hold of his horns and guided his service. A god, after all, could not allow a mortal to remain in control. Kota was firm, knowing exactly how

he wanted to be served, but thoroughly gentle. Even when his grip over Oscar's horns tightened and his hips thrust forward, he was kind.

"Take now my gift," he muttered.

Oscar closed his eyes, to spare the god from being seen in such a position, and swallowed all that he was given. It tasted divine in a new way. He made sure to suck the softening manhood clean as he extracted himself.

"Thank you for your blessing, sir," said the minotaur.

"It was well deserved, lad. You are a fine man, fitting even for a god."

Oscar rose with the grace of a priest. Kota couldn't help but notice the damp spot on his pants.

"May I return the gesture in kind, Oscar?"

"Excuse me?"

"There are many ways to worship a deity, and I would like to show it to you."

Oscar looked down. His straining bovine erection beneath his clothes. So inhuman. Not unlike Kota's, but the dragon was a god. He, Oscar, was a beast.

"I am sorry."

The dragon smiled. He understood, even if he did not know everything.

"Very well. If you ever change your mind, my offer remains. You are handsome and kind.

Only a fool would reject you over details."

The smile returned to Oscar.

"And if you ever desire to express your faith again, you will always be welcome in my temple."