

A Colossal Date

Male Dragon x Female Cat

Warning:
| Size Difference, Big Cock, Hard Sex |

By DappyTime

A Collosal Date

Copyright © 2026 | Dappytime. All rights reserved.

TERMS OF USE & COPYRIGHT NOTICE

This digital book is protected by copyright law and is intended solely for personal, non-commercial use by the original purchaser.

No Resale or Transfer: Reselling, redistributing, leasing, or sharing this file in any format (digital or physical) is strictly prohibited.

No Commercial Printing: Printing for distribution, sale, or mass production is forbidden. Printing is permitted for personal reading only.

No Reproduction or Alteration: No part of this work may be reproduced, modified, translated, or adapted into derivative works without prior written permission from the author.

No AI Training: Use of this text for training artificial intelligence or machine learning models is explicitly prohibited.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously.

First Edition | September, 2026

Contact (X): <https://x.com/DappyTime>

A Collosal Date



ATOP THIS IMPOSING MOUNTAIN, IN THE HEART of a kingdom I consumed with my own power, I dwell: the monster no hero has ever managed to defeat.

Still half-asleep in my great cavern, I remembered in dreams my travels before settling here. The ground beneath my body felt comforting, covered in the gold and riches I had collected since the day I escaped the forest where I was born.

I woke fully. I let out my morning roar, knowing that below, the villages trembled with fear. I heard the echo of their lamentations; I know some had managed to raise barriers with the support of the elves, but that only bought them time before I found a way through.

I rose upon my powerful claws, stretched my wing membranes, and yawned, revealing my rows of sharp teeth. I had been taking shelter all winter, but now that summer was arriving, I had plenty of villages to pillage.

However, a silhouette began to take shape at the entrance.

I flicked my forked tongue to catch the intruder's scent and

stepped forward, dragging my heavy tail and huffing through my nostrils. A morning snack wouldn't hurt.

"Well, well... it seems small, foolish heroes still exist to come and challenge me!" I bellowed.

"Who are you calling a fool?! You've grown quite arrogant now that you live alone!" a voice responded from the light.

The figure was much smaller than a human. I blinked to focus my sight, and my snout hung open. The creature at the entrance was nothing more than a cat. The very same feline who had raised me with the warmth of her fur ever since I was just a helpless egg.

"M-Mother?"

She looked at me, narrowing her feline eyes, pinned her ears back, and took a firm step forward.

I backed away out of pure instinct, making the cave walls rumble with the weight of my paws. The din did not phase her.

"To think I came to visit you after you fled the forest years ago, and this is how you receive me? Is this how you talk to your guests?"

My mother looked to her side, nearly tripping over the skeleton of a human who was still wearing a cloak. She bristled her back and, indignant, pointed at the bones with a forepaw.

"Speak. What is this?"

"M-Mother, wait... What are you doing here? How did you climb all the way to the top of this mountain?"

"Well, what else? I came to see you," she huffed. She leaped onto the skeleton's legs and began rubbing her cheeks against the armor to mark her territory, purring softly. "Leaving those who came to visit you so neglected... I know a dragon's nature is wild, but I did not raise you like this."

“Fine, I get it. Don’t come here judging me.”

I felt my crimson scales darken with the heat of embarrassment. She had always been this strict; that was why I had escaped her territory as soon as my wings grew strong enough to fly.

Even so, she was the best mother I had ever known. But something didn’t add up: after so many centuries, she was still alive.

“Mother... what I don’t understand is how you’re here, alive as if it were nothing.”

She raised an eyebrow and sat back on her haunches with complete composure.

“I don’t age like the rest; I am an ancient cat. I won’t die until I reach a thousand years, but I’m already seven hundred and fifty. I’m a quarter of a millennium away from my death, which is why I must start preparing. That is one of the reasons I came looking for you.” She walked toward me with silent steps. “I have heard that you’ve become the worst threat to all the villages.”

“And you... have you come to stop me?” I lowered my head in a defensive posture. “I’ve already decided how to live my life. You have nothing to do here.”

“I found you a girlfriend.”

“So if you need to bother me about something, just spit it out already... Huh?” I cut myself off mid-sentence. I blinked several times. “What?”

“You’re like this because you live single and childless. You’re lacking maturity,” she explained, licking a paw with leisurely calm. “I have counted your years. You are in the prime of young adulthood. Your achievements are great, but you must start meeting a nice girl who will make you happy and keep you company.”

“Mother, what the hell are you talking about?!”

“It’s already done, don’t complain. Her father and I are in agreement.”

“Mother...”

“It is your mother’s final wish,” she interrupted me, pinning her ears back. “I’ve always wondered what I did wrong for you to fly away like that... And I don’t want to die knowing I couldn’t ensure your happiness.”

Her words left me frozen. I felt a strange heat rise through my snout up to my nose, causing a burning sensation that threatened to wet my reptilian pupils.

I inhaled deeply, expanding my chest, and closed my eyelids to regain my composure. And to think I believed I would have nothing more to do with this cat...

“Fine... I’ll do it. I will meet this dragoness.”

She paused, looked at me out of the corner of her eye, and tilted her head.

“Hmm? She’s not a dragoness. She’s a cat.”

“Excuse me?!”

I snorted loudly.

“Mother, by the fire in my entrails, I am a dragon! I am as large as twenty houses put together! I can swallow a whole ox in a single bite!” I roared, feeling the sulfur burn my throat.

She didn’t even blink. She turned around and began descending the rocky path. I tried to protest, unfurling my crimson wings and causing the wind to slam violently against the cave walls, but I couldn’t go against her. Her indifference always won out.

Hours later, when the summer sun began to warm my scales,

I had to keep my word. My mother tried to accompany me, but I flatly refused; I would fly alone. This had to be a joke meant to humiliate me.

I spread my massive wings toward the west. The cold high-altitude air slammed against my chest, reminding me that I belonged to the sky and to destruction, not to the whims of an old feline.

As I soared, I spotted a massive town protected by those pathetic elven barriers I so desperately wanted to shatter. Just before the settlement lay a dense forest.

I descended like a burning meteor, crushing pine trees and kicking up a cloud of dirt and ash. The impact shook the earth. I remained motionless, flaring my nostrils to catch any trace of life. Nothing. The roar and my scent of sulfur must have terrified every creature for miles around.

I took a few steps, pulverizing fallen trunks with my powerful claws. The forest seemed completely deserted.

“What the hell am I doing here?” I scolded myself, feeling like the stupidest being in all creation. An alpha predator playing my mother’s foolish game. I decided I had had enough. I pushed off with my hind legs, ready to unfurl my wings and get out of there.

Yet as I was about to take flight, I felt the faintest vibration on the tip of my face.

I lowered my eyes and froze. A tiny cat was sitting on the bridge of my scaly snout. Her pure white fur contrasted sharply with my rough hide. She stared straight at me, her eyes wide open. She was trembling, yet she still smiled at me.

How in the hell had she gotten up there without me noticing?

I lowered my snout with extreme care, terrified that a su-

dden movement would crush her. The hot air built up in my lungs burst from my nostrils, enveloping her in gusts of burning steam. I thought the sulfur smell and the heat would scare her off, but she narrowed her eyes, savoring the warmth and fluffing her fur against my hide.

A strange warmth rose in my chest, a weakness I hated immediately.

“Who are you?” I growled, dampening my power so I wouldn’t shatter her eardrums.

The cat did not answer. She smiled even wider, sat back on her haunches, and waved her forepaws in the air, tracing invisible lines. Then she leaped down and walked onto the soft dirt. With a swift little claw, she scratched the surface, drawing crude but legible strokes: Pearl.

The feline looked at me and gestured with her head toward my massive crimson chest. She let out a faint, stifled hiss, opening her mouth without producing a sound. She was asking if I was Vyltrax.

“Yes, I am Vyltrax,” I answered, straightening my spine to regain my stature. The scourge of the realms. The monster of the mountain. “I suppose your father forced you to come to this ridiculous meeting too.”

Pearl nodded vigorously, swishing her tail. She sat back down, watching me with a mixture of submission and a bewildering boldness. She tried to open her snout again, but only a thin thread of air escaped. She was mute.

I stared at her, frustrated. My instincts screamed at me to crush her, that a dragon shouldn’t waste time with a furball. Yet seeing her there, helpless and so comfortable in my presence, caused an unbearable confusion within me. Her vulnerability overwhelmed me more than the most heavily armed elven army ever could.

“This has to be a mistake on the old woman’s part,” I growled, turning my gaze toward the trees. “A damned, ridiculous misunderstanding.”

Pearl didn’t move. She stayed there, looking at me with those massive eyes reflecting my crimson silhouette. I felt a pang in my stomach, a void I used to fill with meat and ash, but that now vibrated with a thick nervousness that made my claws clumsy.

I couldn’t deny the obvious, no matter how much my predatory instincts demanded I ignore it: she was genuinely cute.

Suddenly, before I could fold my wings back in, the little creature stepped across the melted snow. She stretched up on her hind legs and hugged the tip of my snout.

My nostrils flared. The scent of her clean fur, mixed with the aroma of pine and the subtle trace of her suppressed fear, overwhelmed my senses. I felt the thrum of her heart, a frantic pitter-patter against my scales. A single wrong twitch of my jaw and I would snap her in two; a twitch of my neck and her bones would shatter like dry twigs. Yet I remained motionless, holding in my scorching breath so as not to burn her.

When she pulled away, I looked down at her from above, huffing a thin stream of gray smoke.

“How the hell did you end up up there the first time?” I asked, my voice raspy.

Pearl tilted her head. With rapid movements of her forepaws, she pointed at my massive wings and made an upward bursting gesture, mimicking me. I understood the message: the blast of air from my landing had launched her off the ground, throwing her directly onto my nose.

A bitter laugh rumbled in my chest, shaking the earth.

“You are far too weak,” I declared, with a sting of self-tempt for still standing there. “The wind from my arrival nearly

killed you. You have no business being beside a monster.”

The cat sat back on her haunches, staring at me intently. She showed no intention of fleeing.

“Are you uncomfortable?” I inquired, narrowing my vertical pupils.

She shook her head immediately, maintaining that gentle smile that derailed my train of thought.

“Listen, I am not looking for anything like this,” I blurted, clawing at the dirt and smashing a boulder out of pure frustration. “This is just a favor to my mother. I fulfilled my end by coming. You can go back to your father now.”

Pearl cast her eyes down for a second and scratched at the soft dirt once more. She wrote in quick strokes and took a step back so I could read it: I think it’s cute.

“Cute?” My voice rose into a roar. My wings twitched spasmodically. “You think I’m cute? I am the worst threat to these realms! I have burned entire armies! Aren’t you afraid I’ll eat you right now?”

She shook her head again. Not a single blink of terror. Her blind trust seeped right through my defenses.

I huffed loudly, releasing a puff of hot air that melted the snow around us.

“At any rate, I don’t think this can work,” I said, turning my back on her as I prepared to leave. “Honestly... I don’t feel capable of taking care of someone so weak.”

The truth stung in my throat. In the past, out of sheer carelessness, I had stepped on small animals before; I crushed them without ever noticing their presence beneath my paws until it was too late. The thought of hearing the crunch of her tiny white body turned my stomach in a way I had never experienced before.