

A Year in Kinky Review

By Draconicon

Christmas was past, but the tree was still up, and the library was still brightly lit with various decorations. Lights in the shape of cocks, balls, and ass-cheeks were spread throughout the halls, interspersed with the occasional Christmas wreath that circled a pair of nice tits and baubles containing dripping wet slits. Sometimes, a merry little moan could be heard coming down the aisles of the library, always with a giggle and a gasp, implying a tickle, or at the very least, a smile to go with it.

Patrons of the library would know the difference between this and the day to day doings in this place. The dark stories of the year had been put on hold for the last week or so, and in their place had come silly things, kink that was done with a wink and a nod for the camera and those that took dictation of it, never with the seriousness of the other stories. It was a simpler time, one meant for pleasure and fun.

And, sadly, it was to end all too soon.

Draconicon looked up from his latest book, knowing that it was only half-done, and sighed. The feeling of so many stories that had gone half-completed, little more than the base form of them put to paper, felt like a waste of a year. The chapters had been liked, appreciated, in some cases loved, but the majority of them had never quite felt right for him. It felt like they were missing something, that the magic that had gone into them in the past and the pleasure of writing something that could be called his own had faded. As he rested the spine of The Dark Lord Substitute in all its half-finished glory back on the shelf, he felt the weight that the holiday cheer had banished settling on him again.

The black dragon sighed, resting his hand on the wall. He was doing it again. This was meant to be something of a day of cheer, of happiness. He was supposed to indulge himself, to have fun, to show everyone that there was still some sort of cheer, good will, and if nothing else, good *kink* out there to bring smiles and orgasms to everyone.

Instead, he was sinking into dark consideration and melancholy. Not a great look for someone that put themselves out there with as much optimism and goodwill as he tried to show on a daily basis.

So, as he always did, he took a deep breath, pushed the book a bit more securely in place, and gave himself another smile. Not a big one, for even a Christmas miracle had its limits, but

still something. When it was firm and no longer shaking, he turned from the bookshelf and walked down the nearest aisle.

Fiction of all sorts surrounded him. Yes, true, it was all some form of erotica, but it ranged from the modern to the modern fantasy, from the high peaks of High Fantasy to the spaceships of science-fiction fucking. Even as the smells of the old papers got to him, so too did the old bits of jizz that had served as part of the ink during the old budget cuts. The black dragon chuckled as he touched his hands to some of the older shelves, remembering the buzz and excitement of older days, from when he had written such things as Beta-Testers and The Porn Note. Sure, part of it had been down to using his supporters in the stories, but...

Well, there had been life, vibrancy, excitement back then. It didn't feel like there was much of that anymore.

He rounded the corner at the end of the aisle, looking up at the clock that was counting down to the New Year at the far end of the library. It was mounted on the wall, a dark silver rectangle against the black wood that formed the library structure, and the digital green numbers were slowly ticking down. Day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, they were slowly counting out 2021 and bringing in 2022.

Not that most in the library knew it, but it was also bringing in a new building. Draconicon rested his hand on the bookshelves, feeling the faint tingle of the fading magic under his claws. It had been slowly drifting away for a while now. How long, he didn't know, but long enough to make it clear that there was no saving the library. It had faded too far, slipped away from him too much.

But while he couldn't save it, he could renew it, and that was something that had his attention.

"Bot," the dragon whispered.

It wasn't a true robot, of course. None of the creatures that littered the library were anything like the science-fiction things that he occasionally wrote of, despite the possibility of raising such things. The power of imagination and creativity had few boundaries in these walls. But he had his preferences, and the library fed those preferences.

So, rather than a creature of glimmering steel or a flickering nanite cloud, what came to his summons was a demonic thing, a shadow of a shadow that came from beneath the books themselves, a creature so devoid of substance that it seized on the slightest thing - from ink to orders - to define itself.

"Make sure that the patrons know that check-out time is coming soon. They'll want to check out the new building in the new year."

"Yes, Master..."

The 'bot' disappeared, shifting from one nondescript shape to another, and then taking wing as it flew along the tomes. It reached the end of the aisle and leaped, shifting to something that was more akin to a monkey, leaping from shelf to shelf, and then changing again, though the latest shape slipped his notice as it moved out of sight.

Would they like the new building? Draconicon wondered. Would they like what I have in mind?

That was the question, and it was a question that he didn't have a real answer to. He wanted them to be happy, wanted them to enjoy the work that he put out for their sake...

For their sake.

Draconicon sighed, walking past the aisles and bookshelves to the railing that separated him from the open drop to the lower floors. He'd taken to working on the third floor of late, away from those that once watched him work, and maybe that had been one of the steps towards making it difficult for himself. He didn't share things in process anymore, but rather only let them be seen at the end.

But that wasn't the big thing, was it? Or at least, it wasn't anymore.

You're not writing for yourself. You're writing because you have to. Because you think that it has to be done. Because it's the only way that you can keep going. Because it's what's expected.

Draconicon covered his eyes with one hand. Not that he entirely disagreed with what the voice was saying, but it was taking him out of the moment, making him think dark thoughts again.

"After the holidays," he muttered. "Enough time for that after the holidays..."

Yes, yes, enough time after that...just like there was enough time after your break in November...or enough time when you were thinking of what you wanted to do back in June...

The problem with arguing with yourself was always that it had all the right answers to throw back at you. It was the thing that knew you better than you knew yourself until the moment that you could beat it, and that meant that it was very hard to find a way to get it to shut the fuck up.

Draconicon leaned against the railing a little further, his waist pressing against the wooden bannister as he looked down. Some of the patrons were slowly getting herded out through the front doors, most of them holding onto some treat or other from the library kitchens that had been handed out during the last few days. Cookies, mostly, though there were some savories passed out. Biscuits, pies, that sort of thing. He smiled to himself as he watched some of them pushing to stick around.

There was Necross, the star-winged dragon that had been a patron almost since the library was built. He remembered the times that they used to spend together, back before Necross was busy as hell and before he started becoming a hermit in his own library. There were dungeons here and there in the library that had been used to give him 'inspiration' in the past, and though the other dragon was never someone to 'take' it, he was very good at the other end.

He watched as a human shifted for a moment, growling through fangs that appeared and disappeared. Ray had been an interesting one, a patron for months - no, years, now - who had gone through a number of changes himself. Loyal, that one, if occasionally a bit strange. He clutched a grimoire in his hands as he left, and Draconicon made a mental note to ask for it back after the New Years.

Ailsa, too. That succubus was in the process of trying to seduce the Bot, whispering sweet nothings, and the purple-white striped stingray was getting nowhere with it. Even as she pulled it close, almost on the verge of sucking its inky body into her crotch, it was squirming backwards, trying to remind her that business hours were over.

"Ailsa."

Draconicon called down to her, and the succubus immediately pulled back, pouting. She gave him a playful middle finger, but smiled as she walked out the door.

Others, too, passed through. Engy, a round-hipped alchemist was wheeling fourteen different books on potions - and two on kobold care - out the front door with him. He checked out with a ball-print on the scanner rather than a library card, and hummed as he walked out the door. Fyacin, a lion that had come around a while back, made sure to offer a blown kiss up to the rafters, making sure to get the dragon's attention before he disappeared. Lorkos, a man that had been around so long that it was hard to tell what the library had made him into, was the next to pass through, and he shimmered with the ghosts of the various forms and bodies that he'd picked up during his years as a patron.

It was only the start. A good fifty-some people left the building, each one having made an impact in some way over their time supporting the library and his work. He watched them all with some fondness, hoping that they would be coming back next year.

You mean that you'll come back next year.

"Well, that's just non-negotiable, isn't it?" Draconicon muttered, pushing himself upright again with a sigh. "Not like I can just stop with so many things half-done."

Heh, is that your latest excuse? That you can't leave without finishing things? So, what about all the ones that never got past the first three chapters?

"..."

Or the things that never got started in the first place, just brainstormed?

“...”

Face it. You're a glutton for punishment. You don't even enjoy this anymore. You just do it to keep someone else happy, and you don't even do that anymore, do you? Nobody ever talks about the stories. Nobody ever has any interest in them. Maybe it'd be better to just leave it and never come back. After all, you're burning out. You can barely lift your wrists to the keyboard anymore. You can't even find the ink for new stories of your own.

“You can shut up anytime, you know,” the dragon muttered.

I know. But I don't feel like it.

Shaking his head, Draconicon gestured at the library's front door. The usual black fire of his magic surged, covering the glass entrances and sealing them for the night. With a flap of his wings, he leaped over the railing and glided down to the bottom floor, hitting the ground with a thump that cracked the wood beneath his feet. A few volumes on foot fetish work hit the ground, opening up on illustrations that he had conjured up in the past.

A glance at them just made him feel like they were cheap, but he refused to let them just sit there. He picked them up and put them away, the dragon making his way down to the central desk. Just a couple more things to do before locking up.

He reached the large desk to find a little tree waiting for him by the main pedestal and database. The glowing plant shimmered as if it had been waiting for him, and from it hung miniature decorations. Some were, of course, perverted - he made no secret of his desires, and most of his patrons shared at least some of them - but some were not. Some were letters, some were little footprints and paws, and some went further, with pieces of art or bits of poetry that ran down pieces of glass.

And at the base of the tree was a tree mat that read, ‘Happy Holidays, Draconicon.’

“...I need to pay more attention, I guess...”

Heh, token gestures at expected - ow!

Draconicon pulled his fist down from his shoulder - sometimes, imagining you've punched the voice yammering at you was a great way to shut them up - and squatted down by the tree. His robe split open in the front, though not quite enough to let everything hang out. He stroked his fingers along some of the ornaments, and saw that some of them had little messages hanging from them. He cocked his head this way and that, reading them, taking in the well-wishes, and smiling slightly.

It was enough to take some of the sting out of the year, he supposed. Not enough to get rid of all of it, but enough to make him feel a bit better. He'd like it if those that patronized the

library were there for more of what he put out there, but at least they were there in the first place. At least he mattered, even if his writing didn't.

Draconicon picked up one of the ornaments, which consisted of a still-shot of a pair of dragons in the desert. Him and a green dragon, one that had been just learning some of the great potential of his magic at the time. It showed the pair of them at an oasis, with the other male - Dreixes - being instructed on water-weaving. It was one of those that blended the lines between reality-canon and a mere story, but it was a good time, nonetheless.

Another ornament hung in the style of a footprint photo, though the photo itself was of a shy pangolin girl, her feet pushed forward with black sharpie used to write on them. The soft, narrow things had the words, 'For You, Mr. Draconicons' written on them, and he smiled to see it.

He took his time going through the various different gifts and treats on the tree, from a hippo waving her diploma aside her two romantic partners to a trench-coat wearing black feline standing outside the library doors. They were all reminders of the people that had come to support him over time, and he treasured them all.

Shaking his head, he turned to the central pedestal, waving his hand. It brought up the records of all books checked out and checked in over the day, as well as those that had been taken out of inventory by the patrons at the end. It all added up, so he tapped the illuminated records and signed off on it, leaving a scribble of his name on the parchment beneath his hand.

And that was it. The library could be closed. Kneeling down, he gathered up the tree and its ornaments, carefully floating it at his side. The voice kicked up again as he made his way to the staff door.

That doesn't fix it, though. That doesn't magically make it better.

"Nothing does," Draconicon said.

So, what, you'll just torment yourself until you break?

"I'll think of something."

You always say that.

"I always do."

What if you don't?

"Then I'll do something else," he said as he opened the door, stepping outside. "And hell. Maybe you'll get left behind when we blow the library up to start over."

...

“I’m never going to stop telling stories. I can burn out on writing one kind. I’ll move to another. And another. And another. And yeah, I want more than I have. So does everyone. Maybe I’ll earn it, or find it, or whatever. But I’m never stopping.”

You’re going to hate it.

“Everyone hates something.”

It isn’t a good thing. To hate the same thing you love.

“Heh...no, no it’s not...but better to love and hate it than to only hate it.”

The dragon shut the door. The voice didn’t follow. He walked out of the alley behind the library, unfolding his wings as he looked up to the night sky. It was entirely imagination, but it was just possible to shift the various images of the stars above to constellations of friendly faces.

“Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year...may it be better than the last...May it be the best yet.”

And with that, he took to the skies, flying home.

The End

Summary: Draconicon takes stock of the patreon library, and considers the year ahead.

Tags: M/solo, H/solo, Kinkiness, Sexual Decorations, Christmas, Holidays, Patreon, Vent Writing, Some Sad Thoughts, Library, Nudity, Seduction, Various Species, Friends,