

Gryph in the Gullet

The Great Untherian Plain was calm and serene, as it always was. The skies were clear aside from a few light fluffy clouds, and the gentle breeze was tickling the yellow ferns and vegetation in waves.

Ceylon was alone, gliding in the sky above the plains, buoyed by the warm, billowing thermals that emanated from the vegetation and rocks beneath her. She was scanning the vast expanse from mountain to sea on a trip north to visit Vaulix at Castle Arrenthen. It had been entirely too long since the two had shared a meal, and the gryphoness had just finished a rather exhausting trip to Endra.

Of all the places in Dalon, The Great Untherian Plains were Ceylon's favorite place to visit, aside from the Cradle of Dalon – Ceylon's home. It was just one huge, open expanse of grassland and rocky shield dotted with patches of bush and lakes, and lined with rivers. Very flat aside from the mountains that lined the north and southwest borders of the nation. Here, she could glide for hours without flapping, thanks to the pillars of heat that evaporated as the sun reflected off the warm-colored vegetation.

Her keen, blue eyes were scanning the horizon, surveying the lay of the land and taking note of landmarks for navigation. She was making sure that nothing was out of place or peculiar. Most creatures were grazing or hunting as they should, but she did see one single blue-furred saurossin laying next to a lake, and that interested her.

She quickly angled her wings and descended into a swoop, picking up speed to meet this dragon. A small part of her mind was hesitant, unsure if it was a good idea to interact with a creature much larger than herself without proper preparation; the last time she met up with a strange, foreign creature on the Great Untherian Plains, that hippogryph tried to kill her. Regardless, it was safer to use her telepathy to prod at this creature's mind, see if they were hostile or not.

As she drew close, she focused her eyes and her mind on the dragon, plucking bits of emotion and thought from his mind before he turned to look directly at her. She quickly angled herself down and landed in the ferns on the ground between a rock and a lake, sure to keep her head and

body straight up so she didn't look like she was hiding. She didn't want him to think she was being deceptive.

The brief moment her mind had taken exploring his had revealed he was not dangerous, nor was he hostile. If anything, he was lonely; sad. Alone in this region. His people must have been far over the Heirin ocean in the saurossin nation of Rissen. She didn't prod that deep, since she respected people's privacy and only plucked what she needed from their mind to ensure she was properly prepared to deal with any she encountered.

She trotted towards him, daintily stepping around the rocks and patches of tall fern-grass, keeping her eyes locked with his to let him know that she saw him, and knew he saw her. It couldn't be clear enough that she came with no ill intentions or malice. Still, breaking the silence was as perfect an act of good will as any. "Sir dragon?" She called at him, still many meters away, safely out of range of a tail lashing should he grow hostile.

"Gryphon." He replied, voice sounding meek. He was almost disappointed.

"I am Ceylon A'Merone, of Saff'Rald. I hail from Klyneth. How are you?" She stepped forward, lowering her head in a bow.

The dragon pulled his head back as the golden frills on his neck gently spread; it was as though he was about to attack or flee. Instead, he nodded slowly and flicked his tail. "I am Jayri. I'm from...not around here."

"Got a last name Jayri?" The gryphoness asked, inching forward as she emerged from the long yellow ferns to the short shoreline grass. She felt the feathers on her chest and neck start to stand on end, anticipating some sort of retaliation. This dragon seemed amicable, but not particularly sociable.

"I, uh, yeah. Jayri Avieock." He took in a deep breath and laid his head down on his front wrists. As his frills and fur all flattened against him.

Ceylon took note of his hand-like paws, which must have been perfect for manipulation. He must have been a sort of biped-quadruped hybrid. She'd never seen anything quite like that in her days. "Good day, Jayri. Tell me, what brings you to Untheria? Not a lot of dragons visit this realm."

“Don't really have anywhere else to go, really.” He sighed, chin still resting on his wrists. He angled in such a way he could look directly at Ceylon with one eye. “How about you?”

She continued to inch closer, stepping lightly until she was near enough to him that a single pounce could have tackled her if he so desired. She knew this could potentially be dangerous, but her empathetic mind caught absolutely no ill will from this furred dragon. “I'm just passing through. I'm planning on visiting a friend north of the triquatic lakes in the nation of Arrenthen.” After pressing forward more and more, she decided to test him a bit, see how he responded. “Are you okay? You seem a little depressed. Is there anything I can do?”

Jayri raised his head and squinted a single eye in distrust. A deep growl rumbled up from his gullet.

“No need to be defensive, sir. I have some empathetic telepathy. I can feel your mood, your emotions. I feel the emotions of all those around me, it helps me help them without them knowing it. I feel you are not happy. I want to know if I can help.” She wanted to be transparent with this dragon; she always liked to be upfront and forthright with people. Deception was not her method, and would not be conducive to building the trust she desired.

He rolled to his other side so that he was properly facing her. “And why would I trust you to help me? I don't know you, nor do I recognize your name.” He sighed again. “Then again, I don't really feel I can trust many people, not even my own kind.”

Ceylon took the last few steps up to him and sat on her haunches. He could have reached out and grabbed her if he wanted. “Well, look at you. You're many times my size. I'm sure you could eat me in one gulp if you so desired. No, I trust you're not the kind to attack, and I can assure you that I have no intention of harming you. I like to help people, Jayri. I see no benefit in conflict, only resolution. So here, lemme try something!” She immediately launched herself up, flapping once for leverage as she landed on the dragon's furred side. He nearly dwarfed her.

Jayri's muscles tensed in reaction to her sudden leap at him, but he relaxed when he felt her talons and paws gently kneading at his back. He

was confused, but he enjoyed the physical attention enough that he relaxed, letting his guard down a bit. “W-what are you going to do?” He asked, turning his head to look directly into her blue eyes.

She gape-grinned her beak at him and nodded, gently stepping back and forth from talon to paw, gently squeezing and scratching at his fur and flesh, massaging him and tickling him. “Giving you some much needed affection!” She cooed at him, gently moving up his back until she was kneading at the base of his neck with her talons.

A gentle churr rumbled up from Jayri's belly, reverberating around his throat as he laid his head down on his wrists again. “Th-thank you for this. It's not often I...” he stopped mid sentence as he felt her tickling up his spine to the base of his skull, her long claws teasing near the base of his ears. His frills were buzzing and vibrating in between her front legs.

“Oh? You like that, do you?” Ceylon cooed. “See? I'm not so bad. I told you, I just want you to be happy. I want everyone to be happy. How about this?” She reached up and laid both of her talons on his head, scritchng gently at the base of each ear, causing them both to splay out as the rumbling of his contented purr tickled her paw pads.

She continued to rub and scratch gently at him, using her talons to tickle the fur at the base of his ears, alternating trailing a single finger up to the tip of his ears, squeezing and pinching in a sensual massage. Her hind paws were also curling at the base of his neck, continuing to massage between his leg withers and wing shoulders. She wanted to be as affectionate as she could; with her body so close to his, she could feel his emotions more strongly than before, and she could tell this is exactly what he needed.

“Wh-why are you doing this, miss gryphon?” Jayri mumbled under his breath, words obscured by the increasingly aggressive purring that was vibrating his throat and upper body.

Ceylon continued to massage, spreading her wings out for extra balance on his body. “Because I can. I see every new person I meet as an opportunity; an opportunity to help, to make the world a better place, and to make someone's day. You could have attacked. You didn't. That means

you could be my friend, a long term acquaintance. I appreciate that, and for that I wish to return your kindness. So relax, let me make you happy.”

Jayri obeyed, a smile forming on his maw, curling up the corners of his lips. His black and glowing blue tongue slipped out the end of his snout as he closed his eyes, his wings relaxing and splaying out on either side of his form. He was relaxed, and her words helped to calm him. His issues were melting away as her paws did their magic on him.

“See? I'm a trustworthy gryph-mare. If you'd like, I'd love to hear more about you. I've never seen a dragon quite like you. Furred saurossins are rare anywhere in the world, and I can't recall a time I've seen front paws that looked more like hands. Very peculiar, in the best of ways.” She kept stepping with her hind paws and tickling her her talons as she spoke, idly making concentration as she gently prodded at his mind, hoping to find more in there that she could use to please him. She didn't want to dig too deeply, as she feared he would catch onto her and lose his trust. She did find a few things – just enough to work with – before backing down his spine, her paws kneading and claws scritchng at him every half-step of the way, careful to not let his spine spikes stab into her pawpads.

Jayri whimpered a bit, bringing his head up and around to look at her. “Why'd you stop?” He asked, ears perking up and flicking to re-align the fur on them after he massage. “I like my ears played with!”

She nodded slowly, her crystal azure eyes sparkling at him. “I know, but that's not all you like massaged, is it?” She turned and took a few final steps down his body to lay her talons on his haunches, claws poking at the base of his tail. She gave a gentle squeeze followed by a knead, leaning into it enough that her own haunches were raised and her tail up just high enough to show off her deep black vulva and rump flesh. The sly gryphoness looked over her shoulder and back at Jayri before giving him a suggestive wink and returning to massage his tail.

The dragon whimpered and let out a squeak as his maw closed up and tongue withdrew back up into his gullet. He gulped heavily as a gentle breeze whisked up some of her scent towards him, tickling his nostrils with a sweet and earthy aroma. It was akin to estrus mare, and that made his loins stir. Despite her blatant attempts at arousing him, he was stirring in

discomfort as his member bulged out in his sheathe, trying to shift his leg to cover it so she didn't see.

Ceylon didn't need to prod at his mind to feel his bashful nature. She knew that exposing herself would stir him up a bit, and what little she knew about him assured her that he wouldn't be as forthright with her as she was with him. She took note of his subtle body language and continued to massage at his tail, reaching around to prod at the back end of his haunches, teasing his rump cheeks but not quite touching his unmentionables.

"C-Ceylon? Miss g-gryphon?" Jayri stammered as he shifted again, further obscuring his bulging member from view.

"Yes Jayri? What's that? Are you uncomfortable? Does a gryphoness need to help massage other parts to ease your tension?" She didn't look at him since she was still focusing on his rump and the base of his tail before hopping off him. She sauntered around his hind leg and flared out her wing a bit before winking at him. "I think you need to relax a bit, sir." She insisted, before leaning in to use her beak on his belly, preening the fur there as she slowly moved south. The gryphon mare used her beak and powerful neck muscles to pry his knee away from his belly, shoving her head in between his thighs.

Jayri squeaked and whimpered, tail curling up around himself and Ceylon. He didn't really know how to respond, so he shuddered and took in a deep breath as he felt her beak tip trailing down his belly fur, coming to rest gently in between belly and bulged sheathe. He felt her warm breath tickle the exposed tip of his member, coaxing another uncomfortably shift and squeeze, forcing her to pull out from between his legs and belly.

"Hey, no, what are you doing Jayri?" Ceylon protested as she yanked her head from under his thigh. "You can't tease me like that and leave me needing. I wouldn't do such a thing to you." She swayed her hips and lifted her tail, gently blowing her estrus scent towards him, a deliberate ploy to get him to open up a bit.

"I-I'm s-sorry!" He blubbered, flustered a bit. He hid his snout under his hands and flattened his frills against his neck, shamed by his arousal.

“Don't be sorry, just let me have my fun.” She insisted, nuzzling back underneath his leg. This time, she was met with less resistance as Jayri relaxed his thigh muscles and let her nuzzle into him. She prodded and preened at his fur with her beak until she found the moist flesh of his cock tip prodding against her cheek. She gaped open her beak and stole a taste of the thick, viscous fluid that was dripping off the end of it.

Ceylon had her eyes closed at first, concentrating on the musky flavor of it and the warmth of his body smothering her, but when she opened her eyes she was met with a fascinating sight. The fluid and flesh of his cock was glowing, illuminating the tiny crevice between thigh and belly, the single glob of it on her upper beak a beacon of fluid.

She cocked her head to the side and stole another taste before pulling her head and neck out from under him so she could get a better look at his expression. He was still trying his best to look away, covering his snout with his hands. “You glow!” She exclaimed. “You are glowing!” She couldn't contain her excitement. Glowing flesh was so incredibly rare, Ceylon had only seen it when it was magically imbued by her or one of her equally talented colleagues.

“Y-yes?” Jayri confirmed. “I always have. Is th-that bad?” He shifted so that he could look at her, peeking out from between his fingers.

The gryphoness hopped forward and leaned into him, nuzzling at his neck as she let out a gentle coo. “Of course it is, it's amazing! Very rare, very special.” She preened at his neck fur and idly plucked at his neck feathers as her tail snaked its way backwards and down his belly, forcing itself by his sheathe, much like her beak had done.

Jayri was enjoying the comfort and affection of the gryphon, but shot his head up and raised his ears high in surprise as he felt a warm, moist canal of flesh slide over the tip of his cock. He raised his leg immediately and rolled over to see that Ceylon's tail tip had parted into three distinct folds and was sliding itself over his tip. She had a tail maw, and it was sucking on him, coaxing him from his sheathe.

“Oh? You like that, do you?” Ceylon cooed at him into his neck fur. She nuzzled as her tail undulated, forcing itself down onto him. The three malleable jaw-petals squeezed tight as the muscles of its length

contracted, forcing it backwards. The lubricating fluids of her tail maw's throat aided his thick tip down its throat, forming a bulge in its thin gullet – a stark contrast from the thin and lithe girth of its length.

The dragon's entire body shuddered as he felt her tail maw squeezing his tip, the suction literally pulling his member from the confines of his sheathe. He felt his hips buck forth, the motion popping his knot from its sheathe. The patterned flesh of it throbbed and the knot swelled once it was free of the sheathe, the gums of the gryphon's tail maw massaging his shaft as the muscles squeezed all three jaws together.

Ceylon purred and nuzzled into him as she squatted down, pushing her tail back as far as it would go; she knew that in order to coax an orgasm from any knotted creature, she needed to squeeze at the neck and tug on the bulbs. Problem was, his cock was nearly as thick as her torso at the thickest part, and her tail was quite thin. Malleable, but thin.

There were rows of snake-like needlepoint teeth lining each gum ridge of the inside of her tail, but she was using the muscles to suck at his member, not bite. Like any good oral, her teeth were retracted and flattened, leaving only her gums and soft maw flesh to squeeze and suck on his cock. The very tips of the maw-petals were resting on the bulge of his knot as she leaned back into it, the throat muscles relaxing with the pressure to allow his tip to slide deeper.

Jayri grunted and bucked his hips, knot swelling with each beat of his heart. Her tail was quite talented, enough so that he found himself scrunching his face up as he tried to extend his pleasure before climax. His body shifted, thigh muscles tensing and wings twitching before he rolled to all fours, leaving Ceylon on the ground under his belly, her tail arched up and cradling his cock, the very tip of it lodged in a tight bend. He couldn't help but buck forward, like he was covering a fellow dragon; he even laid his chest down flat against the ground, nearly squishing the much smaller gryphon beneath him.

Ceylon daintily stepped out of the way, her tail tip and maw still latched tightly on his member, the muscles loosening and tightening in undulating waves as she pushed its length upward, forcing the bulge of the knot to part the lips and slide down the tail's throat. She gulped from both ends, nervous about just how big his cock was compared to her lithe tail, but

also hungry for his seed. She could taste his musky bitterness thanks to the taste receptors in the tail maw's flesh and gums. She could also feel every beat of his heart through the pulsing veins along its length and the throbbing growth of his knot.

With a deep breath, Ceylon relaxed herself and leaned back into the much larger dragon's powerful thrusts, the three maws all gaping wide and swallowing the knot in one fluid motion, the tips of each lip converging at the the dragon's cock base so that the flesh of her tailmaw's throat squeezed tight around the twin lobes and tugging.

She felt a deep rumbling pressing down on her back as Jayri started growling at her, gritting his teeth as his hind end shuddered in delight. His cock seemed to explode in her tail as the knot expanded to full girth all at once, followed by a hot warmth that shot deep down her gullet.

Jayri let out a loud, nearly pained roar as he lifted one of his front paw-hands to press down on Ceylon's back between her shoulders; his instinct was taking over. He offered another thrust followed by another throbbing spasm of his cock, coaxing another thick gob of cum to spurt out from his urethra. The spines on the underside of his length splayed out, helping the knot to lock him in place as his member spewed gob after gob of his seed into the mare.

The gryphoness was a little worried; she could feel the copious volumes of the dragon's thick seed filling her tail, sloshing about in the throat, and forcing itself up into her torso between her hips. She couldn't see it, but she could feel his cum was more like gelatin than liquid, as each little bead of it rolled over itself, tickling her flesh before pressing against her womb. She kept her muscular contractions sucking on his member, massaging him and swallowing seed all at once. Stream after stream of his semen shot into her, the pressure building until her cervix gave way like a broken dam, gaping open and letting the torrent of cum fill her womb.

As her muscles undulated in waves, she felt her womb distend, belly bulge, and pussy lips tremble. She was getting bloated, a cramp deep in her abdomen, as more and more of the dragon's cum filled her. Before long, it was too much, and she felt the cervix linking womb to pussy quiver and loosen. The pressure was growing, and she couldn't keep his seed inside her.

Though a little uncomfortable, she still loved the feel of her flesh stretched and distended around his throbbing cock, his gooey seed inflating her womb. She winked her mare-like pussy lips, clitoris peeling out as a dribble of his jelly-like cum trickled over her flesh to land on the ground between her hind legs.

She winked again, but this time her womb opened right up, letting more of his seed flow from her womb, the clenching muscles of her tail keeping it from escaping that way.

“W-what's that?” Jayri asked, curious as to why he could see his cum dribbling out the gryphon's cunt.

Ceylon shuddered in delight and offered another idle squeeze of her tail around his cock before panting and getting back to all fours, slipping out from under his front leg. “My womb, Jayri. You filled it, and your cock...plugged my tail. It had nowhere else to go.” She was making little sense, but she could tell by Jayri's expression that he understood enough.

“Your tail....goes to the same place your mare parts do?” He asked, trying to confirm as he felt his knot slowly deflate. He had climaxed and filled her with his seed, it was time to relax a bit. He blushed and curled his long neck around to nuzzle at her hips, tongue slipping from his maw to lick at her lips.

Even though her tail maw was still clamped around the dragon's massive knot, she felt it lift up as high as it would go as her legs spread apart, giving his snout easy access to her drooling lips. She whimpered a bit and tensed her sex, winking clitoris out again to spew a thick gob of his cum out to his snout, which he easily licked off. She looked down the underside of her belly between her legs, noting that the gel-like seed was actually a royal purple, not glowing, but still vibrant in color.

The pressure of his knot against her tail was not letting a single drop seep out that end of her, instead forcing the thick fluid deeper into her womb and out her pussy. However, his climax was receding and his knot was deflating, so it was threatening to pop from her tail maw with every passing second.

Jayri kept his snout buried under her tail, eyes closed as he buried her tongue in her slit, lapping gently at her sex to play the gentle drake, cleaning up his mess after he was done. He started rumbling an idle purr as his snout pushed into her, tickling her even more as his eager tongue parted her lips.

“Heh! That feels nice!” Ceylon cooed at him as she gave one final tug to her tail, yanking the knot out with a splash of cum behind her. “D-don't stop that!”

The dragon kept at the underside of her tail, pausing only long enough to assure her of his fealty. “A gentle drake must clean his hen up when it is done. I am no beast, my lady.” He returned his snout to her lips, kissing gently before lapping the last of his fluids from her folds.

She was fully cleaned, save the thin sheen of saliva moistening her lips. She offered one last squeeze of a wink before lowering her tail and stepping away. “I hope you are satisfied, sir drake.” She curled her tail up under her rump to seal off her opening before resting on her haunches and started preening at her own plumage.

“I-I guess so.” Jayri stammered as he shifted his weight from hind paw to hind paw. His knot was still slowly deflating as it tugged backwards into his sheathe, leaving a thick bead of fluids gumming up his belly. Once it was fully put away, he laid back down on his belly and took in a deep sigh. He was trying to be happy about the release he just had, but he was broadcasting a someway dour mood again in spite of that.

Ceylon didn't know if he was disappointed in his performance or if he was in need of another round, but she could tell he wasn't happy, so she nuzzled up into him, preening at his neck fur and purring in deep waves along with her slow, deliberate breaths. She was still exhausted from the vigorous sucking her tail had done, and the distending bloat she felt in her womb, but she had enough energy to be affectionate with Jayri, so she focused on that. “Why so down, still?” She asked as she pressed her body up against his.

The dragon laid his head down again, his frills flattening to his skull. “I don't really know, I'm just lonely, I love affection, but it's so rare that a creature as kind as you wants to cuddle with me. I always hear the

screams and worry. Oh, he's a dragon, he's gonna eat me. He's a dragon, he's going to burn my village down. I don't want to eat everyone, you know, I just wanna cuddle.” Right as he finished - to accentuate the irony of his assertion – his belly rumbled and growled at Ceylon.

She smiled and rubbed her body up against his, wings splaying out just enough to massage his fur. “I see you're hungry, though. When's the last time you ate? Did you hunt here on the plains?”

“N-no, I wouldn't be allowed to. I'm sure the king would hunt me down if he found out I at one of his wild creatures.” He sighed again as his belly rumbled.

Ceylon cooed at him and nuzzled into him, pressing her back to his belly. “I am the king of these plains, and we all have to eat. If you are hungry, you eat. That's the law of nature, and all in Dalon must adhere to this law above all else.” She craned her neck back and plucked at his chin, running her hooked beak tip through the fur of his neck.

There was a noticeable shudder that slipped through his form, accentuated by another rumbling of his belly. He pushed his chin down farther, nuzzling back into her to enjoy as much of her affection as he could. To his surprise, he felt her talon reach up and rub at the corner of his maw, slipping between his lips and rubbing against his teeth. Surprised, he pulled away and smacked his lips, unsure of how to take her proposition. “Wh-what are you doing?”

She rolled to her feet and cocked her head to the side with a grin. “You're hungry. I can tell. I'd make a filling meal, wouldn't I?” The gryphoness stepped forward and hopped up, her front talons resting on his chest as she looked up directly at his closed maw. She booped him on the snout and then gently slipped her paw between his lips to rest on his tongue.

He gave a gentle suck on her talon before spitting it out. “I can't do that!” He protested, his tongue threatening to lick his lips until he gulped and shook his hunger off.

“Why not? I know how to take care of myself. I don't want to ruin the surprise, but you cleaned out more from me than just your mess. You can trust yourself to not harm me, so come on! You have a hunger to satisfy!”

She leaned into him, nuzzling at his cheek and using her beak to pry at his lips; her talon returned to the end of his muzzle so it could slip in between his teeth.

Jayri tried to pull away and open his maw just enough to use his tongue to force her hand out of his gullet, but in that split second that his jaws were parted, Ceylon pushed into the glowing, fleshy trap. As he tried to close his mouth, he felt her head and upper body resting against his tongue, the added pressure of his jaw muscles squeezing her tighter. His teeth were digging into her fur and feathers. He tried to spit her out, but didn't have the heart for it, and instead relinquished his gullet to her. As he offered a final squeeze, he felt his throat clench in a hungry gulp.

“There you go.” Ceylon urged, her neck twisting and contorting to rub her cheek against his tongue, nuzzling at his soft and moist maw flesh. She took note of the glowing fluids that were secreted around her, as well as the striped pattern on his gullet. It was a glorious throat, one she would happily push herself into, and she imagined she'd be able to see the walls contracting around her, thanks to the bio-luminescent fluids that his digestive tract secreted.

The dragon remained confused, not sure what to do in a situation like this. The gryphon's entire head was resting in his maw, his teeth pinching around her neck and upper shoulders. His predatory instincts urged him to jerk his neck forward, gaping maw open and trapping her inside, but his lucid side was dwelling on the brisk but enjoyable time he'd had with this gryphon. The more she nuzzled, the deeper she forced herself. The deeper she went, the more easily triggered his instincts were.

Just as her beak pressed down at the back of his thick tongue, he felt a gag come on. He retched a bit, neck jerking forward in a motion as he gaped his maw open. The motion forced more of Ceylon down his throat rather than squeezing her back out.

She took this brief opportunity to dig her hind claws into the dirt, pushing up against his retching maw, the juices from his throat and belly surging up over her and soaking into her feathers and fur. She brought her paws up to knead at the base of this tongue, her beak nuzzling into the striped gullet. Her motions coaxed another involuntary gulp from him, squeezing her tight and sucking on her head and neck.

“Grph!” Jayri tried to crane his neck in such a way that she'd slip from his gullet, but as he felt her form resting in his neck, he couldn't help but bite down and lift her high before gaping the maw open one more time as he relaxed his muscles, followed by a powerful squeezing gulp. Her legs kicked at the air before catching on his gums from inside his maw, and the moment he felt her claw catch on his teeth, he closed his mouth up tight and gulped.

The leverage of her hind paws, gravity, lube, and his muscles gulping on her all conspired to have her dive into his belly, head first. She kept her eyes open and saw that, indeed, his gullet was fully illuminated as she disappeared into it. The stripes of his flesh slid past her face as his powerful throat muscles massaged her. Before long, she felt her entire torso get smothered in soft, warm dragon throat muscles. She wiggled and waved her body as she slid deeper, soon feeling her beak prod at the opening of his stomach. Only her tail was still flicking happily in the cool evening air as he gaped his maw open one last time.

Jayri took in a deep breath through his nose as he closed his eye, concentrating on the writhing, wriggling prey that was worming its way down his distended gullet. His tongue wrapped around the tail that poked out from his throat before he offered one last gulp, his powerful muscles squeezing around the gryphon's haunches to deposit her directly in his belly. He slurped up the last of her tail and belched, lower jaw quivering in delight as the avian's form lurched deeper, satisfying his hunger.