

Gryph in the Gullet 2

Ceylon wiggled and writhed as she felt the dragon's flesh squeeze around her, pinning wings to her back and massaging her limbs. She nuzzled into the center of the canal that she was sliding through, the muscles clenching from her rump and up her body. When she opened her eyes, she could see everything clearly, the bio-luminescent internals and fluids giving her a beautiful view of the striped esophagus that was lurching and groaning around her.

She could feel and hear Jayri's heartbeats pulsing alternate each other around her, a steady gurgle and groan of the belly under laid beneath the throbbing beat, accented by the straining grunt of the muscles occasionally swallowing her and forcing her a little deeper.

The flesh was tight around her head and neck, so she rested her talons up under her chin and pushed down, gaping the flesh open and sucking in air from his gullet in a guttural whoosh as it sneaked past her body. Another lurching gulp forced her a little deeper until she felt her talons slip past a ridge into a much roomier opening. The muscles clenched again and forced the air from the tiny cavern between her talons and beak to escape forward into the belly.

Once her beak slid out of the esophagus and into the stomach, she was greeted with a nice little flesh cave with a glowing blue lake resting at the bottom, drips of the same colored fluid trickling down the wrinkled walls. Another tight gulp squeezed at her rump and forced her into the puddle of glowing fluid, followed by the walls of the belly squeezing tight and forcing her to curl up in a fetal position as her body shifted until she was laying on her back in the fluid. She tried to move, but the walls and floor of his cavernous stomach were too slick to get a grip, and she certainly had no interest in using her talon for grip, Jayri was not the kind to harm her, so why would she do that to him?

She pushed off with her rump and curled her body up, kicking against the walls in a futile attempt to regain her footing, but had absolutely no luck. The entire body shifted around her, then the floor of the stomach went flat as the ceiling collapsed, squishing her again as the folds of belly flesh seemed to melt around her, the air whooshing past her face to escape out the esophagus. She tried another kick, and this time he felt her hind paw

catch on something, a crack or crevice of some sort. It didn't take long for her to realize this was Jayri's gut, and the other way out.

With one powerful lurch and a curling of her body, she kicked and tucked into a ball, barely shifting about enough for her four legs to splay out beneath her. She had her footing, now she had to get into those tight intestines.

She was running out of time. The digestive fluid was not acidic, and therefore safe, but she was running out of air, and she couldn't hold her breath forever. As a seafaring avian, she was quite adept at holding her breath, but it had been a few minutes, and she needed to go.

The gryphoness lowered her belly to the ground and nuzzled into the tiny valve that was the entrance to the winding path of his gut, swaying her head from side to side and kicking against either side of his belly for leverage as she pushed and forced herself into the tiny, tight canal. It didn't immediately loosen and part for her, so she brought both talons up and slipped them into it, using her front leg muscles and her neck to part it open as best she could.

The tiny triangular opening was just enough for her, so she pulled her wings tight against her back and nuzzled into the tight passage, wiggling her body back and forth, up and down, undulating as best she could to squirm and slide. She felt the tight tube of flesh sliding over her body, squeezing around her neck, shoulders, torso, then hips, leaving only her legs and tail in the cavernous belly.

She tried to open her eyes to get a look at the blue-striped insides that were smothering her, but the flesh was too close to her, too tight, so she couldn't actually see anything but nondescript blue light. It was like she was staring directly at a colored candle. She tried flailing her legs for more leverage, but the stomach imploded, squeezing tight and practically forcing her deeper into his gut, the opposite wall pressed against the opening that she was sliding through.

Ceylon was getting a little panicked now. She didn't have enough time to use her magic to alter Jayri enough that his fluids would be safe to breathe, only that they wouldn't digest her. She was running out of time

and air. She tried broadcasting her thoughts to him, begging him for help in her journey, or maybe he could swallow some air for her.

“Okay.” Jayri said to her, his voice echoing in her mind rather than out loud.

She was confused. Could Jayri read her mind as she could his? If so, he may have been a touch more devious than his innocent demeanor would have indicated. A moment later, she felt the muscles loosen and contract, followed by another guttural whoosh as his belly filled with air, further followed by a squeeze that bubbled the air through his guts to reach her.

The fresh air was warm and moist, but it gave her just enough to reinvigorate her journey. She wiggled and writhed, curling up and nuzzling deeper to test the angle of the twisting, winding path of his digestive system. Around she went, back and forth, up and down as the tight canals squeezed and slid over her body until, finally, she felt her beak emerge into a somewhat roomier but still snug passage. His large intestine, his colon. She was almost there.

Her body undulated and pushed off against each bend in his gut, much like a snake, until all that was left in the tight confines of his small intestine was her tail. She could feel her beak nuzzling on something softer, something with clear muscle control a few inches ahead. She was almost out, but her beaky prodding seemed to tickle him, so the muscles contracted and kept her from slipping any farther. She sent out another telepathic distress signal, asking him to loosen up a bit, and she felt the walls gently part with ease.

“Here you go. Sorry!” Jayri apologized as his body shifted again, angling her beak downwards as the muscles loosened under his tail but tightened in his gut.

She felt her body slipping the last bit as her beak forced its way through a tight opening – his rump – to feel the first tickle of cold air on her nares. She gaped her beak open and sucked in some air, the open maw spreading his tailhole open and letting just a hint of light into her confines. She was free, or near to it.

Jayri let out a long, satisfied moan as he felt Ceylon's form shift from his throat to his belly. He got a chance to suck on her tail a bit before arching his neck and swallowing it down. To his delight, he could feel the writhing of it swaying back and forth in his gullet, tickling at the back of his maw. He had to hold back a gag, worried that it might squeeze her too tight and force her back out before she was comfortable.

The dragon shifted in place, arching his neck downward to look at the tiny little paw-shaped bulges in his belly. He grinned and churred, pressing his hand-paw against the distended bulges as he rolled onto his side. Though he knew that she wasn't a meal for him, he felt satisfied, his hunger sated.

However, she didn't stop moving. He felt her shifting and swaying inside before finally feeling all four of her feet pressing out against his belly, followed by a deep lurch as a sharp sensation stabbed into his gut. She must have been slipping deeper through his system.

The prodding at his depths coaxed a powerful squeeze of his abdomen followed by a deep-seated shift of Ceylon's body. Her form lurched deeper into him, a tight feeling bubbling up in his torso as the last of her slid through his intestines. At least that's what he thought was happening, he had no idea for sure.

He was getting to the point where he wanted – nay, needed – to communicate with her. She had quite a journey ahead of her if she wanted to safely emerge under his tail, and any guidance could help. He was about to speak to her via telepathy that he'd hidden from her, but opted to keep it a secret. At least until he heard her voice in his head.

“Tight. Can't breathe. Could you...air...please?”

Jayri panicked a bit before answering. “O-okay!” He promised. He didn't think his body was uninhabitable, but evidently Ceylon hadn't completed her manipulation of his form, as she'd intended. She didn't know that he had the slightest ability to feel her mind and understand her intentions even if she never outright told him her plans.

With new information at his disposal, Jayri arched his neck and gaped his maw open wide, relaxing the muscles of his throat to open his esophagus from tongue to belly before closing up and swallowing, forcing the air down through his system. He felt the rumbling of the air passing through his moist passage before finally bubbling up around Ceylon and disappearing.

Good. She must have inhaled it. But once inhaled, it had to come out. Once she exhaled deep within him, he felt another rumbling of air travelling through his gut, a distinct cramping sensation building in his lower abdomen before finally being released out from the vent under his tail. He blushed, embarrassed that he'd let one rip in the presence of a lady.

With a bashful look on his face, he shifted onto his belly again, covering his face with his hands, tail lowered in shame as he felt her shift and move again. Her form bent and wiggled one last time before the cramping sensation built up again in his gut, much like the gas cramp from before, only this time it was a solid mass of gryphoness that was worming her way through him.

He squeezed down again and got to his feet, arching his back and lifting his tail to aid her in her travels, the gravity helping her form to slide through his rump. He felt his pucker moisten as the fluids slipped out, dripping over his balls and splashing on the ground between his legs, followed by a sharp prodding from inside his tailhole. He instinctively clenched in discomfort, until she telepathically pleaded with him again.

“Kind of trapped in here, could you relax a bit?” She begged.

“H-here you go. Sorry.” He took in a deep breath and relaxed, allowing her beak to protrude from under his tail, the upper and lower segments parting as a cool whoosh of air tickled his flesh.

Jayri blushed again as he looked around, more of his fluids seeping out his rump, helping Ceylon slide from his confines. He squeezed and grunted, forcing her out in one wet squelch of a mess.

Ceylon emerged, coated in glowing blue slime, into a heap of feathers and fur on the ground between Jayri's legs. She was breathing heavy, beak

open and gasping as she writhed in the mess that Jayri left on her. Trails of the slick fluid bridged from her form to the flesh of his tailhole, drooping down and eventually touching the ground.

The dragon lowered his tail and turned around, nuzzling into Ceylon, licking at her and trying to prod her awake. He was worried she was hurt in some way, but she batted him away with a slime-covered wing and rolled to all fours before shaking like a dog.

“A-are you okay?” Jayri asked with a meek whimper.

She re-adjusted her jaw and spread her wings a bit, splashing much of the liquid off her form before blinking it off her eyelids. “I am fine, just a bit of a miscalculation on my part. I thought I could alter your fluids enough to breathe – like my own – but I didn't have the time. I got a little overzealous. Luckily, I can hold my breath, and you were...wait, you have telepathy?”

Jayri immediately blushed and lowered his head, the feathers on his neck flattening. He wanted to keep that a secret.

“I see. Well, I am kind of surprised I didn't catch that when I was prodding about in your mind. Normally I can see right into people that way.” She kicked some more fluid off her hind leg and rubbed her tail against a nearby fern to further clean herself. “No matter. That was fun. It's not often I get to do that. Usually people want to use me as a pred. Nice to find someone else that is not only willing and gentle, but big enough to accommodate me. Good work!” she lunged forward like she was pounce-attacking him, but then nuzzled up into his belly, resting her ear against his abdominal wall to hear the groaning and rumbling of the pockets of air still churning around inside.

“Well, I, uh. Yeah, okay. So, I guess I'm not hungry anymore, even though my belly is still empty.” Jayri commented, rubbing at himself a bit. He was quite confused. How could his hunger still be satisfied if he hadn't truly eaten anything?

“Makes sense. The body is a strange thing. In fact, this exact thing is what urged Leera's race's digestive cycle. She's cold blooded, you see, so she really doesn't need that much in the way of nutrition. You are hungrier than

you need to be, so over many generations she developed a cycle that helped prey to pass through her, satisfying her hunger without causing their demise. That's what I was trying to do to you, alter your body to be more like hers. It worked, half way.”

Jayri pulled away. “Wh-who's Leera? What are you talking about?”

The gryphoness smiled and started licking the goop off her talon. “Sorry, sometimes I meander, I'm used to being around people who can read my mind and fill in the blanks. Leera is my mate. A Saurossin naga. Their subspecies or race have developed a digestive cycle that is normal one quarter of the time, and safe the other three quarters. They secrete a fluid that can be inhaled into your lungs and it will sustain you for the duration of your trip, which can last days or weeks. The simple sensation of having a belly filled will turn off one's hunger at least long enough to last them until their next meal. You're a dragon, so I imagine you will be satisfied for a few days, at least.”

“She's your mate? So, what we did before I...and we...oh my...” He blushed again, hiding his face in his paws. “I didn't know!”

“Didn't know what? That I had a mate? Don't worry, we're not exclusive, and we're not monogamous in the least. We spend far too much time away from each other to realistically have that kind of relationship. I wouldn't be surprised if she had some massive dragon mounting her right now! Or, you know, was swallowing one down. You can rest easy, you're not upsetting any balance, here.” Ceylon leaned into him again and nuzzled at his belly, using her beak to preen at him. Slowly, she tickled her way down his abdomen until the hook of her beak was nuzzling at the opening of his sheathe again.

“Whrr?” Jayri brought his head up, ears perked and feathers on end as he swerved around to look at Ceylon. “Wh-what are you doing?” He shifted and moved his leg a bit so that his inner thigh was hiding his bits.

“I can tell from the smell that you're still aroused. Hungry for a different need. Why be so shy about it? I told you, Leera and I aren't exclusive or monogamous, and I really like that cock of yours. Come on, I want to plaaaaayyyy!” She pecked at his belly and nuzzled up under his leg,

using the hook of her beak to pry open the blue flesh of Jayri's sheathe slit.

Despite his reservations, the dragon couldn't help but part his legs and roll over onto his side, exposing himself to the gryphoness. While he felt a touch uncomfortable being fondled by a mated partner, he still had male urges and it was quite challenging to say no to someone that was so vigorously stimulating his member. Part of him was really hoping she'd bury that beak in his cock tip so he could swallow her and hold her in his balls, but he got the impression that wasn't what she was looking for. Still, he felt himself swelling between the legs, his cock growing and forcing itself out of its sheathe to prod at Ceylon.

“Oh good, I'm glad to see you agree.” She chirped, bringing both talons up to knead at either side of the opening, nuzzling at the cock tip and slipping her tongue out to prod at the urethral opening. She was still covered in gobs of blue glowing slime, but she didn't seem to care about that. All she seemed to care about was Jayri's growing cock. She hummed and churred at him as she lapped at his natural lubricating fluids, each motion of her talons pulling the sheathe back a bit further to expose more of his black-and-blue striped length.

Jayri let out a grunt, eyes closed and ears flattening against his skull. He may have just had his fun, but the more she massaged him, the more excited he got, and the stronger her scent became. He didn't even notice at first that she was still waving her tail, vulva throbbing and releasing estrus pheromones right at him. He was powerless to hold back once a thick waft of moist heat clouded him, rolling his eyes back up in his skull, eyelashes fluttering.

“What's that, Jayri? Do you like that?” She squatted down and tensed her muscles, spewing a tiny gob of creamy fluid over her meaty clit, moistening her vulva and blasting another wave of sweet-bitter scent at the dragon. Her lips were drooling fluid that mixed in with the glowing blue that still smothered her fur and feathers, so she arched her tail down and around, the tip of it rubbing against her rump and pussy, smearing the combined fluids as she arched her back, forcing a bit of her tail into herself. She moaned and leaned into Jayri's cock wrapping her neck around the tip as she extended her tail back out, leaving the femcum-soaked tip of it just under his nostrils.

The powerful aroma triggered Jayri's mating instincts almost instantly. He shifted around and let out a bellowing roar as he got to all fours, standing tall over Ceylon. He tried to shake his mind free of the powerful control of the pheromones, but couldn't hold back very long. He pushed his hand-paw down on the small of Ceylon's back, holding her in place as he arched his back, forcing the entirety of his cock to emerge from its sheath, the tip of it dangling low enough to rest in the puddle of goo that his gut had left alongside the gryphoness.

Ceylon chirped in surprise, followed by a drawn out churr as she shifted her body underneath the dragon's weight. She was surprisingly strong, able to push up against him even though he was trying to hold her down. She was able to spin around so that her rump-end was facing towards his exposed cock, rail raised as she clenched and winked her clit again, another gob of her own creamy lubricant shooting onto the tip of his cock.

He grunted a bit as he felt the warm spatter of her fluids on him, his muscles contracting and his cock tensing up and aiming at the underside of her tail. He bucked his hips and arched his back, forcing the tip of his member against her flesh, the roundness of her rump cheeks and angle of her tail aiming it at her lips. He felt her heat against his tip, the soft flesh of her vulva kissing him ever so gently and sucking on the tapered end of his cock as she winked again, spewing more of her fluids against the underside of his length.

"There we go!" Ceylon urged as she pushed back, splaying out her wings and widening her stance to brace herself. She relaxed her pelvic muscles and wiggled her hips, leaning into him as her nethers twitched. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath, exhaling slowly in the form of a cute avian churr, focusing on the sensation of his massive tip pushing into her, distending her opening and forcing its way deeper. She could feel each and every one of the forward-aiming spines that lined the underside of his length tickle and prod at her clit before slipping into her. "You like that, do you? Can't resist an eager gryph-mare, I see!"

Jayri grunted his agreement as he pushed down harder on the middle of Ceylon's back between her wing shoulders. Deep inside he felt a bit remorseful that he was being so rough with her, but she seemed to like it and was just as into it as he was, so he waved his concern away and

focused on her pussy. Her lips were wrapped around his cock tip, squeezing tight as her canal pulsed and relaxed, her back arching and undulating to force him in deeper. He could feel his cock bending a bit as her walls tensed up, squishing him and pinching him.

“C-Cey...could you...” He moaned in between idle thrusts.

She chirped at him and nuzzled up at his chest a bit. She knew what she meant, so she relaxed again. The moment she released the pressure in her nethers, she felt his cock straighten itself and force more of it deep inside her, the tip of it poking at her cervix as she wagged her hips and pushed back. Each motion helped her lips swallow a bit more of him until her meaty vulva had the bulge of his knot against them, the girth of it stopped by the muscles and flesh of her rump cheeks. She moaned and grunted as she felt his girth parting her sex, rearranging her passage to fit his needs.

The dragon tried to push in deeper with enough pressure to scoot her across the tangled mess of yellow ferns below them; his ridges were at full girth, pushing into her flesh and tickling her sensitive g-spot as he moved, but he couldn't do anything. He wasn't yet ready to climax, but at the same time he wasn't sure if he could slip the knot between those tender, stretchy lips thanks to her relatively narrow pelvic bones and the build of her hips.

Ceylon could sense his slight case of disappointment, so she did what she could to properly accommodate his massive girth. She wiggled her shoulders to force his paw off her back, then she stepped forward to feel him slipping out of her accompanied by a suction feeling that squeezed in her walls and tugged on her womb before she slammed herself back again, forcing every bit of his length to pass through her, the tip of it prodding open her cervix to deposit the first gobs of his thick precum into her.

He raised his paw up and arched his neck, roaring into the sky with a burst of cool mist erupting from his maw, his hips involuntarily bucking forth and scooting Ceylon across the ground again, only to have her pull off and slam her cunt against him again.

The two of them bucked and rocked back and forth, his thick member plowing through her depths and splattering precum and fluids all over

between her legs and on the ground. Each thrust was easier, as her flesh was growing tenderized and looser thanks to the constant battering from his length. She pushed back harder as he thrust further, the knot slamming against her rump and cheeks each time.

Finally, Ceylon grunted and curled her toes into the dirt for traction as she leaned back as hard as she could, a screech escaping her beak as she forced his knot to slowly compress and slip through her opening in one sudden jerking motion. The very second her lips enveloped his twin knot lobes, she squeezed down as hard as she could, clit winking and lips closing around the neck of his member, locking him in place as he tied in. The twin bulges expanded and grew firm again, resting heavy against her pelvic bones as her sex expanded and stretched to its absolute limit.

Jayri could feel his member stabbing at her taut flesh, the firm rim of her cervix slowly expanding and sliding over his head until it – like her cunt lips – shifted in one fluid motion to squeeze against the lip of his glans and hold tight like her vulva had his knot. Almost instantly, he felt a shocking bolt of pleasure explode from his throbbing cock, travelling up his spine and dispersing in his torso, a full bodied orgasm that converged and travelled between his legs to shock his balls into releasing the first wad of his goopy cum into her.

Ceylon felt her womb inflate as his gelatin-cum erupted from his trapped member, accentuated by the throbbing of the veins in his knot tickling her distended pussy walls. She moaned and crossed her legs to further squeeze at his member as the tip of it pressed against the inside of her belly in a distinct cock-shaped bulge. She brought a single talon up to rub it, feeling the jet of cum tickling at her palm through her womb and abdominal wall.

The much larger dragon was standing still, his muscles contracting as he deposited shot after shot of seed into her womb; he could feel the walls of her uterus part from his flesh, a growing balloon filled with his cum. Her body quivered and shook before he felt the walls close in around him again. Curious, he looked down to see thick purple fluid seeping out from her tail maw, like it was vomiting his cum. He blushed again, a little ashamed of how much more aroused it made him.

She giggled a bit and clenched her belly tight, forcing more of his seed out her tail maw's lips before curling the end of it up and around the dragon's balls, cradling them a bit as the petals pressed against his rump, using his own glowing blue fluid and cum to lubricate his tailhole. She pushed hard and popped the bulged tip of her tail into him, parting the petals and squeezing her muscles to deposit his own seed into him.

Both laughed nervously at each other as they realized the silliness of the situation. Jayri was tied tight to her, knot expanding and locking him into her as he came one wad after another; the seed was deposited directly into her womb, only to be forced out her other cervix and into her tail to be given back to Jayri. Gave them both the thought of 'go fuck yourself'.

Ceylon was thinking about the complicated passage that travelled from Jayri's scrotum, through her womb, and into his tailhole when she felt an odd tickling between her hind legs, slithering up her torso to tickle at her chest. She looked down to see Jayri's floofy tail tip parting itself, exposing a glowing blue and black fleshed maw much like her own. Two twin tendrils were slipping out of the tongue sheathes of the top and bottom jaw, the tips swirling and extending up to Ceylon's neck.

Confused, she tried to bat it away, only to have one of the tendrils slip its way up around her torso and squeeze, the other around the paw that batted at it. "J-jayri? What's going on?"

The dragon paused his exhalation of the frost-mist to look down between his legs and see Ceylon wrestling with his tail maw. He laughed at her. "Oh, don't worry, he's just playing." He assured her.

"He? What do you mean, he?" Ceylon demanded. She decided now as good a time as any to concentrate her mind on his to find out what he meant. A little bit of mind reading could go a long way in a situation like this. To her surprise she found not one but two minds emanating from the dragon's body, one at either end. She hadn't thought to scan for such a thing upon first interaction, since so few had tail maws, let alone sentient ones. It didn't take much for her to piece the elements of the situation together and relax, knowing that Jayri's other half was as playful as he was and not in any way aggressive despite the tendrils wrapping around her. "Ah, o-okay then. As long as you assure me 'he' isn't going to hurt me."

Jayri laughed again and rolled onto his side with one leg up, pulling Ceylon with him, cock still tied into her. He whimpered a bit as he felt her walls contract around him, massaging him from knot to tip to coax more of his seed into her depths. The ridges that lined the underside of his cock pulsed and tickled at her sex with each burst of thick purple cum.

“Th-those cock frill things, I've never seen a dragon with spines that were so soft and angled like th-” She was cut off mid sentence as Jayri's tail struck at her, smothering her head and beak in its gullet, the tendrils holding her tight and forcing her in deeper. “MMMMPHG!” She squirmed a bit and tugged her tail from Jayri's rump and used her paws to pull at the corners of the tail's maw, hoping to pull it off her upper body, but found the suction was actually quite pleasant. There were no teeth, just soft mounds of glowing blue and black striped flesh that expanded and smothered her. Instantly, she started emitting an azure-teal mist from her body – the magic that altered the glowing slime that lined upper and lower jaws.

“Don't worry, Cey. I can feel your magic working on me. I'm sure you'll be fine.” Jayri seemed a little callous, but he could tell that Ceylon was enjoying herself, even if she was struggling in surprise.

“You better be right, Jayri.” She communicated to him through telepathy, thanks to her beak being snug in his tail maw's gullet. The pressure of its throat sucking on her held her tight as it lifted her up and turned her around, the anchor of his cock holding her in place as the tail placed them rump to rump in a proper tie like ferals. She nuzzled against the soft maw flesh and decided she was going to take a chance by breathing in the viscous fluid.

In she inhaled, sucking the glowing lubrication deep into her lungs. It hurt at first, like a sharp stabbing in her chest, but a few moments later she felt the familiar lucidity that came with having her mate's fluids invade her chest. It was comforting, warm, and relaxing. Cozy, even. The familiarity urged her to smile and nuzzle into the throat that was sucking on her beak. She folded her wings up nice and tight, the bends flat against her shoulders since she didn't want to give this maw a hard time gobbling her up. It wasn't often she got the pleasure of being cradled so intimately when Leera was not around, she wanted to enjoy every bit of it.

Jayri smiled and rumbled a deep draconic purr, pleased to feel Ceylon's contentedness broadcasting to the world. His telepathy allowed him to feel and experience the emotions of others, a form of deep-rooted empathy that could be a blessing or a curse. He knew she was content, so he allowed his pleasure to wane a bit, not wanting to have his tail tugging on her if his knot was still locked deep in her sex. Within seconds of deciding it was time to relax, he felt his knot deflate to the point it was soft enough to pass through her hip bones.

Ceylon felt a sudden relief of tension as the dragon's bulbous knot squeezed through her, bursting out of her hind end in a blast of gooeey cum, leaving her sex gaping open, the purple cum coating her cherry pink walls.

Jayri leaned around and nuzzled up under her tail, once again licking at her depths to suck out as much of his mess as he could. He was a gentleman of a dragon, of course. He brought his hands up to rest on her rump cheeks, parting her lips with her thumbs to keep her walls gaping open from vulva to cervix, his fluids illuminating her so he could clearly see each and every quivering fold of pussy flesh throbbing in delight around his snout.

Ceylon was starting to doze off in Jayri's tail maw. The twin tendrils had released her neck and talon, and were extending up between her wings and under her belly to wrap around each leg, holding her in place. The toothless maws both were extending and parting as the muscles tensed up in such a way that the two jaws were sliding over her back, covering her in more of his glowing fluid. Her tail started acting like it, too, had a mind of its own, snaking around and prodding at Jayri's snout as he licked at her depths.

Curious and confused, the dragon pulled his muzzle from her lips with a trail of phosphorescent saliva bridging from clit to chin. He perked his ears up, staring at her triangular tail maw as it gaped open, drooling thick gobs of his own cum into the cracks and crevices of the gums. He let out an inquisitive, deep-rumbling chirp before burying his snout in the tail maw's gullet, plunging his tongue deep, like a kiss.

He quickly released her rump and focused his attention on her tail, nuzzling into it with his eyes closed. He could feel her pushing deeper into

his tail maw, hind paws digging into the ground as she slipped deeper, the remaining bits of fluid dripping over her body. He had so much he wanted to do to her, but for now he would have to be content in an intimate embrace, his tail sucking on her, her tail sucking his snout.

A grin spread across his maw as he felt his cock slip back up into his sheathe, finally deflated enough to retreat. The sun was almost down. Maybe this time she'd stay inside him overnight. Hopefully.

He gave her tail maw one last nuzzle before pulling it away from his face, the teeth jerking from his fur in a gooey mess before the petals closed up; his maw was still sucking on the gryphon's form, bringing her in *bit by bit at an incredibly slow pace. Soon enough. Soon enough.