

Gryph in the Gullet 3 – The Aquatic Buffet

The gryphoness kept her breathing and heart rate down as low as it would go as Jayri's tail picked her up high and held her in the air. The twin tendrils slipped out between either of the jaws, one slipping down between her wings and under her tail to pleasure her anally while the other snaked its way through her four legs to bury itself in her pussy. Both tendrils had greater muscle control and power than she was expecting, but she didn't mind. All she was worrying about was keeping her breaths at a slow, steady pace. She knew from her experiences with her serpent partner that the best way to enjoy the deep pleasure of breathable fluid on one's lungs was to take it slow and deliberate. One accidental gasp or choke and it would be quite unpleasant.

Still, she enjoyed the sensations of the dragon's tail maw squeezing her wings close to her back, the tentacle-tongues each coiling and grabbing at her limbs to force her into a simpler position to swallow. When she opened her eyes, she could see the glow of his marbled tail's glowing esophagus flesh, even if the image was quite blurred and hard to make out as the patterns parted to slide past her face.

As she went deeper, she felt her beak nestle into a puddle of his inner fluids. When she felt the liquid slide over her cere, she took in a long, deep breath to inhale as much of it as she could, the viscous liquid filling her lungs and puffing out her chest. There was a tight cramping in her gullet for a moment as her form adapted to the change in pressure. Once she had hit equilibrium, she nuzzled and kicked at the air, eager to slide in deeper.

The dragon's tail gently lowered her back to the ground, where she dug her claws into the soft soil for extra leverage. Her own tail flailed and snaked its way around, the base of it rubbing against the thin tendrils that were wrapped around her haunches. She squirmed in delight as she spread her legs out and clenched her pussy walls tight around the tentacle, massaging it and caressing it while also waving her muscles inward to coax it deeper. The sensation of writhing, muscled tendril massaging her rump and cunt was heavenly, especially after her holes had taken such an aggressive tenderizing from Jayri's massive cock.

“Are you okay?” Jayri asked her as his tail squeezed and sucked on her torso, careful to loosen up in its depths as not to squeeze the hook of her beak into his flesh. He was speaking to her telepathically, since it was the only way she'd be able to hear him with his tail gullet smothering her ears.

She nodded inside, whole body writhing in pleasure. Once she realized he likely couldn't understand the subtle movements of her head within his depths, she nuzzled into the soft mound of flesh her cheek was pressed against and answered. "I am fine. This is fun; I don't get to be prey nearly often enough and yet here I am..." she trailed off as she started to knead at his flesh with her talons, careful to not let her claw tips scrape. She was parting his walls away from her with a squelching whoosh as air slipped in around her body and wings, only to be squeezed back out with an equally juicy bit of airy fart sounds.

The dragon blushed heavily as he covered his face with his front paws, a gentle meep escaping his lips as he lifted a single finger to watch as Ceylon's form slowly disappeared into his ravenous tail maw. Her rump and tail was sticking out, smeared in fluids and soaked through the fur to the flesh. As he glimpsed, he saw the glistening sheen of her pussy lips pulled apart as his tail maw's tendrils throbbed and wormed its way into her. He let out a gentle gasp as he saw a trickle of his thick, purple cum dribbled out over her winking clit, accented against the swollen red walls of her depths.

Though his tail maw had a mind of its own, he had enough control to keep it in place – pressed to the ground with Ceylon laying on her belly next to him – while he shuffled around on his chest, leaning over to bury his snout between her spread legs and rump cheeks, tongue gently prodding at her depths alongside the tendrils of his tail maw. He bashfully pulled away as she squirmed against his touch, closing her legs around either side of his snout.

But then she spread her legs again and tensed her muscles as she pushed against the clumps of dirt nearby, clit winking and forcing out purple cum and body slithering from side to side as it slid deeper into his tail maw. The twin jaws clamped down around her form, closing over her hindquarters to leave only tail and legs sticking out and a shifting bulge sliding around either side of its length.

As one final motion, Jayri's tail squeezed her tight and lifted her up off the ground to spew chunks of dirt from her claws in every direction. The jaws gaped open wide and gravity helped to do the rest as Ceylon slid down its glowing-fleshed gullet, kicking all the while with tendrils writhing within her to stuff her deeper.

Within seconds, only her tail was out in the cool of the evening air, its own maw petals spread open like a fleshy flower. More of Jayri's glowing gut fluids trickled down the fur and feathers of her tail, eventually sliding in the crook of each of the three maws to soak the snake-like rows of sharp teeth. Then, with

that, the muscles lining his walls squeezed tight around her rump to swallow her down, the bulge of her form sliding up his tail gullet until her beak reached the metallic ring near the base.

“Uh, Jayri, I'm stuck.” She cautioned, her beak now buried deep within the tightness of the band, powerful throat muscles clenching around her backside to force her deeper. With one juicy shift, she felt her head get forced through it until the band was squeezing the flesh around her neck as though it were a collar. She struggled and started to kick until Jayri patted her bulge.

“It's fine, it'll stretch for you.” He assured her, stroking at the tiny yellow nubs on his spine and the blue fur that was struggling against his palm. His tail let out a rumbling burp as it coughed up some of its glowing fluid all over the grass at the same time the metal band expanded wide enough to let her shoulders pass through it. Then the metal kept widening as her thickest parts of her body were passed through it, only to squeeze tight again when only her tail remained gliding through the tight flesh it contained.

She smiled and closed her eyes as the soft pillows of glowing blue and black flesh and fluid passed over her body, talons folded up on her chest and legs splayed out behind her as the warm walls caressed her from every side, massaging the thick gooey blue saliva into her fur and feathers. If nothing else, she knew this would be an absolute mess to clean up when the two were done playing together.

Both her front talons kneaded against the floor of the maw gullet as she felt another tightness stopping her from descending deeper. Upon inspection, she found it to be the dragon's hip bones. At this point it was clear she was about to lurch into his abdomen to rest there alongside his digestive tract. With that knowledge in mind, she arched her back to force her beak through the pelvic bones, head quickly emerging into an open pouch before her.

One great gulp from his gullet squeezed the rest of her into his bowels with one lurching motion. She had to curl herself into a fetal position as her form shifted and squirmed about, eventually ending up on her back with wings pressed to her back and all four paws folded on her belly, tail curled up around to rest against her head and neck.

“Comfortable?” Jayri asked. This was the third time she was inside him now, and she was having quite a time making a play set of his body. He curled up in a ball and nuzzled against his belly to prod at her through his abdomen.

She knew his fluids were safe to breathe and she was enjoying her slow inhales and exhales of the juices as she nuzzled into the walls around her. The bioluminescent blue walls pulsed with a deep aqua glow around her, lighting up the cozy cavern she was nestled in, illuminating her white fur and feathers a sky blue. While inside, she slipped a single paw down between her legs to rub at herself, legs spread and hind paws up to create a bit of a negative space between her limbs and the flesh that squeezed and smothered from every angle.

“Yessir, Jayri! I am quite-” she paused as the squeezing walls clenched around her, driving a talon into her clitoris flesh. Once the gasp was stifled in her chest, she carried on. “I am quite comfy, cozy, and complacent here. If you don't mind, I'd like to stay for a while and not come out, at least not until morning this time.” She requested, pressing her free talon out against his soft walls to rub at his snout through his side.

Jayri lifted his head and cocked it to the side, one ear perked and frills splayed out along his neck and upper shoulders. “R-really?” He asked, seemingly honored at her willingness and enthusiasm for him as a predator.

Once again, she nodded inside him, a smile on her beak for the brief moment before she realized he likely couldn't make out her subtle movements against his tail's belly. “Of course. I see no harm in relaxing here for a while, properly getting to know one another better and maybe talking about finding some way to make you happier. I can tell – especially with how close I am to your heart right now – that you need something to keep you busy.”

Jayri moaned and fell to his side, head resting heavy on the ground next to the lake shore. “That obvious, is it?” He stuck his tongue out as his tail maw curled up and around his body to rest on his shoulder. He gave it a gentle pat, then slid his hand down to his side to pat at Ceylon's bulging form in his belly.

She nuzzled up against it and carried on with her proposal. “Well, when we first met, I asked what brought you here to Untheria, and you didn't answer. Any time I brought up your past, you seemed uninterested in declining offering any answer. Of course, I'm not one to poke and prod into a person's mind – I find it an invasion of privacy to use my advanced telepathy to read minds – but I noticed a few things about you that I picked up since we met this afternoon.”

Jayri stirred gently as he got up to make his way to the lake shore, lapping at the water a bit as Ceylon talked. He simple purred in response to her, urging

her to carry on even if he wasn't confident enough to respond or prod for anything in particular.

“Like, I can tell clearly you are very into vore. You've swallowed me from all three ends now, and you're happy to play. I also noticed that you perked your ears up when I mentioned I was from Klyneth. A couple months ago, my mate Leera was hosting a thing at her vore brothel thing. You said you've been meandering the world for a few months. Not hard to pick up that you were there, and perhaps didn't win the audition?”

He stopped drinking and looked down over his abdomen, shocked. “Y-yeah, why do you ask? I was there, but that other guy – Spike – got it instead. After all the effort I put in, he got it.” He lowered his head, remembering that unpleasant time in his life.

“Well, I wouldn't want to hold it against you or anything, but I'm sure I could pull a few strings if you're still interested. My mate and her naga buddy own that place. I'm sure a gentle soul suck as yourself would make an excellent predator there, especially with some potion aids to help you with your digestive system.” She tried to chirp in happiness against his soft fleshy walls, but found the thick fluid in her lungs kept her from doing such a thing.

The dragon held his head up high as his feathers and frills stood on end, a smile on his broad maw. “You really mean it? You could...you could do that for me? You would do that for me? But why? Why me?” He hopped his way down the beach as he telepathically spoke, nose in the air and paws sinking into the wet sand as he trotted down the shore.

Ceylon curled herself up again, one finger still gently rubbing at her meaty, fluid soaked lips as she carried on, her sexual excitement bleeding into her telepathic broadcasts alongside her words. “Well, I can't really promise anything since I don't run it, but you've been quite kind and generous with me. You could have been selfish or ravenous and been cruel, but you were gentle. You were sweet. You're still sweet, and I'm sure that, from a marketing perspective, you'd make for a GREAT bashful predator. I'm sure plenty of folks out there love the whole shy dominance thing!” Her form shifted around inside the dragon's maw-belly, paws kicking out against every wall as her tail wrapped around her own neck to squeeze gently and hold itself in place.

Jayri was only a few dozen steps down the cove when he thought he heard a splash out in the water. He looked out to see a disturbance in the splash patterns, which were unlike a simple wave of the calm night surface. He

spread his legs and was about to fly away – he'd heard enough stories about creatures of the depths coming to the surface to feed on creatures of land and air to know he wasn't safe. His motions made his belly swing and sway with every motion.

That was, until Ceylon told him to calm down and stop. “There's no need to fret.” She assured him. “Please be calm, that was not a monster of the deep, but a friend of mine. They are not dangerous.”

“You better be sure. How can you know?” Jayri asked, wings still spread and one paw up so that he'd be ready to take off at a moment's notice.

Ceylon rubbed her paws to his insides and patted the glowing flesh as she explained. “Well, that's my buddy Olfrin. He or She – depends on their cycle – roams the waters of Dalon, exploring the depths and using the waterways as a good way to keep an eye out on the people of the world. I don't know what he's doing here, but I can feel her mind much like I can with you, but she and I have a much longer history so I'm much better at identifying his signature mindset.” Ceylon made special note to mix up the gender pronouns of Olfrin, due to that bloke's unique biology. Nalse had a gender cycle in much the same ways mammals had menstrual cycles, avians had oviparous cycles, and many saurossins had digestive cycles.

Life in Dalon was one big cycle.

A moment later, a thin V-shaped wrinkle in the surface of water gradually made its way towards the shore, light of the setting sun and rising moon reflecting off it to show a shark fin breaking the surface. Of course, that turned Jayri off a bit, but then a moment later a thin dolphin-shark hybrid poked its head out from above the water and took in a long, deep breath as they threw their head back in an arch of glistening water droplets.

“Good day to you, sir Jayri!” Olfrin greeted the dragon as they wiped their head and neck of water, still up to their waist in surf. She had twin bulbous breasts on her chest, indicating that, at least today, Olfrin was female. “I can tell already that I bet you're a lot of fun, but where's my Cey-burd?” She looked around, squinting her eyes as she stepped towards the shore.

As if on cue – or as though the skies above had decided to play a prank on Jayri – his belly rumbled and involuntarily clenched, showing the faintly outlined form of a curled up gryphon nestling in his nether regions. He looked away in

shame, not sure how this stranger would possibly take his consumption of the gryphon. His tail curled up to point at the seafaring stranger like a snake.

“Ah, you're one of those, I see. Vore folks. Well, no need to be worried about that. My mate is into that, too, but she's....not as kind as most.” He winked at Jayri, still walking forward in the shallows so that all but her knees and below were exposed to the air.

“What do you mean by 'one of those'?” Jayri scoffed with an air of snide arrogance. HE didn't like being diminished into such a simplistic view of the world.”

“Nothing, nothing. Just, it's not that common, is all.” Olfrin held her hands up to express innocence and a willingness to talk, even though she was still walking forward. Much to Jayri's surprise, she was quite large. Standing straight up, Olfrin must have been as tall as Jayri at the shoulder, and he was no shrimpy dragon.

“Oh stop being so defensive.” Ceylon joked from within his belly. “Olfrin is just a little aloof at times. Don't mind her, just roll with it.”

Jayri kept one paw raised in a defensive stance, squinting his sidelong glance at the aquatic stranger. “Well then, I guess Ceylon says you're alright. Just, you have to understand I don't trust most, I barely trusted Ceylon. But, like her, I can sense you have no ill will in you. You're not kind like she is, but you're not cruel as others have been, either.” With that, Jayri stepped into the water and walked out past Olfrin, never taking his eyes off the hybrid, even as he took another drink.

“That's fair. Totally fair, good sir dragon.” Olfrin bowed with tail lifted high and fins poking out of her back. “That said, you don't need to be defensive around me. I care more for science and knowledge than I crave power. I'm curious to try new things and experience all this world has to offer, I'm not interested in judging others. In fact, I've wanted to try vore out for years, but Lady Venosa is...not the first one I'd be willing to indulge. More of an intermediate or advanced predator, is she.” She nodded and chirped her dolphin-shark beak a bit before falling to her back with a splash.

Jayri's ears perked up at the expressed desire to try out vore, but his thoughts were interrupted by Ceylon's Telepathic interjection.

“Actually, as much as I'd love to stay in here, Jayri, I think it might be best if you pass me for now. If Olfrin wants to try it out, I don't want to be competing

with her for space in your bowels, if you get my drift.” She shifted about inside and tried to nuzzle her way to some sort of valve or opening to another passage out, since her beak couldn't find the tail gullet she came from.

“Well, I suppose that makes sense.” Jayri agreed, gently cradling his belly for a moment before laying onto his side and belly in the water. The sea level came up halfway to his belly as he rolled to his back, legs in the air and tail swishing about under the surface to smack gently against Olfrin's ankles.

Olfrin smiled and smirked at the dragon. “Normally I'd have questioned your sudden change of pose, but I can hear Ceylon's voice in my mind as well as you can, and I'd be happy to help you with that meal of yours.” She winked and stepped over Jayri's tail so that each foot was on either side of the base, the dragon's balls and sheathe before her. She rubbed her hands together and smirked, the sharp teeth in her beak glistening in the pale moonlight.

Amidst a blush, Jayri folded his front hands up on his chest and chirped playfully, muscles contracting gently to shift the gryphon around inside him until her beak found the narrow passage between tail-belly and bowels. Rather than pass the bird back through the maw which she came, Jayri felt Ceylon rocking in his tail belly with limbs flailing about. Her beak found the tiny opening to his normal digestive system as he clenched his abdominal walls and pelvic muscles, forcing her to slide through the tight tunnel.

Inside, Ceylon kept her beak held shut as she nuzzled into the glowing blue flesh and fluid as it passed over her. She grunted in response as she felt his muscles clench around her hindquarters, squeezing her and forcing her forward against the pressure. She kept her eyes closed, but could still see the dim glow through her eyelids as the intestines passed over her. The tightness of the passage clenched around her, forcing her to keep her paws folded up on her chest as she nuzzled and slid deeper and deeper into the dragon.

Suddenly, a powerful lurch had her burst forward into a looser, roomier passage with wrinkled walls and less muscle control. She writhed in pleasure as her entire form slipped into this wider cavern, leaving her tail snaked through the passage to his tail belly. Curious and dainty, she flicked her tail tip around inside that cavern, sloshing around in his fluid as she brought her paws up to knead at the flesh around her body.

“Still comfortable in there, Cey?” Jayri asked as he patted his belly, pressing his fingertips to the shifting bulge under his fur. He gave a gentle tap followed by another rub as he heard a deep rumbling gurgle in his bowels that

bubbled up his throat in a gentle belch. He couldn't stop himself from blushing that time, as he rarely could. He was further incapacitated by his bashfulness when Olfrin knelt down onto one knee and pressed her hands on Jayri's inner thighs, caressing his balls and rubbing his belly to help ease Ceylon out.

"I'm sure she's fine." Olfrin assured Jayri as she shuffled closer in the water, one hand up on the side of Jayri's bulging sheath, the other down against his glowing rump hole. She gave a gentle massage before slipping her hand inside, burying it with ease up to the elbow. Olfrin was looking for Ceylon to aid in the extraction of her gryphon friend, and was eagerly massaging each of Jayri's walls to soften and loosen them up. Before long, she caught the slightest bit of beak sliding through the twisting caverns of Jayri's insides, so she reached in deeper to the shoulder and grabbed until she found a talon.

Ceylon could feel a sudden whoosh of air up against her beak and cere followed by a sudden strip of dim moon light stabbing into the soft caverns that smothered her. She glanced up and out, reaching forward to grab the hand that was clumsily sloshing around in Jayri's gut fluids. When she had a good grip of it, she felt the powerful arm pull her outward in one gooey slide.

In one motion, Olfrin plunged her second arm deep into Jayri's depths to grab at Ceylon's other wrist and pulled, yanking the gryphon out to land in a splash beside the dragon's tail. His rump twitched and stayed gaped open for a moment before gently closing itself back up, squishing out a strand of thick blue goop into the water around him. With the job done, Olfrin wiped her hands off in the water and backed off to let Ceylon do the same.

Problem was, Ceylon had Jayri's fluids soaked deep into her fur and it wasn't dropping off like most lube would have. Instead, it was clinging to her like the slime it was. She tried shaking in the water, but that proved fruitless. She tried scraping it off her upper arm with her talon, but that served only to smooch the thick slime deeper into her fur. "Well this is perfect." She joked to herself as she meandered away from Jayri, walking past Olfrin in the shallow water and relaxing on the beach as she licked herself clean.

"Where are you going?" Olfrin asked, shrugging her shoulders as she got to her feet, hands finally clean of the mess that Ceylon and Jayri had left on her.

"Not going anywhere, just gonna take some time to clean myself, if you don't mind. You go ahead and play with the dragon a bit, keep him satisfied and full for me. I'm sure he won't mind." She laughed a bit and proceeded to kick at

her own shoulders and upper breast, long tongue digging in deep between her fur and feathers to get as much of the thick fluid as she could out of her.

Jayri smiled a bit and looked down over his belly with a meek chirp, paws still folded up on his chest as he idly kicked the air. His sheath was bulging thick with the tip of his cock poking out to drool more purple precum over his belly. Another deep rumble emanated from his belly as he kept on his back, wings spreading under the water for balance and just enough height to keep himself from having the surface rise above his neck. "Play?" He asked, like a puppy would have if a puppy could speak.

Olfrin raised an eyebrow and smiled with a squeak-chirp back. "You know, you're kind of lucky to have that empathetic ability. If you didn't, you'd never be able to trust me. Likewise, I'd never trust you. Luckily for both of us, I trust Ceylon and so do you. Been looking for something like this to play with for a long time, and it's nice to finally meet someone who is willing to indulge my curiosity while not taking advantage of it." She slowly climbed up between Jayri's thighs, keeping her belly low to his form so that her entire chest and abdomen brushed past the dragon's balls, then eventually his bulging sheath. "So tell me, Jayri, what kind of preparation do you recommend for a first time meal?"

"Mrf?" He tried to respond in kind, only to have the words catch in his throat and squeak out in a pained whimper.

"Well, if that's the case, maybe I have to be a little bit more proactive." She kept crawling forward until her hips were placed just over top of the tip of his sheath as she glanced over to the gryphon. "Tell me Ceylon, is he always this bashful?"

"Only known him since earlier today, but yep. You might have to be a bit more forward with him." Ceylon responded in between licking her chest feathers clean.

Olfrin remained on her hands and knees, looking down at Jayri's pink-flushed face through the fingers he had draped over his muzzle, trying to hide his shyness. "Alright then. Good to know that kind of information, right? Hope you don't mind being quite forward with you, dear. I've been swimming for days and it's nice to finally have a place to relax, if you get my drift." She squatted down and rubbed the underside of her tail gently against Jayri's sheath, the slick flesh between her legs rubbing at the partially exposed tip.

The sudden pressure of her flesh on his made him buck his hips and make waves dilate around his form, only to have him tense up and squeak to a halt as he looked up to the hybrid that was laying on his chest and smiling down at him.

“I hope you don't mind my nature, sir dragon. I just have an unconquerable hunger for cock, and I hope you like sushi.” She stuck her tongue out a bit and squinted a smile at him, gently grinding her hips back against the tapered tip of his cock. One thing she didn't divulge to him was that her rubbery flesh was very malleable, and she actually lacked a typical skeletal system in lieu of cartilage in most places like a shark. She had a bone skill and spine, but the rest was all flexible cartilage, including her open pelvic bones.

This meant she could fit a lot into her, same as Ceylon. Jayri's cock tip was almost as thick as her upper thigh, and if that thing poked into her it would create a distinctly cock-shaped bulge in her smooth lower belly. She wanted that. She needed that.

In one fluid motion, she sat up straight with her rump pressed tight against his pointed tip, the length of her tail resting heavily on his furred sheath, its snaking motions gently pushing its flesh back to fully and properly expose his length while the fin-tip splashed in the water next to his tender rump. Her green eyes piercing into Jayri's soul as she grinned a devious grin. Olfrin found her hand slipping between her legs to part her claspers – remnants from her male period in her cycle – to expose her soft pink insides to his slick blue member.

“Olfrin....” Jayri trailed off as he bucked his hips upward, the pointed tip of his length prodding at her flesh and parting her skin and sex with ease. He was so surprised at how easily her depths accommodated his bulging girth that he couldn't help but pause and arch his back, leaning his hips up into hers as she leaned back and gyrated her hips against him.

As she ground down on him, she felt his bulbous tip worming its way deeper into her, its conic glans spreading her wide until it popped, lurching through her lips and into her depths as a creamy trail of fluid dribbled down the underside of his shaft and moistened his sheath opening. “There we go!” she grinned as his head expanded within her, stretching flesh and distending her opening with relative ease. She clenched just tight enough to feel the soft nubby spines on his member pressing out against her flesh, tickling her just right so that her tail twitched and her muscles enjoyed a gentle spasm around his member.

“There we go!” She moaned in a gentle, drawn out exhale as she leaned back against his member. The pressure of her weight forced it in one ridge-like nub at a time. She could feel the pulse of his heartbeat deep in her womb as she pressed both hands to the clearly forming bulge in her belly. Her fingers traced against the rim of it, tickling Jayri through her abdominal wall before starting to rock back and forth against him.

Though Jayri was normally the type to be gentle and pleasant, he found her vigor was enticing his more aggressive instincts. He dropped the blush and laid his hands on her hips, holding her in place as he bucked his hips upwards, his member slipping through her depths and bulging out against her abdominal wall with ease. She wasn't nearly deep enough to accommodate his whole length and knot, but that wouldn't stop him from reaming her deep.

“That's more like it!” She encouraged, pushing back with his every thrust, ensuring maximum depth. She gasped gently every time she felt his tapered tip burst through her cervix into her womb and stab against her deepest walls. To most that would be immensely painful, but years of courting beasts larger than her and an insatiably needy size queen nature had her always begging for more. She was being absolutely tenderized by his member, but she wanted it harder and deeper so she kept at him as hard as he was to her.

The dragon clenched his jaw shut to expose his teeth, glowing blue saliva trickling out over his lips as he growled. He was grunting and groaning every time he pushed his cock into her up to the bulge of his unformed knot, only to feel her bottom out and her skin stretch around his girth. He knew he wouldn't tie with her as he had with Ceylon, but the more he thrust into her, the less her cared. The pleasure was there, the tightness was there, and unlike Ceylon, Olfrin seemed to enjoy a more thrusty sensation plowing in and out of her, tenderizing her sex.

A gentle squeaking echoed out in the cove around them as Olfrin threw her head back and gaped her beak open, muscles clenching tight and nearly pushing him out. The pressure from her sex and the pulsing of her rapidly beating heart tickled the dragon just the right way, making him dig his claws into her hips to hold her in place as he let out a growl. The nubs on his shaft tensed and pressed out against her walls as his member throbbed and twitched, sending a series of gobs of thick cum into her womb, inflating it around his tapered tip alongside every throb.

A mist of coldness billowed up around his head into the night air to coat Olfrin's breast and face in frost. He would have apologized if he wasn't still

gritting his teeth and bucking up into her to force his seed as deep into her as it would possibly go. Thick as his semen was, the pressure of his massive cock filling her made it trickle out between her claspers to land in purple puddles on his belly. He watched closely as her belly went from having a distinct cock-shaped bulge to being merely inflated, to back to the definition once her muscles tensed and forced his seed out of her.

Almost instantly, he could feel his member shrinking within her, growing thin and soft between her legs. He tried to tense it up with muscle control and keep it full for her, but it was no use. Flexible as she was, her depths were quite taut and her muscle control was too much for him.

She grunted as she pulled off his member, one ridge at a time and each one jerking out to flick fluids out all down his sheath and balls. The rest of his meat slipped from her depths with a wet squelch to leave her gaping wide open, the claspers tensing up and slowly restoring her tightness one bit at a time as a flood of thick royal purple semen dribbled out from her slit. She put her palm against her sex to capture some of the seed before giving it a taste and gobbling it down with a smile. "Well that's quite unlike anything I've ever tasted before." She leaned in close to nuzzle against his lips, feeling the cold mist that was still emanating from his gullet. "Now how about you have a bit of a taste?"

He nodded enthusiastically as he gaped his maw open, long tongue hanging out over his lip as another cool cloud of mist breath came from his glowing gullet. His member made a wet squish sound as it disappeared into his sheath, indicating his sexual desires had – at least temporarily – been shut down. "Sure! But I have to ask, why are you...how are you..." He trailed off as she put her finger to his lips.

"Telepathy, my dear. Ceylon and I have been exchanging little chats about the situation ever since I got here. Don't question my motives, just enjoy my enthusiasm, mmkay!" She leaned in to give him a gentle kiss as she nuzzled at his lips, the tip of her tail gently patting on either side of his sheath as she sidled up to his shoulders and pressed her knees against his chest. "So stand still a bit while I...you know." She winked as she slipped her fingers into his maw tip and pried his jaw open.

But Jayri wasn't so sure he was ready to swallow this stranger. Though he'd enjoyed her mating exercise with him, he was getting spent as the night went on and he didn't have much spunk left in those twin orbs of his. All in all, Olfrin was being quite aggressive with the vore, which would normally have turned him on harder, but something she said had stuck out. The part about

sharing conversations with Ceylon. He should have been privy to that, not excluded from their chats.

Still, he didn't want to hold back too far, but he did want to chat with her a bit before making a meal of her slick form. He let her slip her hand into his maw to massage his tongue, and he even sucked on it a bit before pushing it out so he could speak. "Olfrin, I have to know. Why me?" It wasn't much of a question, but it was enough to throw the aquatic hybrid off her thoughts enough to pull back a bit and sit cross legged on Jayri's chest, tail tip still gently caressing his sheath as she looked down at him.

"Well, I think the real question here is 'why not'? As I said, I have Venosa at home that has been wanting to swallow me for years, but she bites."

"I bite, if you want me to. Usually just a nibble, though." Jayri joked.

Olfrin chirp-squeaked a laugh. "That's fine. I like biting, but she's a bit different. Ask Ceylon. When Venosa bites, it hurts." She looked back over to the gryphon, even though she was still cleaning off her feathers.

"Yup. Bites hard and draws blood." Ceylon confirmed, only half paying attention to the two frolicking in the shallows.

"Not just biting, though. See, Venosa my dear has fangs. Sharp, needle-point fangs. She is a venomous dragoness, and her venom and toxins can both be deadly." She reached in to pluck one finger at Jayri's canines, claw to tooth to prove a point. "When she gets you with a bite, you feel like someone poured the hot melting magma of a volcano down your throat. It hurts. It's so hot and unpleasant that you'll wish you were dead, at least until the effects take hold and you kinda start enjoying it."

Jayri kept his eyes trained on Olfrin, smiling and nodding along with every bullet point.

"Yeah, I know, I talk a lot. I tend to be a little over analytical, you see. I do a lot of science when I'm not hungrily begging for dragon or gryphon cock. I hope you don't mind my little self-exposition. I tend to over explain things to people who are curious but can't keep up with my rapid pace. Hope that's not a problem."

A gentle nod and smile confirmed that the dragon was still on board and eager to learn more. His tail swished in the water and the maw opened up to

drink some of the water as he crossed his hands over his chest just under Olfrin's rump to keep her steady and comfortable. He could feel the purple cum soaking his digits, but he didn't mind. Actually, it made him squirm a bit in delight as his toes curled and his tail twitched.

“Well, if that's the case, then I suppose I really shouldn't make you wait any longer. I might as well go ahead with this before I change my mind and let my more rational brain take over, you know?” Olfrin said to herself, gently leaning forward to grab at either side of Jayri's lower jaw, slowly opening it up to expose the dragon's glowing, marbled throat flesh. She tensed her inner thighs to close the claspers at the opening of her pussy as she shifted forward, slipping both her hands into his maw to cradle his tongue.

He opened up as though he was being preened or having his teeth cleaned, saying “Aaahhh!” while he stuck his tongue out to meet her palms. It was clear from the look in his eyes that he was a bit nervous, but having his tongue caressed like that was too pleasant to protest, so he rumbled a gentle purr as she went about massaging him.

“See? This is nice. I like this.” She cooed at him, clicking her beak like a dolphin as she patted the inside of his maw, slapping at the gooey fluids and massaging the flesh. She brought her hand out – covered in saliva – to rub the glowing fluid between her digits and smear it against her breasts. The hybrid shuddered gently as she caressed herself, her other hand still in his maw to caress his tongue, gently slipping its way deeper to rub against the soft flesh of his throat.

Fortunately, the dragon didn't gag when she pressed her palm to the dip in his throat. He was breathing through his nose, so the esophagus was closed tight against his tongue. He giggled a bit as he felt her fingers writhing about inside his gullet, which then made him gape open his maw as wide as it would go, so that she could get a better look.

She took in a long, deep breath as she leaned into his open maw, ducking under his upper jaw to slip her head in against the roof of his mouth. She whimpered a bit, muttering to herself. “Please don't bite. Please don't bite.” She repeated over and over again as she laid both palms down on his tongue, stroking up and down its length as though it were a cock she was coaxing cum from. She cradled the end of it in her hand, forcing the tip to lick at her slick belly, finishing up just under her breasts. “Hmmmmm!” She moaned, lifting her head up to nuzzle against the glowing, marbled upper maw.

The jaws squeezed around her a bit, cradling her upper body and smearing tongue against her belly and between her legs. She should have been worried – having expressed worry about being bitten – but the warm flesh of his maw combined with the glowing saliva actually made her quite comfortable. Her beak was just quarter meter from his tongue and both her hands were resting heavy on either side of his tongue, sliding and slipping against the pressure.

Rather than fight it or struggle to resist, she closed her eyes and took in a long, deep breath before extending her arms out in front of her to bury her hands in against his gullet. It was so slick she couldn't keep her body held upright. She slipped downward, chest pressed to the base of his tongue while her hands fell to his gullet, smothered in his pulsing, undulating flesh. He kept gulping at her in between pleasant rumbles that sounded – to her – like purring. His entire body was reverberating around her, rubbing against her slick skin as his saliva coated her.

Jayri paused a bit to clamp his maw down on her, intending to keep her from disappearing down his gullet just yet. He wasn't sure if she was ready, but the pressure in his throat and the gentle massages her fingers were doing on his esophagus made him eager to swallow. He kept making gulping motions with his maw, tongue caressing her from lower belly and up her torso to massage her head between it and the soft flesh of his throat. He brought his hands up to cradle her rump, fingers slipping around her flanks and under her tail to gently caress at her claspers and part her lips, pleasuring her gently while he swallowed her.

The sudden feeling of fingers at her nethers made Olfrin tense her body up, the twitching muscles shifting her skin ever so slightly, further rubbing herself against his eager maw. She kicked at his chest involuntarily, forcing her face deeper into his depths where his tongue and gullet smothered her, caressing her and sucking gently at her upper body. She could hold her breath for a long while – she was part cetacean, after all – so she kicked at his chest again to slip deeper into him, diving down his gullet as his flesh distended and quivered around her.

He could have protested, or grabbed her hips and yanked her out, but the stretching sensation against his maw and the pressure of her sleek body weighing his tongue and lower jaw down made him hunger for more. His inverse gag reflex kicked in, and he started aggressively swallowing, jerking his head forward as he nodded his jaws to get gravity to help. As he gaped open and lifted her up, he felt her form sliding deeper into him, parting his flesh and

slipping deeper as he rumbled in pleasure. A single drip of his royal-purple cum trickled out from between her claspers to splat on his chest, but he paid it little mind as he grabbed at her haunches and pushed her in.

Suddenly, she felt his talons on her rump, followed by a sudden pressure that made more of his gullet slide over her slick form. She smiled and wiggled her body like a snake to press against his walls and pull herself in deeper. She could feel the tightness of his ribcage squeezing around her for only a moment before opening up and letting her descend deep into him. She nuzzled against his flesh every step of the way, legs flailing and tail flicking eagerly as it tossed water in an arc around the two of them.

The dragon did what he could to contain her, holding hands to her hips in an attempt to keep her from kicking at his belly or chest. He could feel his throat bulging out against her form and a familiar lurching sensation as he twisted his neck, forcing her deeper. He brought his tongue up gently to caress her slit, followed by another wavelike gulp that caressed her from hops to neck, sucking on her and forcing her down.

He glanced over to see Ceylon, still idly preening herself and mostly clean of the goop that he'd left on her. She was barely paying attention to what was going on in front of her, too busy with her own clean-up to worry about her friend. A fleeting thought of worry passed by Jayri's consciousness, but then passed again when he felt a trickle of Olfrin's fluids dripping to his tongue, the taste quite fishy, though he didn't mind – he liked fish and she was part fish.

Though he was enjoying the slow, gradual dive into his belly, Jayri felt it was time to finish her off. His airways were restricted thanks to the pressure on his throat, and she was kicking and eagerly begging to disappear into him, so it wasn't like she was nervous any longer. He extended his neck forward as he opened up both jaws as wide as they would go before clamping gently on her legs and tail, hips firmly lodged in his gullet and the rest of her squirming and writhing in his esophagus.

Olfrin still had her breath held as more of his throat passed over her. Once she felt the skin around her part and weaken, she felt herself shifting down until she could part her arms ahead of her, widening into Jayri's belly. Before her, a cavernous alcove with a tiny puddle of fluids at the bottom, the glowing walls illuminating it with ease. She blinked and smiled as her head poked fully into his belly, elbows pushing out to pull the rest of her body in with it in one sleek lurch.

In she dove, curling around in a ball until she was laying comfortably in her back, the air inside bloating the belly around her just enough so that she could actually see the ripples and marbled patterns of black and blue around her. The walls oozed fluid down over her and into the puddle she was resting in, soaking her and keeping her already-sleek skin slick and well lubricated. Her tail curled up around the rump end of his belly, nearly touching her own chest as she sprawled out and pressed out against every wall.

To her utter surprise, she found herself quite comfortable and cozy. The softness of his tender flesh cradled her better than any bed, and the gently undulating muscles massaged her form as she relaxed. The relative lack of air wouldn't help much, but she had up to an hour's worth of air in her lungs due to how efficient her body was.

Out of nowhere, she heard Ceylon's voice speaking to her.

“Don't worry. You can breath in there. I gave him a bit of an enchantment, and now all his fluids are like mine and Leera's. Might be a little jarring at first, but I promise it's fine. How do you think I enjoyed it without getting hurt or winded?” She finished her assurance with an out-of-place cooing that she broadcast telepathically.

That was quite a positive assurance from a source she trusted, so Olfrin smiled and shifted her form against the cradle of tender flesh and the warm fluid that smothered her. She spread out her arms and kicked her legs out against the walls, parting them and sucking air into them from his gullet with a guttural whoosh sound before finally relaxing and resting her head against one of the mounds that served as a pillow for her as she broadcast her thoughts to both Jayri and Ceylon. “Well then, this is actually....I think I see why you are into it.” She complimented as she nuzzled against Jayri's belly walls as it tried to massage her with muscle contractions.

Jayri let out a loud burp as his belly forced what air was in it out, resulting in his walls collapsing on Olfrin to cradle her tight from front and back. With that, he could see the bulges of her hands and feet kicking and writhing out now that she was fully within him, a pleasant and fulfilling meal. He wiped his jaw off and chuckled a bit. “Kind of eager for a first timer, wouldn't you say?”

Ceylon shook herself free of the remaining gobs of goop and made a puff of flame and smoke erupt from the tip of every feather, burning the remaining slime into ash that trickled down to the beach around her. She clicked her beak and looked up to Jayri. “Well, she's been around a long time, dealing with Leera

and myself always indulging in such acts. She's wanted and been eager and willing for years, but she straight up doesn't like Venosa's brand of ravenous hunger, so I can see why they'd be turned off.”

The dragon shifted in place, laying both hands on his belly to press gently against her writhing form within him. “Well, you seem to know each other for quite a while. Why didn't you just get your mate to play with her? I've met Leera, by the sounds of it, and she's definitely large enough, isn't she?” He gave another gentle pat of his belly as he felt a gurgling rumble emanate from his depths, the muscles of his belly clenching down again to squeeze tight around his meal.

“Sure, we could have, but Olfrin is an underwater dweller. I like the water, but I don't get submerged often, so it's not like our schedules met up all that often. I'm sure one day they'll play, but it's nice to see a willing predator such as yourself eager to let her explore you.” She hopped through the surf and leaned her ear up against Jayri's belly to listen at the gurgle and rumble of the dragon and his prey. “But for now, I think she's quite satisfied. I wouldn't expect her to want to come out for a little while. I'm sure you can feel her contentedness emanating from her. I can't speak on her behalf, but I think it's fair to assume she's happy where she is.”

“Well, yeah. I suppose. I just have to ask, that magic you did on me, how long will it last? I really don't want to accidentally hurt her if the effect wears off. I'm sure you understand.” He rolled to all fours and shook himself of the water, wings spread and belly heaving with every motion.

Ceylon used a wing to shield herself from the splashes of Jayri's shaking form. When he finished, she laughed a bit. “Well, I do get it, but I wouldn't worry too much about it. After you and I part ways, the spell is good for a solid 24 hours. Even then, it might last longer than that due to your own unique biology. I would just stick around with me for a while if you feel so inclined to enjoy my company. After all, the moon is out, the skies are clear, and it's a beautiful beach tonight.” She turned to make her way back to shore, nestling up against the trunk of a nearby tree, smiling as she looked up to the glowing moon.

Jayri stayed in the water, but glanced over to do the same thing as he laid onto his belly, pressing his abdominal wall against the aquatic hybrid inside. He felt her shift and writhe again, but then slow to a stop when she finally inhaled some of his fluid, her mindset slowing to a near halt as the digestive fluids put her in a semi-lucid state.

She was going to enjoy her new quarters, at least for the night.