1. A Hero's Descent



◆Brazzel ◆SeekGr

Stuck In Another World Where All The Girls Want To Fuck And Eat Me, It's a good thing The Dragon fell in love



A Hero's Descent

a Vore Saga

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

© Snakethroat Books 2025

Edited by LunarVulp

https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/

Join us on Discord!

Stuck In Another World Where All The Girls Want To Fuck And Eat Me,
It's A Good Thing The Dragon Fell In Love

The only advice that Aria had been given on the matter of encountering a dragon was to pray that it would digest her instantly.

Tiberius and the Necessity of Healing Magic

"Cowards survive. Heroes digest."
-Overheard Dungeon Wisdom, Notebook 1

—

"100…93…86…79…"

Tiberius had seen the insides of kobolds, goblins, and satyrs. He had traveled through the cramped digestive tracts of Corrupted wolves and witches. He had roasted in bear girl bellies and had passed unharmed from the slimy sphincters of sphinxes.

But now, he was going to die.

Again.

"72…65…58…51…"

Steaming drool squelched between his fingertips. Tiberius closed his eyes and pressed his palm deeper into the bumpy surface, kneading with his thumb as he listened to the deafening gurgles echoing from the open throat. With his other hand, he gripped a fang. If he let go, he would collapse, and he didn't want Aria to see that.

Hopefully, she couldn't hear him mumbling.

"44…37…30…23…"

Counting down from seven was a grounding exercise he had learned as a kid.

"16..."

By 30, he would have relaxed his shoulders.

"9…"

Not this time.

"2…"

He was going to die.

Tiberius opened his eyes. Superheated breath washed over his elbows as he stared into the unblinking gaze of the monster. Intelligence radiated back at him. Intelligence and, of all things,

amusement. The blackened corners of her rubbery lips were slightly raised. Her tongue curled playfully around Tiberius's wrist. The glistening flaps of her maw framed the black hole of her gullet—so different from the silver of her scales.

What was she waiting for?



She could kill him in an instant. It would only take gravity. Closing her mouth would sever his arm at the shoulder. Relaxing her clawed grip would bisect him. She could lean forward and squash him. She could club him with her tail. Or, she could do what Tiberius had learned that all creatures in the dungeon did, and she could swallow him whole.

Alive.

Thrashing. Straining. Pressing against her gullet.

Edelweed wouldn't save him this time. He kept a pouch of it in his cheek, tucked between his gums and molars, and had since the first time he was swallowed in his sleep. This world was brutal and it paid

to be prepared, but while edelweed protected against the burn of acid and the asphyxiation of the intestines, it did not protect against force.

Mass times acceleration.

And the dragon? She had a *lot* of mass.

Wings like galleon sails, scales the size of shields. Crouched on all fours, she only just hid beneath the canopy of treetops and standing, she would tower over all but the black spire. Her azure eyes were deep enough to drown in, framed with the longest lashes that Tiberius had ever seen. Somehow, despite no other defining features, he knew that she was a female.

Her tongue slid further along his elbow, pushing back the linen shirt all the way to his shoulders. A great huff misted him as the dragon's teeth tickled his arm. For the first time, she blinked. Long and slow. As patient as the mountains.

"Why are you counting?"

Tiberius flinched, pricking his arm on her fang. His blood dissolved in the foam on her tongue which lifted, swallowing gently.

She spoke, he thought, then winced as the pain of the wound reached his fevered brain. The dragon tilted her head to the side, still holding him in her maw.

"It's a technique," he said, voice shaky. "A technique to calm myself. To think rationally."

At this, the dragon's lips curled.

"Can men think rationally?" she asked. When she spoke, her tongue bounced against Tiberius's hand. "This is the first I've heard of it. In my experience, they scream and cry and bleat like any other animal that goes through my gullet. Either that or they attempt to curse me, wielding impotent magic."

Her eyes slid to the spellbook chained to his belt. It was a thick, black tome, bound in a leather that Tiberius hoped beyond hope wasn't made of dragon skin or something of the like. Red runes were carved into the cover like bloody wounds. They marked the book as his, though none of its contents could help him now. Nor could the

spear on his back, nor the knife hidden beneath his jerkin. Only words had stayed the dragon's jaws, so Tiberius spoke, clearing his troubled throat.

"I would never dream of raising arms against you, Silver One," he said. "Your scales trap the moonlight. They enchant me.

A rumble of laughter shook the dragon's throat and vibrated Tiberius's entire body. She pulled away from his hand, but only just enough to place it on her lips, a long string of saliva connecting the web of his fingers.

"I never knew men to be capable of flattery, either," she said. "Even flattery as clumsy as yours."

"Im an engineer, not a poet," Tiberius said. "I'm afraid I lack experience."

"I'm enjoying myself. Go on, then. Try again."

Tiberius racked his brain, sifting through every romcom he had ever been forced to sit through. Had it really been that long since he'd seen a movie? Read a book for pleasure? Been on a date? College had been busy, then the internship, the job, the accident…

A puff of air from the dragon's snout blew back the messy nest of his bangs. He bit his lip, searching for admirable features.

"I like your eyelashes," he concluded, prompting an amused snort. "Your…eyes?" he tried again. "I'm sorry, I really don't do this very often. How about this: once, I went hiking with some friends of mine. It was hot outside, scorching, really, and the mosquitoes—little, blood-sucking insects—were particularly bad."

Now the dragon's eyes were narrowing.

"The point is," Tiberius said hastily, "is that I was miserable, gloomy, and in a terrible mood when we finally made it out of the woods. I'd gotten a thorn in my shoe, so it took me a moment to look up, but when I did, we were standing at the edge of this cliff and laid out before us was perhaps the most beautiful view I have ever experienced. The valley spread out below us, the river, the waterfall… I really wish I could put it into words. Just seeing it, I forgot the ache

in my feet, the sweat, the bugbites—everything. The view filled me up so that there was no room for anything else and all I can describe it as, in my lacking vocabulary, is beautiful. And you make me feel the same way."

The blush started at the tip of the dragon's tail. The scales turned pink, shifting along her flank, her legs, her spine, and belly until it reached the cusp of her throat and finally, her face. A literal cloud of steam erupted from the dragon's snout as she let his hand fall from her lips and stepped back. Then there was a flash and a woman stood before him.

A very tall, very beautiful woman, still blushing.

"T-that's not fair," she said, stomping her foot. Tiberius was too stunned to speak, so he merely stared as the woman hugged her tail to her considerable chest. "That was…that was cheating! You've done this before! There's no way you haven't! What are you, some kind of… womanizer?"

"I, um, uh…"

Her wings were the same, silver shade as the dragon's, as were the scales that covered her arms and legs. Two horns curved from her head like shepherd crooks and her eyes were dazzling blue. She was twice as tall as Tiberius. His nose only came up to her curvy hips, covered in a black dress that conformed like silk to her heavy, muscular thighs. The dragon, for it was the dragon, kneaded the tip of her tail, peeking out at Tiberius from over her scarf.

"I'm… sorry?" Tiberius said.

So this was a dragon's hybrid form. He had heard about them in Myth, but this was the first time he had ever seen one. He hadn't expected her to be so…so…

Stacked.

Now he was blushing, thinking back on what he said. The dragon seemed on the cusp of speaking when a twig snapped in the forest and they both turned to see a girl in cleric robes drop the bundle of firewood she had collected. The redhead raised a trembling finger,

holding out her staff as if it would do anything to the beast in the clearing.

"G-get back, Tiberius," Aria stuttered. "T-that's a dragon!"

The dragon's expression darkened.

"Well," she tutted, advancing on Tiberius. Her tail lashed behind her, deflecting a bolt of something that Aria shot her way. The dragon didn't even notice. "Well, well, well! What a clever ruse. What a delicious bit of deceit! Oh, you had my stomach doing somersaults, but now you're going to be having it do a lot more than that."

Tiberius gagged as the dragon's fist closed around his jerkin, pulling him up onto his toes. Her teeth were no less intimidating in hybrid form.

"There seems to have been a misunderstanding," he said. Aria was sprinting into the clearing. Bravery? No, Aria was anything but self-serving. She probably knew that she had no hope of running if the dragon truly wished to hunt her down.

CRACK!

The dragon's tail snapped across her chest, smashing her through a rotten log. Tiberius feared that the blow had killed her, but from the rubble he saw her foot twitch. Then he had no time to be concerned about others. The dragon's maw was opening and from it poured a thick, frigid fog.

"I could turn you into an ice statue before swallowing you," she said. "Let you thaw in my belly. You'd be aware the entire time, you know, but that would be cruel, wouldn't it? You might just be an animal, but you're a clever animal and I do not wish to harm you any more than necessary… or maybe I do."

Tiberius pulled his neck taut as the dragon's clawed thumb drew a line from his navel to his chin. It slid through his clothing like it was made of paper. His shirt peeled around his shoulders, baring his chest.

Something in the dragon's gaze flickered. A different kind of hunger.

“Who is that girl?” the dragon asked suddenly. Frost glittered along Tiberius’s collarbone. It was so cold that it burned.

“Who? Aria? She is a cleric in my party. Actually, that is inaccurate. We are questing together temporarily. I need her to cleanse the black shrine.”

Her mouth was very close now, though Tiberius was having trouble focusing on it considering the dragon had just pressed his crotch against her breasts. They were firm and round and *warm*, rippling as the dragon tightened her grip.

“And you seduced her?” the dragon asked. “You seduced her to do your bidding?”

Tiberius actually laughed.

“Seduce Aria?” he said. “I’d have better luck seducing a swamp hag. She is, without a doubt, *the* most antisocial person I have ever met and I went to engineering school. I don’t know why she wants to cleanse the black shrine, but the only reason she agreed to party with me is because our needs align. That’s it. Could you please stop trying to break my ribs?”

The dragon actually relaxed her grip somewhat. Her eyes kept flicking to his chest, his crotch, to her own, flat stomach whose growl filled the clearing. She was salivating. Tiberius, on a total whim, wiped her lips with the back of his hand.

“Eep!”

He was flying. The cool, dungeon air cushioned his fall into the sky, slowed him, held him, then spiked him back to the ground. He had been flung over forty feet, the clearing a lime-green blip amongst a sea of black trees, but the blip was getting larger, as was the bashful dragon with her wings spread wide. Like silver half moons they caught the wind. The dragon surged toward him, apologizing and admonishing in turn.

“I’m so, so sorry,” she cried, then: “Why would you touch my lips? Are you trying to mate with me? That is an incredibly intimate area! Oh, you’re so high. I’ll catch you. Let me just—”

She reached out a huge, clawed hand and Tiberius reached back, managing to grasp onto the tip of her fingers before gravity slid him from her grasp. The dragon plummeted with him as the ground filled his vision, but it was too late to avoid impact. Tiberius turned mid-air to look at the sky. Was Cres watching? This probably wasn't the most dignified death of one of the goddesses' champions, but having died once, Tiberius did not fear oblivion—merely the pain that preceded it.

Another falling death.

How embarrassing.

WHUMPH!

Whumph?

It was not the sound of a body breaking on cold, hard ground, nor the snap of limbs and spine shattering on compressed earth. Something did snap somewhere deep in Tiberius's chest, but the pain was warm and dull, not sharp and searing. His eyes had closed on instinct right before impact. He was shaking so hard that he didn't dare to open them, but his back was pressed deep into something soft and moving. His ears were ringing. Someone was speaking close by.

"Cres?" he muttered, blinking his eyes open.

A beautiful, agitated face hovered over him. The dragon, of course.

"Cres?" she asked. "Who is Cres now? How many damsels do you have at your disposal? Oh, I knew you were trouble. I should have eaten you right when you woke me up, but you were cute and polite and…what's wrong?"

Surprise had dulled the pain in Tiberius's chest, but now it was presenting itself with interest. The dragon had caught him before he hit the ground. Her large breasts had absorbed some of the impact, but not all of it, and as he pulled her arm off of him, he took in a sharp, agonizing breath.

His chest was a mottled purple and blue.

"That's not good," he gasped.

Healing potions. They were a thing in the dungeon, but exorbitantly expensive and he'd been focused on acquiring gear and keeping his edelweed stocked. Aria? No, she was a cleric, not a healer. In this world, they were not one and the same. His mind was racing. His breaths were short. The nearest town was a three day hike to the south. Tiberius coughed and blood trickled down his chin.

He didn't have three days. He might not have three minutes.

The dragon had extracted herself from beneath him, gingerly placing him on a patch of moss. Not a bad grave, Tiberius thought, so long as the dragon didn't decide to eat him while his meat was fresh. Somehow, despite the fact that this was her fault, he couldn't bring himself to hate her. There was no malice in her actions.

"Oh dear," the dragon was saying. "Tiberius? Your name is Tiberius, right? Human names are so complicated, hard to wrap the tongue around. Your species is entirely too fragile."

His consciousness was crashing in on him. Tiberius blinked, willing himself to stay alert against the overwhelming pain. The dragon was leaning over him. Even in hybrid form, she blotted out the clearing, though her visage was no less magnificent.

A fine view, Tiberius thought.

She was saying something. Her words were garbled, as if they came from deep underwater, and Tiberius had to focus to hear her. Then her mouth yawned above him and he smelled her breath. It was sweet and meaty and disgusting and wonderful. He wanted to kiss her then, however inappropriately, right up until the point that she licked his chest and pain exploded like shards of glass. Tiberius threw his head back to scream, but her tongue was on his throat, tasting his pulse, smothering his cries.

Then…

The pain did not subside all at once. It was an analgesic ebb, the slight dulling of a headache thirty minutes after taking drugs. Tiberius wondered if it was his brain releasing chemicals, relieving him in the moments before death. His chest was warm where the dragon had



licked him. Her saliva pooled in glistening streaks along his collarbone. The bruises were receding.

The bruises were receding?

Tiberius tried to lift his head, but whatever healing he had received only applied to the surface. He winced as he felt something puncture inside of him—something mortal. The pain had subsided just enough that he could hear the dragon's words—

"—to finish the healing. Oh, what would my sister think of me doing this for a human? I shudder to imagine. And my mother? A waste of a gift, she'd say. And I'm not doing this because I want to, even though you're pretty tasty. Goodness, you've gotten in my head. You flirt. Okay, I'm going to swallow you now."

"Swallow?"

That dragged Tiberius back to the present. The dragon was clearing her throat, gulping over and over again as the hem of her dress bobbed. Her eyes had narrowed to predator's points. She was drooling profusely.

"Why?" Tiberius asked.

Her clawed hands slid under his back. She lifted him gently, but firmly, to her glistening lips. Once more, Tiberius felt the urge to kiss her.

"Why?" the dragon repeated, blinking. "I just explained why. Internal wounds, internal healing. Don't you know the basics of magic?"

No, Tiberius wanted to tell her, *I've only just been reborn in this world and it's been weird and confusing and everyone in this dungeon wants to fuck and eat me for some reason*, but all that came out of his mouth was 'oh', because those lips were on his face now, kissing him, sucking him, sliding over his chin and forehead as her large, magnificent tongue caressed his shoulders. It pulled him further, further into the warmth of her maw.

He was surrounded by her breath, by her teeth, by her cheeks. It was not the first time that he had been swallowed, but it was the first

time he had been swallowed lovingly, or at least, patiently. The dragon took her time to explore every inch of his jawline, his cheeks, his hair and neck. His face was squeezed beneath her tongue, pressed flat against the soft, squelching base of her maw only to be tucked into a new pocket of flesh as her tongue looped around him, tugging him toward her throat. The dragon's fragrant breath made his throat clench; her pain-killing spit doing much to ease the discomfort of his wounds.

All the while her huge hands traveled over the length of his back, hooking on his hips as her thumbs pressed deep into his inner thighs. The dragon swallowed his moan while she kneaded his cock. He grew hard against her fingers. Once more, her hunger flared, resonating through her as a desperate snarl that made all of the hairs on Tiberius's body stand on end.

The pull of her throat grew closer, light trickling between her teeth to highlight pink curves. Saliva drained in rivulets down the back of her tongue, forming a ravine into which his head was being tucked. His chest was lifted with the tilt of her maw. It was like hanging at the top of a rollercoaster, staring at the open track. Falling was inevitable, but even that was cushioned by the bulk of the dragon's enormous body.

Her thumbs made one last pass at his waist. Upside-down in her throat, Tiberius felt the dragon tense, her heartbeat racing as a claw sawed at the rope he used as a belt. He could only squirm, arousing her hunger further as his pants slipped around his thighs and all of the heat and humidity of her maw honed in on his hips—and his hardened cock, pressed flat into the tip of her tongue.

A growl, needy and visceral, nearly deafened Tiberius as the dragon took a long lap at his shaft. He wriggled, saturating the tip of her tongue in pre. She swallowed greedily, bobbing him inside of her.

"Is this part of the healing?" Tiberius gasped.

He felt the corners of her mouth rise—the warmth of her blush. Her tongue receded back in his mouth and for a second, Tiberius

regretted speaking. At least until she threw her head back and swallowed.

Clench. Gulp. Clench.

Lost in the daze of semi-consciousness, Tiberius experienced the journey as a series of sensations—individual inputs uninterpreted. The glaze of saliva. The warmth of flesh. The furnace of air rising up from the belly and the squeeze of the throat.

Clench. Gulp. Clench.

He dug his arm into the mass of meat to his sides and found leeway there. The dragon allowed him to press against her, elbows indenting her throat as she waited patiently for him to explore each eager fold. When she growled, it reverberated through him, and when she gulped, his entire torso was held, pulled, ferried into the furnace until his face made contact with something solid. In the darkness, Tiberius had no way of seeing what twitched against his nose, but his rudimentary knowledge of anatomy suggested it was the pyloric sphincter—the gateway to the dragon's stomach.

A shard of panic overwhelmed Tiberius. He had not consumed any edelweed, nor would it matter if the dragon decided to pass him from her stomach to her intestines. While other creatures disposed of waste, dragons compacted it, so even if he did manage to survive the squeeze of her stomach, it would only result in a brutal demise courtesy of her colon. He reassured himself that the dragon had promised healing, but the panic of being swallowed whole was primal and overwhelming.

At least until his cock reached the edge of her throat.

It wasn't necessarily the gulp that did it. Tiberius had gotten used to the slimy sensation of her slightly rough tongue rubbing against his shaft. It was the obvious, immediate pleasure that the dragon derived from swallowing his member; the delighted, almost delirious hum that accompanied every bob of her throat. He could imagine her, head tilted, eyes closed, hand on her neck as her claw traced the bulge of his shaft. Actually, he could feel it—the slight indent of her finger



tracing him as he sank. Heat spread across his crotch. His cheeks were on fire. He barely noticed as his head came loose into the hot, humid confines of her stomach because the feeling was matched by the pressure building, sliding down, down her tongue until his cock reached the knot of her sphincter.

The dragon gave a last, greedy gulp.

Tiberius came as he slipped fully into her stomach.

Post-nut clarity hit Tiberius with the force of a truck—specifically the truck that delivered many an isekai protagonist to their ultimate destination.

Membranous walls surrounded him on all sides. Her stomach was large, but it was also compact. Muscles twitched just beyond the fabric of flesh, clenching him, holding him, resisting his incursion as he nestled beneath her breasts. They flanked his head, one on either side, heavy enough that he could feel them resting against her, bobbing whenever she breathed. Other notable sounds included the bubbling of acids beneath him and the muted physics of a huge body at work; jiggling, sloshing, packing him nice and deep as the dragon slid a hand over him. She belched and her whole stomach shook.

BBbrrrAaaaaAAP!

"Excuse me," the dragon said. Her muffled voice was somehow soothing, though Tiberius couldn't explain how. "I might have indulged myself a little, but now that you're good and tucked away, we can start some serious healing."

Tiberius waited. All he knew of dragons was that they were typically isolationists, prideful and greedy, with a penchant for frying their problems first and considering the consequences later. Why this one had landed on the second floor of the dungeon was still a mystery, as was her startling reaction to his compliment. She said she was going to heal him, but he felt no different. He touched his chest and winced.

Yep, still fucked.

Acids sizzled gently against the small of his back. He was sitting in a shallow pool, arms crossed over his knees to keep the gooey wall away from his face. It was a position he knew well, though he'd never been swallowed by something as large as her before. His pants were still around his ankles. His cock was hard against his thigh.

"Um… how long is this going to take?" Tiberius asked.

The dragon was still standing, holding her stomach with both hands as she swayed from side to side. Not enough to jostle him, but enough for him to feel her bulk moving across his body.



"Are you speaking?" the dragon asked. "I'm sorry, it's hard to hear you when you're inside. Here."

All of a sudden, Tiberius was being squeezed up and into the indents created by her breasts. The dragon had lifted him toward her ear, which she pressed into her stomach along with her cheek.

“Oh,” Tiberius said. His lips tingled where they touched the wall. Did it count as a kiss if there was a stomach between them? “I was asking how long this would take.”

“Why? Got somewhere to be?”

He could imagine her smirk an inch from his face. He was in her power and she knew it, though she wasn’t abusing it like most predators.

“How’s Aria?” Tiberius asked, changing tact.

The stomach clenched.

“Who?”

“The girl in the robes that you walloped,” Tiberius said. “Is she conscious yet? Injured?”

There was a huff. A snort. The stomach dropped as the dragon let go, stretching her back in an almost erotic display of flexibility. Tiberius was squeezed inside of her, only released when the dragon shook her head and deigned to search for his injured companion.

“She’s fine,” the dragon announced.

“Good.”

“She’s unconscious.”

“Not good. Unconscious does not constitute ‘fine’.”

“Relax,” the dragon yawned. “I already healed her external wounds. She should wake up soon.”

“I didn’t feel you lick her,” Tiberius said.

“That’s because I didn’t. I licked my thumb and applied the salve that way.”

“Then why did you lick me?”

“Full of questions, aren’t you, Tiberius?”

The way that she said his name sent a shiver down his spine. There was a hint of mischief in it—a slight curling of the tongue. She wandered around the clearing, jiggling him as she walked, and Tiberius was not afraid.

“What is your name?” he asked.

He had to yell to be heard over the groaning. The dragon's stomach fizzled around him, complaining about the lack of digesting.

"Me?" the dragon said. "Why do you care all of a sudden? You didn't ask when you stumbled upon me napping. I consider that quite rude, you know."

"Rude? You broke my ribs!"

"I'm fixing them, aren't I?"

That much was true. It felt like a cold compress spreading across his chest, icy tendrils reaching in and soothing the burning pain. Pulling his shoulders too far back hurt, but moving his arms no longer caused agony, nor was he spitting blood. For the first time since meeting the dragon, Tiberius considered the fact that he might live through the encounter. Of course, that all hinged on whether or not she digested him.

"Olivine."

"Hmm?"

An impatient slap resounded through the belly. It didn't hurt—too much padding—but it did startle Tiberius. He could imagine the dragon blushing, looking to the heavens.

"My name," she said. "It's Olivine. Jeeze, you were the one that asked."

"Sorry," Tiberius said. "I'm distracted."

"You're literally in my stomach? What is there to distract you in there?"

"I was wondering if you were going to digest me."

Her silence went on longer than was comfortable. Fingers continued to slide over the smooth skin of her belly, restlessly stroking Tiberius's head and shoulders. He could not see the acids, but he could feel them rising. Still, there was no pain but for the ache of his broken ribs.

"I want to," Olivine said at last. Then, before Tiberius could respond: "But I won't! It's instinctual. I can feel you moving in there and it… activates something within me. Makes me all tingly. I keep

wanting to clench or squeeze or itch, but you're so fragile that I'm afraid that I'll hurt you again. There's no way to relieve this… this tension!"

She sat down hard, jostling Tiberius between her thighs. He could feel them around him, strong and toned and capable of crushing him like an eggshell. It must be difficult to control her immense strength, Tiberius thought, and a new wave of appreciation for the dragon filled him, though he was only in this mess *because* of her. It would have been easy to devour him, but she didn't, and maybe that had earned her the benefit of the doubt.

He wanted to do something for her.

"Is there anything that I could do to relieve that tension?" Tiberius asked.

The stomach walls warmed immediately. It took a moment for him to realize that it meant she was aroused.

"Sorry!" Tiberius quickly amended. He put his hands against the seething flesh in what he hoped was a supplicating gesture. "I didn't mean to—"

"Rub me."

"Huh?"

"Rub my belly."

Olivine shifted, her entire stomach twisting around Tiberius as she dropped forward onto her knees. The bottom of her belly sagged against the ground, giving Tiberius a solid base, but it also meant that she was leaning over him, squashing him under her abundant figure. With his hands spread out against the wall, Tiberius gulped. The dragon was literally shaking from excitement. If she lost control…

So he started slow. Like an artist meticulously planning their first strokes, he drew a line with all five fingers, starting at her esophagus and ending at her navel. Even the slightest pressure made the muscles around him tense. When he completed the arc, he waited, then began again.

Olivine didn't speak to him. Her body communicated her needs in ways that Tiberius could scarcely explain, but understood nonetheless. It was a twitch of her abdomen. A short sigh. A slight change in the pace of her heartbeat or an elevation in temperature. As he worked, Tiberius fell into a rhythm.

Both hands against the roof, palms flat, sliding over the slimy plane down and out, then forward. Knuckles in the folds, back up to the esophagus, knees spread wide. Turn. Same for the back wall, only now his shoulders sank into the unsupported front of her belly and his entire spine glided across the curve of her in a way that made her snarl—made her quake.

This pleased Tiberius. He had been quite a giver in his past life, working diligently for his partner's satisfaction, and the moans and growls that vibrated Olivine's walls introduced a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach. He began to experiment, to work with his whole body. When that made her gasp, he began to thrash and knead and pound against her, and that made her writhe and clutch at him, grabbing him through her skin. Consequently, the stomach grew louder. More active. The walls churned around him and the acids rose, though never burned, and instead of gagging on the odor, Tiberius buried his face in Olivine and breathed deep of her scent.

His injuries were forgotten. His mission, too. The weight of Olivine drove him to the ground as she rolled forward onto her stomach, squeezing him between her thighs. Tiberius thrashed all the harder then, because he knew that she was close, and he was erect, and the topsy-turvy logic of the world emphasized only hedonistic extremes. Olivine's arms wrapped around him. Her legs. Her tail. She clutched him with her entire body, tensing every muscle *but* her stomach in preparation for climax and while Tiberius didn't understand it at the time, he would soon learn that she had saved his life. If she had lost control, even for a second, she would have crushed him to jelly but instead, she found his face with her hips and thrust until she came.



Silence fell over the clearing. Olivine's stomach continued to pop and gurgle, but all of the tension had leaked out of her body, causing her to slump on top of Tiberius. He was buried beneath her, satisfied, throbbing. With a few thrusts of his own, he might have brought himself to completion, yet with his logic restored, he had the good sense to be embarrassed.

"Goodness," Olivine whispered. "Goodness."

She heaved herself up and backwards. Tiberius traveled with her. When she was sitting, she cleared her throat. Tiberius waited for his sentence.

"How," Olivine said, "are you feeling?"

The question came as a surprise. Tiberius did a quick internal inventory.

"I'm alright," he said. "Healed, I mean. That was very impressive."

“Good. Good. So, um—you did—that was good, too. You did a good job. I didn’t, um… it’s been a while since—usually I don’t—good job.”

Tiberius’s chest warmed. He pressed his palms to his cheeks, willing himself calm, but it was impossible. The dragon’s compliment had completely disoriented him.

“I’m going to let you out now,” Olivine continued. “Your friend is okay. She’s starting to wake up and I don’t think she’s happy.”

“She rarely is,” Tiberius mumbled, crossing his legs. If he was about to go back up through Olivine’s throat, it was imperative that he manage his ‘problem’ lest the dragon be offended. The stomach squeezed beneath him, lathering him in gross, warm liquid as his head pressed against the bottom of the esophagus. Olivine took a deep breath and—

SHLOOOOOOORP!

SPLAT!

Tiberius had closed his eyes to avoid being blinded by a deluge of saliva. When he opened them, he was surprised to find that he was still in Olivine’s stomach.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“My, um, tummy doesn’t want to let go of you,” Olivine said.

She tried again. Again, the stomach squeezed and Tiberius closed his eyes, but this time he could feel his head being thrust through the knot of the esophagus only for the throat to close around him, shunting him back into the stomach. Olivine let out a grunt and closed both arms under the bottom of her belly. This time, Tiberius made it all the way up to the back of her throat, glimpsing a slimy strand of light right before an involuntary gulp bounced him back into the familiar, digestive womb.

“This is not a problem,” Olivine said.

“This seems like a problem,” Tiberius said. The liquid was getting hotter by the second, slurping between his legs. There was sensitive tissue there, Tiberius knew, that he would very much like to

keep, but rushing the dragon would only serve to embarrass her or worse, convince her that he should stay. They needed a solution. How about…

"What if you revert to your dragon form?" Tiberius asked.

Olivine considered.

"I've never transformed with food in my belly," she said. *Food.* Tiberius tucked that little verbal snafu into his bin of dragon lore. "We could definitely try it. You would be smaller, relatively, so I'd need to manually push you into my throat, but once you're there, I'd be less likely to swallow. We'd have to do it fast, though."

"Why?"

"My acids are a lot stronger in my true form."

Tiberius almost considered asking her to try again, but he could tell that all of his scrambling had aroused her further and any more was grounds for another 'session' that they didn't have time for. He nodded, rapping his knuckle against the soft wall.

"Okay," he said. "Let's go for it."

The transformation was nearly instant. One moment, he was surrounded on all sides by throbbing flesh and the next he was suspended in midair, landing with a splash in a pond of acid. Sounds echoed in the open space. Experimentally, Tiberius raised a hand. On his knees, he could just about touch the 'ceiling'.

Loud pops could be heard overhead. Bones, scales, new infrastructure for the massive body forming around him. Olivine hissed like it hurt and her voice, lower, gruffer, shook through the cavern.

"Climb," she demanded.

Tiberius tried. It was slow going, sludging through the muck. Her stomach absorbed his momentum, stretching wherever he stepped so that he resorted to crawling on his hands and knees. Her heart thudded overhead, reminding him that the clock was ticking. He knew that he'd reached the midpoint when he felt her ribs beneath his

fingers. The esophagus was somewhere above him, but apparently, Olivine was impatient with his progress.

A large knuckle found him through flesh and nudged him up in a vacuum of compressed air. Tiberius gasped as his fist stuck in a throbbing hole, only for that hole to open up and swallow him up to his shoulder, then his neck, then his head. Horrible, throaty sounds came to him in the form of clenching muscles that threatened to pull his limb from its socket. She was working him into her gullet, but at what cost?

"Almost…there…"

When his hips entered the long passage, Tiberius almost screamed. The walls were heavier, tighter than anything he had ever experienced, bruising him as he was shunted upward in hacking gasps. He let out a groan and regretted it as a glob saliva the size of his fist broke against his face, leaving him sputtering, spitting, all the way up and over the hump of her tongue to surge, slimy and humbled, out between her teeth. Olivine bounced him once or twice for good measure before depositing him on the grass. Her enormous muzzle hovered over him. There was worry in her glistening, blue eyes.

"Oh dear," she said. Then, a giggle. "Oh dear!"

Tiberius looked down and found that his entire chest was bruised…again! But this time, when he moved, there was no spurt of blood or crunch of bones. The damage was external which meant that when Olivine let her heavy tongue dangle over him, it was already healing.

"Wait, wait—"

SPLORT!

Another huge glob of spit soaked his torso. And his face, waist, and the ground beneath him. Satisfied, Olivine nodded, reverting to her hybrid form. Tiberius stared at the sky and considered what he might have done to be punished thusly in the afterlife.

"All fixed," Olivine said.



She was rather pretty, Tiberius decided. He liked the way her dark hair stuck out at all angles, framing her hook-like horns. Her fangs poked out against her bottom lip, giving her a permanent overbite, and her modest attire made the torn seams all the more attractive. There was a great hole in her dress that Tiberius had previously occupied. Thinking about it made his brain fuzzy. He shook his head.

"Aria?" he asked.

Olivine pointed and Tiberius followed her claw to a hole in a rotten log. Aria had propped herself against the mossy indent, glaring blearily at the dragon. When she saw him, her freckled face brightened.

"You're alive!" she said, then frowned. "How?"

"Tactful," Tiberius said. Olivine was looking between them, chewing her lip. He couldn't read the expression on her face, but considering their previous exchange, it was probably best to play peacemaker. "Aria, this is Olivine. She saved my life."

The cleric had been unconscious when Olivine had tossed him, so that logic was sound. However, Aria clearly remembered being batted through a tree trunk. She was about to open her mouth when Tiberius made a quick slash across his throat.

No more.

Aria pursed her lips, but stayed silent.

"How do you do," Olivine said, towering over Aria. Tiberius gained an even greater appreciation of the dragon's size. The cleric barely came up to her waist and when she put her hand in Olivine's, it disappeared up to her elbow. Aria managed a quick shake, then disengaged.

"A pleasure," Aria said. "Tiberius?"

"Hmm?"

"Your pants?"

Tiberius looked down. His pants and underwear were still around his ankles.

“Oh shit,” he said, turning red as Olivine shot him a bemused look. The fabric was still wet from his dip in her stomach. It took a few tries to pull the linen over his thighs. “Sorry, Aria. It came off when… I mean, I didn’t notice.”

“Didn’t notice,” Aria said slowly. The cleric’s eyes narrowed to fine points. How fox-like she looked when she was displeased, Tiberius noted, though the observation would not have been appreciated by the grumpy redhead. “I see. Well, if you’re all healed, then maybe we should continue on to the tower, hmm? Leave this fine dragon to her business?”

Olivine reared and Aria shrank, clutching her staff like a child clutching a teddy bear.

“I think,” Olivine said, “that I shall accompany you.”

All of the blood drained from Aria’s face. A dozen excuses probably ran through her cunning skull, but her lips remained still until Tiberius stepped between them, putting a placating hand on Olivine’s thigh.

The dragon moaned.

She actually moaned.

“Sorry,” Tiberius said quickly. His palm was still warm from the thin line of skin that separated her leg scales from the bottom of her dress.

“So forward,” Olivine said. “Or completely naive. First my lips, now my thigh?”

If Aria’s face could have gotten any whiter, it would have.

“You touched her lips?” she said.

“I, um, didn’t know that I shouldn’t,” Tiberius said.

“How are you alive?”

“My mercy,” Olivine said, crouching next to them. “Which I extend to you. This… quest of yours seems amusing. I would like to, as the humans say, ‘tag along’.”

Aria couldn’t say no, so instead she shot Tiberius a look that would have frozen an infernal.

“Why not,” she said through clenched teeth. “Makes our job easier.”

Tiberius flashed her what he hoped was an apologetic shrug. He’d have much to explain when they were alone together, but for now, it would be best to do whatever Olivine said. After all, the dragon could kill them with a flick of her claw, and it was only by her mercy, or rather her amusement, that they had survived their first encounter. She probably wasn’t a bad sort, as dragons went, but more… chaotic neutral.

The other reason that she might want to tag along was unconscionable, and Tiberius put it out of his head.

“Okay,” he said, clapping his hands together. “I guess this is our party for now!”

Aria and the Fateful Reunion

Idiot. Idiot. Idiot.

Were all men complete morons? Did all of them think with that little tail between their legs? Tiberius was basically wagging it like a puppydog, walking next to Olivine while Aria sulked behind them, keeping a weathered eye out for changes in the dragon's mood.

The book thumped against his hip. She'd been planning to steal a glance that night when they were camped out, but now, with the dragon, that was going to be impossible. Aria kneaded her staff between her fingers until it threatened to splinter. There were already grooves along the shaft where she'd worn the wood smooth and shiny.

Was Cres fucking with her?

That was her current interpretation. The whole 'born in another world' gimmick was a ruse and she was actually in hell. What else could explain the terrible luck that had befallen her since her reincarnation?

She'd spawned *in the dungeon.* In the *fucking dungeon.* A starting town would have been nice, but no, she's new to this world, how about a field of carnivorous plants—emphasis on the *fucking carnivorous part*?! By the time she'd even gotten her spellbook out, one of the inexplicably thick-titted plant girls had gotten her by the legs, dragging her toward its spiny-toothed maw. As sweet-smelling lips wrapped around her ankles, Aria had called to the goddess and you know what response she'd gotten from her?

"Oh, there are some weeds in your bag that will make you indigestible. They taste fucking awful."

Then she had to wait for five days. *FIVE DAYS!* Apparently, plant-based creatures digest *slowly*, burning through her supply of edelweed until a wandering band of adventurers happened to pass by. Were they good Samaritans helping out a fellow newbie who had gotten lost in the dungeon? Hell no! What about animal-eared women

who ate people for fun? If you guessed animal-eared women who ate people for fun, you've been paying attention!

So Aria spent another three days in the stomach of a mouse-girl with inexplicably huge tits, which was embarrassing and uncomfortable and humiliating. The mouse, whose name was Louise (dumb fucking name), would taunt her in the cringiest ways. "Having fun in there? You're going to look so good on my ass! I can't wait to shit you out." After those three humiliating days and the last of her edelweed, Aria was unceremoniously excreted into a ditch. If there was *any* upside at all to the story, it was that the effort exhausted the mouse, allowing Aria to mug her for her cleric clothes and her spellbook.

That was three months ago. There had been any number of terrible incidents that had followed, but Aria had survived through what felt like spite alone, using her stolen vestments to pose as clergy, gaining access to a few useful spells. She'd actually thought that her luck was on the verge of changing when Tiberius, another clueless adventurer, showed up in Candor asking about components for a powerful spell. A powerful spell currently residing in the spellbook at his hip.

If it wasn't for the *fucking dragon.*

Aria gnawed at her thumb. The black spire rose beyond the trees in the distance, visible from anywhere on the second level. It was rumored to be filled with warlocks capable of summoning demons and turning adventurers into thralls. Other reports said that it had been taken over by Corrupted bandits, though everything in the dungeon was ultimately blamed on Corrupted bandits. Whatever the case, Aria never actually intended to make it to the ominous tower. The only important thing was that it was far enough that she and Tiberius would have to camp out, after which she'd steal the book.

If not for the *fucking dragon*.

Dragons were evil. If Aria had learned anything in this dungeon, it was that everything inside of it wanted to fuck and eat her. That



made sense considering the progenitor of the world was a dangerous pervert that she was tasked to destroy. It also made sense that some of the highest level monsters, dragons, embodied the concept of 'fuck' and 'eat' better than anything. In fact, the only advice that Aria had been given on the matter of encountering a dragon was to pray that it would digest her instantly. Dragons played with their food, you see, and they weren't gentle with their toys.

So why was this dragon so keen on Tiberius?

Tiberius was a wet blanket as far as Aria was concerned. He was polite and handsome and surprisingly well-spoken for a yokel in the dungeon, but he was also naive and idealistic and way too much of a goody two-shoes for Aria's taste. "Cowards survive, heroes digest" was the wisdom of the land and Tiberius embodied the hero in everything from his swagger to his annoying habit of anticipating everyone's needs. He'd clocked her as an asshole the moment he laid eyes on her, but he'd invited her to join him nevertheless. Even now, he kept looking over his shoulder to make sure she was keeping up.

"Olivine's offered to fly us to the Spire," Tiberius said. He gestured ahead to the miles of forest, the trees growing thicker and taller the closer they got to the spire. "She says that it gets really dark in the woods up ahead and that it's not safe to sleep in the area."

Aria hid her cursing spree under the guise of a coughing fit.

This.

Fucking.

Dragon!

She'd actually considered going for his spellbook, dragon or no, that night while they slept. If she ran fast enough, she'd be long gone before either of them came looking, but nope, her luck wouldn't have that.

"How generous of her," Aria said through clenched teeth.

Olivine actually had the nerve to smile at her. Aria's blood boiled. The smug fucking dragon knew that she couldn't say shit, especially with Tiberius beaming at her side. Oh, Aria couldn't wait

for that fat “I told you so.” The dragon was probably saving Tiberius for dinner, not that Aria was going to stick around long enough to find out.

“I actually get really motion sick, though,” Aria said. “I might just meet you there.”

Tiberius frowned.

“It’s not safe,” he said.

It was disgusting how sincere he sounded.

“I can carry you,” Olivine said, narrowing her eyes at Aria. The damned creature could see right through her. “I’ll be so very gentle.”

“She’ll be gentle, Aria,” Tiberius said. “And if you start to feel sick, we can land.”

Aria hid her annoyance with a brisk nod. In truth, she *did* get motion sick. Very motion sick. Being in a car for more than thirty minutes was liable to make her puke and normal medicine didn’t cut it. She practically had to be knocked unconscious for long journeys, not that her family had ever gone on any.

“Come on.”

Tiberius held a hand out to her. Aria stared at it like he had just offered her a pocketful of slugs, but when he smiled, she sighed and took it anyhow, letting herself be led to the dragon. If she was going to die (again), at least it would be with a gentleman.

“I’ve never flown with two passengers before,” Olivine said. Her wings, when spread, encompassed the length of the entire clearing. “It would be easiest if I just ate you—”

She winked at Tiberius. Why did she wink at Tiberius?

“—but maybe I could carry one of you in my arms and the other on my back?”

That…was a terrible idea! Aria couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Tiberius was nodding along like it made sense for them to mount a dragon like a fucking video game character. He was obviously infatuated. It was the only explanation. The dragon did have huge tits, but so did everything in this godforsaken world.

Except for her, but that was besides the point.

"Fine," Aria said.

Tiberius was already clambering up the dragon's back. The beast had the nerve to look bashful as he dug his knees into the base of her tail, shimmying past her wings to cling to her neck. Aria waited with her arms crossed, hoping that one of them would realize that this was stupid, but once Tiberius was set, Olivine crouched, holding out her hands.

"Come," she said.

Aria took one last withering look at Tiberius's spellbook and climbed onto the dragon's knee. Olivine scooped her up like she weighed nothing.

Uh oh, Aria thought. Even just the straightening of Olivine's legs had made her nauseous. Was now a good time to mention that she was afraid of heights?

"Wonderful," Olivine said. "Let's get flying!"

"Actually, I think I'd rather waaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Wind shrieked through Aria's hair as the dragon launched herself upward. The pressure drove her into the crook of Olivine's elbow, nestled beneath her breasts, which Aria hid her face in, avoiding the sight of the receding ground. Tiberius whooped. Aria gulped. Her gorge was already rising and they hadn't even started flying yet. Olivine reached the apex of her jump and flapped, then swooped like an eagle over the pointed tips of the trees.

"Fuck yeaaaaaaah!" Tiberius yelled.

Aria squeezed her eyes shut. Olivine's breasts acted as a windbreaker, protecting her from the draft as the dragon cruised across the landscape. Never, *never* in her life had she dreamed of flying. Wasn't the ground good enough for creatures with legs? This was another punishment—another bit of spite carried over from her previous existence. She never deserved heaven, not after—

WHUMPH!

The landing knocked the air out of her, leaving her gasping as the dragon straightened once more. How long had it been since they started flying? Five seconds? Ten? The sun had moved further across the horizon. At least an hour had passed.

"Wasn't that amazing?" Tiberius asked.

His mop of hair had frozen, swept back in blonde spikes. Eyes bright like a child's, he slid off of Olivine's tail. Aria noted the dragon's tender smile. Probably admiring his naivety before she swallowed him.

"I'm dying," Aria said.

They had landed on a stone bridge spanning a ravine that bubbled up from underground. Trees the size of giants loomed over them, their blackened needles shedding in ominous piles. The smell of rot oozed from the environment like an open wound, laying the landscape for the Spire which twisted above it all, disappearing into the mist. A fine drizzle had started, not that Aria had noticed, protected as she'd been by the dragon's bulk.

"Night will come soon," Tiberius said. "Shall we?"

The thought of being left behind in the deepest part of the woods was enough to get Aria moving. They moved through a ruined village, its walls long eroded on the path to the spire. Tiberius muttered a light spell and Aria, not to be outdone, prepared a curse that would bind an attacker's legs. She kept a close eye on the trees, looking for possible assailants.

The dragon stomped ahead.

"I'm taking to the skies," Olivine said when they reached the end of the village. The shadow of the Spire divided the twilight forest. Olivine jammed her finger toward the darkness. "Something doesn't smell right."

"What does that mean?" Aria muttered, but the dragon had already left the earth behind and was spiraling up into the trees. Tiberius looked at her and shrugged. He raised his light high above his head, leading the way up the path. Aria hung behind a few steps. Now

that the dragon was gone, she wasn't sure if they should really be scouting alone.

"Big, isn't it?"

Aria didn't have to ask what he meant by that. The Spire pierced right through the sky, travelling from the second to the third level of the dungeon. Rumor had it that the inside was just one long, curving staircase rising up, up, up, only broken by the mouths of dark hallways through which adventurers were ambushed. Other rumors told of ladders and platforms; an obscene parody of old platforming games. Unconsciously, Aria had moved closer to Tiberius's broad back. The mage put an arm out, frowning.

"Something's there," he said.

A chill went down Aria's spine. She looked over his shoulder, but all she could see was the foliage that grew right up to the blackened walls. Tiberius raised the light in his hand. There was someone or some*thing* sprawled in front of the entrance.

Sprawled in a pool of blood.

"Don't," Aria hissed as Tiberius stepped forward. He was already rummaging in his pack, searching for bandages that would surely be useless. *Goddess, that was a lot of blood.*

The creature lay on their back. They were humanoid, or at least they had two legs, two arms, jarred at strange angles like they had fallen from the spire. There were no openings above them, though; nowhere they could have fallen.

Unless someone tossed them off the very top, Aria thought with a shudder.

She kept her eyes on the periphery. Something about this scenario was dreadfully familiar, but as much as she wanted to tug Tiberius away, she knew he would not come. The idiot hero had values, something that Aria was never afforded, and while she scorned him, she was also… jealous might not be the right word, but something was roused within her, seeing him kneeling next to the fallen.

“It’s a Corrupted,” Tiberius said.

Aria chanced a look toward him. Closer now, and in the glow of the magelight, she could make out more of the creature. It was small, a full head shorter than Aria, with stumpy legs and a long, whip-like tail. The pudgy little thing had a belly that spilled over her shorts, covered in coarse, brown fur. A wound had been opened along her navel, wet with blood. Aria’s eyes traveled over it, over her voluptuous breasts (why did Corrupted always have such huge tits?), stopping at her chubby cheeks and round, crescent moon ears.

A mouse Corrupted, Aria thought, biting her lip at the memory. *Just like–*

“Get away from her!”

The magic that Aria had been holding in her palm released as she whirled toward the woods. A thread of magewire looped around the approaching shadow’s legs, causing it to fall into the light. An all too familiar face glowered back at her.

“Corrupted!”

More shadows broke from the woods, running toward them. Tiberius rolled away from the mouse just as her jaws came snapping down right where his head had been.

“Bad show,” the mouse chuckled.

Tiberius and Aria retreated until their backs touched the spire. They were surrounded on all sides by Corrupted—the same merry band that had captured Aria all of those months ago.

“H-how are you here?” Aria said. “Why are you here?”

The mouse rose nimbly to her paws, joining the ranks of Corrupted bandits. There was a leopard type with spotted fur and a hulking gator girl with leathery green skin. The other two were only half Corrupted. A small woman with a hyena grin and stubby little ears snapped her teeth as she raised her spear at Tiberius. The other had a human torso, but her lower body was that of a goat, ankles raw where Aria’s spell had scorched through the fur.

“You know them?” Tiberius whispered.

“Long story,” Aria muttered.

“Aria, Aria, Aria,” the mouse said, clicking her tongue. Her hands kneaded her pudgy stomach, recalling days of cramped torment inside. “Still wearing my clothes, I see. Has my money served you well? Been keeping that coin purse full?”

Aria’s hand trembled as she rubbed the cover of her spellbook.

Clypeum.

A bronze shield flared into existence before her, only to be unraveled a moment later with a flick of the gator’s hand. The tips of her claws glittered in the glow of Tiberius’s magelight. One swipe was enough to tear through magical defenses; the next would tear through flesh. Emboldened, Louise the Mouse strolled forward.

“I wouldn’t do that,” she tutted as Aria’s hand strayed lower to the bag where she kept her edelweed. “Last time you gave me quite the tummyache, but this time I came prepared.”

She held up a small vial of pinkish liquid. Aria didn’t need to know the contents to deduce that it was a potion of some kind.

“This,” Louise said, shaking the vial, “is a delightful concoction brewed by our very own Calypso—” The gator smiled. “—that sustains the body while stopping all digestion for three whole days. It’s supposed to be used in emergencies when food isn’t available, but I think that it might be fun to pour it over a sneaky little redhead while she’s squirming in my belly. Edelweed only lasts for a few hours, right? By the time I’m done with you, you’re going to be *begging* me to digest.”

Aria’s lips had gone numb. This… couldn’t be happening. She was *just* starting to feel like she was making a foothold in this world and now she was going to die. Painfully. Humiliatingly. She shrank against the wall, unable to hold herself at her full height, when a shadow rose above her.

Tiberius stepped forward until he was chest to chest with the mouse. Louise licked her lips, looking him up and down.

“What’s this?” she said. “A friend? I didn’t think you had friends, Aria. That was the impression I got from our tummy chats, at least. Ain’t he a thick slab of meat! What do you think girls?”

“Tiberius,” Aria whispered as the bandits roared their approval. “Don’t.”

“I’d appreciate it,” Tiberius said, palming his spellbook, “if you didn’t harass my traveling companion.”

The bandits were at least savvy enough to spread further; to widen the net. Louise eyed the spellbook, grinning her bucktoothed grin. The gator’s claws crackled with antimagic, ready to tear through any spell that Tiberius threw at them.

“Alright, hotshot,” Louise said. “Show me what you got?”

Tiberius took a deep breath.

Prengu.

It was a simple enhancement spell. A buff, to put it in videogame terms. Prengu increased the user’s strength by a magnitude determined by the rank of the spell, which is probably why Louise didn’t flinch when Tiberius drew his arm back. Corrupted were stronger than humans, after all, and if he’d cast a basic version of Prengu, she’d have tanked the blow just fine.

Unfortunately for Louise, Tiberius had upgraded in the last town.

PHWUMPH!

The blow sent a ripple through Louise’s stomach, holding her in place for the briefest second as she doubled over before blasting her backwards into the hyena. Both tumbled into the trees, allowing Aria a moment to recast her binding. She aimed for the gator, even though she knew the Corrupted would cut through it—anything to put some distance between her and what she now recognized as a Mageslayer. The gator cried out, stumbling.

“Run!” Aria yelled.

She was already taking off, sprinting through the gap created by Tiberius’s spell. The last Corrupted standing—the satyr and the

leopard—had pulled blades from their packs and were advancing on Tiberius. Aria flung another spell.

Friernot.

Light exploded in the satyr's face. She stumbled, allowing Tiberius to disarm her with a chop of the arm. He kicked her sideways as the leopard swiped, rolling left toward Aria. She held out a hand to him, an impotent gesture, but he reached for her as well, grinning in the moment before the gator's magical claws pierced his abdomen, draining the enhancement and causing him to scream in pain.

"Tiberius!"

Aria paused. She was right at the edge of the ruined village. She knew a spell to increase her stealth. If she was quick and quiet, she could weave back to where they had landed, then head along the trail back to the town.

So why was she turning around?

The gator had Tiberius by the leg. She held him upside down, rubbing his face along the smooth, leathery contours of her bulging stomach. Aside from the golden tattoos that adorned her thighs and biceps, she wore nothing but a loincloth which she lifted, gliding Tiberius's face down along her moistened slit. One enormous hand held a globelike, green breast. The other worked Tiberius furiously across her lathered cunt.

"I adore mages!" the gator laughed. She leaned against the spire, dipping Tiberius's head into her with a finger. He came up sputtering and wet, his mouth unceremoniously thrust against her engorged clit. "So tiny and frail. So sure of themselves right up until their magic fails and then what's left? A toy. A tool. A squirmy little snack."

The leopard paid no attention to Aria. She was too busy licking her lips, watching the gator work Tiberius's soggy face into her navel, smothering him in her pudge.

"Let me have him when you're finished, Calypso, please!"

"Hey!"

All eyes turned to Aria. She raised a hand, magic crackling along her fingers, waiting to be unleashed. The gator's long mouth split in a derisive smile.

"What's that?" she asked. Tiberius was tugged up and into her armpit where his muted struggles hindered her least. "Another sleep spell, like the one you used on Louise? I'm afraid that won't work on me."

"It's not a sleep spell," Aria said. "It's a lightning bolt."

The leopard dove sideways, but the gator didn't move. Did she know that Aria was bluffing, or was she counting on him not frying her ally? Whatever the case, Aria let the ominous magic build in her palms. It was really just a stunning spell, but if she could buy them a minute, it would be enough for—

THWIP.

Something tiny embedded itself in Aria's arm. The magic in her hands immediately dissipated, swallowed by the dart that the gator had thrown with her tail. Aria blinked in disbelief.

A tiny hand tapped on her shoulder.

"Hello," Louise said through clenched teeth. The mouse held her bruised stomach with one hand, but the other was like iron, dragging Aria backwards. "I was going to make this slow, but your friend there *really* pissed me off."

Her mouth opened, saliva dripping off of her elongated teeth, tongue flattened to swallow Aria in one go.

"You know what."

The mouth closed. Aria, who hadn't realized she had been shaking, collapsed onto her knees.

"I don't think it's fair that I'm the only one that gets to watch your friend get digested. Let's watch together, shall we?"

Aria's palms skidded across wet soil as Louise shoved her down again. The mouse's grip tightened around Aria's ankle—a shackle wrapped in pudgy fur—as she hauled her backward on her belly.



“Don’t crawl off,” Louise chided. “I didn’t hike all this way for a chase. I came to eat you.”

She lifted Aria by the hips. Aria’s boots swung uselessly in the air before—

The first swallow closed around her feet like a furnace.

“No, no, gods!” Aria’s legs disappeared in a rippling pull. Louise panted, her cheeks flushed, her throat already bulging with the shape of Aria’s calves.

“Aaahhh… you slide even easier the second time,” Louise breathed, dragging her tongue up Aria’s shin as far as she could reach. “I missed this.”

Aria clawed at the mud. Her elbows locked. Her shoulders burned. Every inch Louise swallowed made Aria’s stomach roll, not just from the motion, but from the memory of it. The helpless tilt. The slow descent. The crushing heat.

And the smell… Goddess, the smell!

Her book lay just out of reach, half-sunk in mud a few feet away. Her bag was closer. If she could get to the edelweed!

“Oh no you don’t,” Louise purred.

She shifted her grip and lifted Aria until she was dangling upside down, skirt falling forward around her ribs. Aria’s braid nearly brushed the earth as Louise’s throat claimed her knees.

“Tiberius!” Aria screamed.

Her voice broke.

Tiberius had tried to run.

A sharp crack split through the clearing as Calypso’s tail snapped around his upper torso like a constrictor. The gator hauled him backward, lifting him by the ribs. She pinned him to her chest, claws pressing along his spine in a lover’s embrace turned predatory.

“Tiberius! Tiberius, don’t—!”

Aria kicked wildly. It only made Louise moan, hands threading their way up her hips in a parody of intimacy, nails dragging her deeper into her gullet.

Calypso turned her head, baring her teeth. Tiberius was trapped against her, his boots scraping against her thighs as she hoisted him higher, inspecting him like a prime cut.

"Mmm. Such clean skin," Calypso murmured. "No scars. Soft everywhere." She squeezed him with her arm until he gasped. "Excellent meat."

"Stop! Help! Don't just... Tiberius! Tiberius!"

Aria's voice was strangled as Louise's swallow reached her thighs. Hot, wet walls clamped down, kneading, squeezing upward. Louise's jaws stretched to Aria's ass, muzzle pressing against her soaked robes. A huff of hot air caused Aria to moan, then cover her mouth as that sinister tongue reached her belly.

"Calypso's going to love you," the leopard crooned. She stood beside the gator, ear already pressed to her stomach. "She always eats the pretty ones."

Calypso seemed to agree.

She slung Tiberius fully over her shoulder, face-down across her collarbone, his body draped against her massive chest. Her tongue slithered across his cheek, leaving a gleaming trail of spit.

"The magic was tasty," she sighed contentedly, "but this part is my favorite."

Aria watched in horror as Calypso tilted her head back… and opened her elongated jaws.

"No! Let him go!"

Another swallow dragged Aria's waist inside Louise.

The entire lower half of her body was sealed in sweltering, convulsing darkness, Louise's body trembling with pleasure each time her throat rippled.

"Shhh," Louise whispered around her hips. "You'll want your breath for later. I know you wriggle so cutely once you're past the ribcage."

Aria's hands clawed furiously at the mud—her only anchor to the world—fingers slipping, digging trenches as her stomach was mashed against Louise's tongue.

"Olivine!" she screamed.

Her head whipped up in time to see Tiberius slip past Calypso's lower jaw.

The gator girl shoved his head into her throat in one greedy motion, jaws sealing around his shoulders. Her tongue swished along his calves.

"*Hhhrrrmmmph*," Calypso moaned, muffled by the shape of Tiberius in her throat.

Her scaled neck bulged. Tiberius's boots kicked once, twice, then Calypso's hand slid down the crest of her own neck, guiding him deeper.

"Stop. Stop, please!" Aria sobbed.

Her voice broke as Louise swallowed her to her ribs.

Merciless muscles clenched around her waist, pulling her downward faster. Aria's hands skidded, nails tearing as she lost the battle for traction. The world inverted again. Blood rushed to her head. Saliva spattered her face.

Louise squeezed her hips with both hands, lips kissing the underside of Aria's breasts.

"Let me go—let him go—LET HIM GO!"

Calypso didn't even look at Aria. She was too busy panting around her wriggling meal, rocking her hips as Tiberius's torso descended with agonizing slowness along her throat.

The leopard and satyr clapped, cheering.

Louise's muzzle reached Aria's clavicle.

"I want you right here," Louise whispered, breath hot on Aria's neck. "Watching him disappear. Knowing you're next. Isn't that romantic?"

"Fuck you!"

Aria kicked with everything she had left. Louise moaned again.

Calypso swallowed.

Hard.

Tiberius's boots slipped into her maw.

Aria's vision blurred with tears and blood-rush. Louise's pudgy hands framed her shoulders lovingly, almost possessively. Every breath the mouse-girl took dragged Aria an inch deeper.

But Aria couldn't look at her. Couldn't even think about her.

Because Tiberius—

Oh goddess.

Calypso had lowered herself against the Spire's wall, one knee bent, the other splayed wide in obscene satisfaction. Her tail draped lazily across the stone. With both arms she hugged the massive swell of her belly, full now, rounded, taut with the shape of a man curled inside it.

Tiberius.

His descent had finished. Aria watched it happen in awful, slow-motion clarity from her upside-down vantage.

A final ripple traveled down Calypso's throat like a soft wave rolling under scales. It bulged outward—then another bulge pressed from beneath as Tiberius kicked reflexively. Calypso exhaled a blissful, trembling moan, her belly stretching outward beneath her palms.

"Ohhhh… he's perfect," she breathed.

Her stomach shifted visibly. A long, rounded outline dragged from one side to the other—Tiberius's shoulder or knee pressing outward, the imprint smoothing beneath Calypso's thick hide. The gator's flesh didn't resist. It yielded, letting his struggling distort it into strange lumps before settling again.

The belly itself was plush—different from Louise's chubby gut. Calypso's stomach was heavy, weighted, a massive green globe the size of a keg that sagged between her thighs. Rain trickled over it in gleaming rivulets, catching on the ridges of her scales. Her hands



kneaded it tenderly, smearing moisture across the smooth, swollen surface.

Each time Tiberius kicked, the motion sank into her belly like a stone dropped into pudding. Slow. Smothered. Soft.

He wasn't going anywhere.

"*Hhhnnngh*… he's already moving slower," Calypso murmured, stroking a long, sated circle across her gut. "You feel that, girls? How squishy he's getting?"

The leopard leaned in, awed.

"He's melting."

He was. Aria could see it. His pushes were weaker, more tired. One last bulge rose along Calypso's front—Tiberius curling instinctively, hands pressing outward for space or air—then disappeared into the thick, shifting mass.

Aria felt her heart stop.

"LET HIM OUT!" she screamed, voice cracking.

Louise swallowed in response.

Her throat jumped. She didn't have time to focus on Tiberius anymore. Her own mortality was at stake.

"Please don't—"

UUUuuLLLLLP!

The heat swallowed her first. A suffocating, wet typhoon—saturated walls pulsing in nauseating waves. Every twitch of Louise's throat pushed Aria downward into a cramped chamber already sloshing with half-digested stew and saliva thick enough to cling to her skin.

Aria curled instinctively, knees pulling toward her chest. The stomach walls pressed back from every side, flexible, but inescapable.

"Let me out. Let me out! LET ME OUT!" Her voice was muffled instantly by flesh.

The air stank of mouse-girl musk and sour fruit and the lingering chemical sting of acids. Her lungs seized. She sucked in a wet, humid breath and choked.

Her heart hammered so violently it shook her bones. This was worse than the first time. Worse than the plant. Worse than anything.

She clawed upward. Her palms slid across rubbery, contracting walls. She couldn't see. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't—

The stomach clenched, folding around her. The acids surrounding her sloshed, rising to her chin.

I'm going to die. I'm going to die here. I'm going to die screaming in a mouse stomach while Tiberius melts in a gator's—

A high, sharp sob escaped her. Her throat closed around the next breath. Her chest seized.

Panic. Pure panic.

No spell. No focus. No courage. Just a trapped animal.

The walls compressed again, forcing her into a fetal ball. Heat blanketed her. A fresh wave of acids washed over her cheeks and into her hair. The pressure built, squeezing tears from her eyes.

Aria's breath shortened. Fast. Too fast. Hyperventilating inside a shrinking, quivering sac of muscle.

"Help," she gasped, voice breaking. "Help me, someone, please!"

The stomach jerked violently.

Then everything shook.

A noise reverberated through the walls—deep, whipcrack-loud, and growing.

FWOOOSH! FWOOOSH! FWOOOSH!

Wings.

Louise stumbled. Aria felt it as the stomach lurched sideways, slamming her against one wall and then another.

"What the?! Above!"

Louise's voice was muffled but terrified.

Then:

CRASH.

Light exploded through the stomach walls, bright enough to silhouette Louise's entire body from the inside.

A roar shook the clearing outside. A real one. Not a Corrupted animal cry. A dragon's roar.

"O-Olivine?" Aria choked, barely able to speak.

The stomach walls quivered. Louise screamed.

Outside, someone hit the mouse with enough force to send shockwaves through her abdomen. Aria's body whipped sideways as Louise toppled.

Then everything went still.

Dead still.

Louise whimpered. Aria froze. A low, rumbling exhale washed over the outside of Louise's belly.

"Drop her," Olivine growled.

"D-dragon," Louise squeaked. "Wait!"

But Olivine didn't wait.

The stomach walls suddenly compressed inward as Louise was grabbed by the throat from the outside and lifted bodily into the air. Aria felt herself squeezed, acids sloshing around her ankles as Louise dangled helplessly.

"Let me go!" Louise yelled. "I'll spit her out, I'll… urk… agh!"

The next sensation was impossible to mistake.

Aria felt it before she understood it:

A massive pressure driving downward through Louise's throat, forcing the walls inward around Aria like a collapsing tunnel.

Olivine had jammed her tongue straight down the mouse-girl's gullet.

Louise gagged wildly, stomach convulsing as the thick, muscular appendage snaked downward, flooded with heat and slime. Aria felt it push past her legs—firm, sinuous, unstoppable—searching for her in the dark.

Then…

Contact!

Olivine's tongue tightened, coiling twice around her leg, then her calf, then her knee. "Got you," the muffled rumble vibrated through the tongue itself, a deep, possessive purr. The tongue tugged upward.

Hard.



The stomach walls peeled away from Aria's skin as she was ripped from their clutches, dragged through a tightening ring of muscle, scraped by desperate, writhing throat-flesh. Louise choked, sobbing, claws flailing at air as the dragon's tongue hauled Aria up her esophagus like a fish on a line.

Aria burst out into the open air with a wet, violent *SLURP,* tumbling into Olivine's waiting arms.

Cold rain hit her skin. Fresh air stabbed her lungs. Her entire body burned and shook.

She clung to the dragon's chest, coughing and crying and gulping air in ragged bursts. Olivine's arms wrapped around her instantly—scales warm, palms surprisingly gentle.

"There you are," Olivine murmured, voice softened by relief. "Little cleric…breathe. Breathe."

Aria collapsed fully against her, burying her face beneath Olivine's chin as tremors wracked her spine. Her hair stuck to her face in wet ropes. Her robes clung to her like a second skin.

Behind her, Louise dangled from Olivine's gripping claw, throat still bulging from the dragon's intrusion.

"You..." Louise croaked, voice shredded. "You can't!"

"I can," Olivine said simply. "And I will."

She tilted her head back, opening her jaws wide.

Louise screamed as Olivine brought her to her mouth.

Aria felt the dragon tighten her hold protectively while lifting Louise higher. The mouse kicked, but her struggles were nothing against the dragon's strength.

Olivine shoved Louise downward feet-first into her maw.

The mouse's protests were cut off with a wet, deafening ***glrk*** as the dragon's throat swelled around her. Olivine didn't tease. Didn't savor. She gulped with malice and maximum force, crushing the mouse all the way down into her stomach.

Aria could feel every swallow vibrate through the dragon's chest. The ripple of motion traveled directly past Aria's ribs as she pressed into Olivine's body.

Aria moaned softly, trembling harder.

"Easy," Olivine whispered, stroking her damp hair with a claw carefully blunted by magic. "Easy, small creature. Nothing's going to hurt you now."

But Aria could feel Louise, trapped inside Olivine's tightening throat—a large, wriggling outline sliding behind the dragon's breasts, then bulging outward against her abdomen.



The belly bulge thickened beneath Aria's hands as the mouse dropped inside. Olivine's gut settled under the new weight—soft, round, and shifting as Louise fought for a moment longer, then stilled to pitiful squirms.

Aria clung tighter to Olivine's neck, shaken by the way the dragon breathed through the pleasure of a full stomach and the adrenaline of battle.

"Now," Olivine said, pressing her cheek to Aria's. "Let's free our friend, hmm?."

Across the clearing, Calypso, now burdened by her own bulging, shifting gut, glowered at them. Tiberius's outline was still visible through her green scales, faint and fading.

Calypso spat onto the ground.

"Not worth the fight," she snarled. "Mages aren't filling. Should've known."

Something glinted in her claws—a crystal etched with spirals and crescent runes. Aria didn't recognize it, but Olivine's eyes widened. Her throat began to get very, very cold.

"Enjoy your mouse," Calypso sneered at Olivine. "And your pet cleric. Keep your hands full while you can."

She squeezed the crystal.

A slit in reality peeled open behind her—purple-edged, flickering, humming like a generator. Before Olivine could unleash her frozen breath, Calypso stepped backward into the rift.

SZZZHP. Gone.

And in her place...

Tiberius, naked as sin, floating in midair. He had time to blink before gravity dropped him in a heap at Olivine's feet.

"Tiberius!" Aria yelled.

She pulled herself from Olivine's grasp and ran to him as the dragon turned, fangs bared.

"Fine," Olivine hissed. "The rest of you, then."

The remaining bandits—satyr, hyena, leopard—bolted.

They didn't make it far.

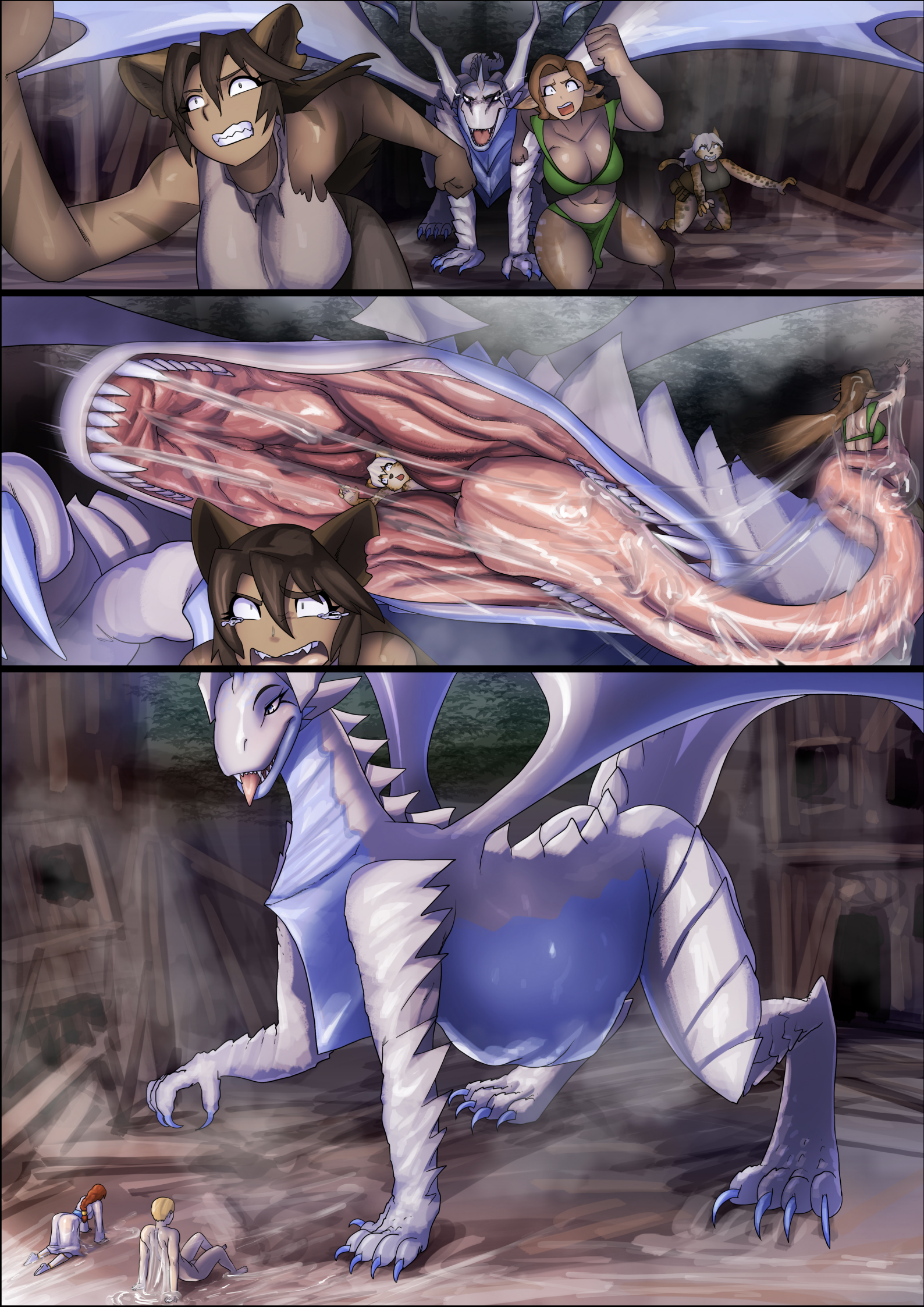
Wings spread. Jaws opened. One gulp, then another. Aria joined Tiberius in the mud. His clothes had burned away from his skin, leaving angry, red welts.

"That looks like it sucks," Aria said as Olivine scooped up the leopard. A full dragon once more, she shrieked as she threw the flailing cat skyward.

ULP!

"It's not as bad as it looks," Tiberius rasped.

Even panting, half digested, with his clothes in tatters around him, he made time to look Aria over. While her clothes were soaked, the mouse's stomach had done little more than give her a panic attack. Her heart was still thudding, but it was starting to slow. She leaned against him. He winced.



“Sorry,” Aria said, jerking away. “Was just making sure you were, you know… solid?”

Tiberius grinned.

“A little squishy,” he admitted, “but better than those guys.”

Olivine had caught the hyena girl by the legs and was dragging her backward out of one of the ruined hovels. The Corrupted screamed as she was engulfed, the scream lowering in pitch as it traveled down, down, then arrived with a splash next to the churning mess of her companions. Aria estimated that she screamed for about five more seconds. Then there was just a gurgle.

“Your girlfriend is brutal,” Aria said.

“Not a girlfriend.”

“Then what are we going to do with her?”

Tiberius shrugged.

“What can we do with her?” he asked. “She’s a dragon. At least, for now, she seems to be on our side.”

How casually the language had slipped into Aria’s vocabulary. *We. Us. Our.* Tiberius’s spellbook lay in the mud next to him and she felt no temptation to steal a glance. She didn’t trust the truce, of course. Tiberius was still a wannabe hero likely to get them both killed and while she was grateful for Olivine, holy *shit* did the dragon scare her. She was currently fishing the last bandit out of a hole in the ground with her tongue, laughing as the satyr’s shaggy hide disappeared down her gullet.

Yeah, Aria thought, *this isn’t going to last*.

But why not enjoy the respite while she could?

“That’s the last bandit,” Olivine said, joining them in hybrid form. She was still chewing… something. Aria grew queasy as a brief glimpse of fur showed between her lips. “You should be safe now.”

“Thank you, Olivine,” Tiberius said.

The dragon smiled at him and again, Aria noted how tender the look was. Playful, almost, and familiar.

“You’re injured,” Olivine said. “Again.”

“I’m a fragile little human.”

“Indeed you are. Here.”

The dragon leaned forward and licked Tiberius. Aria blanched, but some of the redness faded from Tiberius’s skin.

“How did you do that?” she asked.

“Dragon spit,” Tiberius said, holding up a gooey hand. “It’s like, super useful!”

Olivine shook her head, but she looked pleased. The rain had finally stopped and the only sound was the rumble of her stomach cooking through the last of the bandits.

“I guess that just leaves the Spire,” Tiberius said. He got to his feet, brushing off his threadbare pants. “We could camp out here for the night and take it on in the morning.”

“Oh,” Olivine said, kneading her stomach. “I took care of it.”

Aria blinked.

“What do you mean you took care of it?” she asked.

“I mean I ate everything inside,” Olivine said. “You were going to travel through it, right? I figured that I would clear it out so that you wouldn’t have to worry. It was filled with dark mages.”

She burped.

“They were kind of spicy.”

Aria and Tiberius exchanged glances. The Spire took days to clear out; entire parties of adventurers working in tandem. They had planned on avoiding danger with some stealth spells, but now…

“Well, um, thank you, Olivine,” Tiberius said, slapping her on the shoulder. “Couldn’t have done it without you.”

“What’s a party for?” Olivine said jovially.

Tiberius glanced at Aria. Aria glanced at Tiberius. There was no ditching the dragon now.

“What’s a party for,” Tiberius repeated, smiling halfheartedly. Aria smiled weakly back.

With that, Olivine took them by the shoulders and, somewhat frightened for their lives, they followed her up to the next level.



Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

If you did, please give consider checking out our other work at https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/. We're just a couple of nerds trying to make the best content we possibly can, and it helps us out a ton.

Happy reading!

Love,
the Snakethroat Crew

(also, if you'd like to chat with us, we have a Discord server!)