

Coffeeshop Special- Jessi & Holo
by Holo

There was a sound of snapping bone and tearing flesh, accompanied by uncomfortable growling. Jessi was hands-deep in Holo's torso, which was laying open beneath her as the dragon was sprawled out on the stone floor.

"Oh don't be such a baby, you'll live," she told him as she pulled off another one of his ribs and tossed it aside. Her hands and arms were stained black with Holo's sludgy blood, and Holo rolled his eyes, huffing. She reached back in and fished around for a bit until she found his heart in the pool of black that filled his body. She grinned, fangs showing, and grabbed it. She could feel it beating in her hands, straining to keep pace as she squeezed it. Holo writhed, but didn't fight back. The shadows around them shifted.

"Finally. You have like, two pairs of ribs too many dude," Jessi told him, frowning and pulling. Holo's black heart lifted, his arteries stretching out from his chest cavity. He could feel the pull through his entire body, the feeling of every blood vessel in his body stretching. It was horrible, and he gagged, hands trembling.

Jessi simply stared at it, watching it pulse, feeling its beat. For a moment, she was transfixed. The next moment, she pulled hard, yanking it out with a wet splat. Holo gagged, coughing up his own blood and splattering it on Jessi. She shrugged and threw his heart aside. It was still beating.

The fox began to hum to herself as she worked down, pulling Holo apart with her bare hands by reaching under his skin and pulling up. She soon uncovered the twisted mass of his guts, all gurgling and shifting about like so many coiled snakes. She reached in with both hands and pulled out a few heavy, fleshy coils.

Chomp. She bit down on them, taking a bite, letting them dangle from her jaws as she stuck her hands back into Holo's body. She began to slurp, gross and loud, gulping down Holo's entrails and helping them into her mouth with her hands. Holo grimaced and shuddered below her.

"That's disgusting," he growled to her.

"Actually, you taste alright," she mumbled between mouthfuls, winking at him. She dug into him until her stomach was bulging out from shirt, engorged with Holo's subtly-sweet flesh. She stifled a burp to be polite, and surveyed her work. To her disappointment, Holo's upper body had already healed and regenerated. She could hear both off his heartbeats now; the one within his chest, and the one on the floor.

"Ugh, dumbass. Well, fine, regenerate. More of you for me to enjoy," she cooed, tapping him on the nose and spearing his own black blood over his red scales. She sat back, grabbed his heart, and tossed it into her mouth, swallowing it whole. She could feel it beating all the way down. Her body shivered with delight. This was pure, indulgent, decadence.