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Irbisgreif

for Shale

Description

SEVEN years of total warfare have burned across the Harmonious Gryphon Pact. For these seven years, world after world has fallen to the Varnoid Swarm. Slowly but surely, the entire population of the Gryphon species has passed into the jaws and bellies of the ravenous hivemind.

The last world has fallen, and the few remaining gryphons hold out in their bunkers, trying to survive against all odds. Networked carefully, the bunkers talk to each other, trying to reassure themselves that one day, their species will rise from the ashes.

That's when the bunkers start to go silent. One by one. Reached by the Varnoid digger units. Breached by the assault units. Cracked like nuts to reveal the tasty gryphon flesh inside.

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CURLED around a pillow, Shale frowned and typed away at the computer screen. There were only a couple of bunkers left now, and he was having trouble raising them this

morning. Just a few hours of sleep and the last two were gone—one had about a dozen gryphons within, the last genetic hope of his species.

At this point, it seemed entirely likely that he was the last of his kind. Everyone else had been killed in combat or—worse—eaten by the Varnoids. Shale shuddered at the thought. For some reason, the Varnoids had made certain that broadcasts of their feeding habits made it to the unconquered gryphon worlds. Maybe they thought it would intimidate them.

Shale curled around his pillow a bit tighter and shut the computer down. His bunker was one of the smaller ones, and he was the only one who had made it in during the invasion. The worst part was how lonely he felt, knowing that the surface far above was now teaming with the hive's life alone, and that his whole species in the whole galaxy was probably gone now.

The gryphon sniffled a bit. The thought of being utterly alone was just a little bit crushing. He did not have a ton of friends and was never close to his family—but Shale did like seeing other gryphons!

At least there were no jobs to wake up and go to. Though even that was sad in a way. After all, he now had nothing to do each day but to wake up, eat, and then sit around before going back to sleep. At least when there had been other bunkers on the net, he could talk to people. Now there was nobody. The net was down and would probably stay that way, so there just was not anything to do.

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STRETCHING, Shale rolled out of bed and trotted towards the kitchen. Without any inputs from the outside world, time had become a bit of a blur. Even worse, his dreams had become the bunker too, like he could only ever think about it. The gryphon found himself more and more frustrated with each passing day—presuming each sleep period was a day. There was no way to be sure.

The gryphon purred a folk tune as he opened a can of food. The drone of the can-opener was just on key to be the droneing sound that goes under the sung tune. Somehow it just kind of worked out. Not today though. For some reason, he kept missing the top notes. They are supposed to trill just a certain way.

That was when the second sound that was filling the room became obvious to Shale. He turned about and now could not only hear, but feel the low rumble of a Varnoid digger—they had found him.

Shale considered running for somewhere far from the kitchen wall that apparently

had a digger on the other side, but with only three small rooms in the bunker, he knew that there was no hope to escape the coming assault and feeder drones. The gryphon shuddered and backed into the corner of the room as the wall started to open, and for some reason, he felt his balls contract slightly at the thought of what was coming.

Did he want it? Shale shook his head as the wall gave way completely and three assault drones rushed into his bunker. He was unarmed and they ignored him as he shook in the corner. Instead they swept across the bunker, making sure there were no armed, dangerous gryphons that needed to be subdued.

Slowly, the wet, gelatinous form of a feeder crawled through the opening. Feeders were unlike the chitinous assault drones with their sharp spikes and eerie mandibles, along with the fourteen-eye setup common with diggers and Varnoid starships. No, feeders were long, sticky, soft tubes. Only a set of appendages on their 'front end' allowed one to tell them apart from a giant worm.

Shale knew, of course, that the feeder was here for him. He cowered as it slid slowly closer across the floor. Somehow, he had presumed that these things must move fast. However, he now was learning that they were quite patient as they moved towards their prey. His balls clenched again and he sighed. He was the prey, there was no getting out of this. As he curled up and lay on the floor before the approaching feeder, he felt oddly at peace with being the last gryphon.

The feeder gently took his his head into its feeding appendage, and began coiling slowly around him. He twitched a little at the slimy tentacles holding his face still, facing the undulating and pulsing 'mouth' on the creature that was going to end his whole species. He took a deep breath and felt as his cock started to spill from its sheathe, only to be enveloped by more tendrils from the slowly coiling feeder. Soon he was wrapped up completely, staring at his doom.

Nothing seemed to happen at first, and Shale wondered why. He just sat there, breathing deep, scared and aroused beyond all imagining. Before him, the feeder's mouth just oozed a bit of mucus that would help slick his beak once it came time for the final feeding. Meanwhile, tendrils and appendages toyed with his face, head, and his groin, actually *teasing* him.

The gryphon had no idea why the feeding had not started. Somehow, he had spent several minutes staring into the face of this Varnoid monstrosity without being ended. Eventually, he started to try and push out of the thing's coils. "Just...end it already. Get it over with."

A gentle caress toyed with the length of his shaft, and the feeder actually *responded!* «Only when you are ready, morsel. Not before. Feeding is needed, but not cruel. The hive can wait.»

Shale shook, and stared. As far as he knew, nobody had *ever* communicated with one of the Varnoids before, and now one was thinking directly into his mind! "What?"

«We know you are aroused. We can help you achieve what you need. You are prey. When you are ready to be eaten, then we will feast. You will have what you need.» That tendril toying gently with his length continued, teasing his arousal that seemed totally unwilling to go away. For some reason, being touched by the slimy tendril—being caressed and loved by it—felt quite nice to the scared gryphon. It was almost loving.

Shale stared in disbelief, "I don't want to—"

«We know what you want, just say it. There is no shame in accepting extinction.»

Shale shook his head, "Nonsense, I—"

«Truths, gryphon. Please tell truths as you face the end.»

"I...uh..."

«No shame, no judgement. You want to be prey. Accept and say it.»

Shale blushed, his cock throbbing. He thought of the videos of gryphons being eaten that had been broadcast. He had seen several of them. Why had he watched more than one?

«Do you want to go extinct, gryphon? Your species, your choice.»

"Y-yes."

«Yes?»

"I want to go extinct."

«And the feeding?»

"Just like in the videos, please..."

The tendril slowly gripped his shaft. Shale almost came right then and there. «Your species is good. We will remember you long. Every single one consented to extinction.»

Pre-seminal fluid dripped from Shale's length as he nodded and accepted his role. He was prey. He was food. His entire species was being rendered a memory. It was the best thing the gryphon had ever considered doing.

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DESPITE his agreement with his fate, the process remained surprisingly slow and languid. Perhaps the Varnoid hive-mind was savouring him. Maybe it was true, and he really was the last of all the gryphons. He shuddered at the thought as the tendril toying with his shaft started to slip inside it, pushing him open.

If he really was the last, than this was it, the end of his whole species right now, in the grasp of the Varnoids! Shale whined as that tendril worked through his prostate. It felt great inside him, teasing him in ways he had not realized were even possible. The little thing wormed its way all the way into his sac, and Shale let out a long, happy groan as it wrapped around one of his balls and began to squeeze.

Pleasure and pain spiked through his lower body as Shale shook in the feeder's grasp. Despite the pressure on his left nut, he was in bliss. His beak fell open softly and he gasped for more. The feeder rewarded him with a soft crunching sound and a spike of pain in his abdomen as that testicle gave way, leaving him half-castrated. As the tendril began to chew and absorb the remaining parts of it, another passed

slowly down his penis, moving to do the same smash-and-eat to his other testicle.

Shale was in bliss as the feeder slowly destroyed his ability to procreate. It rewarded his good behaviour with a thick tendril under his tail to tease his prostate and another squeezing hard on his doubly-penetrated shaft. Tears of pleasure rolled down his eyes as he retched instinctively as his other testicle was smashed into oblivion.

Small masses curled up his shaft as the remains of his balls were eaten, and the feeder held Shale close. He could feel the loving nature in the hive, even as it hurt him. It was almost like it was letting him feel just how delicious he was. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as the slimy body pulsed around his own, holding him safe for his devouring.

Two other tendrils pressed gently into his ears. With a sizzle, he felt and heard as they acidically bored their way through his sensitive auditory organ. Eventually, the sizzling reached the cochlea itself, grew in volume exponentially, and then with a burst of disorientation, the gryphon heard only the screeching of permanent deafness.

Two more worked their way similarly through his nostrils, pressing open his nares and then depositing their enzyme loads directly into his sinuses. The smell was indescribable, not least because the olfactory organ gave away quickly and digested into edible goo for the feeder to suck down.

When the tendrils came for his eyes and began pushing into and through them, Shale started to twitch and thrash. The feeder was just as loving as it had been

the whole time, but the sensation of having one's eyes melt out of their sockets was very, very hard to remain still for.

The blindness, deafness, and lack of smell rendered Shale totally insensate except for touch, but he knew what things looked like from the outside thanks to all the videos he had seen. He knew his body was jerking and twitching, but held fast by the feeder as the final phase of the feeding he would be alive for began. Following his sensory organs, six tendrils reached his brain case and began to pump digestive juices right onto his soft, squishy grey matter. Shale started cumming uncontrollably as his mind digested.

His body thrashed without control as his head was slowly filled with a mushy soup of brain, acid, and tissue dissolving enzymes. It was pure, orgasmic bliss. The more of his brain went, the less of him there was to do anything like struggle, fight, or even think of anything but the pure pleasure of being digested brain-first.

Slowly, the gryphon's thrashing slowed back to twitching and jerking. As even more of his brain was liquefied and siphoned off into the feeder, even that began to stop. After a while, his heart and diaphragm—the only parts of him left operating thanks to his brain stem—gave out as well, leaving him a still corpse where a gryphon had once consented to the extinction of his whole species.

Slowly, the feeder enveloped the gryphon face-first, sending the meat sack down to the digestion chamber where liquefied testicles and brain already awaited. There, it would

all be broken down, bones and all, leaving no trace of Shale the gryphon.

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B EING dead proved more pleasant than being killed was, though Shale found himself—even when he was finally free of the pheromones that drove him to self-destruction—looking back on his death fondly. Slowly, he found himself drifting away from the bulging, bulbous gut of the feeder that was digesting his remains.

There was no wilful motion as a “soul” or whatever he was, but just a slow rise away from the bunker, up into the air over the planet. He was able to look out at how the cities and structures his species had built over the millennia were all just as digestible as his own mind and body were. Slowly, all was broken down to produce minerals and alloys the Varnoids would use to swarm the next targeted species in their endless growth across the galaxy.

Shale found himself accelerating—slowly at first, but then building up to faster and faster accelerations as his spirit drifted out of the bounds of the gryphon home-world. He wondered where he might be headed as he began to whisk through the stars at amazing speeds, possibly even superluminal.

He was no space-farer, and had no idea where or why he was whizzing except to presume it was to some kind of strange afterlife. He thought for a bit about stories of the Great Aerie, the Eternal Boneyard, and the Silken Nest of Ten Thousand Feathers.

He supposed he was about to find out what metaphysical state was true and which was just a story gryphons told themselves to be happy.

His actual destination surprised him at first. Some ball of jelly-like consistency far from any star system he knew. Orbiting some black hole at immense distance. Only when he started to slow and descend into the atmosphere, seeing trillions of Varnoids all about, did he realize it must be the Varnoid hive world. Nobody had ever seen this place and lived to tell anyone else about it. Shale was surprised to find his afterlife was leading there.

Then he saw her, deep inside the crust. The central hive-mind of the Varnoids. The mind behind all of them. The controlling force that made and shaped the swarm. He could see it now as bright as a sun, burning with the energy of thousands of trillions of...souls.

His fate was clear and he found it fitting as he rushed into the light, slowly enveloped by it and torn asunder. Shale's soul, his essence of uniqueness in the universe was pulled in and devoured directly by the mother of the hive that had destroyed his species, just as every one of his species had been.

He shook and gave in without complaint, dissolving like an ice cube in a stellar furnace, torn to tiny, incomprehensible parts and scattered throughout the burning force of the powerful hive-mind, barely noticeable in his contribution of the mass of the eternal hunger of the swarm.

Shale was finally and truly home. His last thought before oblivion was that this was—without a doubt—the most wonderful thing he had ever imagined happening.

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CURLED around a pillow, Shale frowned and huffed, typing back to the dragon he was playing against. "I told you I didn't want to play with you if you were going to be a devouring swarm and eat my gryphons."

A few moments later, the dragon typed back a small emoticon winking smiling face and then teased his friend. "Come now, I know you love playing with me. Besides, you have to beat me if you want me to send the key to that chastity cage back."

Shale frowned. Watching his whole empire eaten by the dragon's devouring swarm had left him straining in his cage. They did know *just* how to tease him even as he was losing. Annoyed and flustered, the gryphon shot back, "I can't win if you keep making me horny!"

A few minutes passed before another winking smiling face came back, along with a promise, "How about another game? I don't think I've shown you the Vardroid Matrix. Determined exterminators...of gryphons."

Trapped in a cage, a cock throbbed and Shale paused before responding, "Varno, you're evil."

"Only because you like it, Shale. Game's up, password's 'foodgryphs'."

