

Foodgryphs

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Description

WRITTEN for my own interest, this story tells of the love* between a Food Gryphon and the dragon that fucks and eats it. Surprise, there's vore in here. The story begins in media res so that I can focus on the moments leading right up to the vore without writing pages of 'background' that everyone will scroll past anyway to get to the hot part.

Oh, I also wrote this in second person, you're the food gryph.

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WET sounds fill the air, and while the source is not visible to you—thanks to the dragon claw holding your head perfectly still and facing forwards—you can easily feel what is making the noise. Two draconic shafts, each about as thick as your thigh and as long as your forearm, are buried deep inside your backside.

The double-cocked dragon is panting heavily as he stuffs you. One shaft is just

*Love may actually be socially enforced and trained compliance, consult your doctor for details. Side effects include boners and a willingness to be eaten.

under your tail and lubed by pre-cum. You were a bit surprised to find that the dragon was so strangely endowed, but now that your ass is forced open, you can only join the dragon in panting. Especially as the dragon has buried his second shaft deep inside your female parts, which certainly helps with the whole 'being fucked' thing.

Your own shaft is ignored, and you cannot even reach it due to the immense weight of the dragon fucking you. You kind of wish you could give your rock-hard cock a rub, but at least it is grinding against the floor as the dragon reams you. You have enjoyed better stimulation there, but the purpose of this encounter with a dragon is not to pleasure your own body.

You are a foodgryph. You have been raised your whole life for this: to slide under a dragon and sate his lusts, then to slide into him and sate his hungers. You have learned and prepared for years. You are exactly where you belong. "Gryphons *belong* inside dragons." they say, and you cannot help but take it to heart. As your legs buckle, weakened when the twin dragon shafts pinch your prostate tight, you cannot help but think that dragons belong inside gryphons as well.

You shudder at the sensations, but manage to force yourself to remain standing. It would not do to deny the dragon his pre-meal pleasure. A pleasure he seems to be enjoying greatly. His scutes slide along your back, pressing your wings down as he bucks his hips against yours. He is struggling to force every millimetre into you that he can, and a dull ache in your belly tells you that he is succeeding in making you take every bit.

Your beak hangs open as you pant in time with the dragon. Neither of you says anything; there is nothing to be said. In this moment, everything is perfect. The dragon is rapidly approaching his orgasm, and between the battering of your prostate and your shaft sliding along a puddle of your pre-cum on the floor, you are quickly approaching yours as well.

Even knowing that an orgasm will signal that your destruction is near, you cannot help but race towards it, embracing the pleasure that comes from being completely filled. The dragon's claw on your head tightens, and he slips a talon inside your open beak. Without thinking, you begin sucking on the tip, which sends a shudder through your whole body.

A shudder that proves just enough to push the dragon over the top. An ear shattering roar fills the room, so loud that you lose track of it and can hear only ringing. The smell of musky arousal, already prominent, explodes in intensity. The heat of two shafts inside you compounds, you can feel the pulses of semen flowing deep into your bowls and womb.

Your own orgasm is an afterthought in the whole mess. Pushed down by an expanding cum-filled belly, your cock is pressed against the floor and releases its small spurts. You barely notice, thanks to the extraordinary and overwhelming sensations of the dragon's climax.

You shake and collapse in place, falling to the floor with a low groan. Your vision is blurred from the changes in blood pressure in your body, but it recovers quickly—just quickly enough to see folds of pink maw-flesh enveloping your vision. Right. Food-gryph. Now you are a meal.

Your body is limp as the dragon works his wet maw over your beak and face. The slick walls, pulsing with a quickened post-sex heartbeat envelop you, slickening your path onwards towards a waiting stomach. You do not fight, all that is happening was preordained the moment the dragon purchased you in the market. Your whole life you have waited to finally feel yourself sliding into a dragon's gullet. This is your purpose.

You can feel as the dragon holds you with his claws, keeping your wings and arms compressed. You are easy to swallow, almost like you were designed for this—designed to be a food item. You certainly were bred to be just the right size.

You are halfway in, and the dragon is slowly dragging his pair of shafts out of your body. You would squawk indignantly, but your face is trapped inside a dragons rippling throat.

Peristalsis takes over. Your body is pulled forward. *You* are pulled forward. You can hear only a heartbeat around your body and

the gurgling of a waiting, empty stomach. Your body goes flush as your hind legs—slick with dragon semen—slide into the maw after the rest of you. Leonine paws flex slightly as your body relaxes. That stomach is waiting for you, your new home for the rest of your life. It is preparing for you, to dissolve you, to destroy you. Everything is perfect.

Your head enters the space just as your tail-tip is crossing the dragon's lips. After one more wave of throat contractions, you are rapidly balling up in a space just a hair larger than you. Your body tingles and you taste something sour, but you already have not breathed for two minutes.

Your filed-down claws and talons flex a bit. Even the best foodgryph still has a body and instincts to survive. However, you are completely safe. You cannot damage anything as you give in to the asphyxiation. You are sure that—outside the dragon—you could be seen squirming and twitching as your body dies. Inside the dragon, you simply feel yourself falling slowly into a deep, deep sleep. The kind without dreams.

Before you know it, you are curled up on the floor of the Great Aerie. You are dead now, you know, and you take a quick glance at the gryphons waiting to welcome you into the afterlife. You apologize to them and close your eyes.

In an instant, the dragon's magic stomach finishes its goal of destroying you. Your memories, your hopes, your dreams, your personality... everything that makes up your 'soul' is converted into energy and

pudge on the dragon. With a loud and satisfied dragon-sigh, you cease to exist entirely.

The last thought you can have is of how perfect this was, exactly the place you should occupy as a foodgryph.

