

Purple Dragon: Dream Peril

Story by JellyTales

Soft white moonlight beamed into the room. A twin-sized bed laid vacant, one corner of its covers pulled down as if beckoning its owner. The room's silence was broken by a long sigh originating from a lone human sitting at the foot of the bed. Their busy day left their body aching and mind almost numb.

The exhausted individual should have been joyous to finally sleep after such a demanding day, yet they only reluctantly slid under the covers. They wished, almost begged, for a good night's sleep, but these meetings with their bed recently refused to ever become such a thing. With their body then under the weight of the blankets, they laid back and looked at the darkened ceiling while they attempted to relax. After several deep breaths, the human shut their eyes and at last let the call of slumber pull them into a deep sleep.

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The human found themselves alone once again. They felt cold concrete under their bare feet. A weak flow of chilled air from distant industrial fans blew past the human's naked form. Above the individual hummed countless long glowing tube bulbs that lit the expansive scene with harsh artificial light. Under the wavering fluorescent lights stood an expansive grid of grey metal shelving units. Each possible spot on the shelves was packed with a featureless wooden crate, no logos could be found on them. The human glanced over their shoulder to see more of the same, the rows seemed endless and possibly could be this time.

With a jolt of fear, individual spotted the only irregularity in the drab scene. One of the of the crates was juttred out from the shelf and teetered slowly downwards. After the wood swiftly slipped past the steel, there was a moment silence as the box fell and the human watched in horror. The crate crashed to the floor with sounds of wood cracking and glass shattering. A panel plywood clatter to the ground to reveal a mess of cracked bottles, glass shards and dripping liquid black as night.

"N- no!", the lone being blurted when the crate fell. The black slime pooled outward from the debris and the human backed away from the growing puddle of sinister oil. The liquid then started to bubble as a dark mist rose from the pool. A sizzling sound could be heard as the crate's strong planks of lumber were quickly torn into by the sable vapor and dissolved into nothing but ash. Like a deer in headlights, the human watched the black mist rise to make contact with the many other wooden containers. The cloud withered the neighboring crates to

soot much like it did to its own box, however the steel and concrete were left unharmed. Sequential bursts of shattering bottles could be heard as their supporting containers were charred away. The newly spilt goo swiftly evaporated to join the sable cloud that freed it, thus feeding into its size.

As more glass burst on the concrete and the cloud grew, the human snapped out of their shocked trance and frantically whirled, bolting away from the expanding cloud. They sprinted down what seemed so be a straight-forward aisle to find a wall of shelving blocking the way onward. Sinister sizzling and shattering encroached from behind. “Okay-okay”, they gasped to themselves while they wildly whipped their head around for an exit.

Upon spotting a pathway, the individual continued to run. The simple grid the human initially saw quickly became a coiling confusing maze. Their feet rhythmically slapped across hard floor and their chest heaved as they ran through this industrial labyrinth. The human hoped with all their being that they were making progress and not looping backwards. The dreadful noises from the starting location grew louder as more smoky mist was freed and the enlarging cloud pulled bottles to the ground at an exponentially faster rate.

After yet another sharp turn, the human was met with a new barrier, a tall concrete wall. The wall spanned the for miles left and right, and it was supported with thousands of steel girders that went up to meet with the high ceiling. No windows were to be found. The human cautiously peered into the hallway between the wall and the shelves. To the right, there was speck of green light near a wall support beam in the distance. “Huh... that’s new”, the human muttered. They then looked to the left and saw far-off dark mist splash against the slate wall. With quick listen backwards, the human could hear bottles crashing not far behind. A sable plume rose off the maze.

With a heart kicked into overdrive and options narrowed, the human begun sprinting along the wall. While the human was dead-set on running in a straight line forward, away from pursuing cloud, they occasionally glanced at the green glow as it came closer into vision with each stride. They could hear the waves of crashing bottles get closer despite them keeping the same pace. The beat of their heart sped more and more as the consuming cloud pursued closer with every moment. The human realised there was no out-running this speeding threat at this rate. They considered lying down and accepting the painful burning death. With this hopeless thought in their mind, the human’s stride slowed some and their head begun to hang low.

When all seemed lost, a green light glimmered in the corner of individual’s eye. They turned to look upon what was the light they spotted from before, this time in clear view. Four all-capital

jade-hue letters glowed to spell the word “EXIT”. Under this emerald sign stood a simple metal door and affixed to it a horizontal metal bar mechanism with the word “Push” printed on.

The human’s eye beamed with joy and the dashed into the door. The door gave way with a satisfying clack when the human slammed into the “Push” bar. The individual rushed past the door-frame with hopes of sun rays and fresh air beyond. They kept bolting forward to find not any natural light, but more of the same fluorescent glow. With the human looking up at the ceiling, feeling betrayed, and their legs still speeding, they did not see the obstacle directly before them. The individual felt a warm slap across their face and chest in addition to smelling a soft scent of cherry candy . The human recoiled and staggered backwards from this sudden collision. Legs exhausted and mind scrambled, they fell to the floor to their behind and made a smaller slap when their bare ass hit the tile floor.

The individual gathered some bearings and looked up to see two yellow eyes glaring down upon them. What stood tall before sitting human was a large purple dragon of cartoony proportions. The beast stood on two thick stubby legs with six total sausage toes pressed against floor. Its serpent-like body tapered backwards to a tail with a pair of large rounded orange spikes sprouting from the tip and a row of smaller ones lined the spine of the creature. The wide hips of the dragon tapered up to a narrower chest and lanky neck. From its back sprouted two cute bat wings of the same hue as the spikes, the wings seemed much too small to lift the chubby reptile. The round belly that the human just smacked against was covered in wide horizontal periwinkle scales. The bright belly scales extended to the middle of its chest also. This pink belly was in contrast to the smaller darker purple scales that coated the rest of its body. The dragon’s head housed two large luminescent orbs the were on each side of a long snout with a smoothed point to the end. Also, two orange horns sat firm to the top of the beast’s head. The ends of the dragon’s lips curled into a smile and let out a short high-pitched giggle.

“Oh? Hello there, little one!”, the dragon cheered with a playful male voice and a slight rasp.

The dragon reached down with his with his arms to then slid his hands around the human’s rib cage and under their armpits. With little effort, the purple one hoisted the nude individual up to eye-level to gain a good look at them. The human took a quick look around the room from the raised view. No windows, door or escape of any kind. It was just a small simple room of concrete. The human didn’t like this position, but strangely, the man-handling dragon made the situation feel a little better.

The dragon remarked, “You must be the dreamer, and you’re an adult dreamer. That explains a lot.” The beast looked around at the drab scenery for a bit before returning to the

individual in his grasp, “Children dreamers usually have much more... playful and colorful dreams.”, the dragon paused to look over the human under the fluorescent lights and continued with a confused tone, “and they usually have their clothes on.”

The human felt some slight shame when the dragon brought their nudity up. They blushed a bit and looked away bashfully.

“Well, I mean, not that I care. You humans are pretty adorable no matter what you guys have on. Also, look at me, I don’t wear anything almost everyday.”, the dragon assured.

Being called ‘adorable’ is quite hard not to smile at. The human looked back at the dragon with a weary smirk and their eyes still bashful.

“Wait. . . how rude of me. I forgot to introduce myself.”, the purple dragon said before dropping the human from their grasp.

The human didn’t fall to the ground again, but rather floated with the air with bits of glowing rainbow glitter holding them in place. With arms freed, the dragon rose their arms above their head. Bits of the same glitter sparked from their purple palms.

“I’m. . .”, the dragon started before he wove both arms down in an arch. The luminescent dust from his hands was expelled to form a rainbow traced by the sweeping arms. “Figment!”, the dragon sung as the letters of his name lit up the glitter rainbow like a neon sign. “I’m the one-of-a-kind imaginary purple dragon. I usually have fun with friends in my own dreams, but I recently found it much more fun to explore other people’s dreams, and that’s why I’m here.”, Figment explained. “Though,” Figment begun to add while he took another glance at the scenery, “I won’t lie. This dream isn’t the funnest. I tried to leave earlier, but this concrete is thick.”

To the left of the human, they just then spotted a chunk of concrete smashed from the wall along with some rubble. They looked back to Figment to see some bits of rubble on the top of his head.

While this company was somewhat comforting, the human was certain the mist was going to arrive at any moment. A panic begun to stir in their heart once again as they heard a distant echo of shattering glass. The human frantically tries to explain the approaching danger to Figment.

“So some mean old smoke want to turn to you dust, huh? Not if I see to that!”, Figment boasted while striking an exaggerated heroic pose with fists placed on his hips and snout pointed upwards.

While the human wondered what Figment could do against the massive cloud in the other room, they could hear the sounds of glass bursts grow louder. The individual panicked more and yelled to the dragon about the incoming dark mist.

“Oh, right.”, Figment replied, “Get behind me and I’ll make sure that awful cloud doesn’t touch you.”

The human felt the rainbow glitter ease up on its grip and they fell to their feet. They then hastily made their way behind Figment as the waves of glass shattering drew closer with each moment. Figment faced the door and took a wide stance; his arms were out on each side with clenched fists. The glass crashing beyond the door kept getting louder. Figment took a loud deep breath, filling his chest with a massive amount of air. The glass burst more so. The dragon’s pink chest kept on filling and inflated like a rubber balloon. The human trembled and their heart pounded as they could hear the glass explosions just outside the metal door.

The sable mist began to seep through the cracks of the doorframe like black blood oozing from a rectangular wound. The human glanced at the at Figment to see him still huffing in air. The mist slid forward like a night’s fog along the floor towards the two. The human’s eyes widened as they saw the mist moving in a new horrifying way. Five pillars of the smoke rose from the flat plume to form a massive reaching human-hand of black mist. It darted forward.

Figment, without a moment to waste, hunched forward let out with a fiery gust of flames and air. A glorious inferno was spouted from Figment’s agape maw unto the lunging hand. Flecks of the rainbow glitter were scattered amongst the stream of flames that shot towards the misty threat. The initial gust of heat punched through the hand cloud and burnt half the of its mass away. Two remaining puffs of cloud were pushed to each side. The dragon reacted with a sweeping left to right head whip to pan out the flames and snuff out the mist on the sides. Figment focused the last of his breath onto the bottom of the door to burn the incoming mist. The mist didn't stop then. More seeped in through the scorched door frame. Figment then started to gather another breath.

With the mist taken care of for the moment, the human looked around the room for any other entrances that the dissolving smoke might take. The individual’s eyes caught on an air-vent they spotted in the back corner of the concrete prison. Out from the vent spilled more mist and formed a low fog like at it did the door. The human’s heart pounded as they desperately called for the dragon’s attention.

“Huh?”, Figment replied while turning around. After he spotted the added danger the dragon exclaimed, “Oh dear! This won’t do! I- I don’t think I can burn all this mist away, not from all directions.”

Figment brought up a hand to nervously rub his head while he his mind struggled to think of what to do next.

“Think Figment. What can we do?”, the dragon quickly muttered to himself before he glanced down at the relatively small human at his feet.

The human looked up to make eye contact, they gazed into the yellow eyes with the last of their hope and all their trust. The human’s fear spiked again and they swiftly turned to look at the room as it filled with black mist. They inched back from the growing cloud and placed a shaking hand on the dragon in desperation for some small comfort. Figment looked down to the human’s palm flat on his belly and an idea sparked in his head.

“Oh, yes! Human!”, the dragon called to receive the human’s stare again. “There is one way out of this predicament, but you must trust me.”, Figment added.

The dragon quickly backed up from the trembling one and lowered his torso to then stand on all fours. His head and large muzzle stretched to the human and was held at eye level.

“Quickly, climb inside!”, Figment hastily commanded before opening his mouth wide.

The maw open wide to reveal his long tongue dangling uvula and rows of rounded cartoonish teeth all contained in the pink interior. A gust of warm cherry-candy scented breath hit the human’s nose. The throat was open wide like a tunnel and extended into a dark unknown. The pink tunnel was half as wide as the human’s shoulders, but it seemed rubbery enough to stretch.

The individual, with no other option, reached their arms into the beast’s maw swiftly and ducked their head past the teeth while they leaned in. The walls of the throat felt dry and smooth and it stretched like spandex against the human’s hands. Looking down the tunnel, the human could only pitch black at the end. When the human’s forearms dove past the dragon’s uvula, they could feel a strong grip around each of their ankles. The human’s leg were pointed straight up along with the muzzle of the dragon.

With gravity assisting him, the dragon easily slid the individual down his gullet. The human’s skin against the smooth esophagus made for little friction and they pushed down the dragon’s neck with the ease of a sword sliding into a sheath. From the outside, a rough outline of the

human's form could of been glimpsed when they stretched the purple neck outwards on their downward journey to the dragon's round belly.

The individual's arms, ahead of them, suddenly reached into freedom as they entered a much larger cavity. The rest of their body was not far behind and slid in fully soon after. The human's form fell for a brief moment to then safely landed on a soft surface much like the throat. The individual laid, like one would in a hanging hammock, against the curved bottom of the chamber. Settled down, the human could take in their new surrounding and the smell of cherry candy that strangely hung in the air. The interior of the dragon would of been absolutely dark if not for the now familiar rainbow specks that gently floated around the inside of the compartment. The drifting glowing bits often drifted near the walls to illuminate then. The pink interior of Figment's belly was featureless except for the tight sphincter entrance at the top. The room was quite spacious and was almost the same volume at the entire dragon.

Outside, Figment let out a sigh of relief and patted his now occupied stomach. The mist was surrounding his hips at that moment, but the dragon seemed unconcerned.

"You alright in there?", Figment called to his belly.

The human replied with confusion and worry for Figment's well-being.

"Oh ho," Figment let out with a laugh which rumbled his stomach and its occupant, "don't worry about me. You see, other people's nightmares can't hurt me. So, this mean old mist just tickles me, if anything."

The mist rose up to the dragon's chest. Figment thought about if he breathed or swallowed any of the mist and thought about the human inside. After shuttering at that thought, the dragon quickly raised his hands to cast some glitter around his head to form a hollow orb around it. The glitter condensed to make a glass bubble, and glass was transparent with bits of the magic glitter embedded in and a soap-bubble sheen to it.

"You should be safe in there for the night. I don't need to eat, though I like it a lot," Figment added with a giggle, "so my tummy won't treat you like food and hurt you. So don't you worry about a thing."

The dragon punctuated the last remark by jiggling this belly with two open palm on the sides. This motion caused the floating luminescent dust to stir a bit. While this display was quite amusing to the human, this position was sort of uncomfortable. The individual tried to move

about and try different sitting and laying positions, but they couldn't find any comfortable way to rest in this round compartment.

“Are you not comfy in my belly?”, Figment asked almost like he knew, “You can change it, if you want. Actually, I'd feel much better if you made yourself as comfortable as possible, literally.”

The human pondered that strange remark briefly until Figment continued.

“Well, I'll explain.”, he started, “Since I'm imaginary, there is many things you might find strange about me. Firstly, I can feel how you are feeling in there. Any sad emotions I eat make my tummy feel quite nasty, and they even make myself feel gloomy too. So, not only do I want to feel happy, I'd love to feel your happiness”

The human kept listening attentively to the words rumbling around them.

“Secondly,” Figment continued, “those sparkles in my belly can be changed into whatever you want. It's really neat! All you have to do is just imagine anything and the rainbow dust will turn into it.” “Try it,” he suggested, “think of something small and simple. Like. . . think of a yummy piece of your favorite candy.”

The individual gave a somewhat uncertain verbal reply to the request and began to think. They thought about the sugary treat they liked the most. They thought of the candy's shape, color, sweet smell, satisfying texture and the wonderful flavor. Then some of the glittering dust before them clustered together into the shape of the image that the human held in their mind. The human reached out a palm under the cluster. With a short small flash, the dust was gone and a piece of the individual's preferred treat fell into their hand. The human popped it into their mouth to, quite literally, find it to be everything they imagined. The individual gleefully cheered about their success to Figment.

“Hehe, great!”, the dragon giggled in response to both the human's cheer and the little twang of glee he felt in his stomach, and then he continued, “Since you could do that so quickly, I think you are ready for the big stuff.” Figment egged on the human within him, “Come on now, think of the most comfortable wonderful place that could fit inside of me.”

The human thought hard about where they would like to be right now. They briefly considered being surrounded various setting such as a chamber of cotton or cave of pillows, but they didn't interest them much. Then, one thought arose and the human started to blush.

Figment could feel the human's embarrassment radiate within himself and assured, "Go ahead and imagine anything you want. I don't care what you come up with. I just want you to be happy."

With Figment's word of encouragement, the individual hesitantly started to imagine where they admittedly would like to be stuck. The human thought about how sparse the dragon's insides were and they also noticed the silence. A thought of a rhythmic heartbeat sounded in their mind. Above them a large pink and red organ appeared from this thought and the dust. The heart floated in place and echoed its rhythm throughout the round chamber.

"Huh?", the dragon muttered as he rose a palm to his chest to feel the new thumping presence. Figment didn't say anymore as to not interrupt the human.

The human next thought of the how they entered Figment. They slid down a simple tube into a simple chamber. The individual was honestly disappointed about such a bland interior. The human imagined the rippling walls of stomach. The dust began to stir around them. They thought about the sensation of being surrounded by the supple slime-coated tissue. The glitter lifted the human into the air and gently pressed them into a fetal position. More sparkles came to the human and they formed the muscular organ around them. The individual imagined how a stomach undulates to help process its food and the walls around them begun to do just that. The cherry candy scent of Figment still lingered in the air and the human imagined the stomach's mucus to instead be a thick sweet cherry slime. This warm goo oozed from the walls to lather the human's skin and soak their hair.

Figment pressed both palms on his gut after a new feeling stirred within him. He has eaten plenty of food before and tasted many things, but this was the first time he felt 'full'. After taking in this new sensation from his newly crafted stomach for a few moments, Figment concluded that he enjoyed it. The dragon also wondered what else the human had in mind.

The individual continued imagining while they took a long breath. This breath made them realize that Figment lacked any breath of his own. The human envisioned two pink lungs around the dragon's beating heart. They also thought of a calm breath whooshing in and out like waves against an ocean shore.

The human's thought came into fruition and Figment could feel its presence in his chest. This new organ felt hungry for air, so Figment calmly inhaled through his nostrils. This new action seemed pretty relaxing for the dragon. The air filled his new lungs to the brim, so the dragon then exhaled. The warm breath hit the glass bubble and fogged up Figment's view of the whirling black mist with its moisture. The dragon took in another lung-full of air, but it seemed less

relaxing as if the air was losing its magic. Figment decided he would need more air if he was to carry on. He put his hands against the glass orb around his head. Glowing glitter poured from his palms and into the rainbow glass and the bubble grew outward and downwards. The glass morphed around the dragon's form until it contained the entirety of his body. Figment also commanded the dust to lift his weight so he could float on his back comfortably. With more breathing room, the dragon continued to take in more air.

The human thought for a moment that their desired surrounding was complete, but they realized one thing was missing. They couldn't hear gurgling of the digestive system. The individual then remembered that they only thought of the stomach. They then began to imagine the intestines. Images of the winding smooth tube that formed the small intestines came to the human's mind. They thought their smooth pink exterior and interior which was coated with millions of miniature rubber-like fingers. The individual next imagined a wider but shorter addition to the small intestine. They thought of the organ's darker shade and its ribbed interior. The human imagined this last addition to Figment's anatomy to bend around the mass of small intestines and imagined the ending of the tube to form an opening under the dragon's thick tail. After all was in place, the human had one final thought of the whole system churning and undulating to produce a symphony of gurgles and groans.

Figment could hear some of the strange new noises muffled through his belly and then craned his long neck down to his abdomen to listen closer. The dragon also felt a new feature lower down his body, so he easily bent farther to examine the base of his tail. There, Figment found an opening between two of his pink belly scales. Curious, the purple dragon pulled back the scales with an index finger. With this better view of the opening, Figment could see it was pink like his tongue and appeared clenched together like top of velvet drawstring bag. The dragon probed at it with his other hand and it reflexively constricted tighter. Figment felt this and wondered if he would move it his own. So, with little effort, the dragon clenched and unclenched the hole with his own will. Figment wondered if he could loosen it farther and discovered he was able to make the opening pucker outwards. The dragon took the probing hand farther and pressed a finger inside the pucker. A shiver went down his spine when his knuckle entered the hole.

"... feels tingly to touch that thing.", Figment muttered with a flustered waver to his voice while he retracted his hand.

While Figment was occupied with his new tail-hole, the human within sat in the darkness of the stomach. While this situation was very exciting to them, the individual was mildly disappointed they couldn't see anything under all this flesh. The human thought of the flames that Figment blew unto the mist, and the human began to image what impossible organ could produce such an inferno. A rough image of this organ formed in the human's mind; it was a small lump of flesh

connected to the dragon's lungs. This organ contained a glowing concentration of heated magic. When this addition was formed, it shined bright orange light which diffused through Figment's newly created tissue. This light bled into the dragon's gullet and provided the human with illumination to view the moist wall they created.

With nothing left to think of, the human could now relax and take-in their surroundings. The soft rippled walls of the stomach undulated and massaged them from all sides. The thick cherry-pink goo lathered across them and warmed their skin. Calm waves of Figment's breathing whooshed along with the relaxed beat of the dragon's heart. Groans and gurgles from below rumbled all around the human. While this all put the human at ease, they begun to feel something else stir within them. The individual's body begun to react to the context they were in, and, strange as was, the reaction was excitement. Their heart started to beat harder and faster. Hot blood flowed towards their privates. They lowered one of their hands to gingerly touch between their legs and a jolt of pleasure shot throughout them.

Figment's head perked up when he felt the wave of lust from the human. He didn't know what to do with this never before felt sensation. His heart sped and his breathing too. Figment could feel the human shifting inside of him.

"Uh. . .", the dragon sheepishly said while he worked though his hazed mind to come to a verdict, "whatever you are doing in there, could you do more of it? I. . . very much like how it feels."

The human heard the request of the dragon and continued to touch themselves. They started to rub and stroke at a faster rate. The thumps in their chest pounded in shorter intervals as the human's excitement grew. When their wrist became more active, so did their voice. Short moans and gasps slipped out of the individual's lips while they grew even more engrossed in the masturbation. Various dirty thoughts ran through the human's mind, and a few were imaginings of what Figment's own privates might look like.

The dragon huffed more heavily as the human continued within. While Figment could feel their heart beat faster, they also felt another sensation down below. He looked down under his belly to see a slit had appeared above his tail-hole. A bright pink cone-shaped bit of flesh crept out from the part in the scales. Figment questionly reached out to poke at the nub to receive a jolt of pleasure from the contact. The dragon watched with his heart still beating hard as the soft, yet stiff, tendril grew longer and thicker from his body. When the length of the cock grew to the width of Figment's palm, the dragon cautiously grasped onto the moist rod. The pleasure of the grab surged and faded quickly, so Figment tried to rub it up and down for more of the desired sensation. The dragon's rubbing lead him to gasp briefly followed by a series of grunts and

moans as he continued stroking. The cock grew more and more under his arm movement until it reached halfway up his belly. Figment could now get a good look at the end of the penis where he saw a thin hole on the tip. A clear thick liquid oozed from the hole as Figment stroked his arm along the lengthy cock and he could feel as if something was about to burst within him.

Under the folds of flesh, the human stroked their genitals at an exponential rate. Their free palm rubbed across their chest, smearing the sweet stomach slime about; their free fingers found themselves playing with perked tender nipples. The human's hand sped faster against their privates and the moans grew more intense as the pleasure within their body swelled. The individual could hear Figment's heart race and his voice grunt in addition to them. The dragon's palms hit against the belly with a few experienced stokes and caused his guts to shift and slosh. With the human shifting about, air was jostled out of the stomach and Figment's throat. When the human experienced the rumble Figment's belch and the stomach walls collapsing in afterwards, they were thrust into euphoria. The human gasped and moaned and the orgasm shook through their body. Their hand stopped and a torrent their own juices flowed past their fingers to mix with the sweet cherry stomach goo.

The wave of pleasure radiated from the human and struck Figment from within. The dragon's heart pounded, and his gasps and moans grew extreme. Reflexively, Figment's eyes clamped shut and his toes curled as this overwhelming pleasure shot through his nethers. Thick ropes of cum expelled from this throbbing cock and into the air as the dragon let out a long moan. Bits of his glowing glitter were also embedded in this sticky white fluid. The cum shot so far, it not only landed on the dragon's pink belly, but also it splattered against the glass of the rainbow bubble.

Inside, the human panted as they basked in the afterglow of such an extreme orgasm. Under the orange light of Figment's glowing organ, the individual looked down at their masturbatory palm to see their own fluids mixed with the dragon's cherry slime. A new desire formed in their mind and they began to imagine. Not long after, they could see the tips of their fingers melt like candle wax under the warm stomach juice. The human laid back as their body began to slowly dissolve into pink goo. This process didn't hurt, but rather felt warm and cozy.

Figment panted heavily after the ordeal, and his chest, covered in dragon seed, bobbed up and down accordingly.

"That was. . .", the dragon tried to get out between pants, "amazing. . ."

Then Figment's eyelids grew heavy. His heart slowed as he began to nod off. The dragon let the tug slumber pull them under as they shifted to their side and curled up. The glitter hoisting them in the air faded and Figment was gently lowered to the bottom of the bubble.

When Figment fell asleep, the dragon's breathing around the human slowed to a calm rate, much like that of nighttime ocean waves. The individual kept melting into the slime slowly. Time, sight, touch and all other senses begun to blur and dissolve along with their flesh. Hours passed, and half the human was turned to slime. The stomach churned all night until the rest of the dreamer's form was one with the pink cherry slime in the purple dragon's belly.

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The human awoke to a their warm bed. Beams of sunlight filled the room with a soft glow. Fuzzy memories of the crazy dream replayed in their head and they cracked warm smile. They rose from bed, filled with energy from their best night's sleep in weeks. They felt ready for this bright new day. That is, after they got their cum stained sheets into the wash.