

## **Draconic Screening**

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(Late Inktober 2019 Prompt, Day 12: Dragon)

*Content warning: Mental domination, betrayal, soft vore, unrealistic, smaller predator, unwilling prey, hammerspace body, instant digestion, farting, explicit disposal, explicit fatality, soul play*

Sasha's green eyes shimmered in the torchlight. Normally, in suspect mountain tunnels like these, the tigress would have summoned a little extra help. However, her eidolon stopped responding, and with its lack of response also left her magic. In short, the summoner was well and truly alone.

Despite this, tigress continued forward. It'd been the best lead she'd gotten, and she'd already invested too much. She'd never have bought the thick bison-fur parka and double-layer pants otherwise, and she certainly wouldn't have climbed up a mountain with the cold, snowy air biting at her face. Sasha did this because she'd do quite a lot for her partner, and her partner wanted nothing more than this: to speak with a true dragon.

"Hrrmph, it's too warm," she muttered, slumping down against a rocky wall to begin shuffling and awkwardly squeezing her way out of the thick clothing she'd been entirely unused to. "I guess it makes sense...if this is a red dragon like people say, he'd prefer it warm. But why on a snowy mountain then?!" Groaning, her paws rubbed over her newly exposed orange and white fur, brushing over the black stripes and massaging the irritated flesh beneath. "Next time Lumnar asks for something, I hope it's back in Oreath. Or in a jungle. Or some place where I don't need two outfits!"

Sasha looked over her normal outfit and pouted, both pieces' fabric wrinkled and scrunched from having been pinned beneath the high-altitude wear. "I'm not gonna have a chance to fix it until we're back, huh?" she asked, looking down to the rune on her body that no longer gave off the tell-tale glow of arcane power. Lumnar, her eidolon, did not respond. All she could do was sigh, pack the heavy clothes into her bag, and sling it over her shoulder.

Walking further into the tunnels, the channels slanting downwards into the deeper core, Sasha's tail gave a nervous flick behind her. The torchlight only fell upon stone, and her own footsteps echoed around her as the sole sound. "Lumnar...I don't like being alone," she whined, hoping her partner could hear her wherever he was. "I could really use the company."

"Would I count?"

From out the darkness a pair of reptilian eyes gleamed. Sasha blinked confusedly at the sight, torchlight not casting far enough to illuminate the entire form. "Um...if that was you, I don't see why you couldn't?" she called out. "As long as you're friendly."

A big, toothy smile seemed to catch the light, the form stepping forward into the dim light at the edge of the torch's range. A kobold about half Sasha's height slowly came into view, scales colored an almost-pastel pink. Her head had four small ridges between her tall points at the back of her head, and all she wore was an as-small-as-possible loincloth. "Friendly enough, I think. So what's a cutie like you doing in our tunnels?"

Sasha looked down at the approaching reptilian creature. "A...are you a dragon?"

The kobold wheezed out in laughter, cackling and buckling over herself in a fit. Sasha frowned slightly, blushing in embarrassment. "I mean, I did think they were larger, but you did say 'our tunnels'," the tigress mumbled.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, the kobold slowly lifted herself back up. "Oh, goodness. I guess you don't know much, huh?" she cooed. "You're quite the innocent little thing."

Sasha tilted her head. "But...I'm twice as large as you?"

"Mm," the newcomer sounded dismissively. "I'm a kobold. We often *work* for dragons. But we're not dragons ourselves."

"Then...there is a dragon here?"

The kobold tilted her head at the bright expression the tigress suddenly wore. "You're...looking for a dragon? Alone? And happy to hear there might be one here?"

Sasha nodded. "Yes! I'm Sasha Regal, and I'm a summoner." She pointed to the rune off-center of her belly. "My eidolon, Lumnar, says his true form is a dragon. He's been wanting to meet one for a while, and we heard of one here recently. So I wanted to find them so Lumnar could meet them!"

"Well, where is he?" the kobold hummed curiously, sniffing at the exposed belly of the tigress. "Wouldn't you have him out when exploring like this? Or are you that reckless?"

Sasha pouted, folding her arms across her chest. "I haven't been able to summon him since entering the deeper tunnels. Once it started getting warm, he just...stopped responding."

At this, it was the kobold's turn to give a bright, eager expression. "Well, I think I know who'll know where he's gone. My dragon!" she cheered, turning tail and walking down the tunnel with an encouraging wave. "Come on, let's get you ready."

Sasha gave a happy swish of her striped tail, excitedly catching up to the small kobold and matching pace as best she could. For having such small legs, she had quite the stride! "Thank you! Oh, I'm so glad to finally meet a dragon. I really hope he can help Lumnar," the tigress cheered.

"Oh, I'm sure he can," the pinkish kobold said with a smile, rounding the corner with the new guest to show a subtle door in the cavern wall. The stone slid effortlessly inwards at the kobold's small push, grinding against the floor and letting bright light spill out from the revealed room.

The rectangular stone room had been clearly prepared with exceptional care. The walls, floor, and ceiling had all been smoothed down and polished perfectly. Even more, the walls were painted a comforting light blue, and beautiful urns lined the walls, each decorated with intricate patterns. Continual flames burned in small silver braziers mounted on the walls, and a blue carpet embroidered with gold spirals and draconic runes laid in the middle of the room. The pleasant scent of incense wafted in the air, soothing the tigress with every breath.

As Sasha walked in, she noticed how the far side of the room was a good three feet lower than the side she stood upon, two staircases along either wall leaving the middle of the room raised high like a dias. As the kobold shut the door behind her, she spied the only other entrance to the room, a dark opening in the opposite wall. She met eyes with two kobolds who had been sitting, backs against the exit's walls. Playing cards were scattered in front of them, and they were only further scattered when the two scrambled to attention at the sight of the cheery visitor.

"Isk, Tasp, this is Sasha Regal. I'll be screening her for a visit with our Lord," the pink kobold announced. "Please make the necessary preparations and clear the hallway for our guest." The two nodded, toe-claws scratching over the stone floor as they hastily began picking up the cards and stuffing them away in their pockets.

"Screening, miss?" Sasha asked, setting her bag down by the entrance as the kobold gestured for her to do.

"Of course. Can't be sending any visitor to our Lord," her guide chittered, leading the summoner to stand upon the carpet. "You could be dangerous. You could be undesirable. Or you could say things that upset him. And, while it isn't my place to speak on my Lord's behalf, he does like to know a few things about his visitors before admitting them in."

The summoner nodded as she stood on the carpet. The dias had a small square opening to the lower level, her angle barely allowing her to watch the two kobolds below. Sasha curiously watched them busily grabbing tools, small brushes and stencils, before her interviewer cleared her throat and called her attention back. "Um, what do I call you?" she asked.

"You may call me Fourn," the pink kobold replied. "Now...when were you born?"

"Um, the second moon of Summer, nineteen years ago, Miss Fourn."

"Just Fourn is fine," the kobold chuckled. "And only a few months into nineteen? That's quite young. Still a lot of good years ahead of you."

"I hope so, Fourn!"

The kobold's smile stretched slightly wider. "Right. Where are you from, Sasha?"

"I'm of the tiger tribe in the Oreathan desert."

Fourn looked over Sasha's clothes and nodded again. "I see. Explains the light wear and colors, I think. Your clothes are very pretty. What are they made of?"

"A type of silk from a worm that lives in the dunes there," she said, brightening at the compliments and interest. "It burrows in the sand and wiggles out once it's a moth."

"Organic? Good, good," the kobold said, reaching up to feel the fabric between her fingers. She seemed satisfied and began to slowly circle Sasha as she looked her over. "You already said you were a summoner, so there's that. Meeting with a dragon to help your eidolon, so you sound like you've a good heart. Hmm...well, what do you dream of doing in the future?"

Sasha hummed at that question, crossing her arms and tapping her foot. "I guess I want to help my tribe and the other tribes feel safe in Oreath. I want to go on adventures with my friends and help people. And...I guess I'd like to be admired? I feel kind of selfish saying that, though."

Fourn laughed. "You're a genuine angel, Sasha. I'd call you innocent before I call you selfish." As the tigress beamed, blushing and shuffling awkwardly on the carpet, one of the two kobolds skittered up the stairs, handing Fourn a small crystal. She nodded in thanks before he skittered off once more. "Right," she said, "one last check. Can you look into this crystal for me, cutie?"

Sasha nodded as Fourn lifted the crystal up, happily looking into the crystal only to wince as the object gave a blinding flash of light. She didn't close her eyes, though. She wanted to, but all the light just soaked into the green pools. Her body tingled, the fur on her tail ruffling up from the strange yet pleasant feeling.

"Good girl!" the kobold cooed, putting the crystal aside. Sasha was purring despite herself at the words, Fourn's voice making her feel like she was suckling upon a rich honey

candy. "You are absolutely someone my Lord will want. All we have to do is get you presentable."

"Presentable?" Sasha asked.

"Yup," Fourn cheerily replied. "You see, my Lord isn't really interested in seeing many visitors. People showing up in lower forms that aren't immediately useful to him...it's tiring for him. Plus, they tend to come back with more people if you let them. However, since you're such a lovely girl who genuinely wants to see him, I can make you into something he'll want to see."

Inside, Sasha had a bad feeling. But her body kept shivering at the kobold's talking, concerns melting into a blissful haze. "What's that?"

"A bright, potential-filled soul. See, normally souls either sit in bodies and do nothing or just get sucked up into one afterlife or another. That makes seeing and interacting with them valuable. And that makes my Lord want them. All I have to do is get rid of your body so fast and so pleasurably that your soul doesn't even notice." Fourn grinned wide. "Can you go ahead and squat down a little? Lower that swishing tail of yours a bit, too."

Sasha found herself complying, even as her mind began to run with panicked thoughts. *Get rid of my body? I'll...I'll get it back, right?* She squatted, lowered her tail, and smiled at the increasingly mischievous-looking kobold. "So I'll get to see your Lord if I'm made presentable?" she calmly and happily inquired.

"Even better!" the kobold chirped. "You'll be made part of his horde. It's quite the honor." She hopped forward, hands reaching up to pet through Sasha's fur. "So...want to be a good girl and ask me how I'll get rid of all this and make you presentable?"

*No, I want to say I don't want you to get rid of my body!* the tigress thought deep within the recesses of her mind. However, her pleasure-drunk thoughts and actions dopily complied. "How are you going to get rid of my body, Miss Fourn?"

Fourn giggled, pushing up on her tiptoes to reach her face up close to where the tigress' head was bent. "I'm going to squeeze you through my body until you're nothing but shit," she whispered. The kobold's keen eyes looked into Sasha's relaxed green eyes, all too aware that inside the dominated mind and body of the tiger girl was a desperate panic. "I'm going to instantly and permanently turn every bit of you into a you-sized mass of worthless waste."

The kobold lowered herself back down to the ground, gleefully stepping back to show off her small reptilian form to the helpless summoner. "You see these urns?" Fourn waved to the beautiful room's decor. "Can you imagine yourself balled up nice and tight inside of one? Perfect fit, right? Well, that's exactly the sort of tight fit you'll have since every little bit of you's becoming

shit! There's one down that hole behind you, freshly marked with your name and age and hopes and dreams...the ones you'll never get to fulfill once my body ends you."

Fourn trailed her fingers down her body, from where she licked her lips, down her belly, straight to her pucker. She even teased a finger at the hole's edge, stretching it open ever so slightly for the blissfully watching girl. "It'll kill you so quick and feel so good for you that your innocent soul'll just sit in there and be my dragon's to own. Aren't you excited? Do you want to have your life ended so you can be my shit?"

*No! No, no...no no no no no...!* Sasha smiled. Everything Fourn said made everything feel good. "Yes, please! I'd really like to be your shit, Miss Fourn."

Fourn shuddered, the biggest smile on her face. "I know it's my Lord's crystal, but I absolutely love hearing people with such bright futures say stuff like that," she mumbled to herself. Without an ounce of shame or regret, the kobold stepped around the tigress and tugged her tail down.

"Well, Sasha, get ready to die," the pink kobold purred. "Better choose your last words well. I'd recommend something about how much you love me ruining you forever, or how much you're looking forward to being a part of my Lord's horde." Fourn opened her mouth over the tail, paused, and chuckled one more time. "Oh, and you should look behind you for this. It'll be a once-in-a-lifetime sight. Especially since yours is ending right now."

Sasha's body and mind happily watched as her striped tail was licked, nibbled, and held between the kobold's jaws as she got into position. The kobold's tail raised high, wagging like a delighted puppy, and she slipped more of the tail in. Desperately, from beneath the compulsion, the tigress sought some means of resistance before her fate was sealed. Inwardly, she even doubted the creature half her size could follow through on such a threat. But, with the details so vivid and Fourn looking so pleased...she knew this was it.

Fourn yanked Sasha backwards, mouth engulfing the tigress' rump and hips. The eager ***gromph*** of her snout stretching over the summoner's seat was only the first sound that signalled the girl's doom. To Sasha's amazement, Fourn's body didn't seem to bulge out any more than it would've if she'd taken a small bite of cake; it was as if her entire ass was being compressed down to be indistinguishable from a common meal. The pink snout wiggled forward, pressing all that meat against the awaiting turn straight down her throat, a *squish* or *sshlorp* as Fourn lined herself up. The glinting, puppy-like eyes Fourn had did little to distract from what was about to happen, even if their look artificially soothed her nerves.

Then, with a powerful ***GLUG-GLUCK***, Fourn began rapidly swallowing Sasha down. The throat that caught her ass and tail **yanked** her downwards as if Sasha's body were the rope in a game of tug-of-war with lives on the line. Within seconds, her rump was squeezing into a tight, passionately churning gut and her feet were lifted off the floor. "Thank you for this honor,

m-**UNNGH!**" Her magically coaxed words were cut off as she was overwhelmed. Somewhere in the hammerspace of Fourn's small body, Sasha felt her entire bottom squish down into a thick slurry, cheeks directly compacted into a thick mass before vanishing from her awareness. She could hear the stomach **gurgling** and **churning**, **schlurping** mush into those intestines. Another quick **GULK** yanked her further down, her legs breaking down into chyme that her steadily sliding down body sunk into. And, in the face of her impending demise, all these sensations did was cause her to moan in insta-brainwashed pleasure.

Fourn only made one quick adjustment before letting her body utterly destroy the cute tiger girl: she snatched the tigress' hands and slapped them to her sides. Once they were pinned in her gullet, the sudden jerks began to smooth. Happily humming, the kobold simply relaxed and let her body take it away. The summoner began descending into the pink kobold's body with a steady, fast, and inevitable pace. Soon, Sasha was packing every inch of her digestive tract, and even her hammerspace couldn't hold it.

Sasha looked behind her at the happy kobold only to catch a glimpse of something emerging behind the wagging tail. When she realized what it was, the domination ensured her reaction was one of delight even as she inwardly sunk into despair. Her hopeful thoughts of escape and a future slipped away at the sight of the thick, solid brown mass being squeezed out. The continuous crap was as wide as she was, just soft enough to arc downwards into the waiting hole and the large urn below without causing a single break in the stream of waste. The only detail was the faint curve of a white pelvis. "That...that's me?" she gasped, the sound of her own words causing her to moan in overwhelmed excitement.

"Mhm," vibrated the kobold in answer, entirely in bliss as she watched those bright green eyes begin to slip closer. Fourn was squeezing out the instantly processed tigress from her ass, shitter stretched to its limit as the bone-ridden waste pressed out at the same rate the summoner's body filed in. With Sasha having made the observation connecting the two in a way entirely unprompted by the domination, Fourn couldn't be happier. Whatever future the girl had before, it was entirely gone.

The two kobolds below finished their work as the urn continued to fill with fresh waste from the dias above. One had painted a decent picture of Sasha's face upon the urn, while the other finished stenciling in the details Fourn had gotten from the increasingly-former girl. Sasha squirmed her shoulders, feeling her body steadily wrung and gurgled away into one massive kobold shit, groaning as her head was turned away from the sight of her fate. "Thank you, Fourn," she groaned. "I cannot wait to fill your Lord's horde...I...I'm nothing but shit otherwise!"

Fourn delighted in hearing such self-degradation. As she closed her mouth over those enchantedly pleased features, she could hear the kobolds stenciling those humiliating last words—the only words of Sasha's that would ever be recorded and remembered as hers—onto the urn. Her throat closed over Sasha's face, and the kobold breathed out in delight. She inhaled as the face was sealed over and pulverized, and she happily groaned as the final bit of

waste stretched her tailhole. As the end of the shit fell away, Fourn waved a teasing goodbye with her fingers at the skull solidly lodged in the brown worthlessness.

"I'll never get tired of that," Fourn purred, so grateful that she had this privilege as one of her tasks in the lair. All it took was one strong *phfftrrrrrt* from under her tail and her body was forever done with Sasha. Her pink cheeks were rosy with pleasure as she skipped down the steps to see the last of the urn's label complete. "Nice work, you two. Now let's bring Lord Drakon his new addition."

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The gargantuan creature shifted. "One of my kobolds is coming," the red-scaled beast rumbled aloud to the guest he had been conversing with.

Fourn, not hearing a denial and knowing her Lord's keen senses, took the opportunity to push the golden doors open. She pulled a sturdy, low-to the ground cart with a sealed urn behind her. "Lord? Found you another for your collection!"

The shimmering, large komodo-like creature in the room looked only once before chuckling. "Yup, that's her. Or was her at least."

"Still is," the dragon rumbled with a smile, a huge pair of claws reaching down to lift the urn up to his stories-high eye-level. "I can feel her humiliation and confusion. And she can feel our presence. It is quite a good soul." Slowly, he shifted, reaching out through a small opening into the dark chamber he'd shown his guest minutes before. Even in the dark and without sight, the dragon nimbly shifted his horde around, Sasha's eternal tomb settled down among his second-favorite group of acquisitions. "Good work, Orn. I will grant you a boon later. Leave us."

Fourn's heart raced at the dragon's words. The pleasure of processing some innocent girl *and* a boon? She couldn't have been luckier. "Thank you, Lord Drakon!"

The komodo watched the pink kobold skip back off into the tunnels. "You see, that's what a summoner for a spirit of my caliber should be like," he mused, tail swiping behind him. "But I'm guessing you can't rely on mortals to manage an immortal soul."

"There are some who may earn that privilege, but they must be carefully chosen, Lumnar," Lord Drakon chuckled, the surrounding walls vibrating with the sound.

"What, like how you screen your visitors?" the anchored eidolon asked.

The dragon grinned. "Why not? We are good judges of character...but it is only a dragon's whim that decides whether potential is better used or destroyed for our amusement. Is that whim not what makes you a dragon? If not...ruining your summoner was a terrible waste."