

No, They're NOT Okay

⚡ Extreme Content

Macro dragon. Oral vore. Graphic description of why the prey is *not* okay, including broken bones, internal injuries, psychological torture, digestion, and inevitable death. Nonconsenting recipient of that description.

📖 Story Description

[Azure Ebonwing](#) is a towering predator of a male dragon. If he gets what he wants, you're welcome to enjoy it if you want. If you ask him to indulge your dark kinks, you may not get a safe word. And if you annoy him, such as by asking if someone he's just eaten is okay... well, hopefully *your* god is merciful because he will not be.

Some anonymous creature is learning that last fact the hard way. After asking if Azure's prey is okay, despite the fact the prey cannot *possibly* be okay, the dragon gives an unnecessarily detailed answer that the person really, really would rather not hear.

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Azure swallows his prey whole and alive. They disappear down his throat, never to be seen again.

“Oh my god! Are they okay?” a generic creature asks. Azure grabs them in one hand and lifts the anonymous creature to his mouth.

“What do you think, you fool?” Azure snarls. His breath is uncomfortably hot and oppressively humid as it wafts over the inquiring creature. “I just ate them. I swallowed them. Whole. Alive. The last thing they saw was the inside of my mouth before it closed around them. They were soaked in saliva, weakened by my tongue’s assault on their body, and utterly helpless to a simple gulp.”

Azure lowers the creature to the front of his neck. “When I swallowed them, the suction around their head might have ruptured their eardrums. I ate them feet-first. They would have felt like a tube of toothpaste as my muscles clenched upon their frame. If they were lucky, their body would have ruptured and they’d have a quick death. If not... they’ll be steadily pressed down my throat and into the hellish interior of my body.

“I wouldn’t even be *thinking* about them if you hadn’t asked about them. Even if I cared—and I don’t—they’re no longer a person. I no longer feel them. They’re lost to the world. They’re just food. They’re being compressed on all sides by my esophagus, slathered in thick mucus that is forcing itself into their mouth and orifices, and unable to hear anything other than

the steady rhythm of my heart and lungs. No, they can't understand this conversation; at best, they'll feel the reverberation in my chest as yet another assault on their pathetic, fragile body."

The anonymous creature sobs as the predator describes his prey's experience but Azure continues his gruesome description. "If they're 'lucky' enough to make it this far, they'll be squeezed through a sphincter into my stomach. They'll probably break something on the way through. If they're fortunate, it'll be their neck and they'll stop suffering. More likely, it'll be their arms and maybe a couple ribs. If they're writhing in pain, it's just going to make things worse as their injuries compound one another."

Azure presses the anonymous creature against their abdomen so they can hear the sounds within. "My stomach is more aggressive than a mammal's. Digestion, however, is not an instantaneous process. They're not going to instantly dissolve in acid. They're going to suffer in there for a while."

The creature cries and pounds uselessly against Azure's scales. They scream "Why are you *doing* this?!"

"Because I can," Azure declares. "Because I enjoy it. Because they thought they wanted it. I'm such a *generous* dragon for allowing them the death they craved, aren't I?" Azure silences further protests by pressing his hand flat to his stomach. The

sounds of digestion are unnervingly loud, though nothing compared to the cacophony within.

“Where was I...” Azure ponders. “Ah, yes. The horrors of being digested alive. It’s not something any creature should experience. My stomach is profoundly hostile to life. The heat of my body is inescapable. The acidic stench in the air chemically burns the nostrils. Liquids ooze from the walls of my stomach, soaking into my prey to soften it up. The steady churning of my stomach will gradually tear them apart. It will break bones and pull away flesh. My stomach lining will massage gastric acid into their tissues until they gradually dissolve into mere nutrients for my intestines to absorb. Their brain and organs will gradually shut down. They’ll eventually die from blood loss.

“And yet they *asked* for this. They *wanted* to be nothing but fuel for a superior creature. The horrors they are experiencing are what they fantasized about. The reality, however, is very different. It is disgusting. Painful. Brutal. There is no pleasure to be had within.”

Azure lifts the questioner in front of their mouth again and chuckles ominously. “Knowing what you know now, I hope you are prepared to join them...”