Rhivan yawns lazily, stretching out his forelegs and flexing his wings as he lazes in a mountain clearing. Mountains loom nearby, but this field is warm and soft with grass, making a lovely place to relax as Valorie wanders around him to stretch her legs. It's been a long morning so far, exploring this less-charted area of the mountains and wandering about, and the rider pauses to gently rub over her dragon's muzzle with a hum. "It's lovely out here, isn't it~?"

It truly was a lovely evening! Ocho spent much of the morning playing in the updrafts off the mountainside. It was a delightfully lazy day for him, and on one of his circuits thousands of feet over the forests he spies the pair in the clearing. Well, Rhivan's the easiest to spot, but as he gets closer he sees Valorie, too. Quite an interesting pair! The dragon doesn't seem to care if they see him in return, just slowly spiralling down from the blue skies, flying lazy figure-8s, 'till he comes to a gentle landing a good few dozen yards from the pair, grass ruffling as he flutters his wings and folds them. "Why hello!"

Rhivan would be the first to notice, perking up his head to look at the other dragon and giving Valorie a little telepathic nudge to pay attention. Val turns around, looking at the dragon as he comes in to a landing, taking a step closer to him as she gives a smile to the seemingly quite friendly dragon. And he talks, too. "Hello! Is this your territory...?" she asks him, calling over.

Ocho trots over toward them, upon seeing that they weren't viewing him as a threat at least! His tail swishes behind him, almost like a wag, and he gives a little bow of his head. "Well, I don't like to get that formal about it," he says, "but yes." His tone shifts utterly for those words, the drake getting Very Serious with them. He manages to hold the face for a solid second and a half before he chuckles and smiles. "Just kidding. I mean, I live around here, but am always happy to have guests! Hello! You can call me Ocho~"

Valorie smiles a little more at that quick swish of his tail, and listens to him - a slight frown as he says that so seriously, but then smiles again. "Ahhh, glad we're not intruding, then! I'm Valorie, and this is Rhivan," she explains, gesturing back towards the dragon, who nods politely at Ocho. "He can't talk, so I have to translate for him. We were exploring this area, looking for any uncharted points of interest," she explains further, looking around at the sweeping mountains~

The dragon adjusts his attention to Valorie as she starts speaking, and gives a nod to her explanation. "Well, welcome! It's nice to meet you both, Valorie, Rhivan." He nods to each in turn. "I'm not sure I could help you find points of interest, though. You both seem to be from a bit of a different culture than me!" He laughs and grins, licking at his lips. "Where're y'you both from, and what're the types of things you're looking for?"

Valorie nods as well at the dragon, peering at him as he licks over his lips. "Different culture? Well, in any case we're looking for natural springs, places to make camp, redoubts or places an airship could shelter. Maybe crystal deposits... and definitely places to get food. Rhivan eats a loooot," she explains, tapping a little journal she carries in a bad on her waist to take notes on. "What do you tend to eat around here?" she asks innocently~

Ocho nods and chuckles. "Well, humans aren't all that common around here," he says, "and ones clothes such as you indicates a civilization of sorts. Thus, a different culture." He chuckles and offers a grin to them both. A rather toothy one. "Hmmm, there're a couple springs up there." he gestures broadly with a wing toward the mountains. "I could show you a few of them, but not at the moment. Been flying all day. For food, mostly deer, a few birds. Sometimes I head all the way to the plains, but the food there's a bit harder to come by. No canopy-cover to hide me, you know?" He asks that mostly toward Rhivan. "Sometimes if I buzz a village enough they'll send some food my way; I think they think they're fending off an attack or something." He giggles and grins.

Valorie nods, running a hand over the arm of her riding clothes as he mentions them. Watching him, as Rhivan 'grins' back at the other, slightly larger dragon with his fangs gently glinting. "I'd appreciate it if you could show me around, or just point me in the right direction sometime," she nods. Rhivan nods understandingly at that question, as Val shifts a bit around the other dragon idly, admiring him some. "Well, I do hope you're able to get enough to eat, then. We'll try not to overhunt out here! Or ah, bother those villages~"

Ocho's a good-sized dragon, somewhere around a third again the size of Rhivan, maybe a bit less. Still, a good amount of dragon to behold! He has ochre-brown scales, though around his belly they look soft, slightly malleable. Ocho lets Valorie get around to his side, even turning himself so she can get a better look! Even as she gets close however his stomach lets out a low groan. Ocho chuckles. "Sorry, it's been a while since breakfast. Or, well, I was actually going to get breakfast after my flight, but then I found you two and figured I should say hello~" Even still, Val might notice the dragon was salivating a little bit as he watches her.

Val paces around Ocho a bit, nodding at him, a handsome specimen of dragon, really, she figures - and then she blushes just faintly as his stomach lets out a low growl nearby to her. She chuckles after a moment. "Ahhh, I see," she nods, as Rhivan glances around a moment, lazily getting to his feet. "Well, I won't keep you, if you need to head off and find something to eat!" she explains, giving Ocho a warm smile. "You definitely look hungry," she adds, noting he's drooling a bit.

Ocho keeps his eye on Val as she encircles him, lifting his tail out of the way and even spreading his wings some so she can look at his sides. His belly does have an arch to it, the transition from his ribs and keel to the soft underparts of his abdomen. Not much meat on his bones! "I'll be fine," he says with a chuckle, turning himself to peer at her a bit closer, eyeing her blush. He licks his lips again, testingly, the wet squelch of saliva clearly audible to her. "Mm, plus I think we might be able to find better food together, mmm~?"

Val blushes just a tiny bit more as the dragon noses closer and licks over his lips like that, gazing quickly back at Rhivan a bit, then to Ocho. Rhivan tilts his head a moment. The dragon does look a bit thin, she figures, poor thing! Rhivan lets out a faint huff. "Oh? I mean, we have some spare time out here, we could perhaps try hunting together..." she muses, glancing back at Rhivan a moment - conferring with him telepathically.

Ocho grins all the more when he notices that blush not diminishing, though he couldn't exactly tell it'd increased slightly. He turns back to Rhivan, doing his best to look all innocent on the matter. "You both look like you're pretty capable hunters," he notes, heading over toward the other dragon. He sniffs a bit, trying to get Rhivan's scent~

Rhivan sways his tail a bit as Ocho looks at him, huffing faintly at the other dragon - he's a handsome dragon, and his scent could be described as hearty, and perhaps rather appealing to another hungry dragon. Valorie blinks at that. "Really? Rhivan, sure, but I look like a hunter?" she asks.

The larger dragon seems to have not much care for personal space, getting his muzzle within inches of Rhivan's neck, then wing before backing up and better facing the pair of them. "What, you don't go hunting together?" Ocho tilts his head. "I'd've thought that's how you do it, ya know? Maybe with one of those bow-things you humans like to use?"

Rhivan leans back a short ways from Ocho as he noses into the dragon's neck, before relaxing as the dragon steps away. Valorie hums a moment. "Oh, well, I do have a bow - but I usually just eat the rations Rhivan carries for me," she says, gesturing to a pack attached to Rhivan's riding harness. "But Rhivan just eats whatever he wants, you dragons are like that, no~?"

Ocho turns to face Rhivan again, face a bit brighter. "Oooh, you carry rations! That's why you smell so delicious!" He giggles and slurps up some drool that'd started to escape his lips. Glk~ "Mmn, sorry, about that." Though he does linger his looks on Rhivan a bit, eyes washing over him from head to hindquarters, licking his lips in the process. "Mmm, hmmm?" he looks back to Valorie. "Oh, yeah. I mean, that's what I do, at least." He chuckles, looks back to Rhi. "Dunno about you 'civilized' dragons, tough." Another wet gulp ripples down Ocho's neck.

Rhivan tilllts his head at that comment, and then momentarily pokes his tongue out at the other dragon - perhaps missing the way Ocho thoroughly looks him over and looks his lips at him, though Valorie does, and squints just a moment at the larger dragon, as she shifts on her feet. "Oh, well, Rhivan mostly eats wild animals, or farm animals sometimes when we pay for them. He doesn't..." she pauses a moment and glances back at Rhivan, "he isn't supposed to eat people or other dragons..." she says a touch accusingly~

Ocho lets out a soft gasp. "N-no eating people? Or dragons?" He shakes his head slowly and sighs. "Man, I knew there were downsides to a civilized lifestyle, but that seems a bit much don't you think?" He grins in a just-kidding sort of way, though he does take another step toward Rhivan, his body crouching just a little bit. He plays it off like he's settling down on the grass. "Mmm, I think I'll be ready to show you around after a quick breakfast~"

Valorie snorts sharply at Ocho now, eyeing him closely as he says that, not quite sure if he means it or not. "Oh, yes, it's absolutely terrrible. Poor thing nearly starves," she jokes after a moment - as if Rhivan isn't just a little bit soft around his midsection and tail. Rhivan watches Ocho settle down to the grass, seemingly, not realizing what he's doing as Valorie nods. "Sounds like a plan, though. We'll see you back here in an hour or two, then?" she says, though she might be getting a little ahead of herself~

Instead of replying to Val, or some cheeky snarky retport to her assumption that he'd be taking his leave of them, Ocho finally pounces. In a moment he bowls Rhivan over, claws gripping on his forelegs firmly, pinning them to his sides while his hind legs wrestle with Rhivan's own, all the while open-maw and drooly-tongued chaotic slathering around the drake's face. They both hit the ground pretty hard, and moments later Ocho'd succeed, and Rhivan'd find his face squished into the slimy hot embrace of the larger dragon's maw. Ocho wastes no time in pressing his mouth over that head, gulping hard, Valorie treated to the sight of her dragon's head becoming a heavy lump in Ocho's ochre neck~

Rhivan blinks as the other dragon suddenly lunges at him, the larger frame bowling right into him, claws gripping around his forelegs. He lets out a surprised growl, wings flaring out, muscles tensing up... and suddenly finds his vision filled with a yawn draconic maw, wide and hungry in his face as it smothers over him. Squirming around, hindlegs digging into the dirt and tail lashing wildly, as a thick wet swallow smothers over his head and drags his head down Ocho's gullet.

Val tenses right up for a moment, her blush deepening. "W-wait, what are you...!?" she stammers, but she's mentally bonded to that dragon and can feel his head vanishing the dragon's gullet even as she watches it!

Ocho lets out a dominant growl as he forces Rhivan's head fully into his throat, tongue and teeth raking down his neck as the hungry drake starts working his jaws around his shoulders. He wiggles atop Rhivan, tail thrashing to keep his balance atop him. Forelegs slide over to help fold those wings in against his body as another series of rough swallows roils down her neck. Ocho's quite the stretchy boy it seems, and Valorie'd not only watch as those jaws claim Rhi's shoulders and start crawling down his chest, but see it happening right in front of her, her own dragon progressively transitioning to a heavy lump in Ocho's scales. His growls and roars become a bit muted as Rhivan starts more effectively closing off Ocho's airways. Poor Rhivan, already chest-deep in the dragon he'd just met, set upon by the foul acrid fermented air of his insides, thudded on by that excited heartbeat as each pulsing swallow drags him through thick throat-slime toward that eagerly-groaning stomach~

Rhivan growls softly back at the dragon as Ocho growls around him, but can't exactly stop the larger dragon with his forelegs grabbed and whole body pinned down. His wings spread out, flickering with stormy blue as they brush through the grass, but Ocho just keeps on swallowing thickly. Rhivan's neck bulging out the other dragon's as his shoulders are steadily worked into stretching jaws, somehow able to be fit inside as the other dragon devours him alive. His forelegs slowly pinned down to his chest, hindlegs flailing at the open air as Valorie just gawks at him, blushing nervously as Rhivan's head approaches the other dragon's belly. "N-no you..." she stammers awkwardly, looking all around, stepping back. "He's not breakfast, you can't just...!" she whines, but she can't exactly fight off a dragon on her own, even if she had her bow on her~

For the moment Ocho seems too occupied with Rhivan to pay much attention to Valorie, be it her protestations or her potential actions to save her friend! As Rhivan's chest slides passed his teeth Ocho takes a few steps backward, pulling Rhivan onto his belly, or rather his thighs, and gripping at his hips with his forelegs to actively cram him inside. Ocho settles onto his haunches, lifting Rhivan up to let gravity assist. Hot muscular contractions grind against the dragon, full-body squeezing him deeper and deeper. His head'd poke through into Ocho's stomach, the rough-walled chamber all too happy to wrap around his cheeks and stretch to accomodate. And it'd need to do a lot of stretching! Ocho's broad tongue, dripping with Rhivan's flavor, slides between his legs, around that squishy tailbase, and Ocho lets out a soft moan as he gulps that mass of meat away, leaving just his wing-tips, legs, and tail free. Ocho teeters there, head still pointed up, swallowing heavily with motions Valorie'd easily be able to see rippling down his neck, before he topples backward, landing with a thud, head only a few meters from Val while he lazily swallows down Rhi's knees. His belly's already swelling up heavily with visibly-squirming lumps, his forelegs pressing down on that bulge, kneading the slimy stomach lining into Rhivan's scales as he groans happily. The dragon's already at half-mast from all this, too, the tapered tip glistening with pre~

Valorie steps back nervously from Ocho as she watches the other dragon just devour her dragon alive, gulping him down with alarming ease as Rhivan's strong chest vanishes past Ocho's fangs. Dragged forward onto his front now, his hindlegs flopping about, claws tearing furrows into the grassy meadow beneath him as he struggles for any sort of grip - but fails to find it as Ocho's head tilts up and back, soon just awkwardly clawing at the air, as his slightly pudgy belly is dragged over the other dragon's fangs and he plunges deeper into those greedy guts. His head presses out into the other dragon's slimy hungry belly, smearing into the walls as Ocho's underbelly begins to sag out with his presence, no doubt soon to be immensely swollen. Soon just the ends of his various limbs poking from the alarmingly hungry dragon's jaws, as Valorie watches him devour her companion alive, stammering in protest and blushing nervously - especially as she notices the other dragon starting to just get aroused from enjoying a heavy meal of dragon.

It takes all of about two and a half minutes for Rhivan to get devoured. Ocho looks directly at Valorie as he laps up her dragon's toes and tailtip, gulping around them, then sighing with bliss, his mouth empty and gleaming. His breath's hot and muggy, washing over her as the last of Rhivan is forced to curl up in that stomach. It makes a lurid groaning sound, burbles percolating around the obstructing scaled mass. Ocho flops onto his side and prrrrs. "Goodness, he feels goooooooood," he moans. His cock's fully erect now, but Ocho doesn't seem to notice, keeping his attention on Valorie. "Mmm, well~? Why don't you come on over here and feel your friend, hmmm~?" He pats on his swollen gut, before a heavy rumble rises through his throat and he unleashes a belch that splatters Val with drool and a fair bit of throat-slime for good measure. "Mnnhg, or are you gonna run. Make me chase you down~" He licks at his lips, swallows another mouthful of saliva down to that squirming meal~

Rhivan's hindpaws wiggle plaintively, tail lashing about wildly as Ocho smugly slurps them right on up, wiggly tailtip vanishing like a noodle as her entire draconic protector is devoured alive so very swiftly. Reduced to a heavy swell in dragon belly now, stretching that flexible underbelly until it presses against Ocho's legs. Rhivan curled up within, legs bundled underneath him, wings pinned down to his back, head between his legs so awkwardly as the walls churrrrrn all around him. As Ocho pats in at him, he shoves back out firmly and paws over the walls in muffled protest. Poor Val is just a blushing mess, fidgeting in place as she watches - and then wincing as the dragon just casually belches right over her, splattering her with some of that drool as she whines sharply. "W-well I..." she stammers meekly, stepping back a few steps from that sprawled out dragon. "...o-oh gosh, you ate Rhivan...!"

"Mm-hmm, I did!" he says so casually, matter-of-factly, talon still squishing down against Rhivan's fighting fidgets. His stomach'd be stretched near max, the elastic flesh not having much give left in it for Rhivan to use. Even still his flesh is stretched so thin Valorie'd be able to see those strained movements~ "He was delicious! And really squirmy, too." He giggles. "Mm, how come critters never seem to be able to accept they're dragon-food? Especially the plump ones! You've been feeding him well!" He grins at Valorie, then rolls onto his feet. He's still pretty spry, considering his size and the fact that his belly almost reaches the ground now! It sags and sways with his motions, Rhivan dangling now, sloshing and churning with the rising hot tingly slime already well at work digesting him. "Gods been ages since I've had dragon. Or human~" He licks his lips at her and takes a step toward her, his belly very visible beneath his head, Rhivan's struggles shifting beneath his scales. "So, what'll it be, precious blush~? We could spend some lovely time together, or I could chase you down, but either way..." his stomach lets out a lurid burbling groan. Ocho grins, letting that finish his statement, before opening his maw wide for her while he swallows down a few mouthfuls of air. It's boring if they asphyxiate too quickly, after all…

Valorie can't help but stare at Rhivan's trapped frame, vaguely outlined in that tight stomach bulge as he wriggles around, heavy dragon maws pushing out at the walls - maybe even making the faint blue glow of his paws and wings show through the dragon's stretched bellyflesh. Wriggling against the walls as they churn back down on him, acids soaking over his scales and muffled huffs and growls escape the bigger dragon's belly. Val watches with dismay as the dragon still manages to stumble back to his feet, the other dragon swelling out his belly handsomely, swaying about mere inches off the ground as she bites her lower lip tightly and whines some. "Y-you're gonna...?" she asks meekly, stepping back hastily from the dragon as he approaches her. Not exactly fleeing entirely yet, but he'd have to pin her down if he wants to have any fun with her, even considering the fluster on her face as she gazes into that yawning, drooling maw~

The drake doesn't exactly chase or pin, but he doesn't stop approaching Valorie, each step causing that gut to sway dramatically. He rumbles happily, licking his lips again, drool dribbling to the grass. "I'm gonna gobble you right up, mm-hmm~" he says, again so casually. And considering how he seems to have forgotten that Rhivan's still alive, can still hear him, it's likely once she's passed those lips she'll be treated the same. An addition to that meal~ "I mean, it's not like I can just let you go. No, it's much safer to get you tucked away where you belong, right with your dragon-friend~" He prrrrrs giving his belly a sway. A bit of that blue glow does seep through his scales, though it's a ruddy brown by the time it reaches Autumn's eyes. "Such a rare treat you humans are, too~"

Valorie stammers and blushes so much, as that looming dragon steps closer and closer to her, his belly heavy and swaying with her 'mount' as it gurrrrgles ominously, the dragon drooling and clearly so eager to swallow her down. Barely even bothered that he has a whole other dragon squirming away in his belly, just ignoring his meal like any other thing he'd devour and looking for even more to eat. She whines sharply, a nervous swallow as she backs away and away. "I-I don't think it's really safer in your belly...!" she points out, startling as she backs into a tree at the edge of the clearing finally, pressing back into it with her eyes very much focused on the stuffed, aroused dragon continuing to loom hungrily over her. Watching the faint glow of his paws through those belly scales. "I'm n-not a treat...!" she stammers meekly, blushing madly by now.

His grin grows only wider as he sees the look of realization on her face, that tree preventing her from escaping. "Oh, but you aaare," he says, his voice sultry, breath hot against her. She'd be able to smell Rhivan on his breath, even as she can hear his gut actively working around her mount. And feel it, if her psychic link allowed for that. Feel the slimy hot stomach ooze smearing over his scales, feel the hot tingle of digestion, the growl of compressed intestine eager for their share of the bounty. "And I think you know you are," he adds to Valorie, lapping at her cheek with his tongue. It wraps around her head, his saliva hot and thick, clinging to her hair, dripping onto her outfit in thick heavy globules. The drake cooos and mmmmms at the touch, his breath wafting over her. A little flex of that muscle'd pull her head up into his maw, his tongue sliding down her front, curling between her legs. And just like that she's inside, the dragon that'd so easily devoured her mount and friend lifting his head, her arms and legs dangling outside his jaws, trotting casually back into the middle of the clearing with his prize~

That link absolutely does, and it's no small part of the reason for immense fluster that she can feel Rhivan clenched all tightly up inside of the other dragon's belly, acids soaking into him and walls hungrily clenching and churning over every inch of him. She whines again, pressing further back into the bark of the tree, as that tongue presses against her cheek, hot and warm - and then splutters as it slurps all over her face, winding tightly around her, soaking down into her clothes as she wriggles against him, hands pressing up to push back against his muzzle. "O-oh gosh...!" she whines, as she's pulllled up into his maw, hot breath washing over her heavy as her head works past his fangs. The tongue winds tightly around her, a shiver through her body as it wraps and grips her and pulls her inside, and soon she's shyly wriggling all around within the dragon's maw, trapped and held as he smugly carries her back to the middle of the clearing with his gutful of dragon~

She'd get quite the experience, then, especially as Ocho waddles back up the gentle slope. Muscles clenching and squeezing in around Rhivan with every step, the slosh and sway, the hot tingle, the muffled sounds from outside as the drake walks. All that, plus the woosh of his breath over her, the grind of his tongue as he pins her back to his palate, tongue kneading over her front. Drool soaking into her clothing, seemingly into her very bones. Eventually he comes to a stop, roiling his tongue around her, flipping and tossing her around in his mouth. It's a bit awkward; she doesn't quite fully fit inside, but a few tosses of his head and gentle chomps around her body and he gets her in the right orientation, her feet squished against his throat, her head just inside of his jaws. He opens his mouth a bit, letting her see the world framed through his teeth, and starts swallowing. It's gentle at first, a few little trembles of muscle that guide her into that gullet up to her knees. But then a quick toss of his head upward and a heavy gulp, and she's gone~ Pulled down into the dragon's throat, wrapped in those slimy tight muscles, dragged down under his scales never to be seen again, at least in that form~ Ocho lets out a delighted rumble of pleasure, rolling onto his back, finally starting to tend his cock as he feels her slip into his packed stomach. Poor Val, mashed up against her slimy friend, the drake's scales already soft from digestion. Hearing and feeling Ocho starting to rub himself against that bulge, drooling, growling, rubbing his other claw against them. "Mmmm so fulll....."

Valorie blushes madly in the dragon's maw as she's just carried off, wriggling around and weakly wrestling with his tongue as she's held there, tongue pinning up to his palate as it massages over her front, pressing through her thin flight suit to feel at her figure so lewdly. Tossing and pressing her all around, utterly soaking down her clothes and hair - and the whole while she's got her head right against the back of his gullet, staring into that dark, looming abyss nervously and with trepidation, even knowing her companion is waiting for her at the bottom of it. But then he flips her around, wriggling and squeezing, her flailing limbs tucked into his jaws one by one as he works to engulf her entirely... and opens his jaws. Her blushing face gazing out past his fangs, a last look at the outside world framed in deadly dragon jaws, her blush getting even hotter still as she feels his gullet tense, her shins dragged down inside. And then a thick smothering gulp, dragging her down into his gullet entirely with a casual toss of his head. A lovely dessert, clenched down that cramped gullet as she wriggles within. A thick bulge in his neckscales that vanishes past his collarbone soon enough, as she spills out against Rhivan's frame within, pressed between the slimy walls and his scales as she stammers and wriggles alongside him. And outside, that hungry brat of a dragon just begins casually tending to his quivering arousal, his squirmy belly pressing down into it from above~

Ocho's all alone, now, or at least that's what it'd look like to someone watching. Aside from his belly, still wiggling with Rhivan's struggles. Ocho doesn't mind, just cooing and writhing on the grass there, wings splayed, cock drooling. It doesn't take long for the dragon to climax, letting out a strained roar, his stomach clenching down on the pair within hard as he cums. Heavy spluts of jizz arc onto his belly, hitting with an impact they both would be able to feel. It lasts a good half-minute, leaving Ocho panting, sprawled in the clearing, tongue lolling from his mouth as his claws knead on his gut. So good~ By the time the cum had cooled (not a short amount of time, since his belly's quite warm thanks to them~) he'd recovered enough to get back onto his feet. He gave a few flaps of his wings, muscles straining around the pair as they manipulate those great appendages, but it's no use; he's too heavy. "Ugh, figures," he mutters to himself. "Really shouldn't eat so much." Even as the pair are still alive and kicking, still fighting the inevitable. Although Valorie's not been in there as long, she's probably not got much time left, her littler form far more succeptible to the acids and grinding motions of that gut.

Ocho ambles off, practically waddling around his belly, off into the forest, burping occasionally and no longer swallowing air for them. Each burp robs them of some oxygen, lets his stomach clench tighter around them. Valorie'd feel herself melting, smearing across Rhivan's body with every churn of that stomach. Not even death's a release from those sensations, her suit crumpling up into a fold in that gut as she melts out from inside of it, smearing over her companion at first, though as the hours pass, mingling with his softening form and figure. It's a long walk, the sway and slosh quite familiar to both of his passengers, so when he suddenly tips forward and tumbles it'd be quite a shock! Not that either were alive enough to do anything about it at that point. They'd hear the sploosh of water, their own weight suddenly relieved, boyed upward as Ocho rolls into a warm pond. He coos happily, spraling onto his back on the shore, rubbing on his belly as it mashes the pair of them further into a slosh. Already so much give, so melted. Nothing lasted too long in that belly, it seems!

He cums a couple more times in that pool, once even shamelessly rolling over onto his belly to mash the softened form of his prey around his cock and hump against the mossy pond-bottom. By the time he finally pulled himself, clean and sated in more ways than one, from the pond they were deep in his intestines, encased by those greedy slimy tubes, feeling his guts noisily process them into a thick batter of chyme and sludge.

Hours and hours pass, their predator sleeping soundly, snoring in whatever cave he called home. Something as merciful as sleep wouldn't be in Rhivan or Valorie's future, the pair's souls bound to their chymy remains forced to endure every moment of their digestion in those horrid bowels. From small intestine to large, strung along through what felt like miles of greedy tubing, the pair of them transformed utterly into unrecognizeable smeary sloshes of their original selves. Come morning, most of them were packed into the dragon's bowels, having festered there for several hours. Or maybe minutes? Lifetimes? It was impossible to say; there was no real way to tell time in there. Ocho was slow to wake, but when he did it was to feeling the soft additions they'd given him. No longer so scrawny, this dragon! He rumbles, pleased with the results of his hunting, rubbing over himself tenderly, squishing deep into that added plush! He yawns, stretches, gets to his feet, his belly still jiggly and wobbly, though now more thanks to the added fat, and the heavy weight they are on his bowels.

This time he'd be able to take flight, their weight more nicely-distributed around his body. Though it's an unstable, uneasy flight that has him rather soon dropping back to the ground with an uneasy, unstable grunt. He squats where he lands, grunting as muscles tense around Rhi and Val, the two now so entwined that especially with their psychic link still binding them they'd hardly be able to know where one began and the other ended! The muscles'd squeeze them out through that puckered tailhole, under the drake's newly-thickened haunches. Soft, crackling sounds eminate from the interactions between scat and flesh, the morning light revealing to the poor souls entwined in Ocho's waste that they're back in that clearing~ Ocho chirrrls happily, curling talons into the soft earth as they pour form his rear, coiling into a low pile there on the grass. Log after log come free, some speckled with flecks of bone, scale, or hair, but it seems the vast majority of the two had been utterly used, processed, transformed into either fat or this heft of waste. By the time he was finished the pile was as tall as a person, and splayed rather wide under it's own weight. Ocho sighs happily, satisfied with his work, not even giving his meals a fare-well look or word as he trots back away, humming to himself, his new assets jiggling for them both to see~