Tulip has totally broken the red dragon Freya, brainwashing her and turning her into a sex toy to be abused and used. When Tulip sends Freya out to go find prey for Tulip to eat, Freya finds her old boyfriend… And decides it's time she end that relationship for good~ This is a very long story with lots of different kinks, extremely dirty and violent - strap in and enjoy~

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This story contains: FxF, FxM, **hyperscat**, **shit-eating**, **toilet vore**, flushing possessions, **cucking/cuckolding**, stomping, size difference, sex, **vore**, disposal, **fart fetish**, pet play, micro/shrinking, sadism, snuff, **findom**, anal insertion, bone-breaking, **gore**, **humiliation**, degradation, forced insertion, breath play/choking/drowning, stockholm syndrome, elements of non-consent, body worship~
Teaser Word Count: 5,675
Full Story Word Count: 14,201

"Mmmm~" Freya moaned in ecstatic pleasure as she sat with her head tucked firmly between Tulip the Lopunny's soft, fluffy ass cheeks, her lips wrapped around the puckered tail hole of the bunny girl, eagerly swallowing down log after log of slimy shit, one after the other, without a single break. This had been her life for the past month; she'd hated it at first, sure, but now, she couldn't imagine doing anything else.

Freya was a large red dragon, about ten feet from the tip of her tail to her head, with a set of glimmering silver eyes and large wings that usually let her fly at unbelievable speeds. Her tail wagged happily behind her as she wrapped her tongue around each textured piece of steaming bunny-girl shit that slipped past her lips, shlucking through her maw and sliding down her gullet without even a single bite. She didn't have time to chew, not when she was working as Tulip's toilet - the bunny's load was simply far too large, and it came out far too fast.

"Hnngh~ Good girl, good toilet - keep swallowing~" The bunny commanded, groaning quietly from the strain of her shitting. She held her massive cock, a full of veiny, throbbing meat, and she rubbed it, pleasuring herself simply to the very action of using her toilet for the purpose of swallowing all of her waste. Yes, a toilet - that is what Freya was now. She was no longer a dragon, no longer a student at Misteria University, no longer even an individual, she was just a toilet. An object with a specific purpose that is made to be used, and nothing else. The toilet couldn't have been happier.

They were in a private bathroom, one located in the Lopunny's dorm hall; one of Tulip's feet was up on a toilet's plastic seat, the other on the cracked tile floor, her ass cheeks parted to make room for her toilet-dragon's snout. She stroked her cock with her right paw, and in her left, she held tight a black leash, curled around her wrist many times to make it as short and snug as

possible, with the end of the rope being tied to a collar, which was wrapped around Freya's neck. The collar was black, just as the leash was, with a small golden heart; it had been a gift from someone special, but of course, the bunny girl just saw it as an opportunity to train the red dragon. It was all a part of teaching Freya her place, down from a free dragon to an owned pet.

"Oh, here comes a big one~" The bunny warned, giving her toilet no time to prepare before pushing out a hefty, fat, long log of light-brown. Freya's eyes widened, as did her lips, stretching as wide as they could to fit the monstrous piece of shit inside; the strain was so great, it caused her eyes to water, but still, she slowly managed to gulp it down, bit by bit, through sheer force of will and desire to serve. Once the log finally broke off, the toilet slave pulled her head back and focused on glurking down the rest of what remained; gulp, gulp, gulp… and gone. She coughed, her lips a nasty shade of almond, her breath smelling just as bad as the bunny's behind, but she didn't mind - it was just a sign that she'd performed her purpose well, and that was all that really mattered.

"Ahh, that was a rough one. But you handled it very well~" The bunny chuckled. She petted Freya on the head, rubbing her fuzzy paw over the soft dragon scales; the toilet slave smiled, blushing at the praise. "Hold on for just a second - I'm still feeling a little gassy, and I want you to sniff it all up~"

"I'd love to, goddess!" Freya quickly responded, her tail wagging as it had when she'd been eating the bunny's shit. Her dragon-slit was wet and needy, but she held back from touching it, knowing she wasn't supposed to do so unless given explicit permission.

"Before that…" The bunny held out her paw. "Hand me the toilet paper~"

Freya bit her lip; her happiness dimmed ever so slightly as she looked to her claws. She was holding a white bunny plush, one that was fairly beat-up but clearly well-loved. Its black eyes were a bit faded and scratched, its fur was short, and its ears were bent and wrinkly, but it was still quite beloved by her - she'd named the bunny Bunbun, and she'd had it for longer than she could remember. It was her first plushie… and now, it was her last. She'd used to have a collection of 40, but the bunny girl was not a fan of using normal toilet paper - no, Tulip preferred to either have her toilet lick her ass clean, or to use possessions belonging to her pet, belonging to Freya.

"Come on, darling. Don't make me wait~ I know you want to see it~"

The dragon gulped. She was going to miss Bunbun a lot, and this was going to be painful… but at the same time, the bunny's cruelty made her heart race. She found it insanely hot, just to imagine the bunny doing something as cruel as using her favorite plushie as toilet paper; she eventually handed Bunbun over with a heavy motion, and Tulip took the stuffed animal in her paws. "Thank you, darling~ What did you call this one?"

“That’s, um, Bunbun, m-mistress,” Freya responded, her wings folded, her expression worried and sad, but her tail still swayed behind her, showing her inner enthusiasm. “She was my first plush, I’ve had her since I was young. She’s… also the last one.”

“Oh, really? I hadn’t even noticed. Sounds like your tongue is going to be doing a lot more work~” The bunny turned her ass to the dragon, held Bunbun by the back of the head, and she shoved the plushie’s face between her dirty, slimy, shitty cheeks, pushing it in as deep as she could. She then slowly slid it up, little by little, pushing it right against her tail hole, moving its body through the incredibly disgusting space. The red dragon felt her heart racing faster and faster as she watched it all happen; Tulip was sparing not even a bit of her shit, making sure she got the most thorough cleaning she possibly could with the stuffie. “Ah, that feels so good~~” The bunny moaned out her words as she dug her teeth into her lip, closing her eyes in ecstasy; there was nothing better than precious items turned to toilet paper, especially ones as cute and fluffy as these. Bunbun felt amazing on her ass - so fuzzy and soft, and the white coloring made the plush so much fun to soil and stain.

Freya felt a great mix of sadness and lust at the sight of her favorite plush being ruined; it was so upsetting to see Bunbun being treated this way, but her lust for the bunny girl, especially for her ass and what lied beyond, filled her with pleasure at the sight. At least Bunbun would get to experience Tulip’s wonderful, voluptuous ass cheeks… before being permanently disposed of.

Tulip pulled Bunbun away, satisfied with her wiping. The plushie was streaked with slimy brown all over is fur, going from the tip of its ears down to its feet; it was entirely ruined, there was no way it could possibly be washed well enough to get all that off. “Aww, doesn’t she look so much cuter this way~? Just look at her little yarn smile~” Tulip giggled, holding Bunbun by the ears and moving it so that its legs hovered over the toilet bowl, and she let go, the plush quickly falling down into the toilet water, clouding it with brown as it absorbed water and sank into the drain. “You wanna say goodbye~?” The Lopunny asked Freya, putting her paw on the toilet’s silver handle.

Freya’s heart skipped a beat as she watched Bunbun fall into the toilet; she quickly scampered over to the bowl. Just a month ago, if she’d seen such a sight, she’d be fighting for Bunbun’s life, getting her out of the toilet and attacking Tulip with all her might, but she was a different person now. Tulip was not just her owner - the bunny was Freya’s goddess, the ruler of her life, someone much more valuable and important than she was; her only purpose now was to make the beloved, divine, perfect Lopunny as happy as possible, to be her entertainment and her plaything. If Freya’s owner wished to flush her favorite childhood plush down the toilet, she couldn’t stop her. “B-bye-bye, Bunbun,” she said, struggling to get the words out, but Tulip’s sadistic, lustful, and loving smirk made the dragon’s lips quiver in lust.

“Down goes the bunny rabbit~” Tulip pushed the handle, and with a loud *CLUNK*, the toilet quickly began to swirl the large plush around. It was flung in a large loop, circling the porcelain bowl as it quickly approached the center, the toilet making a great show out of the

plushie's disposal; in mere seconds, it was slurped up by the drain, its big, floppy ears the last thing Freya would ever see of it as it was flushed down. "Aaaand gone~"

Tears welled in Freya's eyes as she looked at the toilet; the water was refilling now, a few little glugs coming from the drain, as if the inanimate porcelain object was expressing satisfaction with its meal. "Aww, darling~" Tulip spoke, grabbing Freya's head and cuddling it into her soft stomach. "No need to be so sad. Now that your plushies are all gone, you can just cuddle with me instead~ I'm much better than Bunbun could've ever been - much more soft and much more warm than that used piece of toilet paper~"

"Mmm…" The red dragon blushed again as she snuggled against the bunny belly. "T-that's true…" she said, enjoying herself greatly. Tulip's body was the best for cuddles, especially when it involved her huge breasts or her fat ass.

"Now, we aren't done with the toilet quite yet - I have just one more thing for you~" The bunny reached into the fuz in her ear; it was so deep, she could store practically anything inside. It eliminated her need for pockets - she preferred being nude whenever she could. The bunny girl pulled out a brown color, one that matched her chocolatey fur, and she held it up to the dragon with a smile. "I figured it was about time we get rid of that old collar of yours - it's meaningless now, anyways~ So, I got you this new one, custom made~"

Freya gasped; she took the collar in her claws, smiling happily as she examined it. There was a hook to attach a leash hanging from it, as well as a small, silver circle. One side of the circle had a black swirl, one that matched the large swirl on Tulip's ears, and on the other side was a few words: "Freya the Toilet | Owned by Tulip".

"Oh my goodness!" Freya's smile grew; she jumped into a hug with the bunny girl, and Tulip happily returned the embrace. "Thank you so much, my goddess! This is amazing, I love it!!"

"You're welcome, toilet slave~ I figured it was about time you had something to wear so everyone knows what you really are and who you belong to~ Want to try it on?"

"Of course!!" Freya quickly reached up and unlicked her black collar. "Can you hold this one while I put the new one on?"

"Actually, let me put it on myself~" The bunny took the new, brown collar, tied it around Freya's neck, and clicked it into place. It was a perfect, comfortable fit; Freya couldn't have been happier. "Oh, thank you so much, mistress!"

"You're welcome, darling~ Now, how about we take care of the old one?" Tulip motioned towards the toilet.

“Sure, that’s fine~” Freya responded, not hesitating to walk over to the toilet and drop the collar inside. Before she’d been kidnapped by Tulip, she’d been in a relationship with another dragon, one by the name of Fyrre. She’d really loved Fyrre, honestly - the two of them made for a cute couple, and she’d grown very fond of him over time. However, now that she had Tulip, she couldn’t possibly imagine ever getting back into a relationship with her previous dragon boyfriend - he was so pathetic and foolish when compared to the majesty of Tulip. He couldn’t hold a candle to her splendor. Not to mention, his cock was small, and he was hardly hot at all.

This black collar, the one with the little golden heart, had been a gift from him; she’d worn it since she’d gotten it, almost never taking it off. But now that she’d gotten one from Tulip, a new collar from her new love, she wouldn’t hesitate to dispose of the old one. She wrapped her claws around the toilet’s handle and pulled it down, smiling as she watched the ensuing swirl quickly gobble up the worthless collar. Fyrre had put so much thought into that gift for her, and yet, Freya hadn’t hesitated to flush it down; Tulip’s influence was clearly growing on her. She chuckled to herself, her tail wagging, her slit aching with horniness. She’d never enjoyed the act of flushing something precious belonging to someone else down the toilet before, but now, she felt like it was one of the hottest things she’d ever done.

“Wow, I thought you would’ve hesitated at least a little there~” Tulip said, watching the collar disappear into the pipes. “Can you imagine how upset Fyrre would be if he had to watch that~?”

“Oh, I’d just love to see the look on his face~” The red dragon chuckled. “If only he was here, I’d have made him watch every moment of it~”

“It’s a good thing that you’re willing to let him go so easily - clearly, you’ve chosen your priorities well~” Tulip rubbed Freya’s head. “I’m far better than your pathetic boyfriend could ever be~”

“Mmm~ Agreed, my goddess. I love you~” Freya said, closing her eyes and letting out a little “murr” sound like that of a cat’s purr, showing her comfort.

“I love you too, darling~ Now, about my gassiness…” She suddenly grabbed the dragon’s head. “It’s time to play a little more~”

“Oh, yes, mistress!!” Freya grinned as the bunny girl forced the dragon’s head into the toilet, holding her under the toilet water, splashing liquid all over. The bunny kept her grip tight and sat down on the toilet seat, crossing her thighs and lightly squeezing the dragon’s neck, soon letting go of her head.

“Go ahead and breathe down there, if you’d like - it’s going to get much harder to breathe very, very soon~ I had a cute skunk girl for lunch today - I think my gas is going to be extra bad as a result~”

“Oh boy…” Freya murmured, her excitement peaking, her tail wagging as hard as it could. Her body laid on the tile floor, her head mostly submerged in cold toilet water, only her nostrils above the surface so she could breathe, though she was hardly getting any fresh air - no, all she was inhaling was the strong scent of Tulip’s ass, still quite dirty even after wiping with Bunbun. She was used to that scent; it did not disgust her. Rather, she loved it. And that scent was about to get so much worse… and she was going to love that, too.

Tulip’s puckered asshole twitched and pulsed, winking at the dragon; the space below the bunny ass was especially dark and insulated. The Lopunny had managed to make it practically air-tight; it was going to get smelly and hazy in there very quickly.

“Ready down there, toilet dragon~?”

“Yes, my goddess!” Already, the simple scent of Tulip’s body odor and the faint tinge of shit-smell from the waste hiding behind the bunny’s tail hole was making the dragon huff in horny excitement.

The bunny didn’t keep her waiting any longer. A loud fart suddenly billowed from her asshole, the lips spreading open to release the rush of putrid toxic gas. The hot air was aimed right at Freya’s head; she felt it rushing against her scales, steamy and humid, and it quickly filled the space of the toilet bowl. The smell was so terrible, it made Freya’s body shake, her whole system rejecting the scent entirely, but she still did her duty; she sniffed it up, as well as she could, letting the foul toxins fill her. It irritated her throat, made it feel scratchy and uncomfortable, and it burned her nostrils as though she’d snorted hot sauce or vinegar. She felt the urge to cough it back up, but she held it in, storing it in her lungs, not letting it escape. There was nothing more disrespectful to her goddess than coughing back up the wonderful gas she’d so happily bestowed on her.

Though, her lungs were certainly struggling to handle it - they’d been pumped full of the poisonous mist, and already, the dragon was struggling to breathe. All the fresh air down there was quickly being replaced by dirty, rancid, venomous gas. More farts rang out, each one more devastating than the last; Freya’s eyes watered, her breathing turned to heaving, she grew nauseous and dizzy, but still, she kept inhaling it all dutifully. Her lust only multiplied as her body struggled to cope. Her tail slammed into the tile floor, wagging so hard it worsened the cracking. By the sixth or seventh fart, she could swear she was able to see a visible haze of green and brown, like fog on a road, filling the toilet. She didn’t know if it was really there, or if her mind was just failing to work properly due to her incessant inhalation of toxic fumes, but it didn’t stop her from continuing. Not that she had a choice - there was no safe word in this relationship.

However, things took a turn at the tenth fart. Instead of a simple burst of gas, Tulip’s fart was much more wet, small bits of liquidy shit flying all over the porcelain and dotting Freya’s scales. She shivered from mixed disgust and delight; she looked to Tulip’s tail hole, using what little light was available, and watched as the lips stretched out, letting out a little *PRRRT* followed by a crowning log, sliding out with such speed that the dragon could barely even

register it. A slimy log of almond-brown splattered onto her head, breaking apart and dripping all over her scales, leaving hefty streaks of chunky brown in its wake. It was followed by a shower of what could only be described as diarrhea, as though Tulip had suffered from some terrible food poisoning; a waterfall of filthy shit, ranging from entirely solid to entirely liquid, graced the toilet slave, covering her entire head in brown, forcing her to close her eyes to avoid them getting hit.

"Ugh…" Tulip held her stomach; she didn't always have the best control over her system when it came to farting. She could force out as many farts as she wanted to, usually, but there was always a chance one of those farts would end with something much more solid rocketing out faster than she could stop. But, she didn't mind too much, especially not in this case - it was clear from the dragon's tail that she was enjoying this quite a lot. Tulip made no attempt to hold back the onslaught of shit; instead, she just kept going, turning the clear water to a murky brown and piling waste high in the porcelain gas chamber.

Freya felt like she was in paradise. She couldn't believe that, just a month ago, the very thought of being anywhere near the bunny girl's shit was repulsive. She was sure she'd developed an extreme case of Stockholm syndrome at this point, but she derived pleasure even from that fact - now, even the thought of falling in love with her malevolent kidnapper made her squirm with ecstasy. She wouldn't want things any other way.

Finally, the bunny girl's shitstorm ended, the last few bits of chocolatey liquid dripping down onto the solid dragon's snout. "Stay right there, toilet slave - I want to see how you look~" Tulip commanded, standing up and looking below her. Freya was in a miserable state - she looked like she'd had her head shoved in a porta potty, chunks of brown all over her head, piled high, practically burying her. If Tulip had continued any longer, she could've began to suffocate.

As light flooded in, the dragon was practically blinded, but even as her eyes adjusted, her vision was still blurry and hazy, like looking at something in the distance on a particularly sunny, hot, and humid day, but much worse. She felt like she was spinning in circles, despite being in one place. She was practically high on the bunny's gas, and she was loving it. She was addicted to this terrible sensation.

Tulip suddenly stomped her bare foot down on the dragon's head, smushing the shit all around her and shoving Freya's snout into the drain, submerging her whole head in the dirty toilet water. She then flushed, grabbing the handle and pushing it hard, making the filthy shit-water rise and spin all around the dragon's head, but not a bit of it went down into the drain. No, it just all blended and sloshed all over her scales, making her much more dirty and streaked than before, forcing her to endure a sudden spiral of liquidy and chunky shit. The water rose so high that her head was barely perceptible under the murk. Tulip laughed. "How cute~" She pulled her phone out of her ear-fluff and took a picture; Freya could hear the sound of the shutter snapping, though it was muffled by the water over her ears. "That's one of my favorite pictures of you~"

The dragon could hardly understand Tulip, but she did understand one thing: she was starting to drown. She lifted a claw and gently tapped the bunny on the ankle to let her know, and she got the message instantly. But she did not let Freya out. “Struggling to breathe down there~? Then open up your mouth and drink it up, like a good toilet slave~” She held her foot down firm; the dragon couldn’t have lifted her head back up if she’d tried.

The very thought of drinking this shitty slop made Freya feel like she was going to vomit and then black out… but for Tulip, she’d do anything. And if she didn’t, she was actually going to drown. She opened her mouth and quickly started gulping it down, the texture and thickness like that of a milkshake or a smoothie, but with small and big chunks that would suddenly fly down her throat before she could do a thing about them. The toilet water slowly lowered in level; it was like trying to chug hard alcohol, the bitter taste being rejected by her body, but she had no choice but to keep going, no matter how much it hurt. She slurped it all up until, finally, only the smallest little puddle sat in the drain, and she could breathe again. She inhaled the fresh air - or at least, as fresh as it could be, with her maw in the drain - and breathed a sigh of relief. “T-thank you, mistress,” she said, knowing the bunny always reacted well to gratitude, even when she was subjecting her servant to such horrible things.

“You’re welcome, shit slave~” The bunny flushed the toilet again, holding Freya’s head in, but this time, pulling it back just far enough that the water would properly swirl away. It made the dragon’s head spin, and it made her dignity feel like it was going down the drain just like her Bunbun had, but that was fitting for her - there was no dignity in the life Tulip had chosen for her, and she loved that. The cold water swept off a good amount of shit, but it wasn’t nearly enough to entirely clean her scales - honestly, she wasn’t sure if some of these streaks would ever fully disappear. Some of her scales were going to just be brown for the rest of her life at this rate.

Finally, Tulip took her foot away and let Freya pull her head all the way out of the toilet. The dragon shook her head, sending drops of toilet water flying all over, shaking off like a wet dog; that experience was nothing less than humiliating, degrading, and inhumane, but still, her heart was thumping and her pussy was dripping with lust. She looked to the bunny with a needy expression. “Mistress, is it possible that I could masturbate when we get back to the dorm room?”

The bunny shook her head; Freya’s expression drooped. “Not right away; first, I need you to find me my dinner for the night. Once you go out and bring back a student or two for me, after I’m done eating, I’ll fuck you while my meal digests~”

Freya perked up, her sadness dissipating immediately. Her eyes went right to the veiny, throbbing cock hanging between Tulip’s chocolate thighs. “Right away, mistress!! I’ll make sure to get you something amazing!”

“Now, now, before you go, we’re heading back to my dorm - you need to put on some clothes and wash off a little.” The bunny petted her on the head, not minding that it was still quite slimy. “You’ll have much more success that way~”

“Understood!” Freya responded.

“Good~” The bunny girl took her leash and latched it onto the dragon’s new collar, then lead her back to the dorm room. Tulip had a number of pets, though most of them didn’t live directly with her, at least, not at all times; Freya was the only current exception to this, but that was mostly because the bunny figured she’d either eat or flush the dragon before long, anyways. She’d even casually mention such a fact right in front of the toilet reptile, and Freya’s face would light up with a rosy blush, just at the very thought of how disposable and worthless Tulip considered her. For now, she slept in the tiny space under the bunny girl’s bed, and she was only allowed to sleep when her mistress was gone - otherwise, she needed to be alive and alert, ready to be used or played with at any time. Even when Tulip slept, Freya was constantly awake, sitting by her bedside, ready to act as the bunny’s toilet at any point she needed it, whether it be for an intense load of solid waste or a simple stream of golden urine.

Dragons didn’t exactly put on full outfits; it was commonplace for the flying reptiles to wear nothing at all, showing their privates in their full glory. However, at Misteria, there was a certain culture to be upheld - they had to wear at least *something*, otherwise, they were practically nude. For most, that simply meant a bit of jewelry; for Freya, that usually meant a necklace or two.

Though, as she looked at the fake-gold in front of her (of course, her *real* jewelry had all been swirled down the drain), she realized something. “Mistress, is my collar enough?”

“Oh, I hadn’t considered that~ Sure, darling~” Tulip responded.

“Great.” Freya quickly opened the dorm room door and grabbed a small drawstring bag, full of a few bottles of soda. These bottles were all mixed with a drug that would shrink someone down once drunk, making them much easier to capture. “I’ll be back as quick as I can, mistress!!”

“Don’t keep me waiting~” Tulip said, holding her cock and winking at the dragon; Freya’s lips quivered, shivers running through her scales as she stared at the precum dripping from the tip.

“I-I-I won’t, m-my g-goddess!” She said, quickly walking out before she completely broke down into a horny mess. She stared at the ground, her face bright-red, as she walked, even her red scales somehow glowing a much more vibrant hue than usual. It had taken a while for the bunny girl to decide Freya was trustworthy enough to go out on her own for little “hunts” like this one, but now that the dragon was so enraptured by the bunny, she could hardly even consider the idea of escaping.

As she walked through the dorm room halls, looking for unlucky victims who were leaving their dorms… she immediately came upon an incredibly surprising sight.

Standing right before her was a black dragon with golden eyes and a black collar with a cute golden bell hanging off of it. It jingled quietly as he walked, though now, he had stopped; he, too, was quite surprised by the sight he was seeing. He was about the same size as Freya was, clutching in his claws a stack of papers plastered with Freya's own face, and the text: "MISSING PERSON - PLEASE CONTACT IF YOU HAVE ANY INFO:" along with some contact information.

It was Fyrre.

"F-freya? Is that really you!?" The black dragon dropped the missing person posters, letting thems scatter to the ground as he suddenly leaped into a hug with his long-missing girlfriend. "Oh, I thought I was never going to see you again!! I missed you so much!"

Freya gulped; this was not a situation she'd been expecting to get into. She half-heartedly returned the hug and gave an awkward chuckle. "O-oh, um, Fyrre! Wow, I really didn't expect to see you here…"

"Likewise! I was just going around, door to door, asking people if they've seen you recently; some people did say they saw a red dragon here, but I just assumed it wasn't anything serious. What are you doing here? What happened to you?"

"Um…" She bit her lip; this was going to be rough. How could she possibly explain everything that had happened, from her kidnapping, to her development for feelings for her kidnapper? She had no plans to leave with Fyrre; honestly, it was probably best if she just cut out the middle man and break up with him now. Get it over with, and send him away so she could get on with her prey-catching duty. She could care less about his feelings, or about the time he'd spent searching for her - in her mind, Fyrre was no better than a pesky insect at this point. The love she'd once had for him had gone down the toilet, just as easily as the precious gift he gave her. "Fyrre, I…"

And then, she had a thought.

Her mistress needed prey… why skip out on the first victim she'd laid eyes on? Immediately, Freya imagined her goddess using poor Fyrre like a toy, eating him, digesting him right in front of her; it would be so hot to see her former boyfriend being treated like that~! But, honestly… it would be even better if she were to bully and abuse him much more, and give him the same fate as her Bunbun plush from earlier~ Already, she found her brain lighting up with pleasure and lust. The breakup could wait; it would be much sweeter this way.

"Fyrre, I… missed you so much!!" She immediately grabbed her bag and opened it from the back. "Come on, it's easier for me to just show you where I've been this whole time, rather than me explaining it. But first, could you drink this?" She held out a can of soda for her boyfriend.

Fyrre looked at the bright-red can with confusion; there was something clearly off about this. Ignoring how odd it was that Freya wanted to take Fyrre to wherever it was that she'd been for the past month, and the amount of questions her attitude posed, her asking him to drink a can of soda for literally no reason was bizarre. Still, though… "Well… this is kind of weird, but I trust you!" The black dragon said, before popping the tab off the soda can and immediately chugging it down, fast as he could, without stopping for a moment even despite the weird taste. "There, done!"

"Thank you~" Freya said, chuckling, her smile turning from one of happiness to one of sadistic glee. "Just give it one moment for the effect to take hold… and then you'll get a very close look at just where I've been~"

"What? The effect? Freya, what—" Before Fyrre could speak another word, he suddenly felt lightheaded. His head was beginning to spin; he felt a slight nausea in his stomach, and his muscles all grew extremely achey all at once. And suddenly… his surroundings began to grow much bigger around him.

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