

You smile, your stomach growling loudly. Eating Alduin has given you a craving for dragons. . . And now, you feel the need to satisfy that hungry.

You walk out to the nearest dragon burial mound, down at Lost Tongue Pass. If your hunch is correct, there should be a dragon still there--and once he is defeated, others will come to try and best you. Thus, you will get a feast.

You walk up to the pass, and sure enough, a dragon sits on top of a Word Wall--he has been gathering his strength, and was waiting for you. The beast roars. "Dragonborn!" he exclaims. "I will best you!"

"We shall see," you reply, smirking. Then, you strike.

You unleash your shout, and scream, "GOL HAH DOV!" The Bend Will shout hits its target precisely, slamming into the dragon. His eyes immediately glaze over, and though you can see he is trying to resist, you know you are too strong for him to break free.

"What do you want, master?" the beast asks.

You smirk. "Feed yourself to me, dragon. I am very hungry."

"Very well."

The dragon comes forward, twitching as he tries to resist your command, but unable to do so. Soon his head is just an inch away from yours. You smile, open your mouth wide, and shove his face inside your hungry maw.

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End of preview. To read the rest of this mass vore story, become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/tastyace> .