

Firstly, thank you, Litle, for the request! You've always been a bit of an inspiration for me, and I hope I can impress you with this.

Litle is an artist who specializes in "bad endings"- typically death, loss of a soul, maiming, etc etc, that sort of thing. So, naturally, most of his things come in a rapey package with plenty of things in between that make wonderful pieces.

This story will feature his character, Litle, being sacrificed. So, I warn you now- **this is a piece about hardcore fetishes, involving themes such as gore, mutilation, death, etc. I highly encourage you to NOT READ THIS if you are NOT into these themes.**

You can find him and his amazing work over on twitter at:
<https://twitter.com/VermillionTrim?s=09>

Even if you aren't into his themes, he still does great art overall, and I highly encourage giving him a looksie- see if you like his style, maybe toss a coin his way, yeah?

That being said, allow me to tell you about Litle. Litle is, as his username implies, a Litle red dragon, standing at about . He has J shaped horns, though with a boxy look towards the base as it's more curled and contoured, though, still short. He has orange messy hair, along with dark green eyes and dark green insides. I'm bad at describing other people's characters, so take a look at his tweeted reference here for a good grasp: <https://twitter.com/VermillionTrim/status/1253929507636953088/photo/1>

With that, please enjoy this fic- you've been warned, there's some extreme content within!

Don't focus on describing, focus on what's happening and describe it based on actions.

Litle's footsteps sounded with a quiet wet thump, resonating off the stone walls and floors. Around him, the sleek walls of a cave echoed back, bouncing off every little noise he made, from his breaths to the quiet rustling of his scales as he shambled along.

Squishing up against the walls to avoid a putrid stream of foul-smelling water, where various beetles squirmed away to avoid being crushed underfoot. Heaving his way up along a small stony wall, he found himself staring directly at a runed stone door- no handles in sight. Bringing himself up to his full height, scaling over the wall and standing up to it, he pressed his hand against the door, and, to his surprise, it dropped straight down with a boom, the masonry ahead of him lit up, purple torches burning bright. Another stone door was at the end of the hallway, albeit this one did not have runes along it.

Taking a step forward, Litle glanced around the overall door frame, fully committing to his step after a moment. He looked around a few more times before taking one more step forwards, coming to a stand still. He then threw his legs apart- the stone tile below him shifting downwards, causing the roof directly in front of him to fall open like a loose hatch- a metallic cage came banging down against the ground, humming as electricity coursed down along its chain.

Litle blinked a few times, taking the chance to poke a finger against the cage that landed in front of him rather than around him, only to sharply pull his finger back- pain arched through his arm for a flash before vanishing. Tucking his finger away in his mouth, he slid his back against the wall, slowly moving along it to avoid touching the cage. Clearing it after a few long seconds, he stepped back along the center of the hallway, having only a few feet between him and the door. He glanced over the floor, before moving forwards again. He moved slowly, watching every step he took- double checking each tile for any possible shifts.

A few more steps, the roof overhead drifted down a stream of dirt above him, letting off a slight quake. He held completely still, carefully wiggling his feet to feel the stones below them, only to find both were solid as can be. Sighing, he approached the next door, pressing his hand up against it. Another boom echoed as it dropped down into the floor, revealing a clearing of purple torches. A rotunda of sorts, splitting off into several different hallways, counting off at least eight different paths. In the center was a large metallic grate, leading off into inky darkness, from it, a purplish smoke drifted upwards, the distant sound of slimy gushes could be heard. Litle stepped out into the open space, pausing for a second, before moving over to the grate and leaning over it, peering in.

The door behind him shot up, resealing itself with another boom, making him stagger backwards, staring at the purplish air flowing upwards into the room. Silence followed, the sound of his breath the only thing to show signs of life. He listened intently- the sounds from the grate had ceased, leaving him alone. He pushed himself up, glancing around the different hallways, choosing to go down the one furthest on the right.

Pushing onwards, he slipped into the passageway, moving along while glancing left to right. Gliding over stones of various shapes and sizes- shackles hung from the walls, slick with a mixture of purple ichor and dried up blood. He walked onwards, when a glob of dark purple liquid dripped onto his nose, prompting him to slide away from the wall, wiping his nose of it as he turned himself around. He looked up after having wrestled off the liquid, staring down the hallway he mostly cleared, staring into inky blackness, excluding a pair of glowing reptilian eyes, entranced in a violet hue. A mist essence flickered off of them, the telltale mist of moist breaths billowed from the shadows. It held idle, staring down Litle.

Litle stared back, his heart beating against his chest. The eyes gazed back, seemingly drilling into his head- entrancing him to come closer, investigate, lose himself in its gaze. Each of the breaths the eyes made, the glow became slightly brighter, the reptilian pupils became more and more alien, shifting, perplexing. Litle broke the stare, feeling himself almost take a step forwards- he shook his head, staggering backwards. Torches close to the eyes blew out, the pair grew closer.

He hastened, only causing him to fall to the ground, setting off another trap- shackles hardly a few inches overhead broke forth from the wall, snapping together at what would've been ankle-height, before tilting forwards- directing whatever they might have caught down to the ground, where a stone block fell with a heavy thud. Litle watched as the shackles then fell against his legs limply. He scrambled backwards against the block, throwing the ancient cuffs to the side as he pushed himself up. The eyes had taken out two more torches, growing closer.

Litle turned and ran down the hall- heart pounding in his ears. Booming footsteps followed behind him, matching his pace along the slick stone floors. The hallway concluded with a T section, the left leading down a curved hallway, and the right leading down a hallway with several doors, though, the end was black, the torches snuffed out. Litle looked down both the hallways, hearing the thudding footsteps stop, then very slowly continue.

Taking a breath, he took a right, heading towards the numerous doors. There were four along either side in a jagged formation, at least, visible to him. Moving forwards, he observed that each door had a different rune-marker on it, and that in the darkness ahead of him was the shadow of a pedestal. He glanced over his shoulder- what was once a rounded hallway was now pitch black, the eyes taking its places as it stared at him, staying still.

Litle looked towards the pedestal, moving up to the corner of the darkness and peering within it. The shadows shifted ahead of him, before suddenly peeling away like some sort of show curtain, revealing the ornate pedestal in all of its glory. It was plated in solid gold, atop of

it was a carved statue of himself, made out of pure ruby, carnelian*, and emeralds, posing mightily. *note: carnelian is an orange gemstone.

He reached a hand forwards instinctively, before pulling it back. He thought for a moment- before suddenly mustering up a sneeze, making him thrust his upper body forwards as he let it out, though, he righted himself right after a metallic ching sounded, coming forth from the shadows a metallic cage, clasp around the space he had somewhat leaned into- the pedestal no longer present, nor the stature. He stepped back, looking backwards towards the hanging set of eyes- noting that it still remained in place.

He looked at the doors on either side, neglecting to look into the eyes any further than he had already. He looked to the left, pressing his palm into the door closest to him, watching it fall open with a thud. He glanced to the eyes, watching as it sauntered forwards, taking up the first two doors with shadows crawling along the torches, taking out the light, licking at the corners of the next set. He peered into the room, darkness stared back. Planting a foot firmly in the doorway, and a claw along the wall, he outstretched his other foot, kicking in the air- before trying to set it down.

He sunk to his haunches, feeling only air meet him- before a slimy mass crazed underfoot. He moved his leg back, and overall moved back, a deafening wave of squishing, squirming, and gushing noises soon followed, enveloping the overall room, converting the air to a near tropical level of hot and humid. He looked to the eyes, a humored look was plastered over them. He glanced back to the doorway, before looking back at the eyes.

His ears thudded with his pulse, his mind raced- making his breathing quicken. He spoke quietly, sounding meek with a hoarse voice, fear crawled along every tone he made.

“What do you want from me..?”

No response came, only the humored gaze returned, before hardening back up, staring back, making Litle look away again. The room was still flush with the sound of some sort of writhing mass, leaving only five other doors to choose from. He took a cautious step forwards, towards the eyes- before moving his other leg up next to it. He took another drawn out step, then another. He made himself as small as possible in his own scales, crouching down even, the gaze watched him as he made his way to the two doors closest to it, though he never stepped directly into the shadows.

A gush of moist air billowed over him, heat radiated from within the crawling darkness. The eyes glared down, obscured somewhat. He got lower, crouching down as low as he could as

he reached a trembling hand towards the right-side door, pressing up against it. The eyes were unmoving, watching his every movement.

The door didn't budge. He pressed his palm against it twice more. Looking upwards, watching as shadows licked along the edges of the doorframe, threatening to swallow him whole.

He slowly rose up, pressing along the door still. The heated mass only stared as it watched him. A cold sensation ran along his spine as he found the door's rune, pressing up against it, causing the door to drop open, revealing darkness. Little quickly ducked backwards, the eyes taking a single, heavy step forwards, the shadows following along, obscuring the door and the next set of torches. Four doors remained.

Another hot billow of air rushed over Little's body, the air becoming thin. He looked over his options- the lone left door was marked with what looked to be a shape of some sort of large snake, with purple veins running along its body. The door to his immediate right was a set of what appeared to be claws, unsheathed and primed. The last door was marked with a serpent's head, though, this serpent had a set of seven fangs, three tongues, and eight eyes. Glancing over his options, he looked into the only open door, the one with the squishing sounds coming from it.

He looked to the eyes- they still were unblinking and unmoving, though, they burned with impatience, the mist it pushed out was sucked in eagerly, drinking in the air. A hunger crawled along the edges of its gaze. Little looked away as he shifted in place, shifting his balance- outright losing it for a moment as he wobbled into the open doorway, catching himself against it.

The eyes flickered, suddenly taking a heavy step forwards, a low guttural growl boomed from within it, shadows beginning to swallow the hallway. Little parted his mouth in a short scream, pushing himself off the wall and into the writhing noises somewhat to his side, sinking into the shadows.

Smooth slimy tendrils gripped about his body, wrapping around him eagerly and choking the air full of a bitter smell. It wriggled along him, etching an ooze under his scales as it wrapped around his arms and legs, coiling around his neck and head- forcing his jaws open to drink in the air.

And with a metallic clang, he felt air rush past him as he was thrust upwards, darkness flashing away to purple-torch light as he found the stone tiling below him again,

coughing from the impact of being thrown down. Looking upwards, he watched as dark purple tendrils shrunk away into a square pit- where a nearby grate lied. He was back in the rotunda, though, the right-most hallway this time was completely blackened. Two distant purple orbs wiggled in the darkness, only offering a moment for Litle to discover that they were getting closer. The sound followed suit, heavy steps thundered along the walls, heavy breathing clawed its way free- it had not given up on the chase yet.

With no time to lose, Litle chose the middle-most hallway and dashed down it- the torches flickered as he passed by, the rotunda behind him falling dark once again- though, the steps behind him remained consistent, if not rushed. Staggering, the Dragon managed to avoid another shackle trap sprung from the walls, snapping in the air just behind him. Having little time to tarry, he pushed on, coming to a familiar T intersection. This time, both of the halls curved off, numerous doors layered on either side.

Sneaking a glance behind him, the eyes had only just entered the hallway a few feet- it stared at him with a burning hate. Wisps of air billowed out from it as the torches snuffed out one by one, vibrations cut through the air- its weight alone enough to cause a quake if it so desired. Litle turned, looking down both Hallways before dashing down the left one, slipping past door after door as the Hallway curled off.

The darkness wasn't able to completely keep up with him, its steps sounding off the walls- along with a billowing roar. Litle kept moving, sneaking a glance at every door he passed, looking for an exit. In his sprint, he caught something ahead- an open door, and coming from it was a pure white light, along with what seemed to be shimmering.

He skidded to a halt in front of it, peering in- his jaw falling agape. Inside was a massive golden altar- a flat bed made of gold with a massive serpent statue overhead, also plated in gold. It had purple soul-gems for eyes, and it bore two golden fangs, hanging downwards like scythes. Litle's eyes then were drawn to what was on the altar- an ornate statue of a multi-armed serpent, it was small, easy enough to hold. It had gold all over it, with a wide variety of gems splattered all over- ranging from diamonds to sapphires. It let off a subtle golden glow. The overall room itself was decorated in yellow bricks, with mountains of gold laying undisturbed behind it.

Litle couldn't pass up this chance- he was still fairly ahead of the eyes. He strolled in, directly approaching up to the altar, where the door thunked shut behind him. He paid it no mind, knowing full well how to open it back up. Hurriedly, he snatched the statue off the altar, grabbing it about its base with one hand. He doubled back, going straight to the door and pushing his palm up against it.

Nothing happened. It gave off a ka-chunk, lowering down an inch, holding steady. Litle mashed his palm up against it again, and again. Another inch, another- the roof then swung open, barely missing Litle's head as the metallic cage slammed down around him, clicking as it locked in place.

His hand was, luckily, close to his body when it happened. The sudden tightness forced him back into the center- only to realize that the only way out was either by a key, having immense strength, or digging straight down. He had none of those options available to him. He opted to press a hand against the metal- seizing up in place as a painful jolt coursed through his veins, forcing him down to the ground as his hand broke contact, the golden statue falling with a metallic clang.

It dissipated to dust, a shadowy wisp followed suit, curling about Litle's nose before crawling out into the air. Litle looked around frantically- now he really had nothing to show for his efforts. He pushed against the ground, meekly standing up and working his hands together, rubbing away some of the burning sensation left over. The sound of thunderous footsteps was growing louder by the second.

He could see over the door slightly, lights being snuffed out just down the hall, the telltale sign of a subtle glow- the eyes, it was still hot on his trail. Panic surged through his body, prancing about the cage, looking for any weakness in its design. The steps grew louder, its dense breathing audible now, the lights began to flicker, beginning to snuff themselves out.

In a panic, Litle unleashed his breath, billowing fire against the bar's of his cage- to no avail. It could take him over an hour to superheat it to the point of breaking free. His heart pounded in his ears- the lights completely snuffing out, leaving him in total darkness.

Heavy steps thudded closer and closer, coming to a halt just out the door. A rush of hot air flowed over the half-closed door, flowing down against Litle, the quiet crackling of electricity responded from the cage. A few seconds of silence ensued, Litle's heart was beating against his ears, drowning out the sound of electricity. His breathing hitched, the door began to grind itself open, sliding down slowly. The eyes rose over the darkness, barred by the cage.

Litle heard it place a foot along the door, applying its weight to force it down full, a resounding boom came forth, shaking the ground. Two more heavy steps, and the eyes leaned forwards, the breath of the beast spewed forth over Litle, smelling of rotten flesh. The sickening sound of bending metal scraped against Litle's ears, forcing him to cover his head as

the metal screamed- the being completely unphased by the shocks- revealing to Litle in small flashes of blue light two scaled hands, adorned with black claws oozing in purple ichtor. The breaths became heavier, a low guttural laughter began to rumble into Litle's skull, the metallic sound stopped.

Litle felt warmth invade his cell, before suddenly surging forwards, grabbing him about his neck. The grip was like solid steel, adorned with jagged, rough scales- the claws he had seen pinched inwards about Litle's neck, making the Dragon squirm, gasping out in protest as he felt the ichtor rush into his veins. His muscles relaxed about his neck, spreading up into his head and down into his heart, where it began to drum to the tainted beat. Paralysis dug its way into his muscles, snuffing out what resistance he could offer.

His limbs lowered, his head slumped- drooling against himself as his tongue lolled out. The only parts of him still functional were his organs, involuntarily continuing despite the pressure to halt. The claws eased off his neck, before sharply tugging him towards the cage wall, pulling him free in one swift movement. Hot breaths ran over his chest, warmth radiated from unseen scales and flesh, the gushing sound of moving muscle sounded, as coarse muscle then licked its way up along Litle's body, smearing it in burning saliva.

The purple eyes stared into his, never breaking contact as the massive body kicked aside the cage, carrying Litle back into the room, moving up to the center of the room- where the altar was. It crudely tossed him onto it, the cold metal greeting his limp scales as the beast worked under the altar, producing the telltale jingle of shackles, strapping him against it.

Beastial laughter returned as it stepped over the table with ease, slamming its hands down against Litle's entrapped hands, its body overshadowing his in the darkness. A thick, slimy sensation ran along Litle's body, the shape becoming more and more distinct as it rubbed against his belly- it was the creature's dick. Tapered from the feeling of it, but textured with emphasized veins and muscles, pulsating out globs of vile liquid, rubbing it off along Litle's torso, smearing against him the warmth and subtle stickiness of it all. The bitter smell of musk barraged Litle's nose, forcing him to gag, all the more enjoyment for the beast.

Litle's head was forcibly turned upwards by one of the meaty hands, watching as the beast's jaw parted, revealing a glowing purple maw and tongue. Crocodilian in shape, it was lined with various fangs, draped in glowing purple saliva. Oozing slobber all along the Dragon's face and neck, forcing him to taste the liquid form of pure taint. He couldn't cough, only subtly flinch, feeling the globs of drool crawl down his throat, clogging up his airways.

It exhaled its foul-smelling breath over him, coarsely grinding against his body a bit rougher, until it moved a hand back, lining up the tapered tip directly against Litle's rear, smearing a mixture of slime and ooze against him- invading him with warmth. Litle wanted to scream out, though all that came out were tears, the beast gave one gargantuan thrust forwards, cramming its length completely in. Pain ripped through Litle's body, feeling his scales and insides alike tear to accommodate the sizable prick, pulsating with sheer weight- there wasn't a chance to relax around it, only the ripping of his entrance.

The beast let out a rumbling low groan, a fresh wave of hot air burned down Litle's nose as he cried in silence. It gave a sharp tug backwards, pulling fully out- leaving only the very tip against him before slamming forwards again, Litle's body rocked against the altar, the world shook in his eyes. The glowing maw about sunk downwards, claspings against Litle's head- filling his vision with the visage of a pulsating throat, sharp fangs digging under his scales as it bit down, locking its prey in.

It persisted with its savage thrusts, mercilessly pulling and pushing, every shuddering rock dragged the beast's fangs along Litle's head- making his thoughts blur out as he felt his own blood splurt out into the creature's jaws, let alone, the bleeding coming from its treatment. He watched as the tongue lathered itself along his head, a subtle purple mist beginning to build in the back of its throat. Its warm body hung low over his, powerful hips pumping back and forth, Litle's body began to enter a state of shock, dulling out his senses as his face rattled with the creature's growls.

The mist grew denser, slowly coming to realize as a constant flow- pulling off from Litle's face. It clicked in his head as the mist formed into a persistent flow, going down the creature's throat. His body began to feel drained, exhausted- not just from the shock or the extensive damage, but because his very life essence was being devoured before his eyes. A sharp snap sounded as the creature moved a hand to Litle's left arm, crushing it under its weight- the drained adopted fleck of green within it, optimized completely now.

Litle's body became completely unresponsive, numbed to the world. He was merely a spectator to the pressure barraging against his lower body. He could feel his breaths becoming increasingly strained, warm liquid pumping out from his jaw- his tears unfelt and crawling down the sides of his head. He lost all sense of hearing, only able to watch as the beast tightened its jaw around his head, feverishly pumping into him as it twisted cruelly, threatening to snap off his neck right then and there- but it refused to do so, concluding its train of abuse by hiltling himself completely, its massive size trembling as it pumped a warming sensation back into Litle's body, swelling up in his chest.

It slowly pulled out as it orgasmed, careless for it. Pulling out completely in a few short seconds, rubbing it's still-throbbing prick along Litle's chest, marking him up with its plentiful spouts of cum. The vortex of life-force in its throat began to wain, Litle's vision becoming duller- the colors becoming darker and less pronounced. He felt his head be released, the maw of the beast pulling back, snapping closed as wisps of energy drooled off where its shadowed lips would be, its sheer weight climbing off of him and to the side.

Litle's body felt mangled- in a numb sense. Unmoving from a mixture of paralysis and utter abuse. The torchlight flickered back on, though, the beast was out of sight. His hearing missing, he watched as the golden jaws above twitched, becoming loose. Its purple gemmed eyes glowed. Suddenly, the four corners of the altar folded up like a makeshift box, pinning Litle in all the more. The jaws lurched again, fangs poised as it then dropped down.

The world shattered seemingly as vibrations coursed through Litle's body, watching as the two golden fangs slammed down into the table, the jaw sticking on his chest- feeling the two blades puncturing straight through his body, shredding apart what few insides he had left. Darkness curled into his vision as he coughed out a gout of blood, the walls the altar had erected began to crawl inwards, dragging shackles and Litle's body alike towards the center. He could only spectate as the shackle's tore at his hands, before outright ripping off- taking with it the scales along his hands, the same could be said for his feet. He felt his body scrunch up unnaturally, the walls persisting as the Serpent's head rose up, drawing up its bloodied fangs, leaving two colossal holes in Litle's chest.

The walls continued, forcing Litle's head up slightly as he began to feel his bones tense up, before beginning to snap like twigs. He was being compressed more and more, but instead of gore and blood erupting from his body, it began to break down into a purple essence. Shattered bones and scales liquidated, breaking down into the purplish ooze. His limbs faded from what little feeling he had left, his maw and body becoming drowned in the purple liquid, the walls persisting- his vision finally disappearing as he felt the pressure collapse in around his skull, ending him.

The Dragon was converted into a purplish soul-goop. The beast approached the altar, staring into the freshly-made liquid. It dipped a hand in, bringing it up to his lips as he drank down a handful. It gave a sneer, before kicking under the altar. The pipework hummed, the chutes the Fangs previously poked open now hang ajar, draining away the ichtor.

The essence will be most appeasing, both to The Mad Serpent and the cult. The beast gave a little laugh, moving out of the room to return back to its duties. There will be more foolish creatures to come, and more spoils to be had.

Fin.