As it turns out, it's deceptively easy to step in your own snare trap.

"Rats, rats, rats, *rats!"* Purrscilla hisses, panicked, beneath her breath. Cat claws unsheathe as she flexes her paws. But it's in vain. Her trap was meant for something much larger. What was built for a monster's foot effortlessly wrapped around her whole body, lifting her up into the air—pinning her arms and constricting her belly. A Palico pinata: right in the middle of the crisp Winter wood.

"I *hear* it! It's getting closer! No, no, no…" Legs kick as her black-furred face spins around. Green eyes search for an overlooked detail. A particularly pointy branch, a fray in the rope, *anything* that might help her escape the *thing* that shakes the earth.

The monster.

Dread piles on as distant trees shake. Frost falls, tinkling like shattered crystal. Pine needles atop the forest floor bounce with a behemoth's distant steps. Purrscilla's tail lashes with her growing anxiety. And her struggles reignite. Thrashing like a worm on the end of a fish hook, she swings. A feline pendulum that mrowls in fright.

"I *swear* you jerks better get back here *right mrow!"* Her screaming voice tears her throat. "Where the hell are you!? Quit hiding! You're the hunters! Distract the beast! *Kill itttt!"*

Red eyes glow behind the frosty fog.

Twin crescents of flame flare from behind.

A smell like gasoline pierces Perrscilla's dainty nose.

And snow crunches as the monster's scaly form crawls from the mist.

"Valstrax!" She yelps. "It's here! Our mark! Kill it, kill it, kill i-i-itttt!"

It's bigger than she could ever imagine.

The growing shadow solidifies into a right-and-true goliath. The reports were true—it's bigger than a barn. Red pupil and blue sclera, it's eye is as big as her head. Its head is as large as a house. Its body rivals a small fort. Snow speckles on her face as she gazes slack-jawed at the beast. All while falling cinders flutter down like rose petals, burning holes in the snow.

The black-scaled dragon breaks through the fog. And as it does so, it retracts its wings of fire, bringing them close to its body as they die to a dim red glow. A sleek, triangular head keeps low to the ground—the monster creeping like a stalking cat. The top of its face ends in a hook, like that of a hawk. But Priscilla is chilled when her kitty-kat eyes glimpse the insides. And it's nothing like a bird's. Deep and red, lined with fangs as long as a finger—and sharper than knives.

And it brings its head right. Towards. Her.

Mere feet away, the pools of her eyes become inkblots with the Valstrax's reflection. She hears the grinding of its scales as they shift with its stretching neck. Draconic eyes sear into her soul as they stare. And Purrscilla squints back, too afraid to widen her eyes lest its full visage gives her a heart attack.

In them: curiosity. Or something akin to it. Its thin nostrils blow steam and suck in snow, manifesting a wind that nearly sucks the fur of her skin. And seconds later, it huffs out her scent with a churring growl. All the Palico can do in response is whimper, utterly vulnerable as the beast's head drifts around her—inspecting.

It… it doesn't see me as a snack, at least… Purrscilla stammers in thoughts, thighs pressed as she tries to not piss herself. *If I was food, it would've eaten me! Not make that weird warbly noise…*

The sight of its eyes is starting to make Purrscilla feel queasy. *T-t-there's something in there…* She stammers. *Something I **really** don't like…*

Promptly, she wills herself to look away. But not without difficulty. It's like her eyes are magnetized to the Valstrax's own. Her gaze drifts down to its chin—and it's slightly-parted mouth.

It isn't slobbering! Good, good! But t-those teeth! They're like swords! And… a-and… oh no…

Her eyes go wide.

That isn't…! It can't…!

The Palico's eyes lock onto the pool within the beast's maw. Keen cat eyes see past the dim murkiness, rendering the slobbery insides crystal-clear. Floating around beside its tongue, near its fangs, is the remains of crunched scales. Once-immaculate, it's now sogged beyond recognition—for anyone but Purrscilla. She'd recognize that shade of blue anywhere. It's the hide of an Azure Rathalos—a giant wyvern-like monstrosity. And she'd seen only one person wear a suit from its hide.

Minerva. Her hunter partner.

She notices more. A scrap of brown fur. Then—white. A speck of bone. A chipped tooth? No! Bone armor. *S-sylvius!* He and his Palico… oh Heavens! *Meowlnir had brown fur!*

This thing *ate* her—

The Valstrax is churring again. Purrscilla doesn't realize how hard she is breathing until her thoughts are snapped away. Her breathing stills, frozen as her chest *vibrates* from the deep bass pulses bubbling from the beast's throat.

And the monster nudges her with its snout—*affectionately.*

At once, the true horror is revealed. A memory unearthed, Purrscila's face twists in horror. She remembers: her perfume. The stuff she bought from that shady merchant? It is supposed to *protect* her from Valstrax. But she never asked…

…What was in it?

The dread dragon makes another noise. And its mouth opens. Not at her—but the rope above. It's looking to tear her free. Slobber drips, its heat scalding in the cold. It dribbles across her face and runs down her body. Just as it starts dripping off her feet, the Valstrax's fangs snip the rope. She lands with a vicious splash, the soft snow breaking her fall.

"Brrr…" Purrscilla shivers. The creature's warm drool quickly chills. And the cat is forced to slowly open her eyes, lest they be frozen shut. The sting of bright light never comes. She expects to see her vision be gobbled by the valstrax's inquisitive head. And she'd never be more right—and wrong. Purrscilla *does* see a head: a very certain head that has no face.

Eyes widen as her heart stops. Above her is not the forest's frozen canopy. The sky is as black as coal. Misty light shines across the scaly roof, letting the Valstrax's belly scales demonstrate their luster. To her right and left—claws. Paws of the beast: buried deep in the snow.

None of this worries her as much as what bobs feet away, straight ahead.

It's the monster's cock.

Red as fire, large enough to crush a horse—a thick, girthy dragon cock burns the air with its noxious smell. Its musk hits the instant she recognizes what it is. Paws fly to

her throat, clutching hard as she retches violently. Spit flings into the snow from her open mouth. And her tongue recoils from contact with the air. It tastes *abominable.* Like the dick itself is corrupting the world around it. The Palico can feel her tongue practically *sizzle* from the salty flavor of the Valstrax's never-washed member—despite never making contact. And whitish fluid already leaks from the tip, dribbling down in fat globby beads.

Purrscilla, sitting in the snow, immediately tries to shuffle backwards. Numb arms drag her through the fluffy white, leaving a ditch in the snow where her body once was. But her arms are weak, still asleep from the hours in the tree. And she gets nowhere before the mighty beast rumbles with an unabashed growl of lust—and crawls forward.

The temperature goes from freezing to warm as the Valstrax shoves his cock forward. One half of Purrscilla's body burns hot as his cock barrels her over, slamming her to the ground as the disgusting thing hovers overhead. Instantly, she's soiled by his precum. Stuck in a daze, her mind recoils as she processes the chain of events—notably the *horrid* sensation of its spongy piss slit smearing against her chest at the point of contact.

"B-back away!" Her words spurt from her lips, ill-formed with her fear. "What are you planning to do to me!? I don't want to die!"

She watches the Valstrax's hips shake with vile fascination. THey twist with ill-contained lust, bobbing in the air with a subtle hump. Gathering energy causes its movements to be twitchy, unable to sit still as Valstrax continues to take deep huffs of the air.

…Of her perfume.

“I-it… I-i-tt-t…” Pursscilla chatters, “it had pheromones in it! ***That’s*** why the thing doesn’t want to eat me! It doesn’t think of me as food… it… he… thinks I’m a potential ***mate!”***

Any semblance of sunlight blots out as the monster’s hips approach the ground. Purrscilla tries to get away. But the beast’s body falls far too quickly for her to move but a couple of feet. His hard cock pounds her to the ground, pinned beneath its engorged base. The Valstrax’s claws curl, digging ruts as its spine curves and wings stretch. Whatever lustful haze that’s plaguing its mind gives no space for rational thought. Purrscilla is a mate. Something to breed, to rut. And no quarter will be given just because she’s tiny.

Purrscilla screams with the first of the beast’s thrusts. Its fire-hot cock burns to touch. And it cuts through the snow like butter. Glued onto it with precum adhesive, the Palico screeches for help as the beast lets out a satisfied sigh.

“Please! Anyone!” Baking spooge dribbles over her face and pools in her mouth. “Help me! *Help me-ee-ee!!”*

The Sky Comet Dragon bucks as an animal in heat. It thinks only to serve its base, primal desire. And the mating of such a huge creature is violent for anything smaller. By sheer fortune, Purrscilla isn’t grinded to dust. She’s only crushed and smeared, squealing in painful humiliation. The glimpses she gets of the outside world are blurry with speed. The monster humps slowly at the start. But its great size means that it closes yards even with its leisurely pace. If there wasn’t only snow beneath her, she would’ve ended up like a bug beneath a rolling pin.

Instead, she survives. Friction slowly drags her up, away from the cock's base. Her sensitive cat nose sniffs out the gradual decrease in the smell of its ass and horrible taint. Instead, the salty reek of its spooge magnifies. Fresh ooze dribbles, keeping her toasty and warm in her slimy cocoon of seed. It smears along its shaft, soaking into the watery trench his rutting has dug—making it feel like webby, eel-infested waters.

But Purrscilla's will doesn't die. In fact, her desire to live burns brighter. Bludgeoning and burning, she claws for escape from the sizzling heat and cruel bludgeoning. Her back grinding against the snow, she drags her belly up the curve of its cock. She senses every little change affecting the revolting thing. She feels when it twitches, *begging* to spurt ropes upon ropes of seed. But it's snuffed by a counter-twitch, shoving the Valstrax's approaching orgasm deep into its core. Yet, she can still sense it squeeze out more of its sticky pre.

She's almost free. No longer grinding upon the earth, she clings for dear life on its punching cock. The Valstrax grunts and groans, its voice noticeably higher as it holds off the climax from its minutes of humping. And Purrscilla, practically drowning in a protein waterfall, makes a daring ascent for shelter.

Purrfect. For a disaster.

She realizes it too late. She intended to climb up and vault off. But she realizes with horror where she has climbed. The flesh is spongy. Wet. Utterly flooding with cum. She's staring right into his urethra. Wide as it leaks it sticky fluids, she gazes right down the depths of that dick. Inside, everything pulses. Everything moves. Nothing is still, stable, or dry. And with an errant push, the Valstrax shoves her inside with a buck like any other.

He doesn't notice. She's too small. He's too horny. He's in the final stretch of his "mating" anyhow. So, he keeps up the pace. His posture shifts as he his footing fails: a sex-addled mind unable to keep a steady stance. And as his bottom bucks and tail slaps the earth, a very scared kitty gargles thick, chewy dragon cum.

Pressed right into its gullet, his cock roughly chews her with its convulsions. She yelps in pain, body grinding against the walls that aim to smash her into goo.

And they succeed.

Each convulsion kneads acids into her coat. She drips liquified cat: a gluey tangle of milky Palico and liquefied fur. It's her colors too: like oil, pooling and sticking to the internal sides of the Valstrax's cock after the meat pulls away from its smearing.

Purrscilla feels the world moving with the violent humps of the dragon. But worse yet, she feels herself slowly pushed forward by the twisted *swallowing* of the Valstrax's cock.

And there's nothing she can do to stop it. All hope was lost the moment she passed through its dick. She's barely a blockage. Easily gulped, fluids spurt around her as she fights for the brief grace of air. And what she finds rots her soul. The air is sour, tainted, and utterly unbreathable with moisture and musk. She vomits cum from her once-empty belly. And is promptly smashed face-first right back into it. Unable to speak, she begs for mercy in her mind.

But finds none. Only that the pulses in its cock seem to take on a rhythm. Harder. Crunchier convulsions threaten to break her bones. For the Valstrax, the sensation is simple. Its pace slows. Its cock hardens. He's milking the throes of his orgasm—riding his peak before the floodgates unleash.

His beak chatters.

Purrscilla is dragged by the neck via seizing walls.

His wings flare.

Palico nose meets slimy sphincter.

The Valstrax huffs—and feels his whole body tense.

Purrscilla is pounded from front and behind, every wall meeting in an omnidirectional hug. Not all at once—it crunches out-of-sync. And the Palico is smushed through the slimy gate, just in time for her to get a faceful of the Valstrax's load.

It's the first spurt. But not the start of his cumming. It doesn't leave his cock. It spews into his shaft, pooling as the convulsions cram Purrscilla's head past one final bend—and leaves her hanging over a pool of slopping white.

"What… is…?" She's too beaten for words. Like a ragdoll, she slips out and plummets into the boiling brew. Hot enough to be nearly scalding, the gloppy stuff wobbles in a bed-sized spherical vat. The end has come: Purrscilla has slopped into the dragon's right, internal nut.

At this point, she's barely together. She gets a few precious moments. The chamber shaking—bashing her into the walls. Cum slopping. The dragon's booming, beleaguered breaths. And the sight of looking at her paws, melting—webbed into the wobbling cum…

…Before the world explodes.

Purrscilla's scream becomes a pathetic bubbling as she's eviscerated. The dragon's nuts squeeze, spewing out a surge of spooge—tearing apart the Palico's body

‘til she’s an inkblot woven into the dragon’s fat load. The yin-yang twist of her liquid corpse rockets through his shaft, wide while the pumping walls push.

A dragon’s roar greets her return to the freezing air. She splatters upon the ground, her black color quickly buried beneath the following ropes of draconic jizz. She’s conscious in that one moment—barely alive as her soul clings to its ruined body. Holding on just long enough to hear its stomach glorp—the bones of her comrades mushed to sludge from the mashing of its stomach.