

“Sneaky lil’ fella, aren’t ‘cha?” A violet tongue slips out a whispered taunt. Its sibilance slices through hot jungle air.

Ender’s whisper is unheard. His body—unseen. Amidst the tangled vines and wild brush, the only evidence of the dark dragon’s existence is a gleam from the underbrush...

...Reflected light from a sniper’s scope.

A violet eye lurks within the sniper scope’s glass. Staring out, the black-slitted pupil bounces around the frame. Observing everything he can, Ender’s eyes flick from leaf to dew-tipped leaf.

But he does not see the snake. He does not see Convalo.

Belly flat on the earth, the dragon feels the dirt grind beneath him as he shifts positions. Light rain falls. The foliage tickles his scales, brisking by with a scratching sound. And once he’s given his muscles the slightest stretch, he locks back into position.

Twenty yards away—just the length of a bowling alley—there’s the slightest of shifts. Grass moves. Old, wet bark smushes. Something’s moving. Something is creeping low to the ground.

“I’ve got you.” The dragon blinks. He focuses. He blocks out all other sounds.

“Locked. Loaded.” The black barrel of his rifle glows with blue energy.

*“Fire.”*

One shot; no kill. But a hit is still made. A pulse blasts from his weapon, streaking with lightning speed—bursting behind the bush. The energy expands, hangs still, then rapidly implodes.

All is quiet. The grass shuffles again. But it's a much smaller patch. Single blades. Yet, no snake. Instead, a thumb-sized tiger leaps out in panic.

"Urgh, wrong target..." Ender sighs, wiping his brow of dripping water. "Again."

His grip falters slightly. Fatigue seems to be making his gun heavier. But it doesn't matter. He's putting in all his energy to create the world's biggest eye roll.

"Quit dragging this out, fang-face. Know when to quit." He mumbles.

Then, continues—whispering no longer. "You challenge me to snipe-off and then fuck off when I've got you cornered? C'mon man, I thought you were better than that. How'd you ever expect to win when you don't got arms anyhow?"

Movement once more. The dragon's keen ears hear no footsteps. Only a slither. Ender locks on. His long, fluffy tail swishes behind him. Three-pronged purple tips brush the low-hanging frills of sagging ferns.

"Welp. This is it, Convalo." Ender smirks. "As expected, our train-up concludes—and I win. Cobra to inchworm. Here we g—"

Ender's finger is no longer snug behind the trigger guard. It's... loose. His gun is heavier. Larger. At first, he didn't notice. But the difference is stark enough that he's having to exert *force* to keep it from toppling over.

Another drip of rain rolls down his face. Next, a fatter *glob*.

That isn't rain.

Ender's expression slowly softens into one of horror. Of shock. The pieces are fitting together. And he's in disbelief about what the picture is forming: his *loss*.

Eyes look up. Chin tilts to the side. Purple eyes peer through the increasing size of the bush's leaves. And nestled above—is not the sky. Pink flesh *pulses* as they

squeeze shrink serum from yellow fangs. From beyond the horror of the serpent's stretched maw, scales glimmer. They do not possess a color, not yet. They blink like refracting glass. Slowly coming into focus, Convalo's augmented scales dispel their invisibility cloak.

Ender's eyes ride along a tan-yellow underbelly. They catch the cobra's hood: speckled with black. It's the same color as his back.

"I thought you'd never notice." The snake's voice stays low, confident his bassy words dominate Ender's ears without the need to yell. "You spend *far* too much time blabbering."

"How did you—!?"

"I already said that." Convalo rumbles. His mouth shuts. His head slinks down. The bush peels apart to reveal his red eyes. "You talked. I used that as the perfect cover. You've been prattling for the better part of an hour."

Ender flips fully around. Chest to the sky, back to the ground. He fumbles for his weapon. But it's as heavy as a stack of bricks. *Large* as a man. Terror-filled eyes shake once they realize the task's futility. And he points his wide eyes towards the towering snake.

"Oh? What's wrong?" The cobra punches out a hissing chuckle. "You were so confident! Now you look like you've seen a ghost."

"I—" Ender stumbles. Beneath him, his wings bend. They shield him slightly from the predator's gaze. But the feeble shadow they cast is nothing compared to that of the grass. As blades of the stuff now tower above like trees. And trees now are mountains. His rifle is the size of a house.

And the cobra? Gargantuan. Eyes large as cars. Fangs long as street lamps. Ender's head turns as he hears the snake's unfathomably long body slither around him. Behind him. Encircled. The dragon peeks the gleam of his scales, flattening plantlife as he slithers.

There's no hope for escape.

Ender pushes a palm towards Convalo, pleading. "Hey, hey. I *know* we talked about the winner getting to do *anything* with the loser..."

Scales curl in a smug, serpentine grin. "So you know what I'm about to do with you!"

A sound: out of eyesight, but within earshot. Grass crumbles like it's been crushed by a steam roller.. *Something* creeps up behind Ender. Something large. Weighty. Impossibly so.

The whites—or rather, lavenders—of Ender's eyes grow wide. Pupils are dots. His mouth is agape. He whips around to see the monster's rear looming above.

The tip of his tail wiggles ever slightly, as if in anticipation. Twitch—snap to the side. Then, a slow drag back up. And then again. It's cat-like. Brimming with coiled energy.

But beneath it... is the real horror. Ender sees a cut within the scales. Between two tan plates, shiny pink flesh sits right there. A vent. Convalo's ass. It's where he's going. It's what the snake taunted and teased him about for *days* leading up to this very moment.

And there's no hiding the cobra's excitement. It's plain as day. Two flesh tips spear from his slit. Juiced with tacky fluids, Convalo's twin cocks peek out to say hello.

The sight of it—humiliating. Disgusting. Ender spikes with fear as he realizes what he's become...

"...A toy." Convalo purrs. "You're my wriggly little plaything. But most of all—you're a failure. A loser. The unabashed inferior mercenary who I—the great assassin Convalo—has every right to kill."

His tongue flicks. He moves in closer. Both front and rear ends near Ender's pitiful position. He tries to back away. But the snake simply enshrouds him. From every angle, he sees Convalo's scales. His black. His tan. The serpent's red eyes consume the dragon's gaze whilst he breathes in panic.

"But I won't kill you." Convalo smiles. His lips split with a disgusting, wet noise. "I'm going to show how *shitty* you are, friend. You're going up my ass. You're going to eat my shit. And it will be hellish. Turmoil. But to me?"

He breathes hard. A vicious steam cloud rolls past Ender. The snake's breath is raw, vicious, primal. It bears an utter stench of raw, unfiltered digestion—meals rotting away in his belly that filter up with his lung-rattling breath.

And then—he spits. A sticky, squishy glob of putrid saliva swamps the shrunken fool.

Ender gags. He tries to fill his lungs. But the smell lingers. It sticks to him. The moisture ensures it.

"Goodbye."

"N-no!" Ender backs into a scaly wall. A terrible scent overpowers him. Musk and earthen reek make him retch once more.

“Yesssss.” He hisses. “And by the way, I made sure to sample the local cuisine. Thoroughly. Tell me how it tastes the second time around.”

“No! Do—*mmph!*”

Too late. Convalo’s tongue already pastes its flat surface on Ender’s nude front. A simple push. And Ender’s fluffy mane mashes into a pungent, slimy hole. Atrocious sensation, almost indescribable—writhing flesh gnaws at his scalp as he quickly sinks past his ears. Burning steam seems to wash out the moment the hole gives, buffeting Ender with wretchedness that makes his guts curl.

Shit—it needs no introduction. It’s the smell of the cobra’s waste. Spicy garnishes, sizzling meats, and the sweetest desserts money can buy have all worked together to create the most putrid substance known to all folk. The odor is a brick that smashes into his nostrils. And the dragon can’t help but scream.

“Stop! Y-y-you d-don’t have to—*nooo...*”

Convalo enjoys the sound Ender makes. It’s a nasty *slrrch* of oiled-up muscles. Saliva is all Ender needs to sink in up past his shoulders. Pushed in with a press of a tongue, Convalo stops short of licking his own ass. That’s Ender’s job, anyway.

Inside, utter hell eviscerates the dragon’s senses. Writhing flesh smears its soiled surface against his face. His nose points up. But with the position of Convalo’s tail, that means he’s rubbing his snout upon the ground: the shit-streaked ground. Because Convalo’s recent meal left the station not too long ago. And its ass juice-mixed poop trails have settled into a watery paste—slathering his innards in cream, warm paint.

Upside-down, Ender sputters in the hideous heat. Disgusting gurgles pound Ender’s ears. It never stops. The snake’s body is ever-working. Wet pops mix with the

slimy shift of organs smearing along beyond the walls, rubbing against each other within his body cavity. And beyond, his stomach gurgles. It squeezes. Its contents slosh. And digested porridge burbles into the next step of its processing.

Oh, how Ender hears it—eyes rattling in their sockets as his shit-smearred tongue trembles from the bitter taste. As the walls repetitively clamp down, smashing him into shitty walls again and again, he’s dragged further whilst he listens. The constant squelching does not drown out the gooey splash of chyme pouring into the small intestines. It does not hide how every turn of Convalo’s body causes the fluid-filled pipes to *slosh*. And it’s unmistakable that gas squeaks and creaks through his long, winding intestines. It croaks. It burbles. It finally barfs into Ender’s new home, spraying mist flecked with shit that sprinkles across his scales.

“Heavens—I—” He stutters, throat quivering as he’s forced to swallow the thickening slush building on his tongue. “—*Aaaah...!*”

“Bye bye, now.” The devil’s purr rumbles from every direction. A forceful squeeze—and the shit-smashed, utterly nude dragon slurps up his rectum, accompanied by the nastiest sound ever conceived. And finalized with a crude burble of a fart.

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Convalo slithers out the wilderness. There’s a cozy settlement near enough. But during the couple hour trek, one very small dragon suffers. Each swipe of Convalo’s slither lashes his tail. And the thrashing dragon inside bounces from slimy, smothering wall—to slimy, smothering wall. He’s handled like an unliving slab of meat, prepped by a chef’s hand. But instead of being rubbed with spices and butter—he’s smushed through

the collection of unpassed shit building on the serpent's walls. It cakes his wings and glues his digits. Webs of shit stretch between the spaces of his fingers, a globby mishmash of both solid chunks and porridge-like goo. His long, fluffy tails are matted. He doesn't feel the snake's tailhole anymore. He's too far in.

Eventually, Convalo reclines upon warm stone. A lounge: with a pool and catering staff. He sips a fizzing blue drink. Alcoholic. "Caramel Starlight", apparently.

And as he does, he feels the tickle deep within. Ender's stirring has died down. He can't fight forever now, can he? But as Convalo's stomach groans, he feels something shift. And the dragon wriggles like no tomorrow.

"Ah," Convalo sighs. "Looks like dinner's finally made its way down."

His eyes shift to his rear. A little above that, actually. He flips his belly to face him. And he looks to his cream scales. Not a single sign of struggle. But oh, he's already feeling that thrashing die down. Not because Ender's out of energy. But because...

*Prrft.*

"Oh," The snake speaks, "excuse me. Seems like you dislodged something there."

He takes a sip from his straw. "Not that will help you. Eat up, if you wish to live."

Convalo plays with the little umbrella in his drink, spinning it with a nudge of his tongue. He swears he hears the quietest of whimpering. The teeniest of twittering from deep within his tract.

"That's probably you, Ender: heaving. Trembling."

Sip.



“Is it spicy? It’s probably spicy. *Everything* here is spicy. Not surprised if some of it survives the journey. I certainly feel it on the way out~”

Sip. Drink’s gone. His straw gargles on air.

“Heh. I *think* I feel it creeping over you.” He chuckles. “It’s hard to tell. Just a bit of bloating, moving ever-slowly downward. But if I’m right...”

He stretches his face closer. His nose almost touches his lower gut. And Convalo’s voice thunders through the walls—shaking the shit-flooded tract that houses a speck of a dragon.

“...Then you won’t be coming out for a long, long time.”