

Daemoness Dragoness Delicacy



Ranjikla, the benevolent priestess of the Celestial Bahamut temple knelt at the center of the circular chantry. As usual, she had spent the last few hours going through the morning rituals required of her as the sole priestess of her parish. She had completed the daily worship dance, and her recitations of the ancient writings, and was finishing up with the chanting prayers in ancient draconic tongue. Being the sole priestess of the Celestial Bahamut temple in the region, as well as being one of the few pureblood Dragonkin still existing in the world, meant Ranjikla was a bit of a rarity. This uniqueness presented her with all she needed through donations and supplications of the believers in the region, freeing her up from work so that she may focus her attention on worship in seclusion with the occasional discourse of the virtues of the great Celestial Bahamut and its inevitable return.



“By the devil's toe! I can hardly believe it. You are everything they said you were!” A woman’s excited voice broke through Ranjikla’s meditative chanting.

Slightly startled, the priestess took a deep breath steadying herself before turning her attention to the woman. Although any servant of the Celestial Bahamut (or civilized sentient lifeform) would’ve waited until the priestess was done with her prayers before approaching and interrupting, there was a chance this woman was a potential new worshiper and Ranjikla biting her head off for not following etiquette wouldn’t do at all.

‘Welcome, and may the Great Bahamut grace be upon you.’ Ranjikla said getting to her feet and smiling at the newcomer. “Have you come to offer yourself in the service of the Celestial Bahamut’s will? Our church has room for all who are willing to serve as is needed for the glory of our Great Lord Dragon.



“Pssh...no way.” The woman scoffed. “I’m just here to see if the story i heard was true, and by the looks of a beauty like you it damn well might be. But I’ve got to ask: are you actually a pureblood dragonKin? I mean, you look it. But are you an authentic jewel boned and shimmering skin and scaled pure blooded dragonkin?”

The sheer heathen audacity of this woman and her heathenish words left Ranjikla nearly speechless. Not only did she disrespect the offer in her flagrant disregard of partaking in the Celestial Bahamut’s service, but she objectified her Dragonkin Heritage with outdated derogatory terminology.

Doing her best to maintain her composure Ranjikla answered in the affirmative with a low growl.

“Well, bloody kraken shit!! So that traveler and his wife were telling the truth.” The strange tattooed woman cheered. “I thought they were just making things up so i’d let them go.”

“Look Miss, if you have just come to authenticate my heritage you have done so.” Ranjikla said curtly, deciding to ignore the sinister implication in the woman’s statement.

“ Now if you have not come to worship or learn of the beauty of service to the Celestial Bahamut , then I have to ask you move along in peace.



“Oh no no no. I’m not going anywhere. You’re far too beautiful and amazing for me to ignore.” The strange woman said with a grin that showed both sweet and sinister intentions. “ In fact, I’m here to offer you something that any worshiper of Bahamut would want.”

The woman continued, her silky words piquing an interest in Ranjikla as an unknown flowery scent began to permeate the space around the woman accompanied by a faint pinkish glow. “In a very literal way I’m here to serve. Only I have come to serve you an opportunity that hasn’t come about since that silly old DaemonDraconic War over a thousand years ago. Something a truly pious worshiper of your caliber wouldn’t want to pass up.”

“Hmph. I doubt a woman like you would have anything I want. Especially in terms of my faith.” Ranjikla replied, taking her opportunity to scoff at this woman's implications. She was beginning to feel light headed and was ready to be rid of this weird visitor. Still she was curious what was meant by the reference to the ancient DaemonDraconic war. “If you have an offering please give it to me and then I will see you out.”

With a sudden movement the woman, whom Ranjikla began to think was some kind of thief or malcontent lunged at the dragonkin priestess, closing the distance between the two of them in a threatening instant. Not having any warrior training by any means and startled at the quickness of this uncouth woman's attack, Ranjikla ultimately faltered and froze. Closing her eyes tight she braced herself for what had to be an inevitable impact.

To her surprise the only thing that impacted her was an explosive flourishing of that unknown flowery scent about her nostrils and followed by a pair of soft lips pressed lightly against her own.



Upon opening her eyes Ranjikla found herself face to face with an impossibility she'd only heard of in stories and lore. She was being kissed by a black and red skinned , twin horned, winged daemoness!

“Ahhkh!! By the dragon's tooth!!” Ranjikla exclaims as she jumps and stumbles back from the newly manifested black and red, long horned , feather winged sinister denizen of the Nether realms all the while shouting whatever repellent commands came to her panicked mind. Most of which were not much more than. “Get back you foul daemon! Curse upon you!”

During this ordeal the daemoness simply stood looking bemused at this supposed Veteran of dragon worship cursed and flailed about as she came to grips with the actual existence of one of the entities she alleged to already believe in.

“Don’t worry, that happens from time to time when people see my true form.” The daemoness said nonchalantly with a toothy fanged smile once she determined that the dragonkin had calmed enough to actually hear her. “Of course it’s always you religious zealot types who have the most hilarious reactions.”



“Who a-are you and Wh-what do you want you...daemon!?” Ranjikla demanded in the most commanding voice she could muster.

“Well my true name is a mouthful so you can call me Esha.” the daemoness replied. “Of course, In tales and lore you may know me as The Eater daemon of Soreblania or Eshaioc’titruX Shethleh Khather’krih, but that was long long ago. “ A sharp gasp from the dragonkin’s recognition made her smile as she continued. “Yes, I know, I’m showing my age. Tsk. Now, as to why I’m here, my sweet, lovely Dragonkin girl...As I said earlier, i’m simply here to offer myself to you.”

"Wh-what do you mean 'offer' yourself to me?" Ranjikla asked with expected skepticism. "If you are who you say you are why would you not just try to devour me?"

"Oh I've thought about it, believe me." Esha assured the priestess, drawing her tongue over her lips. "It's been well over a hundred years since I've last had dragonkin flesh sliding over my tongue. But It's also been too long that I've been rambling around this realm in this body. So when that tasty merchant traveler and his succulent wife tried to bargain for their escape from my stomach with the cryptic words of their very own local priestess, who was nothing less than a pure blooded dragonkin, I figured this was a sign and a rare opportunity."

"That traveler, and his wife were worshipers here?" Ranjikla closed her eyes in realization 'Oh no...Titus and Sari.'" The couple had attended the shrine regularly and Ranjikla had noted it was odd that they had not visited in many weeks. Just then Ranjikla's anger exploded. "You monster! How dare you devour two innocents who have done nothing!? They were good people!"

"Oh, I agree..." Esha replied, licking her lips in reverie "...they were both very good and very very delicious. But back to the topic at hand; you see after all this time wandering in this body, I need you to free me."

"Why the hell would I want to help you in any way!?" Ranjikla snapped. In the passion of the dragonkin's righteous anger, her stomach suddenly growled loudly. " First, you interrupt my prayer rituals, then you assault me with your daemonic advances, you confess to devouring my fellow servants of the great Bahamut and now you ask me for assistance?! "



"Well, I suppose you could look at it that way." Esha said with a nonchalance that angered the priestess even more. By the look of it, her plan wasn't going like she expected, but it may turn out with the same result. "To be fair I thought they were lying. But look. You do me this favor and give me the help I want, I'll make it worth your while."

"Silence you evil, wicked, horrible fiend!" Ranjikla shouted, seemingly losing all control of herself to her anger. Her tail swished wildly, as her muscles bulged and her dragon fangs glistened with saliva as her mouth watered.. In an instant she slammed into Esha wrapping her arms around the daemoness and lifting the predatory wretch off of her feet in a powerful bearhug. Her normally checked draconian strength now flourished as her anger took over her and her mind flooded with nothing but justice for her lost friends.

"You will receive nothing from me beside that which is deserved..." Ranjikla growled angrily as the daemoness, who was clearly surprised by her brash actions and struggled in the grasp which would have utterly crushed a normal human. "And what you deserve is nothing less than what you have dealt to those innocents you have devoured. So I shall devour you as you have devoured them! "

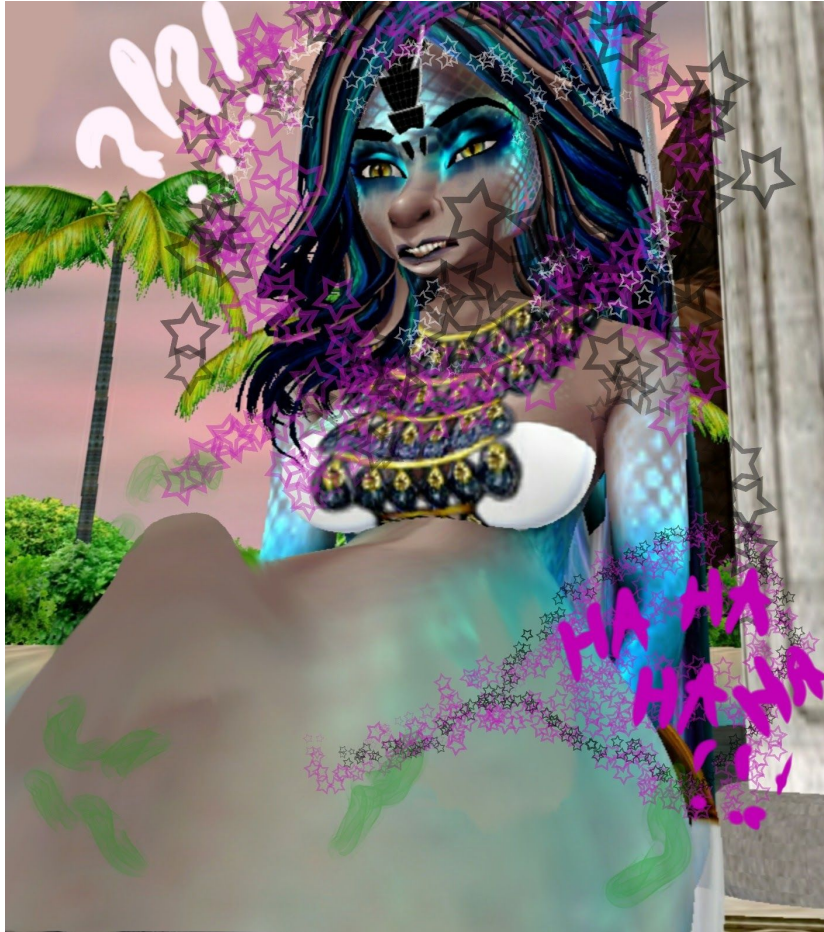
Without another word Ranjikla opened her dragonic maw, closing her eyes in determined discomfort as she began stretching her jaws wider and wider until Esha could see deep into the gaping pit of her gullet. Had her eyes remained open a moment longer, she may have seen the daemoness' excited smile before her head was plunged deep into Ranjikla's sopping mouth. Ranjikla was surprised at how sweet and delicious the daemon's skin tasted to her dragonkin tongue. Far from sulfur and carbonated ash which she expected. As she swallowed over her prey's shoulders and breasts and black feathered wings she couldn't help but hum occasionally at the delectable flavors of her meal. But it was around the time she was working Esha's thick hips and butt down into her throat, and her head and shoulders began pushing out the azure scaled skin of her belly, forming a small lumpy shifting bulge, did she suddenly begin to feel terribly full. She had never devoured anything whole nearly this large and though she knew it was within the abilities of most scalies in the world, she wondered if she was going to be able to devour this obnoxious entity whole by herself. But determined to make this bitch pay and also not wanting to hear any more snide comments if she failed and had to spit her up, Ranjikla continued swallowing, giving her all, gulp after gulp.



Soon the daemoness's black toes and painted toenails were all that remained poking from the Dragonkin's mouth. In moments those also passed over Ranjikla's tongue with a final set of hard swallows as she finished off her meal of retribution. She heaved a sigh of relief and mild surprise at her massively bulging middle. Ranjikla's now huge azure orb of daemon-filled belly bulged out even more as the final parts of Esha's legs and feet joined the rest of her in the dragonkin's dank, ovenlike stomach.

"BOURP...oh wow. Thank the great Ba-hurp- Bahamut . I didn't think I was going to be able to get her all down." Ranjikla said rubbing the protruding bulges over her heavy gut. She could feel Esha move around inside of her, and could even see the lumps and protrusions as she squirmed about. Although she felt she was full well past the point of simple discomfort, the feeling of this extreme fullness also felt unexpectedly satisfying. The daemoness didn't ever put up much of a fight as she expected though Ranjikla assumed she was probably shocked at the irony of her demise and sobbing as she contemplated her evil sins committed over the millenia.

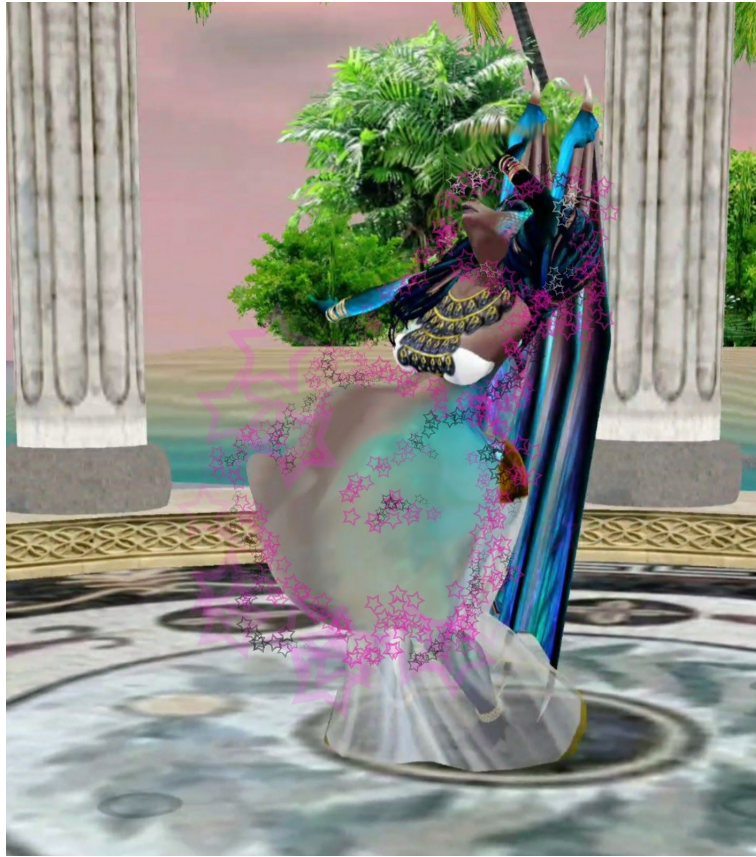
She had never eaten anything to this degree and Ranjikla found herself wondering what other types of sinners she could devour...for righteous reasons of course.



As she contemplated her newly rediscovered latent ability, Ranjikla's ears picked up the faint monotone voice of the daemoness from under her belly skin. Although her stomach loud gurgles of digestion covered most of the specific words being uttered, Ranjikla recognized the pattern of the words as a chant. Was the daemon casting a spell of some kind from inside of her gut?

Before Ranjikla could demand what Esha thought she was doing, she began to feel the tingling, icy numbing sensations of magic begin to engulf her entire body, all emanating from the singular source : her own huge tumescent gut.

Finally, a clearly audible loudly raucous laughter emanated from within Ranjikla's massive stomach, sending chills down the Priestess's spine.

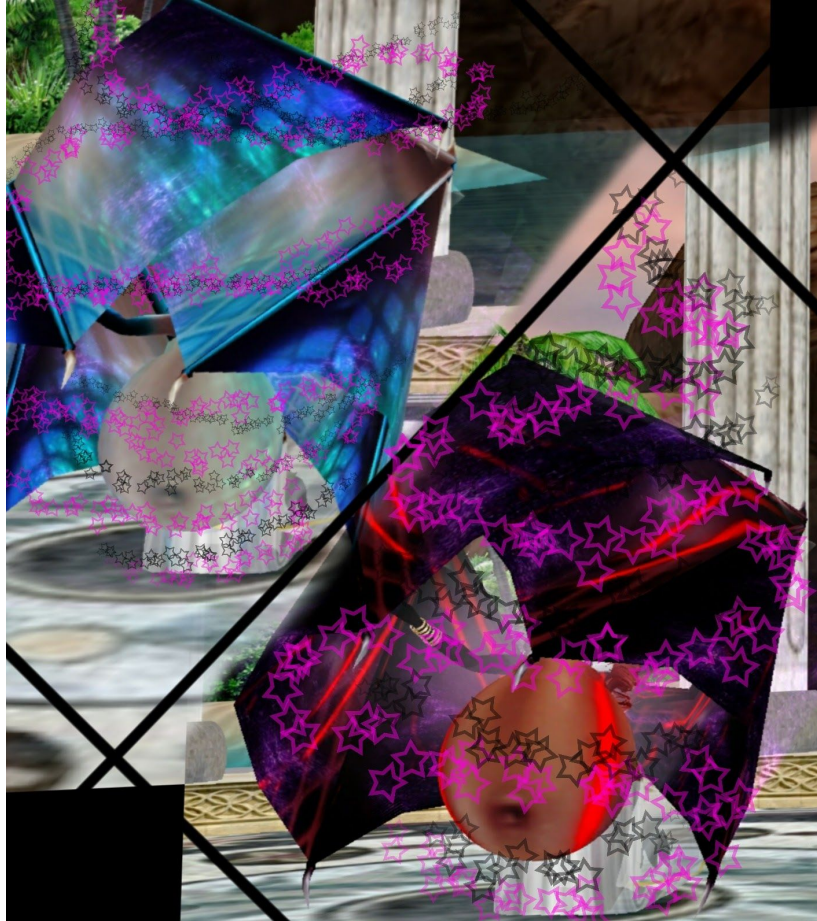


“Hey! Whatever you’re doing in there, stop it now! You will not escape your punishment daemon!” Ranjikla demanded but all she got was the same internal cackling in response. She even punched and smacked against any of the progressions pushing out from her own belly but did little more than prompt another gassy belch.

Ranjikla had not expected anything like this and would have kicked herself if she could. After all, she had eaten a daemon at the spur of the moment, and though she spent her entire adult life studying the lore of the battles between daemon and dragonkin, she had set up no precautions in the event of daemon magic attack. Of course until a few minutes ago she thought them all gone. Now she had one inside of her huge stretched stomach and though at the time she was certain in her righteous consumption of the creature, now as she felt the magic begin to engulf her body and her mind, she bemoaned her own hastiness.



“STOP THIS NOW!” Ranjikla shrieked as she dropped to her knees, her large beautiful dragonwings flapping and stretching convulsively as her tail whipped about in anguish, anger and confusion. She could feel herself losing consciousness and the deomness’s magic coating her mind like a thick engulfing sludge. Her belly bounced and shifted as it fought to digest the daemones within as her mind fought the daemones’s magic in her head. She felt her consciousness being shaken and stirred and finally moved. Finally, Ranjikla screamed in frustrated horror as she finally and mercifully passed out.



Ranjikla's wing draped over her swollen bellied form instinctively as if shielding her from some external force. But as the daemoneses' magic continued to permeate the priestess's own draconic body, the only threat manifesting from within, Ranjikla's body began to change. The lovely oceanesque blue and green scales all across her body began to change to the color burning red fire, glowing embers, smoldering ash and black volcanic rock. Black daemonic magic pulsed and flowed all around the transitioning form of the dragoness as the new Hellish colors spread across the entire body starting from the bellybutton an expanding over every inch.



Finally the newly blacked glowing wings opened up revealing a very different looking dragonkin than there was when they had closed. In actuality an entirely new dragoness stood in the place where Ranjikla once did. This was an ancient and yet all new daemonic Draconic body, one of which had not existed for over a thousand years. There was little to tell of the previous existence of the former holy priestess of the Great Bahamut , aside from the garb this new dragoness still temporarily adorned. Slowly the daemonic black magic that only moments ago engulfed the entire temple with sinister malevolence began to dissipate.



Eshaioc'titru Shethleh Khather'krih stretched and flexed the muscles of her new body and found it to be everything she'd expected, and more. She'd flapped her wings feeling the rarely used power and fortitude they contained. She whipped her tail back and forth, testing it's dexterity and sharpness by cutting cleanly through a nearby marble pillar. It'd been so long since she'd enjoyed a boy as powerful and graceful as this. Dragonkin bodies were nearly the best real estate a body jumping daemon could get their hands on, topped only by the rarest of species.

She grinned as she looked down at what was now her belly, still swollen with the form of her former body which she could faintly feel was now beginning to stir to consciousness. That body which once belonged to a beautiful yet foolish witch who had succeeded in summoning a daemon to show off to her friends, but who had not anticipated in summoning Eshaioct'itrux, the daemon eater of Soreblaniaea. Esha had immediately possessed her and had used the body to feast on her companions, devouring them whole and using their bodies and spirits to refuel her daemononic power. She had wandered for over one hundred and twenty years in that body, who's original name she had forgotten, fueling its beauty and youth with the bodies of people she had seduced, tricked and hunted. She caressed her swollen new dragonic belly with a sense of nostalgic melancholy of that of a farmer who had to put down a faithful hard working horse. At least it would go to good use as an offering to this newest body.



“What's happening!? Where am I!? HELP!!” Came the faint cries from Esha's swollen belly accompanied by a couple of stomach jostling kicks. Obviously the priestess was up and at'em. One of the perks of a dragonkin's body was a significantly stronger gastrointestinal system.

“Oh hello priestess” Esha said with a hearty pat to her gurgling gut. “ I was wondering if you’d wake up in there before digestion kicked in. “

“What's happening? Oh great Bahamut ! A-am I...in a st-stomach!?” Ranjikla shrieked in realization beginning to panic and thrashing fruitlessly “No! this can't be! I'm the one that ate you! I ATE YOUUU!!!”

“Settle down in there, before you hurt yourself. Human bodies don't stand up too well to Dragonkin insides I'm afraid...” Esha said with feigned concern. “ But yes, I assure you, that you did eat me. You gobbled me all up. What you didn't know is that’s what I wanted you to do. After a bit of daemonic possession magic mixed with fairy body swap magic, I now have your body, and you have mine.”

“You evil bitch! You let me out! Give me my body back! I'm not a filthy human!!”

“Tsk tsk. Is such hubris really fit for a priestess.” Esha scolded mockingly “ Honestly I find it a bit ironic that after such un-priestess-like wrath and such gluttony, you’re the one who’s going to get digested in my new stomach. Serve you right. hahaha.” The following series of screams and curses and official denouncements from inside her gut were quite unintelligible, as Esha rubbed over the form of the soon to be digested human.

“Look, you may want to brace yourself.” She said not caring if Ranjikla heeded her warning. “ I’ve got places to be and a new set of wings. I haven’t flown with wings like these in a few millennia, so this may be a bumpy ride. “

Grabbing the side of her huge belly to balance herself, Esha took a few bounding leaps and with her wings extended and a few powerful flaps, she was off the ground and climbing into the sunny cloud filled sky. Soon she was soaring, huge gurgling belly and all, headed towards new meals and very possibly a conquest or two. This world was due another delicious, belly filling war about now anyway.

