REVIVAL OF THE HUNDRED DEMONS

The final battle between Gao and Yamigedo had been intense. One fought out in the future that still had lasting effects that affected even the past. But after all had been said and done, the 10 omni lords managed to band together in a final last ditch effort to finally end the cycle of the world devourer.

Things should have gone back to normal in the world. The future no longer bleak, even changed into one where buddyfight still existed and was enjoyed by the masses everywhere, as if nothing had occurred to cause such a disaster in the first place.

In that last ditch rescue attempt from the Fifth Dragon Omni Lord Tenbu to save Ikazuchi from the depths of Yamigedo’s belly and the oblivion that would be Yamigedo’s final moments, one particular mini spawn of Yamigedo had been lurking, watching the scene, unsure whether they were food meant to be consumed or not.

It didn’t have the time to consider that though. Seeing the great armored dragon lord scoop up the human and their buddy, the Mini Gedo tailed after them, fleeing his originator’s body. This would undoubtedly save it’s life as Yamigedo had been doomed to oblivion from Gao’s Giga Howling Crusher.

The unfortunate demise of it’s parent, or host even, created some strange feelings in the little thing. They existed to consume, to devour other worlds and other beings. So why had that human…and that dragon that accompanied him been so adamant on destroying them?

It couldn’t understand the concept! But it would find out…Oh it would find out. The Spawn of Yamigedo watched on as that very human and Drum, reveled in their victory. It would take a bit of training…But he was set on finding out the answer…and doing as it’s originator set out to do, to devour life.

Time passed differently in the Dragon world, but even then it’s been awhile since that big incident with the hundred demons. Now enjoying his retirement from buddy fighting, Drum returned to his home to take back up the responsibilities of the Drum Bunker clan. Something his father had purposefully made him go to the human world for so that he might mature in the right ways when he finally became head of the clan.

He laid out on a clear patch of grass, letting the gentle breeze of the morning air hit his scales. If he were out in the human world, he’d be wearing his usual gold plated armor but for this day, at a time where he was simply relaxing after a day’s worth of training he was out wearing only the bare minimum to keep himself decent, so his dual colored body was out for show to anyone who might actually have been looking. While his outer most scales were a deep red shade, his inner arms, legs and belly were all a soft orange.

He towered just over 8 feet, which back in the human world made him colossal by their standards. Just so he wouldn’t accidentally step on anyone he had to shrink himself down over there.

“I wonder what they’re all doing right about now…” Drum muttered idly, watching the clouds above flying by, he could have sworn one even looked like his old partner but it could have just as easily been home sickness that was getting to him.

While the human world WASN’T his home, it still felt like it for how long he’d stayed with his buddy. Their family was weird…but it was also warming. Welcoming even. And they always had the best food that he could have ever imagined having.

Closing his eyes, Drum could almost smell the pizza wafting in the air. Tasty gooey cheese…that delicious topping that they call pepperoni. “Mmmm…” Unknowingly, he started drooling along the corner of his mouth when he got to thinking about everything that he missed there.

“And the pudding…! Awww man that was the best stuff!” He opened his eyes to the sight of a cloud that looked almost completely shaped like that of his favorite snack. In his sudden food daze he bolted after it. “Don’t run away pudding!”

When the dragon broke into a sprint, a nearby bush began to stir. With six pairs of eyes glaring out towards the food crazed dragon.

“Awwwww…!” Drum slowed into a stop, realizing that he’d never be able to catch a cloud…much less EAT one. But he was suddenly reminded of that moment he’d thought Gao’s head was a bowl of pudding itself. “Gee…My imagination really can run wild can’t it…?”

The dual scaled dragon rubbed the back of his head a couple times more, until he saw a shadow approaching him that eclipsed his own. “Huh? Can I help y-“

He paused mid question as he caught a glimpse of the one approaching and his eyes widened in a mix of horror and shock. Standing right behind him was Yamigedo…the huge armored beast that he’d so narrowly defeated along with the other 9 Omni Lords and Gao at the time.

Something was diferent about it though. While his appearance was similar to that to his base unevolved form, he only towered above Drum by about a foot or so but that gaping mouth of his was as fearsome as ever. This was a creature who’s hunger knew no bounds yet here it was, only a small fragment of what it’d once been.

“We stopped you-!” Drum’s sentence was again halted as a great clawed paw reached out and pinned his unprotected body to the soft grass. Any semblance of peace that may have been had in this meadow was now replaced with a feeling of dread that crept through the dragon’s scales.

“You…Stopped my maker.” The voice was deep. Deeper at least than the Yamigedo that he was familiar of hearing during their final battle. “Destroyed him…! But I want to know why.”

It’s maker…? Recalling their fight he remembered how several mini Yamigedo’s would float out of a hive like area in the beasts stomach and strike down at their foes, devouring them in a mad frenzy. Maybe this one here was one of those mini gedo’s. It was the only explanation that made sense, and for it to be here it had to have been let out before they finished off the oriiginal.

“He wanted to devour everything! We weren’t just going to let that happen! I get being hungry, but the whole world isn’t your buffet.” Drum snarled, trying to grasp onto one of those large claws and free himself from this…beasts grasp. “That’s not what buddy fighting is all about.”

Another sentiment that confused this spawn. What was so wrong with wanting to devour everything. It’s what he was born for…what THEY were born for weren’t they? “I’m going to find out for myself WHY you wanted to stop us. We exist to feed on the world but you stopped us.”

\*GWRRRRRRRRGLE\*

The ominous noise came from within this Yamigedo’s belly. Something Drum could feel with the sense of knowing what was going to happen next. This one was about to eat him. “Wait…Come on now don’t be so hasty Pal…! You don’t have to live like your father did you know…!”

If the great beast that had him pinned down was listening to him, it didn’t show any signs of it. Slowly, it brought it’s head down to Drum’s own, drool dripping from it’s jaws onto the bunker dragon’s head as it sniffed at him. Sampling his scent before that great purplish tongue poked out of those jaws to drag across his cheek.

It was sampling the dragon, and judging from the purr like sounds emanating from it’s body, it definitely liked what it had tasted. “I will find my answer...Become a part of me and give me what I want!”

It wasn’t a request. It wasn’t even a suggestion and Drum knew it. He watched those jaws unhinging, much like the original Yamigedo had done when it decided to consume grandpa Tenbu. He stared into those cavernous depths, teeth dripping a bit of saliva from each fang which in his mind brought an indescribable terror in his heart.

“Hold on…! Let’s talk about thi-mmph!” Drum was cut off mid sentence when those jaws came up around his head. He’d expected Yamigedo to bite down around his neck now that he’d been right where they wanted him, but those jaws never brought pressure on his vitals. If anything they were only there to do one thing, and that was to clamp down and lock him in place while this beast did whatever it wanted.

The tongue lashed out at his face, drenching it in warm saliva that left Drum sputtering. The warm breath blowing around him as he watched the pulsing pit of that gullet contracting with Yamigedo’s breathing. His own breathing was a mix of panic as he contemplated his fate but wasn’t even afforded the time to properly think about it as he felt strong claws gripping at his shoulders and forcing more of him into his predator’s jaws and soon leaving his head squishing right on against the beast’s throat.

\*GUuuuullllp!\*

The wet pull of Yamigedo’s throat was rough on Drum’s ears, more so were the muscles that forcefully pulled his body down into it. No doubt his head made for an impressive bulge in the demon king’s neck.

And a nice bulge he did make. Before Drum’s head would vanish past the protective chest plate, Yamigedo reached out with one clawed hand around his throat to feel at the bulge the dragon made inside him. He could make out the horrified expression drum was making inside of him and pondered exactly what would make the dragon so fearful. To him, devouring other beings, other worlds was just a natural part of his existence, and making someone a part of himself was equal to making them a greater being over all.

He felt along the horn that stretched out his throat and let out an snort of discomfort. That part of Drum wouldn’t harm him, but it still made for a frustration protrusion. With another hard swallow, Yamigedo would drag in the dragon’s main abdomen right on into his jaws, letting his tongue wrap and coil around his prey’s scaled body, savoring his taste which was akin to smoked meat, savory and mouth watering…It left Yamigedo moaning around his captive.

Drum was right in the middle of it. Feeling every small movement of the demon’s tongue running along his scales. On one hand he was terrified…! Here he was…chest deep in this…monster’s gullet, soon to be just a meal to it. And on the other hand…His toes started twitching…

“pffff… Sth…Sthaaap that! That tickles…!!!” His voice erupted around the surrounding flesh, forcing a bit of a rippling effect all around him as he stared kicking his feet wildly in the air. Not in an attempt to escape like he had been before, but an attempt to stop that assault on his body that was literally sapping the strength out of him more than anything else ever could.

It tickled. Every time the tongue reached around his ribcage and his belly he couldn’t help but let out another bout of laughter that at some points made his body go stiff, and the other times left his toe claws leaving imprints into the grassy plains around the two of them.

For Yamigedo, this was very confusing…His prey struggled for their life, but this was the first time it started struggling for a whole different reason. He was…ticklish? Yamigedo didn’t understand this concept, having never been tickled before but definitely enjoyed Drum’s struggles from the stimulation. Reaching his tongue around, the beast started making smooth, careful slurps along the dragon’s ribs, getting a muffled giggling fit inside his throat that felt pretty good.

“Please…Please st-haaaap!” His voice carried over into another shrill tone as laughter filled his lungs. Here he was being tortured in the worst way possible. Not by being swallowed alive, but by being tickled to death by this thing.

After having his fun however, Yamigedo decided that it was more important to get his answers given, and so he made a few more swallows, pulling Drum in deeper, leaving just a pair of kicking legs hanging outside of his jaws, the bulge of the dragon’s head now disappearing behind his chest plate.

“Whew…! That’s why I don’t like taking my armor off around other people…!” There was another reason too, but Drum didn’t think that one didn’t matter. As the muscles of his predator pulled him deeper into his supposed doom, he heard the distant growls of the demon’s belly now much closer…Just one more pull and he would begin to fill his predator’s belly.

“Out of the frying pan and into the fryer huh…? I didn’t think it’d end like this…!”

He started kicking out his legs more, now without any firm grip on the ground, and Yamigedo having stood up on his hind legs, he just watched as those dragon’s dual colored legs flailed about in front of him. They were no threat to him…and as his tongue drew them inside, he prepared to make his final swallows to seal his meal away inside him. Slowly…those legs would vanish into his jaws.

His head pushed against something tight…and of course fleshy…Given where he was. Gritting his teeth, Drum waited for another strong swallow to tug him in deeper and found his head pushing right on into this Yamigedo’s belly. While dark, he could make out some features of what he would soon be calling his home…Their was a strange bioluminescence within the demon’s stomach, as the purple flesh around him contracted and retracted with the monster’s breathing.

Despite the fear that was swellng up inside of him, he felt oddly comfortable here…Maybe it was the subtle beat of the monster’s heart above him…or the warmth that was inviting to his scales, but his worries were slowly draining as if he had entered into a whole new world within this dimly lit chamber. “It’s…not like the big ones…but it doesn’t seem bad here…”

He took in a deep breath and was surprised to find that the air wasn’t as stale as he expected a place like this to be. Neither was the scent especially unpleasant. His thoughts were interrupted however, when another strong swallow pulled him further in, chest and shoulders slipping into the chamber as the stomach growled eerily around him. Yet…even there he felt calm.

Yamigedo felt the struggles of his prey loosening once his stomach began to fill up. All those complaints and the fighting seemed to amount to nothing now. Why? Yet another question that needed to be answered…As he let the dragon’s feet vanish into his mouth, Yamigedo tilted his head back to swallow one last time, completely consuming his prey whom would fill his belly like no meal had before.

His belly swelled. Even with the armor around his abdomen it was hard to miss the assortment of bulges coming from his belly. He could spot what looked like a foot imprint along the side of his belly and the shape of Drum’s head just underneath one piece of armor plating that he moved so that he could properly rub at the heavy meal inside his center.

“HUWWAAAAAAARP!!!”

Yamigedo let loose a great belch to signify the end of such a large and fulfilling meal, knowing full well he’d now successfully avenged his original. But now…he had to figure out what it is that drove this dragon to destroy his father. Especially now since Drum had settled down inside him, as if accepting his fate like he figured all creatures should just do to become part of him.

“Now then…URRRP…! Hmmm…” Yamigedo idly began to rub along the sides of his belly, his centipede like tails swaying behind him in a way of contentment while he started sifting through Drum’s memories.

Memories that he saw of Drum’s first day in the human world, when he’d first met that human Gao. How steadily they started to gain a mutual respect for one another, becoming true buddies. At one point, Drum had even tried eating his human in a sleepy daze believing them to be what this dragon referred to as pudding.

It seemed even dragons like this had a tendency to devour others…So again, his defiance was strange…Then he started digging deeper, sensing more affection in the dragon. What was that feeling…? He couldn’t describe it, only that this dragon merely wanted to protect his human buddy, and the friends that surrounded them.

That feeling would turn to dread a few times in the moments where Drum would encounter his originator. Sometimes fear that he would lose and disappear, but most of that fear was in how he may not be strong enough to protect his friends.

That was a foreign concept to Yamigedo, but he definitely wanted to learn what that was like. To have someone that he’d care enough for that he’d protect. One other spawn of Yamigedo did that, with Bolt Fuchigami. But he didn’t really HAVE an attachment to anyone. No real friends, as most people he found, he could only think to devour them as his predecessor did.

“Maybe…I can learn by making him someone I want to protect…?” Yamigedo looked down at his belly, hearing a few low idle gurgles coming from within him and wondered if he might be able to save this one before his body absorbed him into his own.

Absorb…? Maybe that could work…

Meanwhile inside, Drum let the calm sort of still his movements. He wondered about his fate, and worried that if he was so easily subdued then Gao might not fall too far behind. Maybe they would be able to live on inside of this creature? He didn’t know what was going to happen but he knew that for him he probably wouldn’t be able to take over his father’s position as the next chief of the drum clan.

\*Gwwrrrrgle!\*

The sound deafening in his ears, Drum knew too well that meant that he would be coming to an end soon. That however, as the flesh started to ripple, he felt his body steadily sinking into those very walls. He wasn’t being digested…

He was being absorbed…! That thought got him to kick just a moment, as his body began to slowly lose it’s figure as more of him sank right on into the mass of the stomach. “Wait…! I thought you were just going to digest me…!”

“I have a better idea in mind for you Drum. Just relax…” The beast rumbled, giving his belly a few reassuring pats, even as he could feel the bulges softening, fading within him. “I am going to make you a whole new dragon…”

“A new dragon…! What do you mean?!” Drum’s voice echoed in the chamber as his arms vanished into the fleshy walls, making most of his struggles futile as he could just barely wiggle his hands and feet.

“Don’t worry dragon.” Yamigedo again pressed on, kneading Drum’s bulge and letting it further sink on inside of him, become a pat of him. “I will protect you…and you’ll protect me…”

The voice was deafening…The walls of the stomach becoming a sort of echo chamber that magnified the voice which only added to the worry in Drum’s mind. Trying to yank himself free, he could make no sensible change as his body remained firmly stuck in place. Most of his body, save for his upper chest and head having sunk into the beast’s fleshy walls.

What would happen next…? Drum shuddered where he could and knew that he was about to find out. He thought he’d be allowed peace through digestion, but as his head soon sank into the flesh he would find something completely different.

Once the chamber was empty, Yamigedo checked over his belly to find that Drum’s bulge had completely disappeared. He’d successfully absorbed the dragon directly into his being. “Now…Let’s make you more like me…”

While most of his eyes remained open, the two eyes furthest from each other closed.

He didn’t expect to FEEL anything anymore. In fact…Drum assumed that once he’d been fully assimilated by the great demon that he would cease to exist. This was furthest from the truth it seemed.

He was floating…and it felt warm… Once he opened his eyes, he realized he was amid a sea of purple rushing water. He never sank into it’s depths, and the waves rocked him back and forth as if it were trying to lull him into sleep again.

“So…is this what it’s like to be a part of Yamigedo…?”

Slowly he started righting himself, trying to swim in gentle sea that lapped at his body. He didn’t even know if he would find anything here, but it beat just sitting around doing nothing while Yamigedo outside was free to do whatever he wished.

“I’ll get out of here Gao. I promise I’ll protect you.”

Suddenly, the waves began to ripple more strongly. It was as though it were responding to his thoughts and within moments, the water began to tug at his body, pulling him into its depths.

He struggled for a few moments, using his draconic strength to force himself above the water but given this current might well be Yamigedo itself, he could not resist it’s pull for long and found himself drowning within the abyss.

Or he should have drowned anyway. As he was plunged deep into the water’s depths, he brought his claws to his muzzle as he attempted to keep the water out, only to eventually realize…he could BREATH.

Bubbles came out of his jaws as he finally let out a breath he’d been holding in and stared into the depths. “How am I breathing down here…?”

This made very little sense but then, he didn’t know WHAT it was like to be inside another being in such a fashion. He expected a digestive demise but here he was…swimming within what he could only assume was Yamigedo’s existence as a whole and started diving downward towards a light deeper into the ocean’s depths that seemed to be calling to him.

Submerging deeper into the depths of the sea, the light would shine with a bit more force…more energy, coming from the mouth of an underwater cave of all things. Anything could be down there, but given he had already been absorbed, he didn’t think it could really get any worse. Staying around in here doing nothing wasn’t an option either. Otherwise how could he ever face the others if Yamigedo set out to bring more of them into this strange place.

Getting the strength to push on in, Drum swam right into the bright cave, ignoring the disorientation he was feeling as he was soon being bathed in that warm light. Eventually he just had to stop to shield his eyes otherwise he’d blind himself.

When he reopened them, he found himself having risen back to the surface. Or at least…he should have. He was in a dim, dark cave, still floating in the now gentle water current. An undersea cavern? Well at least he wasn’t out in the open anymore.

Slowly paddling his way to solid ground, he climbed out of the pool only to realize once he’d gotten a good look at his paw, that he’d been shrunk back down into his chibi form. “Hwaa? I didn’t change myself back…”

When he tried to force himself back into his full grown form he found he just couldn’t muster up the strength. Then he heard it…The sound of heavy breathing filled the cavern he was in. Misty breath billowed out from familiar jaws that revealed itself from the depths of the cavern as Yamigedo stomped over to the harmless dragon out in front of him.

He wasn’t even allowed to fight back? There wasn’t much he could do in this situation except try and make a run for it in the water again but one of the great demon’s tails wasted no time in reaching out and coiling around his tiny body. “Gah…! What…do you want with me? I’m already as far inside of you as I can get…!”

“Calm down Drum, please…I’m not going to hurt you.”

“Eh?” He looked up at the yellow eyes of his captor, or rather the creature he was now a part of. He shuddered to think that he was inside of that guy. Yet recalled the peaceful feeling he felt in it’s belly and felt compelled to listen. “What are you talking about…?”

The tail would momentarily flex around his body, and he couldn’t help but be aware of those centipede like appendages that wiggled and massaged around his body. As small as he was though, he couldn’t do a thing about it. In here he supposed this thing could swallow him up whenever it pleased…He should have known that within Yamigedo’s core that nothing could ever go smoothly.

With a sad breath, the demon looked down at Drum’s weakened form and started forming out the words that he’d been going over in hi head. “I may not…understand what some of your emotions are, but I feel them. And I want to understand better. So…I am not going to do to you what I did to others.”

“You’re not going to eat me? It’s a little too late for that bub. I’m already so far in I can’t get back out.”

The words stung, but Yamigedo didn’t know why. He dragged his tail closer, so that the dragon was right up to his face where he could get a better look. “I’m going to let you back out. After I’ve made some changes…You…still want to be head of the Drum Bunker clan right?”

The clan…in his worry for Gao he’d completely forgotten about it. If he didn’t turn back, they’d be leaderless. He couldn’t do that to his people, and yet…this demon…was telling him he could come back. “What’s your deal pal? You’re just going to let me go? What if I tell the Omni lords about ya?”

“I want to learn. I want to know why it’s wrong to devour other worlds.” Yamigedo started, his breath warm against Drum’s face. “If you become a hundred demon, you can help me learn more about this world. You can also head your clan...We can both win here.”

Drum’s eyes momentarily widened. Yamigedo wanted to turn him into a hundred demon! From his experiences with some of that clan, he knew they were mostly a lawless flag that only had one rule…the complete obedience to Yamigedo. But here he was offering a chance to come back to Dragon world. Would he even remember who he was if he took Yamigedo on his offer?

“Would I still be me If I became a hundred demon?”

“You would. I want us both to win here because I need you so I can understand this world better. Your memories and personality will remain the same. Appearance wise however, you might well look a little different.”

His appearance would be altered. Drum wondered exactly what kind of change would his body go through. Would he even recognize himself? Still…Yamigedo was offering him a choice that he hadn’t thought he had before. He thought he’d need to muscle his way out, but here he was being offered an out. Even if he might have to swallow his pride a bit to do it.

Still…The way this Yamigedo’s eyes stared into him, he couldn’t help but think this attempt was genuine. The great demon wanted to understand the world more, not just consume it. If Gao were here what would he do…

He couldn’t exactly get away from Yamigedo to think it over, but he already made it up. If this monster that once had been his enemy could change, then wasn’t it worth it for him to have a change too? With a defeated sigh, Drum smiled up at his captor. “Alright…I will become a hundred demon. Just don’t gobble up any more worlds. We’ll have to fight back if you do.”

Drum’s agreement to be transformed delighted Yamigedo. He would learn a lot more from the dragon, and now he really had no interest in consuming other worlds or even other people. Though he was a boundless hunger, he was determined to practice self control as Drum agreed to his proposal. “I don’t want to consume other worlds any more. Just…learn from it. I’ll turn you into a new type of monster. Get ready for it, and prepare to accept me and my flag.”

Having some kind of idea of what was about to happen next, Drum waited until the centipede like tail drew him towards Yamigedo’s maw. He wasn’t even afraid this time. It was as though him accepting who would soon become the equivalent of his demon lord removed all traces of fear in him. He only anticipated his new life even as he was pulled into his captive’s maw.

Being in chibi form made Drum all the more easier to consume a second time. Barely a mouthful, but enough for the great Yamigedo to get a tasting of, he would toss Drum about just for a moment in his maw before tilting his head back as gently as possible and swallowed, accepting Drum into the deepest depths of his heart, where he would begin to change his foe into an ally.

On the outside, in the dragon world’s plains, Yamigedo’s eyes slowly opened up as he felt along his belly. A dull glow began to form in one of his clawed hands as a card formed within it. It was Drum’s new buddy card, one that definitely reflected the change Yamigedo made in him.

“Alright Drum…Let’s get you out and get a better look at your new form.” Yamigedo announced, lifting the card up in front of himself before giving it a small flick towards the very spot that Drum had been laying in before his predation.

When the dragon was freed from his confines within the card, the first thing he would notice was his getup. From having been absorbed by Yamigedo, he’d taken on a few of the demon’s characteristics. Most notable to him was the armor plating around his chest and belly. He supposed that would just be his style now but feeling the plating he had an inkling that it was by far the strongest form of protective wear that he’d ever worn.

The next was his scales themselves. While they still remained their dual colored form, they’d somewhat darkened a bit. He didn’t know if it was to represent some kind of evil that he’d accepted but after all he’d experienced he was having trouble believing this Yamigedo was really all that bad.

While he couldn’t see it himself without looking into a mirrored reflection but that most would take notice of right away is his new helmet. Mostly reminiscent of his Omno lord form, this new helmet formed two additional horns right at the base of his forehead almot like demons horns? His normal golden mane had also been replaced, or recoloed rather to resemble more of Yamigedo’s purplish fur. Just about the only thing that hadn’t changed was Drum’s eyes.

Yet he wasn’t holding any weapon. Once he realized this, even with the armor he had on he couldn’t help but feel a little naked. Had he been reborn without one…?

Wait…What about the Drill ram bunker? It was supposed to be the proof that he was the chief’s son…It was as much a part of him as Yamigedo now was. Maybe…

Just as Yamigedo had done before, Drum closed his eyes, feeling for himself in search of his most trusted weapon. It was faint, but he could definitely still feel that part of him existing. With a determined growl, Drum reached his hands out, willing the drill ram bunker back into existence within his claws. The glow was bright in his claws as it’s shape and weight slowly set into his claws. He would make one twirl around to test the weight of his weapon and steady himself by stamping his foot into the ground.

“Awwwwh yeah!! Now that feels much better!” The dragon roared out, feeling at ease with the familiar weight of his Drill ram bunker in his hands.

That’s one thing that hadn’t changed at least. This would at the very least prove to everyone that he was still him. He let a fanged smile form over his muzzle, before his attention returned to Yamigedo who even still was a good foot or so over him. “So…I am one of your hundred demon’s now…So what’s next?”

Yamigedo never stopped looking at the dragon, curious of his new shape after having become a small part of himself. It was like looking at a spawn of himself and he could now in some form understand Drum’s feelings. He wanted to protect this one, as Drum had also become one with him.

“We make the world acknowledge us as our own tribe. The Hundred Demon Dragons. And you’re the first one.”

“Hundred Demon Dragons…” It did have a nice ring to it. Rolled on Drum’s tongue in a way that he thought it should. “If I’m the first then does that mean you’re going to do that to 99 OTHER dragons?” He couldn’t imagine many others actually surrendering to Yamigedo like he had. He’d done it for his friends, and to return to his people, but he didn’t want the others being forced into becoming what he was.

That was a question that Yamigedo was already prepared for. He could certainly eat 99 others…He even had the appetite for it, as the legends say. But he didn’t want to be known as a tyrant like his predecessor. “No. I want the Hundred Demon Dragons to be accepted in dragon world. So I’ll only do that to dragons who are willing. You were an exception.”

So only people who would actually ALLOW themselves to be eaten by Yamigedo would be changed like him. Though…thinking about it, the demon really did give him the choice. He could become a hundred demon, or he could remain inside of the Yamigedo forever. This seemed a much better idea.

“Well…if you’re wanting people to accept you…” He held up the Drill Ram Bunker in his claws, making sure it’s weight settled nicely in his claws. “I should probably return to my tribe. I can let them know just how you were merciful enough to give me a choice, and how you aren’t the world devourer anymore.”

That did sound good. Word would get around and maybe…just maybe things would turn out for the better. “Alright then. Go back to the Drum Bunker tribe. You’ll know where to find me.” Not because he would remain in any one specific place, but now their bond was linked. Due to Drum now being a part of himself, the new Hundred Demon would be able to find him wherever he went.

There was a moment of silence between the two of them, before Yamigedo reached out and brought Drum close to himself in a hug. He didn’t know why he did it. But something inside him just wanted to hold the dragon close even just for a moment before sending him away, watching his new companion sauntering back to his tribe.

\*GRRROOWWWWWL\*

Upon his first step, Drum felt an odd rumbling in his belly and gave it a few idle pats. While he was used to being hungry, he’d just woken up again with a fresh body. The growl that emerged from it was louder than he was accustomed to as well. “Did I inherit his appetite too? I feel like I could eat a house…” The new dragon demon muttered, patting his stomach before turning to look at his village’s grounds off in the distance. This…would certainly take some explaining to do…

With any luck, they would manage to amass a new hundred demon tribe themselves. It would all depend on the dragons though. For now, Yamigedo felt fatigue from this whole event. He’d eaten, and while his belly did not have anything inside it, for now he felt full, so now he was going to get some much deserved rest himself. He’d set out to consume the one who destroyed his predecessor and he did. And that was more than enough for this day’s work, even if he offered new life to said destroyer.

“It will be interesting…I won’t be a world devourer again…” The demon rumbled with resolve, slowly closing his eyes after having laid down where Drum had been prior. For however, he would rest.

The last thing to come to his mind, was that of the card that had been in his hand prior. The image of Drum roaring fiercely on the image brought some form of amusement to the demon as he muttered out the words. “Hundred Demon Dragon: Drum Bunker Dragon…” before sleep finally took him.