

Rilan was always viewed as a bit of an odd ball by Outworlders. Edenians were often viewed as far more noble, stoic and proud, yet Rilan was far from those things, especially operating as an diplomat for Edenian affairs. Though Edenians were thousands of years old, Rilan was the equivalent of a young adult, no older than his early-mid twenties, and behaved as one too. He was good at his job and a professional where it counted most, but it was hard not to notice that he was substantially more 'animated' than most Edenians.

Especially given how eager he was to befriend any emissaries that would meet with him or guide him around their respective realms. Most would maintain civility and keep a friendly face, but Rilan could usually see when they were just not interested in being more than guides. However, one emissary in particular wasn't as keen to brush brush him.

That was Outworld's emissary; a young Zatteran shapeshifter named Syzoth. Though Rilan was thousands of years older, physically, the two appeared to be around the same age, and while Syzoth carried himself with that polite professionalism expected of any emissary, he wasn't quite as detached as others within his field. In fact, there was this inquisitive and open-mindedness that was quite endearing about Syzoth; the sincerity in which he spoke on behalf of Outworlders and their rather rich culture. Or how eager he was to learn about the cultures of other realms whenever visiting on behalf of Empress Mileena.

Something else that drew Rilan to Syzoth was how his open-mindedness also extended to the cuisine of other realms too.

Though Syzoth seldom seemed to enjoy much of what he ate, Rilan could never help but notice...he could eat a LOT. In fact, on more than one occasion, Rilan could see Syzoth's normally toned and trim stomach pressing out noticeably against his black and green ninja robes. The sight of which always brought out the red in Rilan's cheeks. But he knew Syzoth could pack away so much more.

Syzoth was a Zatteran after all. These reptilian creatures could swallow numerous beings whole. They often preferred their meats raw and whole, so cooked, seasoned or processed foods weren't kind to Syzoth's pallet. But because he was in his human form at all times on the job, he would be treated to the kinds of foods that humans would be expected to enjoy.

So, Rilan decided to offer Syzoth something that he WOULD enjoy.

...Hopefully.

Syzoth had just led Rilan to a guest cottage not far from the palace, but at least secluded enough for Rilan to enjoy some privacy. "We've refurnished since last you were here. The Empress does hope that you'll enjoy the commodities," Syzoth said with a respectful bow of his head.

“I've never needed much, but it sure looks cozy,” Rilan expressed eagerly before grinning and adding, “also, we're alone, so you don't have to be so formal, you know.”

Syzoth flashed a small, timid smile and nodded back at the young Edenian diplomat. “Of course, force of habit...”

But Rilan just smirked and shook his head before sauntering up to the Zatteran and saying, “Even now? Surely, with the amount of times we've interacted and gotten to know each other, we're friendly enough with each other, wouldn't you say?”

“...Y-Yes, certainly,” Syzoth exclaimed before scratching the back of his neck and adding, “but the Empress *does* expect a certain degree of decorum from her emissaries, and, well-”

“-Empress Mileena isn't here, is she?” Rilan interjected with a grin and a wink before clapping his hands together and adding, “You know what I think, Syzoth? I think you just need a little something to help you ease up a smidge. How about we share dinner together?”

Syzoth's face almost soured at the idea of eating more human food. But he managed a small smile and politely shook his head. “T-Thank you, but I'm afraid that I'm just not that hungry-”

“-Yes, I'm sure that when you showed me around the new Outworlder Art Museum, your stomach growling loudly enough to make everyone in the gallery turn and look at you was because you WEREN'T hungry,” Rilan said with a cheeky grin.

Syzoth's cheeks immediately went bright green.

“I get it, you're a Zatteran. You prefer your meals raw, correct? That's why I thought I'd treat you to something more your speed,” Rilan explained.

At that, Syzoth tilted his head slightly and raised a brow. “...I...don't follow. You wish to treat me to raw meat? I...I suppose I wouldn't object, but...isn't it rather late in the evening to go hunting in the Living Forest...?”

“Oh please, I'm many things, but a hunter is not one of them. No, I was thinking I'd treat you to something more filling to help you relax. After all, it's hard to be so uptight on a full stomach, wouldn't you say?” Rilan asked as he reached into his pocket and pulled out an amulet mounted to a chain necklace that he promptly placed around his neck, causing his body to grow with a bright green aura that seemed to vanish a moment later.

Syzoth's eyes narrowed inquisitively. “An Acid Resistant Rune, why would...”

His voice trailed off as he very quickly realized where Rilan was going with this. The instant he figured it out, his eyes widened nervously.

“...Y-You cannot possibly mean-”

Rilan extended his arms out and grinned. “I've been told that I smell quite delicious,” he joked.

Syzoth was definitely not in a joking mood. Trying to recompose himself, he tried (and failed) to smile back and said, “...I appreciate the offer, but I must refuse...” And then under his breath, added, “...*I would much rather not risk starting an interrealm incident, thank you very much...*”

“Oh come now, if you're concerned about harming me, let me assure you that this amulet has allowed me to traverse through some of the most acidic substances known across the realms. I even survived slipping into the Dead Pools, so digestion; even from a Zatteran's volatile stomach acids, doesn't concern me.”

Syzoth pinched his brow, struggling to maintain his composure as he muttered, “...But WHY would you want me to eat you? It's such an unnecessary risk and I would hate for something to go wrong. Y-You could be hurt!”

Annnnd once again, under his breath...

“...*And I could lose my job...*”

But Rilan just walked up to Syzoth and patted his shoulder pad assuringly. “I won't be. But see, I'm not like most Edenians. I don't desire being wined and dined by emissaries, or treated like royalty.”

“...But...Edenian diplomats ARE royalt-”

“-*The point is...*I'd rather we interact not as emissary and diplomat...but as *friends*,” Rilan exclaimed more genuinely.

At that, Syzoth's nervous and tense expression softened. There was a momentary hopeful smile on his youthful, tattooed face. “...Y-You would...?” he asked a little more softly, before clearing his throat and adding, “...Y-Yes, well...I-I still don't see why you would want me to EAT you for us to be friends...”

“Well, friends trust one another, don't they? What better way of building trust than getting as close to one another as we could possibly be?” Rilan asked.

Syzoth's cheeks once again grew bright green as he blushed and quietly muttered, “...That almost sounds rather...*i-intimate...*”

Syzoth would have protested further, but before he could, his stomach once again growled loudly and hungrily enough to be heard throughout the entire cottage.

“And it sounds like you're well-past due for a filling meal,” Rilan insisted.

Syzoth bit his lip, before finally caving with a resigned sigh of defeat. “...Very well...but do please keep this between us...”

“I'm not one to kiss and tell, as that boisterous Earthrealm Entertainer would say,” Rilan said with an eager grin before adding, “Now, undo the robes.”

Syzoth blinked like a frozen deer in headlights.

“...*What...*”

“You're about to swallow me whole, and seeing as how I don't just rapidly digest like prey usually tends to for Zatterans, you're not going to want to rip up your robes when your belly expands, right?”

Once again, Syzoth was blushing so hard that he almost looked radioactive with how bright green his face was.

Nodding quietly, he removed the green sash around his chest and undid his black robes, exposing his smooth yet toned bare stomach to Rilan.

At the sight of Syzoth's bare belly, suddenly, Rilan found himself blushing furiously.

Nonetheless, he worked up the nerve to grab a hold of Rilan by his shoulders and quietly muttered, “...*R-Ready...*?”

At Rilan's go-ahead, Syzoth licked his lips and, even in his human form, managed to unhinge his jaw rather effortlessly. He rested his eyes shut and wasted no time pushing Rilan's head and shoulders into his eager but apprehensive maw. Syzoth fought the urge to shudder at the flavor he could taste from the young Edenian man slithering across his thick, slimy tongue as he continued pushing more of his body through his jaws.

As Rilan entered Syzoth's throat, Syzoth gripped Rilan's body more tightly but carefully as he hoisted his head up high and let gravity assist in pushing Rilan's body down his gullet. He swallowed thickly as more of Rilan's body squeezed down Syzoth's throat. His once slender yet defined neck swelled immensely, as if Syzoth were swallowing an entire beachball as Rilan's body squeezed further and further down. Syzoth was unable to suppress a moan of pleasure as he groped the thick bulge pushing down his throat, digging his fingers into it as he felt the diplomat sink further and further down his gullet.

The young Zatteran emissary extended his jaw even further to help ease Rilan down faster. Inside, Rilan felt Syzoth's throat muscles stretch effortlessly to accommodate his frame. The slick, fleshy muscles pulsed around him as his body descended further and further into the stinking belly of the impossibly handsome beast. Syzoth obviously couldn't see it, but Rilan's face was beat red at this point as he wriggled to inch himself closer and closer to his destination.

No longer needing to hold Rilan's body in place, Syzoth's free hand traveled down to hold his exposed stomach. The once defined midsection had already begun swelling out as Rilan's body began to enter Syzoth's belly. With one hand still groping his bulging neck and the other groping at his ever-expanding gut, Syzoth simply couldn't deny the pleasure of his meal...precarious though it was.

Only Rilan's feet remained outside of Syzoth's maw. Extending his jaws one last time, Rilan's lower body sank inside of Syzoth's jaws, allowing the Zatteran to clench his mouth shut, and with one especially hearty and rather wet-sounding *gulp*, Rilan's entire body plummeted with a splash inside of Syzoth's acid-filled stomach. Immediately, Syzoth's belly ballooned out by nearly four feet, stretching to obscene proportions and slapping down against his thighs as it accommodated Rilan's form. Any other prey that Syzoth consumed would have been mostly dissolved by that point thanks to his terrifyingly corrosive stomach acids. Luckily, Rilan's amulet granted him complete and total immunity from even the strongest acids.

Syzoth was left panting breathlessly, strands of drool dribbling down his chin as he tried to catch his breath upon wolfing down such an incredibly rich and filling meal. Both of his hands cradled his enormous gut, feeling his prey pushing himself into a sitting position. In the midst of his panting, he felt an immense swell of pressure brewing in his chest. Swallowing Rilan down brought a lot of unwanted air into Syzoth's gut that he desperately needed to expel. Taking in a deep gulp of air, Syzoth was about to let out an absolute *monster* of a belch...

...But right before he could, he quickly remembered that there was a literal DIPLOMAT stewing in his massive belly. So instead, right at the last second, instead of unleashing the monster that was brewing, Syzoth very quickly clamped his mouth shut with his palm, and just barely managed to suppress a belch of such force that it completely ballooned his cheeks. The gas reverberated HEAVILY behind Syzoth's lips, rumbling in his mouth aggressively for a solid three or four seconds, before it ended with him blowing the gas off to the side and huffing heavily. It wasn't nearly as relieving or satisfying, but he was always very self-conscious around other realms' government officials...even ones currently stewing in his belly.

Syzoth slumped back, barely able to stand on his own two feet under the sheer weight of his rather globular gut.

So, he eased himself onto the ground slowly, parking his curvy rump onto the floor and stumbling a bit as his back hit the bed and his enormously belly forced him to spread his legs out just to give it some breathing room. He huffed heavily once more and slowly ran his hands across the enormity of his added girth.

“Urrrf...ohhh by the gods, I'm so full...” Syzoth moaned to himself, wincing before muffling another large though much shorter burp behind his fist that once again puffed out his cheeks and left him huffing. “Mph, pardon me...” Syzoth muttered quietly as he lightly tapped his broad and exposed chest a few times. Glancing down at his giant gut, Syzoth saw it writhe slightly and, rather timidly, placed his palm against the areas he could feel Rilan squirming about inside. “Are...are you alright in there...?”

“Oh yeah, this thing worked like a charm!” Rilan exclaimed as he took in his surroundings.

The stomach lining encasing him like an elastic-sealed sac was dark green, with bright, glowing green acid bubbling beneath him. In any other circumstances, the stomach acids would have dissolved any creature to be consumed by Syzoth almost instantly. But thanks to the amulets' aura, it was like being in an incredibly warm (and incredibly smelly) bath. The warm, organic confines churned and bubbled all around Rilan. As he placed his palm against the front of the stomach lining before him, it felt slick and slightly sticky, and stretched out effortlessly when Rilan pushed his palm against it.

Syzoth blushed as he saw a smaller bulge protrude from his enormous belly, feeling Rilan moving around inside of him was not a feeling he was especially familiar with. After all, given how insanely volatile his stomach acids were, anything that entered his belly didn't usually tend to stay whole for long. “W-Well, I am...” Syzoth started to say before wincing, and once again pushing a fist against his lips as he just barely suppressed another tremendous burp; ballooning his cheeks again as the gas rumbled aggressively in his maw, all too eager to be expelled. He huffed the gas off to the side of his maw and palmed his belly, working up a smaller afterburp that puffed his cheeks out in a smaller manner. Syzoth blushed and stroked his enormous gut tenderly before finishing his sentence, “...I am glad. But, if I may...umm...exactly how long do you wish to remain inside there...?”

Rilan laughed in amusement, making Syzoth's belly jiggle with his guffaws as he said, “Oh relax, would you? This is supposed to be a trust exercise. Trust that this amulet will do its job.”

“...I trust that if it doesn't for any reason, I'll be OUT of a job very, very shortly...” Syzoth muttered quietly under his breath in a nervous fashion before adding, “...I...I simply feel like, well, given the fact that you're sitting in my belly, that, surely, we've...um...bonded enough for me to release you, wouldn't you say?”

Rilan chuckled more softly and shook his head. "You're still not getting it, my friend. BUT! Fear not, for I know exactly what to do about that," Rilan insisted.

Syzoth cocked a brow, but before he could ask what Rilan meant, suddenly, he froze in place as he felt Rilan's hands groping at the inside of his stomach. Before long, Rilan's hands began to very gingerly and gently stroke the inside of Syzoth's belly. His palms ran up and down the slick, dark green stomach lining, kneading his fingers into the fleshy sac and massaging into it as it bubbled heavily in response.

Outside, Syzoth practically went cross-eyed as he slumped back more relaxed fashion. "Gruuuuohhhhhhhmmmyyy...that's...that feels so..." Syzoth could barely speak before just moaning in abject pleasure at the sensation. His arms dangled to his sides and his legs went limp as Rilan continued gingerly rubbing Syzoth's belly from within. There was an oh-so subtle imprint of the delegates' hands pushing out from the surface of Syzoth's enormously glutted gut as they slowly ran up and down the fleshy surface of his slick stomach lining.

"I had a feeling it would," Rilan said with a grin as he gave the stomach lining in front of him a few hearty, teasing pats, causing the sac to quiver and jostle heavily around him. He laughed when he heard Syzoth hiccup sharply in response to the patting, causing Rilan's confines to suddenly bounce just as sharply from the spasm before settling back in place. He continued to knead and massage Syzoth's stomach internally, causing the stomach to burble quite pleasantly all around him, as if Syzoth's belly itself was delighted with the treatment it was receiving. "So! How's it feel? Having someone actually squirming around in your belly, Syzoth?"

Syzoth was still groaning contently at the belly rubs before lazily dropping one hand atop his massive, churning dome of flesh and tenderly stroking it in soft, circular motions. "...Different," he finally spoke up, adding, "...Not to get too graphic, but usually, the writhing in my belly lasts mere seconds before...well..."

"I can guess," Rilan chimed in as he continued caressing from within.

"...I-Indeed, h-heh...but here...mmmm...it's...quite pleasant," Syzoth said, gingerly patting his belly a few times and causing its surface to jostle heavily with each pat he gave. The last pat caused another gas bubble to work its way up his throat with an audible gurgle from his gullet. Syzoth once again pushed a fist against his lips and barely managed to muffle another tremendous belch that rumbled in his cheeks for a few seconds, before ending with him moaning in relief and huffing the gas off to the side. "Ugh...and far more filling too..."

"Yes, I imagine when your prey is not sizzling into a putrid slurry, that WOULD be more filling," Rilan joked as he teasingly nudged Syzoth's belly from within.

Again, Syzoth's stomach shifted from the nudge, causing him to grope his gut firmly and hiccup loudly again before it ended with a wet burp that he couldn't hold in on time. The Zatteran blushed a bright, embarrassing green and covered his mouth. "Mph, pardon...a-and please, si-err...Rilan, PLEASE do not call yourself 'my prey'..."

"Well, you DID eat me," Rilan retorted with a teasing grin (not that Syzoth could see it). He grinned a little wider when he saw the front of Syzoth's stomach grow a brighter green. He knew biology well enough to know that the inside of a stomach actually grows as flush as someone's cheeks down whenever they were blushing.

This shapeshifting young reptile was far too bashful for his own good sometimes.

"W-Well, if I may ask...what is it like, umm... *within* my belly? I don't usually get to chat with pr-err...w-with *individuals* after I've consumed them, so..." Syzoth muttered almost shyly as he drummed his fingers atop his ballooned out belly.

"I mean, it doesn't smell particularly great in here," Rilan joked, prompting Syzoth to mutter something quietly; almost petulantly, under his breath, before he went on. "Your stomach acids glow so much that I can see everything around me though. The actual stomach lining around me is dark green, slimy, but, oddly pleasant to the touch..." Rilan kneaded the fleshy mound around him, groping it for emphasis, which caused Syzoth to shudder in delight. "Your belly is as noisy as an elixir-maker's cauldron...just bubbling nonstop. And it's...oddly soothing being encased within your belly, almost protectively. Heh, you know, if you ever visited Edenia and were brought on as my bodyguard, you could always protect me by keeping me in here," Rilan suggested, patting the stomach around him and causing Syzoth to hiccup again.

Syzoth covered his mouth and blushed again before rubbing his broad, bare chest idly and muttering, "I would probably be far too full to protect you effectively..." before muffling yet another eruption behind his fist.

Rilan snickered to himself. "You know, you'd probably feel better if you just let some of those out."

Syzoth frowned and muttered, "...I'd like to maintain SOME dignity, if I may..."

"...After literally swallowing an Edenian delegate whole and sporting a belly the size of one of those oddly comfortable Earthrealm beanbag chairs...?" Rilan sniped back cheekily.

Syzoth opened his mouth to retort back, but froze in place, blushing anew before adding, "...Alright, I concede that this is pretty undignified as is, but--"

"-Let me just stop you right there, if I may?" Rilan interjected with a smirk before gripping the stomach lining around him and giving it a good, firm shaking. "Trust me, you'll feel a lot better, and maybe more *relaxed* if you just let loose."

"Mph, I certainly don't feel more rela-aUrp!" Syzoth tried to say but got cut off by a wet burp which made him lurch and cover his mouth in an increasingly nauseated manner.

The outside of Syzoth's belly suddenly started jiggling and wobbling heavily as all the acids inside of his gut sloshed around heavily and uncomfortably. Grabbing his domed out gut with both hands, Syzoth groaned as his stomach gurgled and churned intensely and noisily. The acids started bubbling more aggressively within him, causing a sizable pocket of gas to accumulate, which only intensified the more Rilan shook Syzoth's big belly about.

Syzoth's face grew greener, wanting to plead with Rilan to stop, but worried that if he opened his mouth, he'd get to tell Rilan to stop to his face. Suddenly, with a sickening burble, Syzoth's stomach hitched. The young reptile's eyes widened as he quickly covered his mouth with one hand and gripped his big, bubbling gut tightly with the other. His cheeks quickly puffed out, and his face grew greener. Syzoth felt as if he was about to vomit violently.

...Instead, Syzoth's maw gaped wide open and Syzoth proceeded to let out the biggest, nastiest **BELCH** that he had ever uttered! The aggressively loud and forceful eructation blasted past Syzoth's maw with enough force to send several strands of saliva spewing from past his rippling lips, The sheer power behind that eruption was so great that Syzoth's belly jiggled heavily as he unleashed that utterly monstrous burp. Inside, for Rilan, it was like an earthquake was violently shaking all around him. It raged on for a staggering eight seconds straight; easily heard by any who happened to be within a hundred yards of the guest cottage, before finally rumbling to a harsh finish.

When it finally ended, Syzoth's belly stopped jiggling around while Syzoth slumped back breathlessly against the frame of the bed, panting heavily as his massive dome of a gut rose and fell with an audible slosh each time. "Graahh...hhhaaaahhhh...oOohhh wow...th-that...that was..." Syzoth started to say, before clenching his eyes shut, taking a deep breath, and letting out a rather sizable afterburp that morphed into a relieved moan which left his long tongue hanging from his maw. "Gruuuohhhh hoooo wow...ohhh my, that...that felt amazing..."

Rilan eventually recovered his bearings from inside of Syzoth's big, volatile belly and said, "I'm pretty sure my ears will be ringing for several hours..."

Syzoth was still panting heavily, before glancing down at his belly and giving an exhausted but almost cheeky little smirk as he caressed his big, round belly contently and said, “Well, there's a reason I was holding those in...”

“Clearly,” Rilan muttered, though, to his surprise, for some reason, he was blushing rather heavily himself after that. Clearing his throat, he shook that little revelation off and said, “But hey, at least you're finally starting to unwind a bit around me.”

Despite his exhausted state, Syzoth gave that cute little hissing snicker of his and said, “Sss-ss-ss...I suppose that I'm far too winded to be uptight, my friend...”

“Ah, so I'm exhausting?” Rilan asked cheekily.

“N-No, I-I didn't mean it in that manner, but-” Syzoth started to say nervously again, before pausing, blinking to himself, and adding, “...ohhh, you're being 'cheeky' as Johnny would say...y-you ARE being cheeky, right...? Also, am I using that word correctly...?”

Rilan laughed and gave Syzoth's belly another internal pat. “Very much so, yes...and yes, you're using it correctly, well done.”

Syzoth grinned almost proudly upon hearing that. His grin turned a little mischievous after that as he added, “Well, you'll be pleased to know that *I* can be cheeky too...”

And before Rilan could ask what Syzoth meant, he yelped suddenly as his fleshy confines shifted all around him, causing him to topple face-first against the front of the stomach lining. That was because Syzoth shifted his position to be sitting upright a bit more...before getting down on all fours and causing his giant belly to squish against the ground. The young Zatteran grinned impishly as he started to push his torso down and sway his curvy hips left and right, teasingly grinding his belly against the ground and smothering Rilan in the process.

Rilan yelped as his confines squished all around him, finding himself getting rolled around within the soft, slimy sac. He struggled to hold himself steady as he tried to plant his hands forward against the stomach lining. Syzoth just grinned and continued grinding his big ball of a belly against the ground, unable to hide a pant of satisfaction at the feeling. “You DID say you wanted me to relax, after all. And, well, I for one, find this QUITE relaxing, don't you...?” Syzoth teased before doing a light pushup to ease pressure off of his belly, before almost playfully bouncing back down, causing Rilan to yelp inside of his gut. Funnily though, the pressure Syzoth applied to his belly caused a great deal of air to come rushing up his gullet all at once.

And just earlier, Syzoth felt a familiar pressure bubbling up from his belly and simmering up his throat. His cheeks puffed out as he tried to hold the pressure in, but just like before, it proved futile, as another GARGANTUAN belch blasted out of Syzoth's maw for several seconds, making his belly ripple heavily as his stomach compressed within itself to expel as much of that fetid gas as possible.

When it ended, Syzoth blushed but couldn't help but sigh heavily with relief, giving the side of his bulbous belly a few satisfied pats and causing it to jostle beneath him. His blush steadily intensified when he realized what he had just done, causing that almost mischievous smirk on his face to turn a touch apprehensively. "...Eh...h-heh...m-my apologies, I MAY have gotten a tad carried away there..."

There was silence for a moment, which did nothing to help Syzoth's nerves. Mercifully, Rilan broke the ice. "Pfft...! Haha! So you DO know how to have fun!" Rilan joked, patting the stomach lining from inside before adding, "By the gods, when you get in the spirit of things, you REALLY go 'all in' as the Earthrealmers say, don't you..."

Syzoth pushed himself off of the ground and sat back down onto his rump, slowly caressing his belly in a much more gentle manner before saying, "H-Heh, I hope I wasn't too rough with you..."

"I'm Edenian. We're considerably sturdier than you'd expect," Rilan assured Syzoth before adding, "Still, I'm glad you're starting to at least feel comfortable enough around me to even *go* that rough."

Syzoth rubbed the back of his neck and shrugged. "I suppose when someone is stirring in my belly, it IS a bit more difficult being so stiff and formal..." He winced, and then turned his head to burp heavily behind his fist, blushing a bit more afterwards as he blew the gas off to the side. "Ugh, case in point..."

"Well, maybe you ought to start eating all the delegates you engage with to build a better rapport going forward," Rilan suggested casually.

"No thank you...there are rules about being intimate with representatives from other realms, and, well, I can't imagine anything more intimate than...THIS..." Syzoth mused, groping the side of his belly and giving it a hearty jiggle for emphasis, causing himself to hiccup loudly in the process. He huffed, then ran his long tongue across his lips and managed a small smirk as he glanced down at his belly and ran circles over it with his fingertips. "Besides, one tasty delegate is more than enough..."

"Ohhh? TASTY, am I...?" Rilan asked with a teasing grin.

Syzoth's face grew bright green upon realizing he just said that out loud. "...I...*think it's time I let you out now...*"