

WARNING

This story contains a total minute by minute biography of the writer from birth to the second that they have uploaded this.

(Actually, this story contains soft, semi consensual , non-fatal vore... oh and some maw-play)

Kara's eyes widened. The true impact of what she had just done had hit her. She felt her throat for the bulge and followed it down into her chest. She felt Zack curl up in her crop. Although she knew he would be safe, she worried that he would never want to see her again. She knew she had taken her little game too far.

Zack desperately searched for a way out of his predicament. He pounded the walls, he called out Kara's name. He started begging for his release.

"Kara! Please please let me out of here!" Zack pleaded, hoping that Kara could hear him.

Kara was crying. She had blown it. She was an evil dragon. How could she think that she could control herself around something so tempting? She heard muffled cries from within her. 'I have to get him out of there,' she said to herself.

Zack was curled up tightly into a ball, squished by the stomach walls. He couldn't think straight at all. Every phrase, every memory, everything that he could recall swarmed his mind and overworked his brain. He seemed to be tiring out quite quickly. He was overcome with grief as he knew that he would never escape. He would never see his family ever again. Suddenly, the walls started squishing him tightly. 'This is it!' Zack thought to himself. He was staring death in the eye and he was more fearful than he could have ever imagined. He felt the walls getting ever closer, threatening to squish him into a paste. Just when he thought that he might be killed from the pressure, his head popped through a valve at the top of the stomach. His entire body was slowly extruded into a less tight area. The relief that Zack felt from not being dead was short lived. The walls around him rapidly closed in on him again. Zack was disoriented from the overstimulation of the flesh around him, the lack of air, and the darkness. He couldn't quite tell where he was being taken inside his so called friend. The thought sickened him. 'How could she trick me so easily. I'm so stupid!' Zack wanted to yell in anger but was too exhausted. He fought to stay awake, trying to figure out where he was going. His body would not allow it and Zack passed out.

Kara finally felt Zack's small form enter her mouth again. She quickly reached in and grabbed Zack, feeling him fall limp in her grasp. 'Oh no! I've killed him!' Kara thought, placing him flat on his back on her clawed hand. She got close to him to hear if he was still breathing. Small, shallow breaths were escaping from her tiny friend's mouth. Kara slumped down onto the grass, her mind still swimming with regret and worry. Kara felt awful; she had probably ruined any chance of friendship with Zack.

Zack's eyes slowly opened. The bright light from the sun was blinding. He shielded his eyes. His eyes were taking an unusually long time to focus but a picture was slowly formed. He was looking directly at Kara. She was staring back at him, an incredibly worried look on her face.

"Where am I?" Zack asked.

"Do you not remember?" Kara asked, surprised.

Zack tried to recall any events prior to him waking up. Slowly, he was reminded about where he should be. "Wait, did you eat me?" Zack accused.

"Kara looked away from Zack's gaze. "I'm sorry Zack. I understand if you never want to come ba-"

"How am I still alive, Kara?" Zack interrupted. His tone was not angry, it just seemed curious.

"I didn't mean for it to go that far, I didn't mean to swallow you. I was going to let you go but you fell before I could."

"But Kara, how am I still alive." Zack asked again.

"I only put you in my storage stomach, I wasn't going to hurt you."

Zack didn't know what to say. He was completely confused about his predicament. His mind raced with what he had just experienced and what he was to do. He looked up at the navy blue dragon that held him. She looked down, ashamed of herself.

"Zack, I'm sorry." Kara started. "I didn't mean for it to go that far, you just tasted so good."

Kara looked up slightly at Zack who was staring off into space. The silence was killing her. 'Why isn't he responding' Kara asked herself. Her mind started thinking of reasons why Zack would not respond. She thought that maybe Zack was too mad at her to talk.

"I guess it wasn't that bad." Zack said.

"Wait, what wasn't so bad?" Kara asked, suddenly raising her head.

"I guess the whole situation." Zack responded, somewhat unsure of himself and his answer.

"So you didn't mind that I ate you?"

"Well, at the time I was really worried and scared. Being this close to a predator is really quite frightening. Maybe next time, you could be gentler."

Kara looked at Zack, confused. "Next time?"

"Um... sure. You seemed to like it so much."

"But you were so scared." Kara pointed out.

"Yeah, I was, and to be perfectly honest, I still am scared of the Idea." Zack responded.

Kara looked at him as though he were a crazy person, which she had every reason to assume. She had just heard that Zack was willing to be eaten again by her just because she enjoyed it.

"Zack, are you sick or something?" Kara asked.

"No, why do you ask?" Zack responded.

"You are giving me permission to eat you. Does that even strike you as odd or dangerous or anything?"

"Yes, of course it does. I'm scared of you but I also like you; you're my first friend I think. I don't think I've ever had another one. I don't know... I guess I'm trying to make sure that you like me too."

Kara smiled reassuringly. "That's really sweet Zack, you don't have to allow me to eat you in order for me to like you. Sure it would be a great perk, and a tasty one at that, but you don't have to. I'll get by without having a tasty snack every so often."

"I know that I don't have to. I want to."

Zack smiled up at Kara. She came down quickly and licked his torso. "Maybe I'll even let you have your under-pants on for the next time."

Zack looked down and noticed that he was still completely naked in her palm. He quickly covered up his privates, blushing bright red. Kara giggled at Zack's embarrassment. Zack looked up at her.

"Here, get dressed." Kara said, putting him down by a pile of his clothes. Zack got dressed speedily, gathering up all of his clothes and putting them on as fast as he possibly could. Kara looked away to give him some privacy.

"Ok, you can look now." Zack announced. Kara turned around to see her friend now clothed again.

"So... Um... do you have any plans for after this?" Kara asked.

"No. I don't have anything planned." Zack replied. "My parents are out for the weekend so I don't have to be home at a certain time."

"Are you hungry?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, actually, now that you mention it, I am pretty hungry."

Kara suddenly picked Zack up in her claw and put him on her back. "Hold on Zack," She called. Zack held onto one of her back-spikes. Kara started to sprint through the forest. She ran between trees with a precision that one could only attain through years of practice. She seemed to dance between the trees, making her every move look easy and well thought out. Zack was in awe of the speed and maneuverability that Kara had.

'She was certainly a predator. How could anything escape her clutches?' Zack thought. Suddenly Kara turned left towards a lone deer grazing in the forest. It had no time to react before Kara was on top of it. She quickly killed the deer and picked it up in her jaws. She turned around and trotted away. She continued to trot towards the Cliffside of one of the various mountains that surrounded the small town that they lived in. Kara started climbing the wall. Zack held on tighter to her spike, trying to stay on her back. Kara continued to climb until she reached a plateau. Zack was relieved that Kara had stopped climbing. He got his bearings on her back again right as she lifted him off. She placed him down and then placed the deer down in front of him. She turned around and walked over to a pile of wood and branches and grabbed a few. She set them down in a small pile. Zack wanted to help but she seemed to have everything under control. Kara slowly blew fire onto the wood, igniting it enough to start a decently sized blaze. She laid down beside Zack.

"How much of the deer do you want?" Kara asked.

"Just a small piece," Zack replied.

Kara ripped off a leg and skinned it for him. She bit around part of the bone until it was cleaned of all meat remnants. She handed him the thigh by the stripped bone. Zack started to cook it over the fire.

"Is that all you want?" Kara asked.

"Oh yeah, this is plenty for me." Zack replied, not even sure if he was going to be able to finish the piece that she gave him.

Kara picked up the rest of the deer in her jaws and tossed it in the air. Zack watched as Kara caught the deer and swallowed it in one gulp. Zack began to feel uncomfortable. He felt as though he could be that deer at any moment. His mind began exploring his discomfort, creating scenarios around his fear of her. Zack stopped, feeling awful about his thoughts. She showed him that she could be trusted. Zack calmed himself down again. He looked at Kara. He started seeing Kara in a different light. She was still a scary intimidating creature but somehow her presence was calming. Zack never really had time to admire the incredible creature beside him before. He was too worried about his well-being. The light of the fire caused her dark blue scales to shimmer like an ocean reflecting the moonlight. Her stomach scales blended slowly from a lighter shade of blue into the navy blue that took over the rest of her. Zack followed her scale patterns up to her head. She was staring at the fire, a content smile on her muzzle. She glanced at Zack and noticed that he was staring at her.

"Hey Zack, whatcha looking at?" Kara asked.

"Oh... um," Zack started, embarrassed to be caught staring. "Nothing really," He said, looking at his shoes. Kara smiled at him and put her claw around him. She dragged him up next to her long neck and let her head rest on the ground. Zack laid back, allowing his back to rest on Kara's cheek.

"Thanks for supper, Kara." Zack said.

Kara smiled mischievously. "We still haven't had dessert yet," she said with an obvious undertone.

Zack knew what she wanted and was about to escape but Kara was too quick. She grabbed Zack in a flash and pinned him to the stone floor.

“Oh Zack, you were too slow to react it seems.”

Zack struggled in her grasp.

“Did you really think you could get away anyways?” Kara asked.

“No, not with your speed and agility. I’d be dragon chow whether I tried to run or not.”

Kara giggled. “Well at least you’re honest with yourself.”

Zack looked worried again; his mind was trying to tell him that this situation was dangerous. He wanted to run but he couldn’t. Kara started removing his clothes again. As promised, she stopped at his underpants. Zack shivered on the stone floor. His mind was desperately telling him to run. ‘This was a big mistake,’ Zack thought to himself. He was not prepared to be eaten again but he couldn’t do anything about it. He looked up at Kara, a frightened expression on her face.

“Aww, cheer up Zack. You’ll be fine. I don’t bite.” Kara said, laughing at her own joke. Kara brought her head close to Zack and licked his cheek. Zack recoiled slightly but kept his firm stature. She continued to lick his cheek with more vigor now. Zack winced each time her tongue made contact with his face. Zack still wasn’t used to being tasted. He wasn’t sure if he would ever be used to it. She started giggling as she moved over to his other cheek and then down to his neck. Hearing the giggle, Zack, slowly opened his eyes. He was about to say something. Just at that moment, Kara had decided to lick his entire face from top to bottom. Zack struggled and sputtered under her paw. Seeing that Zack was in distress, Kara lifted her paw and let him sit up.

Zack sat up, almost wheezing. He looked up at Kara. She looked back down at him with a slightly worried expression.

“Are you okay?” Kara asked.

“I didn’t think predators cared about their prey,” Zack said, wiping off his face.

“Well, you’re a little more special than some of my other morsels,” Kara said with a wink.

Kara looked down at the young delicious looking piece of meat in front of her and couldn’t help but salivate. Zack looked delectable. She loved the taste of bare skin. It was smooth and slippery when she licked it. It had a distinctly salty taste that fur did not. It was not overpowering nor underwhelming. It was perfect in every way that she could imagine. His body also had a great texture. Zack was quite lean but still had some fatty tissue. She loved that there was a slight mix. Although she would refrain, biting into him would be a great experience, she could tell just by looking at him.

Zack looked up at Kara. Her blue eyes sparkled with an unquenchable desire. She looked greedy and dominant. She began to salivate obviously. Her long tongue slithered across her lips, curling over the

side of her muzzle and resting there for a second. She grinned a wicked mischievous grin, showing that there was no escape. He belonged utterly to her.

Kara felt so powerful. She loved the feeling of asserting her dominance over something; the fact that it was someone that she could also call a friend was an exhilarating experience. She loved the body language that Zack was giving off. Zack's frightened expression added to her excitement. She wanted him now. She wanted to taste him, to savor him, to eat him. Zack would not be able to talk her out of it now.

Zack was very uncomfortable with the way that Kara looked at him. She seemed absorbed by her desire to eat him. He wasn't sure if she could control it.

"Kara?" Zack called.

"Yes, my little snack?" Kara asked in an oppressive whisper.

"Can we stop this? You're scaring me."

Kara got down low to the ground, stalking Zack, grinning wickedly. Zack continued to back up, suddenly feeling his back contact the mountain face. Kara smiled and licked her chops one more time. Her long draconic tongue slipped out of her mouth and slowly contacted Zack's cheek. Zack trembled from the touch of the tongue.

"Remember Zack, you asked for it," Kara said in a lowered voice. She started licking in different areas along Zack's body. Her tongue left trails of sticky saliva along his body which cooled him. Zack started shivering from the cooling effects of the saliva.

"It looks like you're a bit cold there." Kara said mischievously. "I'll help you warm up."

Kara picked Zack up and hung him upside down above her open maw. Her tongue waved invitingly, giving Zack shivers from discomfort. Her throat opened and closed with her breathing. She slowly lowered Zack into her awaiting maw. Her humid breath was quite bearable to Zack but he had bigger things to worry about than bad breath. She let go suddenly, causing Zack to tumble down her extended tongue. She snapped her mouth shut almost immediately, shrouding Zack in darkness. He could feel her tongue quiver underneath him. Kara let out an audible moan of delight as she began to suck on Zack's body. He was sandwiched between her tongue and her hard ribbed palate. The tongue rubbed against his stomach, licking off as much of the flavor as she could. She settled down, lying on her stomach to relax as she enjoyed her human snack.

Kara's ears perked up from the sound of claws scraping against rock. The footsteps seemed to be deliberate planned to make the least amount of noise, signaling that something was trying to sneak up on her. She stopped licking Zack and pulled him out of her mouth. Zack looked at her, confused, but not complaining. She put a clawed digit to her lips and signaled for Zack to be quiet.

"Who's there?" Kara demanded.

From the darkness, a silhouette could be distinguished. It was in the shape of a dragon.

To Be Continued.