

{Warning : This interactive story contains vore and digestion. There is only one way through the story that does not result in you getting digested, often quite graphically.}

Your arms are being held by two guards, twisting painfully as they drag you down a network of stone corridors. You do not resist, even if you could break free you would be deep within the prison with every guard on the lookout for you. Better to slip away unnoticed once they leave, or even to face whatever justice this town reserved for thieves.

Your captors carry you through a solid oak door and into a large room. A single torch stands at the doorway and casts some light into the room. Enough for you to see the many iron bars that divide the room into cells. This is good news, with luck you will be able to escape, to get out this wretched dungeon and the entire town.

You are carried into the first cell and dropped in the center. An iron manacle is locked around your left ankle and the guards leave, you hear the cell door being locked, the room darkens as the torch is removed and the door to the room is also locked. You listen to their footsteps fading away down the stone corridor.