

Alone In the darkness you close your eyes and drift into sleep.

You wake at the sound of of your cell door being forced open, two guards walk in, unlock the manacle and lift you to your feet. As you are being dragged out of your cell you notice the dragon standing in the cell next to yours, you kick and struggle terrified that they are going to put you in the cell with it, but you are dragged away from it, back into the corridor..

Before the oak door closes you see the dragon watching you. You don't like the look it gives you and are glad to be able to put some distance between the two of you. You are led back through the winding corridors and out into the sunshine.

Your escorts lead you through the streets until you reach a circular stone wall. They take you through a small door and down a narrow dark passage. Halfway down they draw their swords, you turn round, hands outstretched expecting them to kill you at any moment. Backing away you step through a doorway and out again into the sunshine. The door slams shut and you can hear it being bolted from the other side.

You turn slowly, realizing you have been tricked. The door you have just stepped through is part of a circular wall, enclosing an area of dry mud and rock. Several rows of seat line the top of the wall. At the far end is a similar if slightly larger door and lying by your feet is a sword and shield. You have just walked into an arena and any moment now you're opponents could be released from the other door.

You quickly grab the sword and shield, you have no idea how to use them but any defense is better than none. People are beginning to fill the surrounding seats, you stand still wondering what their going to release on you. Dogs, wild animals, another prisoner, with a shudder you remember the dragon in the cell next to yours. Almost anything would be better than that.

More people arrive, you stand tensely almost wishing they would begin, the waiting is beginning to get to you. Finally a man stands up from his seat. "Alice Nadeala," he announces "You are here on accusation of theft and will remain in the Pit for one hour. After that you will be allowed to leave our town. If still able." With that last ominous remark he sits down and the door at the far end of the arena swings open.

Your heart sinks, framed in the doorway is the dragon. Its wings are bound by a thick chain and its head is locked in an iron muzzle. A group of guards standing next to it remove the muzzle and it bursts into the arena.

You freeze, unable to move as the giant reptile bounds towards you. At the last second, you dive to one side, dropping your shield but managing to hold on to the sword as the dragon's fangs snap shut inches from your face.

The audience screams, some booing, most cheering. You have no idea which side

they are on but the noise is deafening. Regaining your footing you attempt to swing the sword in the dragon's direction. The heavy blade hits the ground and twists out of your grip. The crowd is now definitely against you, some of them have started throwing things.

"Come on, give me something to work with." Mutters the dragon then spins round swiping its tail towards your head. You duck the swipe and retrieve your weapon. You are sure the dragon could have hit you if it tried and realize that the fight is staged.

You take another swing at the dragon, this time accounting for the weight and deliberately getting as close as you can without hitting it. Your swing takes you off balance and the dragon slams into you, knocking you to your feet.

"Yes, I'm giving you chances but don't you try the same. You're not good enough to make it look real and if you lose you're still going to get eaten" it whispers as it closes in on you. A rock, thrown by a member of the crowd, bounces off the dragon's shoulder. It looks up and hisses, giving you a chance to stab at it with your sword. Lunging away from the blade, it takes a step back and you scramble to your feet.

The fight goes on with the dragon effortlessly dodging every attack you make then counter attacking, only to allow you to dodge out the way at the last minute.

Finally a sweep of its tail catches your ankles. In a single movement, it curls its tail round your legs and hoists you into the air. Your sword clatters to the ground as you dangle helplessly in front of the dragon. Settling onto its haunches the dragon raises you above its head and opens its mouth.

Your screams are drowned out by the cheers of the crowd as you are lowered into the dragon.

You struggle frantically as your head slides over the dragon's slimy tongue and into its tight esophagus. All light is cut out and the screams of the crowd are muffled, replacing them is the soft sounds of the dragon's interior. You can hear its pulse, you can hear the trickle of saliva running down its throat and the dull noise of its peristaltic muscle contracting and relaxing around you.

One swipe of the dragon's claws rips your clothing off and for a second the dragon pauses, letting the crowd admire your naked body.

Gulp. You feel a sudden rush as you are plunged waist deep into the dragon. You try to struggle but the dragon's throat is pinning your arms to your side, you can only squirm and kick your legs in desperation. The dragon releases your ankles letting your legs wave freely.

Gulp. Only your feet remain outside the dragon's throat, the dragon's tongue toys with them as they slide towards the back of its maw. You wriggle feebly in the

tight tube, unable to do anything but wait for the dragon to swallow again. You can smell the dragon's digestive tract, a sickly chemical smell rising from the dragon's stomach. You slip a few inches deeper, your toes slipping over the back of the dragon's tongue.

Gulp. By the time things stop moving you are lying horizontally in the dragon's stomach. You realize that it only took the hungry reptile three swallows to completely consume your entire body. You also realize that you are now in a very bad place. Thrashing desperately you cry for help, scream curses at the dragon and beg it to let you go.

The dragon's stomach is more elastic than its throat and allows you to stretch it. The distortions are clearly visible from the outside and the dragon circles the arena, showing off its squirming stomach to the spectators.

While the muscles surrounding you are not restricting your movements, the sheer weight of the stomach walls soon leaves you exhausted. Unable to resist any longer you relax in the dragon's gut. Several guards approach the dragon, and it allows them to fit the muzzle over its head and to escort it back to its cell.

Your surroundings move rhythmically in time with the dragon's steps. No longer resisting you take the time to observe your surroundings. The stomach walls are soft and would be comfortable if it were not for the sticky fluids coating both them and you, you try to ignore the fact that you are covered in a mix of the dragon's mucus and saliva. It's pitch black inside the dragon, your eyes are not going to adapt to it, there is simply no light. Besides with the stomach walls pressing against you face there would not be much to see. Hearing is a different matter, the outside world may sound muffled and distant but inside the dragon the sounds are crystal clear. You can hear the rhythmic beating of its heart, the steady rush of air through its lungs and the general sloshing noises of the dragon's interior.

You hear a faint scraping noise, the dragon steps into its cell, scrape, the door closes. There is a pause while the dragon allows the guards to remove both its muzzle and chains through the bars, then it carries you over to a thick pile of straw.

You feel a sudden lurch as the dragon drops onto its bedding. You are rolled around in its stomach as the dragon settles into a comfortable position. Finally satisfied it runs a forepaw over its rounded belly.

"Now little thief, let's get started."

Its words send a chill down your spine and you hear an ominous groan. Your skin starts to itch as the dragon's digestive juices begin to mingle with the fluids already coating you. You begin to struggle again but your movements only cause more juices to seep into the stomach. The dragon's tongue lolls from its mouth and its eyes half close. Lost in the pleasure of your soft flesh rubbing against its

stomach walls it begins to rub its fat tummy causing even more acids to wash over you.

You writhe and kick in your fleshy prison as the burning fluids begin to pool around you. The stomach starts to churn, squeezing then releasing your body to ensure no part is missed by the dragon's juices. The dragon enjoys your struggles for some time before letting out a long burp.

The stomach contracts around you as the air escapes, leaving you completely submerged in the acidic fluids. You give a few desperate kicks before you asphyxiate, causing one last satisfied groan from the dragon. Curling into a ball, it gives its now unmoving belly a gentle lick. "Thank you." it whispers, then falls into a deep sleep.

Several hours later a loud gurgle comes from the dragon's belly as its stomach pours a creamy and nutritious soup into its intestines.

Score 0 out of 10 - you didn't even escape your cell