

You ignore the dragon's taunts, focusing instead on trying to open the manacle.

"I'm just trying to help." it protests.

"Fuck off." You don't even bother to look up. "You've got no reason to want to help me. Anything you say or do is going to be with the intent of eating me."

The dragon growls, "Fine. I'll see you tomorrow then." somewhat sulkily the dragon retreats to the center of its cell and curls up in a pile of straw. You resume work on the manacle.

For most of the night you work on the lock without success. Without any tools it is almost impossible to open the lock. Eventually you resort to a piece of straw from the dragon's cell. The straw too is brittle and fragile to move the stiff tumblers inside the lock but with continuous patience you eventually manage to bump the manacle open.

Finally free, you move to the cell door and attempt to do the same. Again it takes far longer than it should have. Daylight streams freely through the narrow windows by the time you finally hear a satisfying click from the door. You realize that you cannot have much time remaining and still have not escaped the room. Moving quickly you leave the cell and head towards the prison door. A little too quickly. The door to your cell scrapes open with a loud squeal from the hinges, waking the dragon.

"Hey!" At the first shout you run for the exit. "Hey! She's escaping! Prisoner escape!" The dragon's voice echoes through the stone building. Reaching the door you rattle the handle, forgetting that it is locked. You can already hear the footsteps of the guards coming closer but you know that this is your last chance of escaping. Pushing your mangled piece of straw into the lock you twist it hopefully.

There is a scrape as the door is unlocked from the other side. You step back as the door is forced open and several guards grab you from either side. You are dragged away, out of the prison and through the town. Soon you can see the high walls of the pit.

"Please. Don't put me in there." You scream and struggle as you are dragged closer but you cannot break the guards grip and your pleas are ignored. You are dragged through a narrow doorway and down a dark passageway. Rough hands remove your clothes and you struggle, convinced you are about to be raped. Having undressed you the guards shove you out the other end of the passageway and a large door swings shut behind you.

You are trapped. High stone walls surround a circle of mud and rock. Rows of seats line the top of the pit and a heavy door is positioned at each end. You are going to be fed to a dragon. Unable to cope with the horror of your situation you sit down in the mud and begin to cry.

Time passes, your failed escape attempt has resulted in you being placed in the Pit earlier than scheduled. Eventually people begin to arrive and fill the seats. Finally a man stands up.

"Alice Nadeala." you don't respond. "Alice Nadeala" he announces again, you reluctantly look at him. "Alice Nadeala, you are charged with theft and attempting to escape justice. You will remain in the Pit for one hour. Should you survive you will be allowed to leave our town."

As he sits back down the door at the far end of the Pit swings open. The dragon stands in the doorway, its wings are bound and a heavy iron muzzle is tied round its head. A pair of guards remove the muzzle and the dragon steps into the arena.

You stand up and wipe the tears from your eyes. Naked and unarmed you stand little chance against the dragon but you're damn well going to go out fighting. Gritting your teeth you march towards the center of the Pit. The dragon follows your cue and meets you in the center, a wicked grin on its features.

"Good morning food" it taunts you. It seems about to continue when you lash out at its face.

The dragon's head, bobs out of range and its tail winds round your legs and drags you to the ground. Scrambling out of the dirt you rush at the dragon. One blow from a taloned paw and you are lying face down in the dirt again. The crowd laughs and the dragon gives you a smug grin. Your attempt to fight is being treated as comedy. Standing up you try again with the same effect.

Despite the danger you know you are in, the jeering of the crowd stings your pride. Standing again you begin to brush the dirt from your body, refusing to participate further in their entertainment. Your dignity is short lived. Wrapping its tail around your ankles the lifts you into the air. You scream and struggle as it dangles you from its tail.

The dragon turns slowly, displaying your wriggling, naked body to the crowd. "Best swallow your pride quickly." it hisses in your ear. "The moment you stop being funny, you start being food" it gives you an almost sympathetic look then tosses you to the ground.

You continue with the uneven fight, struggling to land a single blow on your opponent with each fail attempt resulting in you lying in the dirt and howl of laughter from the crowd.

Eventually you take too long to get to your feet. The dragon's tail winds round your waist as you try to rise and tosses you into the air. Thud. Before you can recover from the landing you are thrown again.

The dragon plays with your body like a rag doll, tossing you up, batting you out the air and shaking your body in its jaws. Time and time again you are thrown roughly to the ground.

Lying in the dust you wait helplessly for the next assault to begin. A heavy paw lands on your chest, pinning you down and making you groan. "Game over" mutters the dragon, then opens its mouth.

You whimper, too exhausted to mount any real resistance as your vision is filled by the dragon's maw.

Saliva coats your face as your head is pushed over the dragon's tongue and into its gullet. The dragon's throat muscles squeeze tight, holding your head in place. You are pulled into a sitting position as the dragon steps backwards.

Gulp. In a sudden movement the dragon engulfs most of your torso. You try to struggle but your upper arms are pinned to your sides by the dragon's throat. You feel the dragon's tail wrap around your hips and lifts. The dragon holds your hips a little higher than its head aligning your body with the shallow incline of its throat, you can feel yourself sliding deeper.

The shouts of the crowd are getting fainter, replaced by the sounds of the dragon's throat. Its beating heart, the steady trickle of saliva and the greedy sounds of it swallowing. You can tell the dragon is enjoying you, its soft tongue runs across your belly, savoring your flavor. You wriggle helplessly, kicking your legs and trying to break free, but your movements only serves to push you deeper into the dragon.

Releasing your hips the dragon winds its tail round your ankles instead, holding your legs together and further restricting your movements. Turning slowly the dragon gives the audience one last look at your juicy buttocks. Its tongue plays briefly with your vagina, making the crowd laugh and you grit your teeth in anger.

As the dragon completes its circle your buttocks disappear into its throat, now only you legs remain outside the dragon. Impatient to finish its meal the dragon tilts back its head. The narrow tube you are sliding down gets suddenly steeper and you can feel yourself picking up speed. Between the rapid gulps you can hear faint mumbles of appreciation as the dragon swallows your legs.

Soon your feet slip into the dragon's throat and its mouth closes into a smile, its tongue flicks briefly around its lips removing strands of saliva and the last remnants of your taste. Your entire body is held within its esophagus, forming one large, twitching bulge in its throat.

You hear a loud groaning nearby, the dragon's stomach has been very patient so far and is clearly very eager to meet you. The dragon chuckles slightly when it hears its belly calling for you, then throwing back its head gives a final, massive

swallow.

Gulp. Peristaltic muscles contact and release as you are shoved out of the esophagus and into the dragon's warm stomach. The dragon groans as your soft flesh is squeezed against its stomach walls, its belly expanding to a comfortable size.

Exhausted and defeated you lie still in the dragon's gut. It briefly lowers its head to its belly. "Oi, struggle" it hisses. Seeing no reason to oblige the beast you remain still. "Come on, you've put up a good show so far, just wriggle a bit so they know you're still alive in there." it pleads.

The note of desperation in the dragon's voice catches your attention. "Agree to spit me out later and I'll do it." you offer.

A soft rumbling fills the stomach, moments later your skin begins to sting as corrosive juices seep through the stomach walls. You scream and thrash wildly, the dragon quickly circles the Pit letting everyone see its wriggling belly then returns to the door. Two guards replace its muzzle and lead it back to its cell.

Already the stinging has died down and you stop struggling as the dragon's stomach to swings gently in time with its steps. You hear the cell door open and close behind you and the dragon allowing its muzzle and chains to be removed through the bars.

Padding softly to a pile of straw the dragon flops down and yawns. "My apologies for that, I try to be gentle with my prey but I can't risk losing favor with the audience."

"Gentle?" you protest "After tossing me around like some toy?" the numerous cuts and bruises you received during the latter stage of your fight still ache.

"I didn't break any bones and stopped the moment the crowd began to lose interest. That's as gentle as I could afford to be."

"Fine," you mutter "so what happens now?" in retrospect that was not a clever question.

The dragon chuckles to itself and its belly starts to groan, you wriggle helplessly as the dragon's juices start to flow. "Wait, I didn't mean it like that. Stop it." you scream.

"Sorry, but while I will try to be quick, being digested is going to hurt."

"Please, just give me a few minutes" you beg.

"A few minutes is not going to make you feel any better about being digested, is it? And I really don't want to listen to your pleading for that time." it begins to

rub its bulging tummy, coaxing more acids into your prison.

Your body is now coated in the stinging juices, you grit your teeth and try to carry on talking. "At least tell me if you were serious, when you told me not to escape?" you plead.

The steady flow of the acids and the gently rubbing immediately stop. "Yes I was." the dragon tells you. "If you had not tried to escape, you would have at least been given a weapon to fight me with"

"I don't think that would have helped much. I've seen first hand how fast you can move."

"You might have gotten lucky, besides if the audience saw you as having a chance I wouldn't have needed to toss you around so much." You feel the dragon start stroking its belly again. You take a deep breath, the acids already in its belly are painful enough, you really don't want it adding more but pleading or struggling clearly do not work. You guess that the vast majority of the dragon's meals try one of those tactics, to stand any chance of survival you will have to do something different.

"Do you want to hear what I did to get captured?" you ask.

The rubbing stops again. "Alright, but the moment I get bored you'll be digested."

You begin to tell the dragon, about the events leading up to your capture. You're no expert storyteller and you frequently miss important parts and have to jump back to them later. You soon run out of interesting things that happened recently and start to talk about your past. The towns you've visited, the people you've met and the things you have done in your life.

The dragon comment occasionally or asks a question but is mostly content to simply sit and listen. Eventually the dragon interrupts you.

"I'm sorry, you have not been boring but you are still my food, and however interesting you may be you are still just interesting food." loud gurgles start as more acids begin to fill the stomach.

"Wait, don't you want me to finish the story?"

"I'm afraid you have delayed your digestion as long as I am going to allow. I have enjoyed our conversation, and if you wish to continue while I digest you I will be happy to listen."

You start to struggle again, beating on the muscular walls that surround you. "Let me out."

"Then again perhaps it is my turn to tell a story." it starts massaging its belly. "There once was a master thief who found herself digesting in the stomach of a hansom dragon. At first she kicked and screamed and hated the dragon. But eventually she realized that dragons need to eat too, and accepted her fate as his meal. Then the hansom dragon's stomach churned and sloshed and gurgled the master thief into a thick, slushy goo. And she lived happily ever after as a layer of fat on the hansom dragon." you can hear him licking his lips at the thought of your demise.

The dragon's stomach is now more than half full with digestive fluids and the surrounding muscles are starting to squeeze your body. "After everything I've done, I refuse to be food for some big lizard!" you shout.

The dragon laughs, "You have certainly had many interesting encounters, I do take a certain pride in being your last."

His stomach contracts sharply, forcing your head under the burning juices. "Urp." the dragon licks its lips at the sudden return of your taste. He notices the last desperate squirms from his belly "Out of air are we, little thief?" he curls into a ball as the your movements fade away. "I guess you'll have to accept that you're my food now."

A deep purring starts as his stomach slowly liquidizes his latest meal. Gradually the purrs turn to snores and the contents of his belly become steadily less solid.

Score 2 out of 10 – you escaped the cell but it didn't do you much good.