

"Sorry, but I'd rather take my chances with the guards."

The dragon gives you a hurt look. "Come on. If we work together we both have a chance of getting out of this."

You shake your head, "I'm not going to trust a creature that wants to eat me." You return your attention to removing the manacle.

"I guess that make sense." The dragon retreats back into the gloom of its cell. "I'll see you in the morning then." it adds.

It is a very long night. You twist the manacle, desperately trying to find some weakness you can exploit. As the room gets slowly lighter, you get more and more frustrated. Kicking your leg you attempt to break the chain. It was a desperate move and unsurprisingly failed.

A loud scraping sound grabs your attention, the door to the room swings open and several guards enter. Two of them walk to your cell and begin unlocking the door, the rest to the dragon's cell.

The dragon yawns and stretches then comes to the cell bars and allows the guards to attach a heavy iron muzzle over its head. It glances over at your cell. "Good morning." it smiles brightly. You shoot it your darkest look as the guards remove the manacle from your leg. Together you and the dragon are let from your cells and lead through the town.

"Looking forward to the show?" the dragon taunts. You remain silent, "No, what a shame. Still I'm sure you'll put on an excellent performance."

The guards lead you towards a large circular building, the Pit. You are taken through a door and down a short passageway. Another door blocks the end, and one guard opens it. "Through there." he mutters.

Biting your lip you march stiffly through the door, struggling to hide your fear. "Good luck. Just remember he ain't as tough as he looks." the guard whispers as you pass him. The the door closes and bolts behind you.

The center of the Pit is a large circle of bare mud and rock. High walls encircle the area with rows of people in seats at the top. In front of you lie a battered sword and shield, you pick both up and hold them in what you hope is a combat stance.

One of the crowd stands up. "Alice Nadeala" he announces. You nod. "You are here accused of theft and will remain in the Pit for one hour or until your opponent is dead." he sits back down and a door in the opposite end of the arena swings open.

Your facade of bravery begins to crumble as the dragon steps into the arena and

gives you a look of sadistic glee. Unable to control your trembling you almost drop your sword, gathering your courage you tell yourself that you are not going to show fear now. You tighten your grip on the sword just as the dragon begins to charge.

Stepping forward you swing as the dragon reaches you, breaking its charge and forcing it to dodge out of the way weaving around you the dragon attacks from your side but another swing of the sword drives it back again.

You feel you are doing quite well but the effort of constantly swinging the heavy lump of metal is beginning to take its toll and you are running out of breath. You realize that if you are going to win you need to do so quickly. Stepping towards the dragon you become more offensive, swinging wildly from side to side in an attempt to score a hit.

The dragon dodges your strikes with ease, its tail wraps around your ankles and you stagger nearly falling. Regaining your balance you ready the sword and attack again. Again the dragon dodges, then stretching out its neck gives your nose a playful lick. You try to take advantage of the motion but the dragon dances out of reach again. You realize you never had a chance in this fight, any success you have had is only a show, put on by the dragon to amuse the crowd.

Desperate you charge at the dragon, hoping for a lucky hit. A quick sidestep and a gentle nudge leaves you lying on the ground again. You lie panting in the dirt listening to the jeers of the crowd. Circling round the dragon approaches you.

"Looks like you lose a point." it whispers. Then bites down on your shirt and with a sharp jerk, rips the flimsy fabric from your body. It sits on its haunches, the remains of your shirt still hanging from its jaws. "Can you guess what happens when you run out of clothes?" it asks.

Grabbing your sword you climb to your feet and rush the dragon forcing it to retreat. The fight continues with you desperately struggling to score a single hit on your opponent. You have abandoned the shield, the sword seems a better defense and it was slowing you down.

An overreached swing gives the dragon another chance to knock you down and it happily rips your pants off. The crowd cheer at your exposed body, the dragon is certainly giving them a good show. Pushing away your embarrassment you continue fighting, one lucky hit is all it would take to ensure your freedom.

Again you are pushed to the ground. This time the dragon takes your left boot, gently licking your foot before letting you back up. You lie still, unsure if it is worth continuing such an uneven fight. "Come on." the dragon hisses, "Or I'll take the other one too, and you won't like what comes after that." you struggle up again and continue the fight only to be knocked down again almost immediately.

The dragon holds you down as it removes your right boot. Licking, sucking and

gently nibbling at your right foot as it does so. Its stomach groans as it tastes you and with an eager look it steps back to let you up.

Any more mistakes and you will be dragon food. Offense has not served you well, the dragon is too nimble and too fast for you to hit but you realize that the hour must nearly be over. If you can survive for a little longer the fight will end and you'll be allowed to leave. You hope.

Getting to your feet you decide to try more defensive tactics. The dragon waits for a moment expecting you to rush him again, then decides to rush you. Stepping back you swing the sword as the dragon passes you and feel it connect.

The dragon yelps and for a moment you think you may have won, but the blow was glancing and dragon's scales protect it.

"Not bad, but I'm not giving you that chance again." it comments. Circling round you it makes several feint charges, forcing you to keep turning and swinging the heavy sword. Bruised and exhausted you soon begin to slow and when the real attack comes are unable to defend yourself.

The dragon's shoulder drives into your midsection forcing you to the ground. Your sword arm is pinned leaving you helpless beneath the massive beast. The dragon looks down at you and licks its lips before opening its jaws.

Your vision fills with pink as the dragon's maw engulfs your head. You scream and struggle but are unable to escape. The surrounding pink darkens as your face is pushed into the dragon's tight esophagus. Its wet tongue slathers over your breasts, coating them in a thick layer of saliva, lubricant to ingest you faster.

The dragon pulls you into a sitting position as its muzzle slides over your shoulders, whilst making sure to keep a firm grip on your sword arm. You can feel the dragon's teeth brushing against you back as they slide down your spine. You thrash desperately, your legs kicking against the dragon's scaled belly but you cannot slow your passage down its dark fleshy throat.

The dragon runs a forepaw across your buttocks before lifting you over its head and pushing them into its mouth. You feel your fingers pried from your sword before they too pass into the dragon.

You wriggle miserably in the tight muscular tube, sticky fluids coat your body and you can still hear the laughter of the crowd as they watch you legs kicking from the beast's mouth. Soon only your feet remain unswallowed, you can feel the dragon's tongue playing with them as they slide towards its throat.

Despite your situation you can't deny the the rough sandpaper tongue feels good as it runs along the arch of your feet. You squirm slightly in pleasure as it plays with your toes until a loud gurgling brings you to your senses, the dragon's

stomach sounds very close.

The dragon also responds to its stomach's demands. Its jaws close tight, then it tilts back its head and swallows. A sudden wave of peristalsis pushes you into the waiting stomach. Foul smelling juices wash over you as your body fills the muscular sack.

The dragon's belly expands as you are forced into its midsection. For a second or two it stands still, licking its lips and enjoying the feel of your frightened movements inside it. Then it paces a leisurely circle around the arena, adjusting to its new weight and showing off its twitching belly.

Inside the dragon you wriggle feebly, pressing you feet against the stomach sphincter in an attempt to escape but you only succeed in getting more of the dragon's acids on your body. Still licking its lips happily the dragon allows the guards to reattach its muzzle and lead it back to its cell.

The stomach sways from side to side as the dragon walks and your skin is starting to itch were the acids coat it. Finally you hear the cell door open and close behind you, then a brief pause as the dragon allows the guards to remove its muzzle again. The stomach lurches uncomfortably as the dragon settles down in a pile of straw.

Rhythmic contractions run through the muscles, squeezing your body and coating you in the corrosive fluids.

The itching sensation is beginning to turn to an uncomfortable heat. You kick frantically at the tight ring of muscles separating the stomach from the esophagus, but your frenzied motions only seem to encourage the dragon. A loud gurgling announces the arrival of more acids. The fluid level is rising and the churning of the stomach is getting stronger, each contraction massaging more digestive juices into your flesh.

Ceasing to struggle you press both hands against the stomach wall. "Let me out! ... Please!" you beg.

Above the noises of its stomach you hear the dragon laugh. "Why should I?" it asks, "We could have escaped together but you chose to be food rather than trust me." You feel it begin to rub the outside of its belly. "And now my tummy will to turn you into slush."

More liquids flow over your body and the burning sensation increases as your skin begins to dissolve. Knowing you do not have long left you deliver several sharp kicks to the stomach walls, hoping to make your captor sick. The dragon groans with pleasure at your motions then rolls onto its back.

Your head is forced under the powerful juices as you are turned upside down. Unable the breath you writhe from side to side, frantically trying to reach the air.

Finally your head breaks the surface and you gulp the stale air before the stomach muscles push you under again.

You fight your way to the surface again only to be pushed back under. The dragon starts rubbing its belly harder, its claws moving in rhythm with your motions. Soft moans are emitted each time you kick its belly and it allows you only enough air to survive drawing out your struggles for its own pleasure.

Soon your struggles begin to weaken, it takes you longer each time to reach the surface and the little air that remains is getting thinner. Pushed down again you realize that you do not have the strength to continue and relax against the surrounding muscles. The burning of the acids has been replaced with a dull tingling and the stomach walls continue to massage your body, helping to break you down. Knowing the dragon has won and you will soon be sloshing through its intestines you pass out.

Feeling its dinner go still the dragon burps up the remaining air, then settles down to sleep.

Score -1 out of 10 - You not only failed to even escape the manacle, you offended the dragon and received a drawn out digestion.