

You are reluctant to side with a dragon, particularly one that would enjoy killing you should your escape go wrong, but you really have no choice.

"Alright, I'll help you, but first I need to get rid of this manacle. I don't suppose you have a lockpick?"

The question was meant as a joke, so it surprises you when the dragon nods and retreats from the bars. "You're lucky that you are not the first to ask me that. Because the first time the answer was no." There is a rustling as the dragon digs around in the pile of straw that lines its cell. A moment later something white clatters onto the floor next to you. You pick it up. It is a thin slither of bone, slightly curved and sharpened to a point. You shudder, bone picks are not unheard of, but the idea of using human bones as tools makes you a little queasy.

Pushing aside your qualms, you quickly get to work. The bone pick is crudely made and more brittle than the copper ones you are familiar with and the manacle lock is well made. As you work at the lock you hear the dragon's stomach growl again, looking up you see it staring at you, licking its lips.

It notices you looking at him. "Apologies. That can't be a pleasant sound to hear in your situation."

A nasty thought occurs to you, what if it is lying. There is no Pit or death matches and this is all an elaborate trick to catch escaping prisoners. The moment you release it, it will devour you then return to the guards to report another escape prevented. You push those thoughts out of your mind, You can worry about that once the manacle is off.

It takes you over an hour to unlock the manacle with the dragon's stomach growling periodically. The last time it growls the dragon begins to get impatient. "If you can't do it then give me the pick back. I don't want to explain to the guards how you got it and if they catch you with it I will make you suffer when we meet in the Pit."

The threat is enough to spur you on and at last the lock clicks open. You pull the open manacle off your leg and move to the cell door. "Hurry up." hisses the dragon a trace of excitement in its voice. The lock to the door of your cell uses a simpler mechanism than the manacles and is easier to reach, in minutes it is open.

You step out of the cell and into the narrow corridor, the first part of your escape is complete but you still have to get out of first this dungeon and then the entire town. You look back at the dragon in its own cell, maybe it is telling the truth but either way you can not sneak away with a creature that size following me.

As you walk towards the large oak door, a rumbling growl starts behind me, getting louder with each step you take. It will not be long before someone hears it.