

"Please." you whimper "I'm sorry. Please don't hurt me."

There is a long pause, then you hear the dragon sigh. "Fine." It steps of you and lets you up.

You scramble to your knees and stare at the dragon. "You mean it?" You ask.

It gives you a mixed look. "Yeah. I know you frightened, it's not entirely your fault and I won't cause you much unnecessary pain."

"Unnecessary?" you ask.

"You heard the guards. You might be the last meal I get and I doubt they'll be bringing you anything to eat either."

You swallow and back away but the cell wall prevents you from putting any real distance between yourself and the hungry reptile.

The dragon advances on you. "Come on, you know how this is going to end so you may as well accept it. Now in." it stretches open its mouth.

You wince, expecting to be dragged inside any moment. The dragon waits, its drooling jaws inches from your face. A nasty thought occurs to you. "You don't actually expect me to crawl in there myself are you?" you ask.

"Why not? One way or another, you'll be going down my throat and if you don't do as I say I'll hurt you until you do."

Sinking to your knees you begin to cry. Desperate, fearful sobs in front of the lizard that intends to eat you. A sharp pain in your shoulder makes you stop.

The dragon removes its teeth "No, you don't get any more pity. You got yourself arrested, you ruined my escape, this whole mess is your fault now..." it places a heavy taloned paw on your chest "...get undressed or I'll tear you into little pieces."

Terrified you begin to remove your clothes. You start with your shoes then pull your shirt off. As you drop your shirt to the floor the dragon's head darts forwards and licks your breasts. Responding to your taste its belly lets out an eager growl. Reluctantly you start removing your pants. As soon as they are off the dragon moves again, its rough tongue rubbing against your tummy then sliding down your legs. It nibbles gently at each thigh muscle prompting another urgent groan from its stomach. Raising its head it stares you straight in the eyes. "Now in." it says and stretches open its mouth.

Drool trickles from the roof and pools around the tongue, staring inside you can see the pink flesh fade into the darkness of its throat. You really, really do not want to crawl inside. Still the threat of dismemberment is enough to make you

reach one hand inside, sliding it to the back of the dragon's tongue.

Hesitating slightly you place your other hand with it then taking a deep breath duck your head between the glistening rows of fangs. Another pause and you pick up the courage to lean forwards, your faces getting coated in sticky saliva as it runs over the dragon's tongue. Your shoulders slip inside the dragon's mouth and your breasts brush against its bottom teeth.

The dragon grunts appreciatively then lowers its head to make the next part easier. You wince as your fingers touch the sphincter to the dragon's throat, then you reluctantly push your hands through the muscular ring. With a shudder you crawl deeper inside.

The dragon is drooling heavily now and the thick saliva lubricates your body as you crawl into the dragon. Inch by inch you push your arms down the dragon's throat until your head is directly above the sphincter.

You stop to regain your courage, but you just can't do it. There is absolutely no way you can bring yourself to push your head into the dragon's esophagus. Losing your nerve you pull back from the dragon's jaws but its muscular gullet holds your arms tight. Desperate to free yourself you begin to struggle. Thrashing helplessly from side to side but unable to free your arms.

Gulp.

The dragon, it seems, has lost patience. Your head slides down its tight esophagus as its jaws stretch over your midsection.

Gulp.

Your feet are lifted from the floor as your buttocks are pulled into the dragon's maw. Tossing back its head the dragon devours your legs in several leisurely gulps. You slide helplessly down the slippery passage till your fingers press against another muscular ring. The ring opens and your hands slide through. You can feel the dragon's digestive juices coating your fingers and hear the liquid noises as you head slides unstoppably closer.

Gulp.

One last swallow pushes your body through the second sphincter causing the dragon's midriff to swell as you fill the available space. A deep sigh comes from satisfied predator as it settles down on a pile of straw to digest.

Your skin begins to burn as the dragon's gastric juices was over you. The powerful muscles surrounding you begin to contract and release, keeping the fluids moving and ensuring no part of you is missed. You scream and wriggle in your caustic prison but the only response from your captor is a faint chuckle as it lazily strokes its twitching belly.

Eventually your struggles begin to weaken. Knowing you will soon be nothing more than a layer of fat, you relax and allow the dragon's belly to turn you into slush.

“Urrp” the remaining of the air escapes the stomach as the dragon feels you go limp. Licking the last of your flavor from its lips it begins to plan its next escape attempt.

Score 1 out of 10 – You failed to escape the prison and seriously annoyed your predator before being digested. That could have gone better.