

"I can still help you." you plead. "I can get us out of this cell. We can escape together. I promise I won't try to leave you again."

A long frustrated growl comes from the dragon as it weighs your offer against its desire for revenge, then "Fine, just get us out." the dragon steps off your back and gestures towards the cell door. Scrambling to your feet you hurry to the door, then realize the problem with your plan, the guards have taken your pick.

You turn nervously back to the dragon. "You don't have another of those lockpicks I could use?" you ask.

"No but I could always make a new one." it advances menacingly towards you, licking its lips.

Reacting quickly you grab a piece of straw from the ground and shove it into the lock. "It's okay I can do it with this." you assure the dragon.

The dragon does not look convinced, sitting down next to you it watches as you attempt to pick the cell door with what amounts to a piece of dried grass as your only tool.

It takes hours, and the dragon watches you the whole time, stomach growling intermittently. Eventually however, you do manage to open the lock and the door swings free.

You leave the cell with the hungry lizard close behind and begin work on the next door. This one takes even longer and the dragon soon gets bored and curls up to sleep nearby. The single barred window lets in enough light for you to get an estimate of the time and you guess it must be late afternoon by the time the lock finally clicks open. Elated by your success you try the handle and carefully open the door.

"Going somewhere?" You freeze as the thick reptilian tail curls round your waist. Turning you see the definitely not asleep dragon glaring at you.

You open your mouth to explain that you were just testing to see if the door would open. The dragon opens its mouth and engulfs you. Saliva flows over your body as you are shoved into waiting gullet. Holding you in place with one paw the dragon forces its jaws down the length of your body.

Your struggles are ignored as with short greedy snarls the dragon pushes lower until it reaches your buttocks, then tossing back its head allows gravity to assist it in your consumption. You shouting that you had no intention of leaving but the rapid slobbery gulps drown out your cries.

Soon the dragon's jaws snap tight behind your feet, sealing you completely within its body. With one powerful swallow the wriggling bulge in its neck is sent sliding down to its belly. You scream as you find yourself shoved into the dragon's

tight stomach, rippling muscles surround you and you can smell the acrid digestive juices.

You are not given long to adjust to your surroundings, almost as soon as you are in its belly the dragon breaks into a run, convinced that a guard will have heard the struggle. The stomach lurches from side to side as the dragon races through the narrow stone corridors. Jolted around in your tight confines you can feel the power in the large reptile, huge muscles effortlessly propelling in onwards.

You shiver as you realize that you are far from the first to find themselves in the dragon's belly and that you, like all those who preceded you will soon be turned into fuel for those powerful muscles. Your morbid line of thought is interrupted as, without warning, the dragon lurches into the air.

Powerful wing strokes carry you higher and higher as the dragon leaves the town behind it. You curl into a quivering ball in the dragon's gut, the concept of flying somehow terrifying you far more than your impending digestion. Eventually the ordeal comes to an end as the dragon glides smoothly down, alighting in a grassy clearing.

"Ah, so good to stretch my wings." it comments, folding them neatly against its back.

Recovering slowly from the flight you prod tentatively at the stomach wall. "Hey?" you ask.

"Oh don't worry little morsel, I haven't forgotten about you." you can hear it licking its lips. "In fact I intend to get started on you straight away." The stomach lets out an ominous groan and your skin begins to itch as the walls start secreting digestive juices.

"No, wait." you shout, "I swear I wasn't going to leave you, I was just checking the door would open." you beat your fists against the stomach wall.

The dragon laughs. "I believe you, but it doesn't really matter either way. After selling me out to the guards, I was going to eat you anyway."

You can feel your flesh beginning to sting in the dragon's caustic juices. If you can't persuade it to spit you out soon you really are going to be fuel for its body. "I still helped you escape though, where was my incentive to do that if I get eaten either way." you protest.

"You get to be digested by a happy and contented dragon, instead of an angry and vindictive one. Trust me, there is quite a difference."

The stomach is starting to squeeze your body, rubbing the burning juices all over you. Its getting hotter to and you are beginning to pant. "doesn't ... feel much better ... from in here. Besides ... I still go you out ... that should count for ...

something.”

“Probably should.” the dragon sounds disinterested by the conversation, “But I'm enjoying this too much to let you go now.” It runs a paw over its fat tummy, gently squeezing the heavy bulge you make and letting out a groan of pleasure.

The stomach is mostly full of acids now and the remaining air is getting too thin for you to think straight. You have given up hope of the dragon letting you go and are too exhausted to put up any real fight. You slosh around in the caustic juices letting the stomach muscles push you which ever way they want but trying to keep your head above the surface.

You can feel the dragon's paw squishing against its belly and hear its short happy grunts as it works on breaking you down. You can sense its body gently swaying as it squirms in pleasure and know that soon you will be a part of it.

Score 5 out of 10 - You corrected from it well but your previous mistake still cost you your life.