

Trusting the dragon enough to let it out of its cell is one thing, trusting it enough to climb on its back is another, especially now that freedom is so close.

Ignoring the dragon's instructions you break into a run. The dragon's tail swings forward to catch you but you duck underneath it, run down the corridor, round the corner and run smack into one of the two guards standing outside.

The two of you go sprawling to the ground, you try to get to your feet but he grabs your wrists and pulls you back down. Kicking him in the chest you break free only to be immediately tackled by the other guard. The three of you are so engrossed in your fight that none of you notice the dragon arrive until it is far too late.

The guard you are wrestling suddenly goes pale, staring over your shoulder. Glancing behind you you catch a flash of pink before the dragon's maw descends.

Gulp.

You are squeezed against the guard as the two of you enter the dragon's throat. Side by side you both wriggle helplessly in the tight confines.

Spreading its wings the dragon struggles awkwardly into the air, with two sets of legs waving comically from its jaws. Unable to fly properly in such an awkward position it lands on the roof of the prison and hurriedly gulps down its cumbersome meal. You and the unfortunate guard thrash desperately as you slide deeper into the dragons throat.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. The dragon's head nods back and forth with each swallow and a little more of your legs disappear. It's far from the first time this dragon has eaten people but it is the first time it has attempted to swallow two at once and neither your struggles nor the guards armor are making the task any easier. Little by little it perseveres though and eventually two pairs of shoes slide over the back of its tongue and sink into the esophagus.

The dragon closes its mouth, very pleased with its accomplishment. Large bulges can still be seen sliding down its neck but its content to let peristalsis take care of that. Licking its lips it walks to the edge of the roof and looks down at the group of guards who have assembled below.

Turning sideways it displays its fat belly to the onlookers just as the last of you is pushed inside. "Consider this your a warning." it announces. "and just hope that I never come back." The dragon opens its wing, leaps off the roof and in several powerful strokes, leaves the town far behind.

The dragon's stomach sways beneath it in time with its wings. Inside, you are rocked from side to side by the motion of the dragon. The unfortunate guard is crammed next to you in the tight space and still struggling. The sense of the height prevents you from mounting any real protest and between dizzying waves

of nausea you curl into a quivering ball.

Thud.

The dragon lands roughly, the weight in his stomach skewing its balance. The poor landing tosses you and the guard around but the relief from knowing you are on the ground again more than makes up for it. Uncurling yourself you take several deep breaths to calm yourself down, and are almost immediately caught in the shoulder by a violent kick from the still struggling guard.

"Stop doing that." you shout. "It's not doing any good and it's going to spit us out now anyway... Right?"

Hearing you the dragon gives its stomach a bemused look. "And what gave you that idea?" it asks.

Swallowing you fears you embrace to your optimistic streak. "That was just a rescue right? You saved me from getting captured again and carried us out here ... You are going to spit us out now, right?" can't maintain the optimism and you voice takes a rather desperate tone towards the end.

"You had your chance to escape and you failed. You're not getting rescued just digested." the dragon informs you.

The stomach adds emphasis to the dragon's words by letting out a loud groan and beginning to secrete burning acids into the little remaining space. The caustic fluids soak quickly into your clothing and you feel your skin starting to itch.

"Come on, I helped you escape. You can't just digest me."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I can." laughs the dragon, "Besides it was your choice to run on ahead. You got yourself captured again and almost gave me away. Now you get to live with the consequences." Its stomach gives another liquid groan. "Or in this case, not live with them." it adds then sets off in search of a comfortable place to relax.

The stomach is filling up fast with acids and both you and the guard struggle frantically as the digestive fluids rise higher. The cramped space makes moving difficult and your struggles serve more to splash each other with fluids than to do any harm to the dragon's innards.

Selecting an old oak as relatively comfy looking the dragon pauses, then in a sudden movement scrambles up it. Its belly sloshes noisily as it climbs higher and you are thrown around in your acidic confines. Eventually the dragon finds a satisfactory branch and stretches out to sleep, its claws digging deep into the bark and its distended belly hanging over the side like a fleshy hammock.

The stomach is almost completely full now and the you and your companion's struggles are becoming more frantic as the merciless juices swirl round your bodies. The dragon gently pats its taut belly.

"That's right food, you stir yourselves into my acids and my tummy will do the rest." it murmurs then yawns deeply and soon drifts into sleep.

Its stomach continues to churn and slosh, throughout the day, breaking your bodies down into a thick slushy mix. Sometime around dusk the dragon wakes up, yawns then coughs up several pieces of armor and a handful of metal buckles. The previously dull metal has been polished shiny by the gastric juices but otherwise unharmed.

Without a second glance at the last visible evidence of your life the dragon spreads its wings and sets out in search of its next victims.

Score 5 out of 10 - You came close to escaping but ultimately failed. Now the only reminder of your adventure is a few pieces of scrap at the foot of an oak.