

You really don't want to join them, particularly now that you have made it so far, but you cannot just sit back and watch them get digested.

"Come on, the guard I could understand although he was only doing his job, but the guy who owns this house. He hasn't done anything to us."

Ilden's eyes roll sleepily open again. "It's not a matter of what they've done. I'm just hungry." he growls.

His tone suggests that it might be a very good time to drop the conversation. You carry on regardless, lives are at stake. "There's plenty of deer and stuff outside the village, you don't need to eat anyone."

"And why would I go hunting when there's food right here. Besides this way I also get some revenge on the whole village for holding me captive. Now please be quiet."

You get the feeling it really would be a good idea to stop bothering the dragon now. Again you ignore it. "Please. I promise if you let them go I'll help you find something else to eat."

Ilden stands up "And I know just what else I'd like to eat." he growls, then pounces from across the room. You scream as his pink, gaping maw fills your vision and the next thing you know your head is held tightly in the dragon's jaws.

You hold very still. Huge ivory spikes press into your neck, it would take only the slightest twitch from the dragon to remove your head. Taking advantage of your stillness Ilden begins to rip away your clothing with his claws.

"I'm so sorry." you plead, "I won't bother you again, I won't say another word." Ilden ignores you as he tears the last of your shirt from your torso. "Please." you beg, "Please let me go." Ilden places one paw on your soft buttocks then with a swift tug, pulls most of your body into his throat.

You scream as you are pulled into the muscular tube. You struggle helplessly, trying to push yourself back out, but the thick mixture of saliva and mucus that coats the surrounding walls and now your upper body, makes it impossible to get a grip.

Ilden tilts back his head to help swallow you. Your legs kick the air as they slowly descend towards the dragon. As your hips sink into his jaws he slides a claw under the rim of your pants and drags them up a little, exposing your butt.

The next part is painfully slow. Inch by inch the dragon's peristalsis pushes you deeper inside him and your pants are rolled a little higher to expose more of your body. You try begging, screaming, kicking and pleading with your captor but nothing has any effect on your slow descent inside him. Worse as you get lower you can hear the muffled protests and liquid groans from the dragon's stomach.

getting louder.

Eventually your pants are rolled to your ankles and the dragon has to pause to remove your shoes. You wriggle feebly as the last of your clothes are removed. The voices of the dragon's previous victims are horribly close now and you can smell the acrid, chemical scent of its acids below you.

Your feet are treated to one last sensual lick before, with a flick of his head Ilden swallows you down. A squirming tangle of elbows and knees collide with you as you enter the stomach. The muscular sack is stretched tight and half full of scalding juices and you squirm uncomfortably in the restricted space as your vulnerable skin begins to itch.

You hear Ilden yawn sleepily then the stomach lurches slightly as he curls up on the floor. A sudden gurgling announces the restarting of the digestive process and you feel the acid level begin to rise.

"Come on Ilden, this isn't funny. I'm your friend, I helped you escape." You plead. Someone's elbow collides with you in the darkness but you can't tell if it was deliberate or just part of the general struggles.

"Don't think I'm not feeling bad about this." Ilden replies casually. "I am grateful for what you did. But I don't think you would ever have accepted what I need to do to survive. I think this is the best course for both of us, I get the nutrition I need to survive, and you won't have to feel guilty about it."

You deliver a furious kick to the stomach wall and shout a string of insults at your captor, but all it achieves is another loud gurgle and a faint chuckle from the dragon. The stomach is now almost completely full of acids and the three of you have to fight for the remaining air. A sharp kick catches you in the chest from the darkness and your head is forced under the acids.

Completely submerged in the digestive juices you can feel your body beginning to dissolve. A fierce burning sensation spreading over your skin as the acids break you down. Desperate for air you manage to fight your way to the surface again and take a deep breath.

Ilden runs a paw across his bloated gut "That's it food, wriggle for me. Use up the last of your strength and then ..." he lets out a wet burp "... be mine." The remaining air disappears back up the dragon's esophagus as his stomach contracts. You are pushed beneath the surface again and held down as the powerful muscles squeeze tighter and tighter. The last of your air is pushed from your lungs as you are pressed against your now unmoving companions. You give one last feeble kick before surrendering to the crushing darkness of the dragon's stomach.

Satisfied that no further amusement can be gained from his meal Ilden yawns once and settles down to sleep. Over time his stomach will liquidize your

remains, mixing them with the bodies of the two other humans to form a creamy and nutritious soup. Some of you will eventually be of use to the dragon but most will end up as fertilizer.

Score 6 out of 10 - you nearly made it but one final mistake cost you everything.