

Treetop Shorts Collection
Hungry for Glory 3

By Smokescale Aquatos

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A terrible roar filled the sky as a red-scaled beast flapped its wings, circling the emptied camp. Elisha groaned as she hugged her stuffed gut, unable to move. She was definitely going to regret being so greedy.

"Salano... There's a dragon flying overhead, getting ready to attack. I'm too full to move let alone fight. I don't suppose you have any ideas do you?"

"I'm afraid I do not. But I have faith that you will find a way to prevail." The tiger's voice came through easily enough in spite of all the groans, gurgles, and complaints, both from the stomach holding him and the others the wolf had stuffed in with him.

"I was afraid you would say that." Elisha moaned and rest her chin atop her still squirming belly.

The dragon above cried out again, dropping down to the ground with a heavy thud. It growled and hissed as it approached the immobile lupine. Strange how this player had not drawn her weapon or tried to attack. She didn't even try to run or hide. It puzzled the scaled creature. His gestures became less aggressive and more curious as he approached.

The change in demeanor worried the paladin somewhat. He wasn't keeping his distance. She whined a little and watched helplessly. He wasn't the biggest dragon the game could offer, but he was still of a pretty decent size. If she had been able to stand on her own feet and he had been sitting on his haunches, the top of her head would have been just a few inches shy of his chin.

The red beast drew closer, genuinely fascinated by the round wolf. He nosed tentatively at the girl's belly, watching as its contents pressed back out and the owner groaned a little. He nosed again and she moaned louder. Interesting! He more he pushed against her gut, the louder she complained! A look of amusement spread across the dragon's muzzle as he lifted a paw and pushed firmly. Instead of a moan, Elisha let out a hearty belch. The noise surprised the dragon, making him stumble backwards a bit, but as soon as the shock passed, he was right back against her tummy, pushing and squeezing away.

"Oof! Knock it off already! If you're gonna kill me, just get it over with! Stop playing around!" The paladin belched again as she was squeezed once more.

"Forgive me, Lady Katiyana, did you say he was 'playing around'?" Salano sounded unsure and concerned. That troubled the wolf.

"Yeah, he just keeps poking and squeezing," She burped again, finishing off two or three of the weaker raiders she'd eaten, "Like it's some kind of game. How hard can I make her belch?"

The tiger nodded unseen, "I fear it may be a precursor to what he has in store for you. Dragons in this region are known for toying with their prey before devouring them."

Elisha paused, "Toy with their prey... before devouring them?" Her gaze rose from her belly up to the red beast before her. The feline was right. The dragon licked his chops and opened his mouth wide. All the wolf could do was yelp in protest as the mighty jaws slammed down over her. The hot, wet maw of the crimson monster obscured her vision completely. Surprisingly, he wasn't trying to bite down and rip. Instead, an unsettling gulp filled her ears and she was propelled forward into the dark cavern. The dragon's tongue lashed away swiftly across her swollen frame, clearly enjoying the treat he had been given.

The wolf tried to wriggle back out of his grasp, but with so much weight pinning her to the ground, her efforts were quite fruitless. The red dragon's jaws stretched surprisingly easily over her massively distended gut, working it in. His throat was tight and slippery, offering nothing to gain purchase on. Now she understood how it felt to be on the other end. She sputtered and coughed, drool covering her face and matting down the rest of her fur as she was consumed.

"Dammit, and I didn't save my game before attacking the camp!" Elisha complained.

A good third of her stomach was now in the dragon's maw. He pushed his head forward, unhindered by her bulk, and gulped noisily again. The grumble of an empty stomach rose up from below the wolf. She knew where she was going, and didn't relish the thought but with half of her gone, the dragon certainly was. The tight squeeze of the beast's gullet compressed her belly even further, forcing Elisha to burp hard again. The struggles of the whole camp she'd consumed grew even stronger. Why hadn't more of them digested by now?

The heat of the dragon's innards passed up over her rump, and then her thighs. In but only a few moments, the whole of that giant gut was hidden under a heavily stretched crimson hide. The scaled creature didn't lift his head to let gravity assist him. She was just a bit too heavy for that. Instead he just swallowed away, tugging her feet in out of sight. One last powerful gulp cleared his mouth and he sighed, rubbing the vast bulge gliding down his long neck and stretching his chest. With the bulk of the weight now in a more manageable position, he lifted his head and sat on his haunches with a thump. The jarring motion shoved Elisha downward. She spilled into the dragon's stomach, bloating his belly outward quite heavily, with a wet plop.

A belch rose from the red beast as he sat, pleased with how heavily stuffed he was, practically as immobile as the lady he had eaten. His hindquarters were forced out to the sides by the massive belly, and his forelegs couldn't reach the ground around it, not without rocking forward. He licked his lips and rolled onto his back, pressing his paws against his stomach, kneading it gently as it gurgled and growled around its occupant. He was actually enjoying this just like Elisha did.

The wolf squirmed, now trapped under the weight of her own gluttony. This wasn't going exactly how she had planned. At least it wasn't painful. There was only the buzz of the 'damage rumble'. Already she was losing health, and faster than she could refill it. This wasn't good.

"Okay, so we've been eaten by a dragon, I am unable to resist the digestion damage, and I can't digest the mobs I've eaten fast enough to refill my health. Salano, do you have any protection spells you can cast on me?" The wolf wriggled away.

The tiger frowned, "I am afraid I do not have anything that would be effective in this situation. I am terribly sorry, my lady. Thank you for all you have tried to do for me. Perhaps I will see you again in another life."

Elisha punched her stomach firmly, grunting as she did so, "That's quitter talk! Now, once I'm out of health, I'm dead, but my body will stick around and he'll keep digesting it. Given how fast that's going, I'll have maybe an hour or two to get back here before he gets through it and starts working on everything I've got in me. Got anything that you can use to protect yourself?"

Salano nodded, "I do. I can cast a barrier of protection around myself. It can even inflict harm on those who attempt to breach it."

The wolf grinned, "How big can you make it?"

The tiger paused, "Quite large, large enough to fit several people inside it."

"When I run out of health, I'll respawn. When he finishes off my body, go ahead and cast your spell around as many of you and the raiders as you can, for as long as you can. I'll be back in a little while." With that, Elisha began undressing, or at least she tried to remove what armor she could given the tight confines. It hastened her approach to death and to hasten it a bit further, she switched off her own digestion ability. With no health refills and no armor to protect, she would respawn in minutes. When her health finally hit zero, she was given a view of the outside of the dragon, laying on his back, kneading his belly happily. A new prompt appeared offering two options, submit or respawn. Submit meant she would likely become the dragon's slave. As fun as that might be under certain circumstances, she wasn't interested. The wolf chose the latter.

The gurgles and groans of the chamber around her eventually faded and the 'kill screen' appeared, asking if she wanted to continue immediately. She logged out and woke from the game, sitting up in her chair. She took the VR headset off and leaned forward to tap away on the computer, trying to find a strategy or any weaknesses she could exploit and beat the red dragon.

It took about thirty minutes of hunting but she eventually found the dragon's stats. His resistance and her ability to level were promising. She grinned, diving back in. The medieval world of the game materialized around her again and she raced off to the nearest town. She had a plan to enact. As the game continued to load, her prompts returned and a message appeared. She had an ally in danger. Salano was still 'engaged in battle' it seemed. A quick look at his basic stats, what little she was given, and noted he wasn't taking damage. So far so good.

From there, it was a race against time to make it back to the campsite. And Elisha intended to do a little leveling along the way. The region wouldn't respawn any of the raiders since many of them were still technically there. That was good. But the area outside the campsite, being a different region, would. That was better. It gave her a chance to try and grind her skills further.

The small camp she had come across first in the previous run had respawned and she treated it just as before; all the underlings stuffed into the leader, and then the leader eaten as quickly as she could manage. She backed out of the region to let it repopulate and repeated. It might get her a level, perhaps two. It just might be enough.

By the time she made her way back to the main campsite, she had gained a couple of levels. Salano's efforts were proving more effective than she hoped. What she found as she waddled in, rubbing her stomach, still bloated from the most recent meal, was the very dragon that had eaten her. And he was in a sorry state. The crimson beast was sprawled on his back, whimpering and moaning as he clutched his still enormous gut. It was an interesting sight to behold.

"Yeah! How do ya like that!? Nice case of indigestion for ya!" The paladin shouted as she strolled triumphantly over to him. A firm push of the hand against his burbling gut made him groan even louder. Turnabout was fair play. He wasn't taking serious damage. It was maybe a few hit points about every ten seconds or so. And he was recovering enough to deal with the loss easily enough. The discomfort of the damage however was enough to make him whine.

"My lady, you return. I had faith that you would." Salano's voice rose up from the crimson belly.

Elisha nodded and gave the dragon's squirming gut a pat, "Yeah, I'm back. How long did I last?"

"You dissolved away only a short while ago. The raiders are still here and trying to escape. Their movement and the effect of the spell are causing the dragon great discomfort." In spite of the angry little goblin-rat things, the tiger was still doing quite well. It impressed the paladin.

"Good. Now hang on, let's just see if we can turn this into a win for us." Elisha climbed up dragon's gut, sitting there at the very top of the scaly mountain looking down at his pained face. She hopped a little, using her weight to squish the dragon's tummy, "Hey! Greedy!"

The red beast whimpered and looked up at her, whining and squirming about. He couldn't speak, but he could certainly focus on her.

When the wolf was satisfied she had his full attention, she continued, "I am Katiyana the Bottomless! You devoured me, and now I will have justice done upon you for your crimes!" She took a deep breath and then slid her way down towards the dragon's muzzle, her mouth open wide. A firm gulp saw the whole of the red beast's head shoved into her throat. Oh he was huge, far bigger than anything she had eaten so far. But she was determined. The game's rule set assured her it was possible. Whether or not it would be pleasant was another matter.

The dragon squirmed harder, trying to fend the lady off, but to no avail. All he did was sink himself deeper into her maw. His shoulders came easily enough, and then his chest. From there, she reached his heavily engorged stomach, feeling the motion of the various victims inside trying to squirm free. She wouldn't let them, that was certain. Elisha moaned and stretched her jaw, grunting and twisting this way and that as her belly strained to hold everything in. She would be just as immobile as before, but perhaps not for nearly as long had there been no dragon.

More cries of frustration rose up from her swelling stomach, its gurgles and groans drowning them out. She would have her vengeance, but it would take ages. Eventually, the lady swallowed half of the grand, writhing dome. Her progress hastened. She gulped hungrily and noisily, quite loudly, until the last remaining feet of the red dragon's tail hung from her lips. She leaned back against a tree, stomach spread across the ground where she sat. The great bulge dwarfed the rest of her as she slurped up the last bit of her foe. With her mouth empty once more, she loosed a hearty victory belch and massaged her poor abused stomach.

"Ooo... alright... that did the trick. He's in. Let's see how much damage we can do. And how much he does to me." Elisha huffed a bit, hearing a very loud groan bubble its way up from her belly. It had begun. She waited to see the damage rolls appear, but when they came, they appeared as nothing but zeros. She frowned, giving her massive stomach a firm squeeze.

The dragon inside continued to groan and whimper. He was miserable from the spell giving him a massive tummy ache, but being digested didn't seem to have any effect.

"Rats! I didn't level enough! His resistance is still too high!" The wolf glowered.

"What should we do now, my lady?" Salano continued his efforts, making sure the dragon would remain a pitiful whimpering ball of complaints.

"I dunno. Unless this guy just gives up, I don't think we're going anywhere anytime soon. How much longer can you keep the spell in effect?" The paladin burped softly. At least the red beast tasted good.

The mage responded, still surprisingly audible, "A few days at least."

A few days, good lord. She didn't want to stay stuck like this for that long. She wanted to play the game! She settled in and began to lament her plan. It would be a while before anything changed. After half an hour a new prompt appeared in her vision. The dragon was willing to submit, the game asking if she accepted. It surprised her. Without really thinking about it, she accepted and the beast's status was added to her party. Salano's 'in battle' prompt vanished.

"How do you like that, we caught a dragon! You can lay off the protection spell!" She chuckled, feeling the red dragon immediately relax and rumble in relief as it faded. It was a bit like the lion with the thorn in its paw, now the dragon with a tiger in its gut.

A few hours later, the raiders were gone, leaving Salano completely alone in the red dragon's stomach, safe and sound. For some reason, their digestion fed not just the dragon, but the paladin who had eaten him as well. Interesting. Elisha hiccupped and rubbed her stomach as she felt the scaled fellow shift about, nosing against her. The affection was cute. By now, she had shrunk a bit, enough to where she could move a little. Maybe she should head back to town for now.

"C'mon boys, I'm spent and work starts early. I gotta log off and go to bed." She used her 'recall' spell and dragged her belly to the stables to sleep. No way she'd fit through the door at the inn.