Enter the Dragon

The young huntress Amelia wandered through the forest. She wore her fur boots and miniskirt to protect herself from the cold morning air, and she held a bow in her hand along with a quiver of arrows on her back. She had woven sticks and leaves into her short blond hair, and rubbed mud and dirt all over her skin for some camouflage. She scanned the surrounding woods with her green eyes, and off in the distance, she saw something brown stir among the trees. She slowly but surely armed her bow, not wanting to scare off the beast of her hunt, and took aim.

Amelia wondered what sort of beast this was that she was about to kill. It looked brown like a deer, but it seemed too bulky. It could be a boar, but she’d never seen one that got that big. One of the biggest ideas that frightened her was that it might be a bear, and in that case she hoped she’d kill it in her first shot; otherwise she would find herself firing and running away at the same time.

She fired, and her aim was true. There was a sound like stone striking against stone, and there was a snarl coming from the creature that she had just shot as it shuffled about. Amelia thought that it was indeed a bear that she had shot, and armed her bow to fire again. That was when she realized the true error of her initial thoughts.

As the bulky brown creature rose, Amelia saw a pair of appendages, like long tentacles, rise from its front and rear. She sat quivering with her bow drawn, not wanting to loose another arrow and allow this creature to figure out where she was. The creature growled as it checked itself and gazed around the forest for its attacker. Then a pair of great wings unfolded from its sides, and it jumped into the air.

Amelia stayed where she was for a while, then once she was confident that the creature was gone, she placed her bow and the arrow onto her back and left her hiding place. She wanted to get back to her cottage now; she didn’t like the idea of being alone in the woods when a predator the likes of which she had seen was prowling the woods. She wondered what it could have possibly been, but only two options came to mind; both of which she felt were completely ridicules. It could be a dinosaur, but they’d been extinct for millions of years; the alternative was a dragon, and she had always assumed that they were nothing but fairy tales.

On her way home, she passed through a meadow. She saw some deer bounce away for the cover of trees as she walked through and she thought “Where were you guys earlier?” She was so distracted by the deer that she did not notice the shadow looming over her. Suddenly, a huge creature landed in the meadow before her. The creature’s presence was so sudden and alarming, that Amelia did not have time to react before it raised a talon and pushed her backwards onto the ground; pinning her in place so that she could not escape.

Amelia looked up at the creature that held her down. The creature had a long snake-like body nearly a hundred feet in length. It was most bulky at its chest, legs, and its back where its huge feathery wings emerged. It was covered in brown and green scales, and a furry green main that looked and flowed like grass in the wind emerged the length of its back. The creature’s angular head lowered toward Amelia as it sniffed her. She looked at the long, branch-like antlers on its head before staring into its shiny green cat eyes. She could neither believe nor deny that what she was looking at could be anything but a dragon.

The dragon’s snout probed at her arrows for a moment, then it turned and looked at its haunches. There, Amelia saw the arrow that she had fired earlier, and she shuddered with the realization of the situation. The dragon looked down at her and asked in clear human tongue “Why did you attack me?” Amelia thought that she saw a way out of her predicament, and told with the utmost honesty “I’m sorry. I was out hunting for deer or some other game. I did not know what you were and shot at you in ignorance.” “Hunting?” the dragon said with a grin on its face. “That is a game that I like playing. And it’s even more fun when I win. Do you know what happens when I win a hunt?” the dragon lowered its head toward her, and licked her face with its slimy green forked tongue.

Amelia realized that the dragon intended to eat her. She grabbed the dragon’s talon and tried to shove it off, but the dragon just applied more force and said “Don’t struggle, this will be over before you know it.” The dragon grinned, revealing its large sharp teeth, and Amelia thought of how horrible it would be to be chewed to death between them. Not wanting this, she pulled a dagger from her belt and stabbed the dragon’s paw. It howled as the dagger imbedded into its flesh, and Amelia quickly got up and ran for the cover of the trees.

She looked back to see if the dragon was following her, but it had already taken flight and disappeared into the sky. She did not trust that it was truly gone, and took the long thick woodland rout back to her cottage, running the whole way.

By the time she got home, she was hot, dirty, and sweaty. She was tired and hungry, so she leaned against the side of her wooden home for a while, simply listening to the sounds of the birds and the squirrels in the trees. After a while, the sound of the forest was clouded out by a waft of her body odor. “Phew, I stink.” Amelia said to herself. She looked over at the pond that she used to bathe in and thought to herself “What if the dragon returns and finds me bathing? I’ll be completely vulnerable, not to mention naked…”

She looked up to the sky out of her own fear. She saw nothing, and reassured herself “Settle down Amelia. All this worry is going to give you wrinkles, and you’re too young for that right now. Besides, you were in the cover of the forest the whole time. The dragon doesn’t know where you live and as long as you don’t light a fire it will never know.” With the reassurance, she walked over to the pond.

She removed her fur shoes first, then slipped off her fur clothes, placing them off to the side on the bank. She then slipped in one foot, then the other, and then finally sat down in the cool water. She sighed as she laid down and allowed the water to rush over every part of her, and she dosed as she listened to the relaxing sounds of the forest.

She woke up to a growling sound. At first she worried that it was the dragon growling at her, but when she heard it again, it sounded more like a gurgle and she realized that it was her stomach. She hadn’t eaten that day, and now the sun was setting.

She rose out of the water and used a large log to help support herself as she looked around for her clothes. Something didn’t feel right about the wood under her grip though. It felt more like rock than wood, and if she didn’t know any better, she could have sworn that it was expanding and contracting. Looking up the log, she saw her arrow.

Amelia backed away quickly as the dragon stood up before her. She tried to run away, but it snatched her up in one of its talons. She screamed and pounded the dragon’s knuckles as it brought her toward its face; she stopped then to look into its green eyes.

The dragon said “You were foolish to think that you could escape from a spirit of these woods. I understand an accident when I see one, and I had half a mind to let you go free in that meadow; I might have even forgiven you after some praise and offerings. But then you stabbed my paw. You hurt me, and now I am going to take your penance in live sacrifice.”

The gurgling growl sound came again, but this time it came from the dragon’s stomach. She shuddered as the dragon started to salivate, it then said “I hope you like the way my belly felt, because you’re going to have the opportunity to rub it from the inside in a moment.”

The dragon tilted Amelia so that her back was down, and opened its jaws just past her feet. The dragon then slipped her into its mouth like she was a hot dog. She kicked and screamed as she felt the dragon’s moist breath on her body. Her attacks were useless though, for her feet simply slid around on the various surfaces of the dragon’s mouth. Saliva dripped all over her legs as she was pushed further in between the sharp teeth, and then the lime green tongue emerged from the mouth to wrap around her haunches and belly.

The dragon let her go with its paw as it tilted its head back and drew her further into its mouth with its tongue. Amelia held onto the dragon’s snout for dear life, trying to pull herself back out, or at least avoid falling further in. She raised her legs to try to use them to push herself back out of the mouth, but her toes kept slipping on the soft flesh and back into the dragon’s throat.

She felt a spine tingling sensation as the forked tongue slithered up her back and over her shoulder. With this grip, the tongue pulled Amelia the rest of the way into the gaping maw. She put her hands against the roof of the mouth as the dragon closed its jaws on her, but her efforts had no effect on the inevitable outcome. When the dragon finally closed its mouth, it did not chew on her like she thought that it would, but instead smothered her in gums and saliva as its tongue tasted every inch of her skin.

Amelia screamed for help again, but she already knew that there would be no one to come and save her. She was on her own in this forest, and she was going to die alone now.

The dragon tilted its head until it was perfectly aligned with its neck. At that point, it released its jaw grip on Amelia and allowed her to slide toward her doom. She gripped for whatever she could before she was completely gone and cried out “Nooo! I don’t want to be digested, please stop!” The dragon did not let her out, and instead used its tongue to force against her head and push her past its tonsils as the mouth closed completely and ceiled her in darkness. Then with an effortless gulp, the dragon swallowed the screaming Amelia.

The throat was long and slimy. Amelia could not resist it in any way as it opened under her feet and closed once past her hands. She was disgusted by the feeling of the gullet’s wavy walls rubbing against her skin as she dropped past, even if it was pleasuring on her breasts and slit. Then at long last, her drop stopped, and she knew that she had settled into the dragon’s stomach.

The stomach was not like some water skin sack as she had first imagined. But she remembered that the dragon had a snake-like body and therefor ought to have a tube shaped stomach. There was limited air in here, and what air there was had a foul smell to it. The stench was awful, as though several things had died in here, and she was constantly having to spit out saliva and other fluids that she dreaded what they were.

“Please, let me out!” She cried as she struggled to escape her confines, but the stomach’s shape held her body in a position that she could do little more than roll slightly to the left or right, and twitch her limbs against the stomach walls. From outside she heard the dragon say “Struggle all you want little human. Sooner or later you will tire yourself out, and when you do finally settle down…” She felt what she assumed was its paw rubbing against its belly as it finished. “I don’t think I need to tell you what happens then.”

Fueled by the drive to not be digested, Amelia continued to struggle for a while longer. She pushed against the back end of the stomach with her toes and tried to reach out for the entrance with her finger tips, but she made no progress, and in the end she finally lost the will to fight. She instead tried to relax and make the best of her situation.

Even if she was trapped in the warm, sticky confines of a dragon’s stomach, the location was not so uncomfortable when one simply tried not to think about what this particular organ would do to them. From her position, she could hear the beats of the dragon’s heart, and the slow and steady compressions caused by its expanding and contracting lungs. She knew that the dragon was moving when she felt herself rocking back and forth like a hammock. She wondered where it was going, then felt the stomach smother against her as the dragon laid down on its belly; making it even harder for her to breath.

She heard the dragon speak again “You’ve made a very nice lair. I hope you don’t mind if I sleep in it tonight; it’s not like you’ll be needing it anyway.” As the dragon fell asleep around her, she began to notice that the liquids that had been dripping all over her since she entered the stomach were now pooling around her. She splashed around as she made one more failing attempt to resist, and then fell back into place, surrendering to her fate.

As her vision began to darken and her head became woozy, she saw the irony in the world. Those who live by the sword die by the sword, and for her case, those who make meals of others eventually become a meal.