Peggy was SUPER nervous about all of this. The curly, brown-haired, glasses-wearing, light bluish-eyed young human woman adjusted the little black beret she had over her head, walking down the street, making her way towards her friend Sarah’s house. Sarah and her had been friends ever since they’d been in elementary school, Sarah had been the only one to chat with her at lunch, they’d been going to the same classes, went to the same high school, even the same college, and they’d stayed friends even now that Peggy wasn’t in college anymore.

Peggy worked in a fairly normal but boring office job, standard data entry, whilst Sarah, meanwhile, worked at the local hospital, helping to keep it clean. Boring, not very nice jobs, but still necessary enough, and it did, at least, give them enough free time…to do what Sarah REALLY had begun to love. Dungeons and Dragons! Yes, THAT game! The tabletop RPG that had been around for decades and which had had a lasting impact on the culture.

Peggy had been casually into roleplaying games too, but mostly on her PC, she’d not ever really played a tabletop anything. The only thing that came close was when she played SCRABBLE. But now…Sarah had invited her to come over to her home to start a new session. Peggy knocked on the door, opening it up, and…OH!

She gaped in surprise. There was a dragonborn there! An anthro dragon, these kind of people had scaly bodies, humanoid in appearance save for…well…the obvious draconic heads they had, and of course, the…well…tails. Sometimes they would have the tail removed, or they even had WINGS. This guy had a cute, short little tail and was wearing a rather fancy-looking hat, with a super fancy necklace and rings on his clawed hand as he cheerily smiled at Peggy. “Ah, you must be Peggy. I’m Parunthrax.”

“Oh, “Perry”, yeah, Sarah mentioned you a few times.” Peggy nervously admitted as she walked into the house, Sarah smiling, brushing some of her hair to the side, the elf cheerily hugging Peggy tight.

“It’s soooo good to see you. Been far too long. So, I’m going to be playing an elven thief.” She said as she showed off her own character sheet, sitting down at a table along with a distinct tauren who had a powerfully built body and a large nose ring. She had a fake axe strapped to her back and she waved. “This is Mira, she’s playing our minotaur barbarian. Perry is the dungeon master. Asclepius over there plays our cleric.” An ophidian who had green, scaly skin, a serpentine head, and piercing yellow eyes who was wearing fancy body armor over his chest smiled up from the desk. “Specifically, a cleric of the moon god, Selune.”

“The moon god clerics are SUPER broken, but that’s why playing as them is wonderful.” The ophdian bragged.

“I…didn’t know we were dressing up, I would have put on, like, a more fancy outfit for it.” Peggy admitted sheepishly as the others shrugged or shook their head.

“No biggie, no biggie. Just be sure to dress for the next opportunity next week. What’re you playing as?”

“Um…I…” Peggy shifted through her book bag she’d gotten, bringing out her character sheet from a little manilla folder. “I decided I wanted to be a half-elf ranger. Then I can do all kinds of fancy tricks with bows and arrows and the like.”

“Sure, sure. Sounds good.”

So, they began to start the game. It was, indeed, VERY intense. Their first encounter, for Peggy, was in one of the absolute worst places a player could get surprised. They got on…the boat. A boat to the next continent where they had been charged by a king to retrieve a great treasure…and as every Dungeons and Dragons player worth their salt would tell you…

NEVER GET ON THE BOAT. There was a host of horrible water-based monsters! Kaiju-style turtle monsters that made Gamera look like a wuss! Giant octopi or squid! Sea serpents! And, of course…the KRAKEN!

“Oh GEEZ.” Sarah moaned as their dungeon master smirked, showing off…yes…that a kraken had attacked their boat. “We gotta fight off a kraken?”

“You’ve got to fight a kraken.” Perry the dragonborn sniggered. He waved his hand in the air as he laughed. “The kraken’s tentacles are lashing at the boat! Do you think you can save yourselves?”

So, our heroes had to fight off the kraken. Luckily for everyone, Peggy being a ranger who was skilled with bows and arrows helped a lot. Constantly being filled with more arrows than Boromir from the Lord of the Rings made the kraken reel back, and they all got tons of experience. Peggy was the champ of that night, and she left the house feeling a big sense of accomplishment. Sure…it’d been intense to fight off a kraken in her very first real fight.

But STILL…

The next few sessions were similarly strong. She’d begun to dress up in a fancy beret with a feather in her cap and a nice slim outfit to indicate her class as a ranger, and now Peggy’s character “Swift Hands” was cleaning house in the Dungeons and Dragons sessions. The only problem with the games was Sarah. See, she was an elven thief, but she kept driving the gang nuts because whenever they’d ask her to do something that a typical thief would do, Sarah would say “I’m not that kind of thief”.

For example…

“Hey, check for traps!”

“I’m not that kind of thief.”

“Why don’t you scale the wall and scope the castle out?”

“I’m not that kind of thief.”

“Okay, go ahead, pick the lock so it won’t set the trap off.”

“I’m not that kind of thief.”

“What kind of thief ARE you?!”

Well, as it turned out, Sarah had put almost all her ranks into tumbling and pickpocketing. This made her GREAT at stabbing people, especially in the back for extra damage, but for every other practical purpose a thief had...she wasn’t that kind of thief. And then there was the irritating NPC that Parry the dragonborn dungeon master had made to accompany them along their journey, who was a priest of the Goddess of Death, and the only one who could do major healing spells.

“Oh gracious goddess of death! You have brought your blessing to these worthless peons!” Parry would say as he spoke for “Necrosis, High Priest and Fist of the Goddess of Death” as they reached the dungeon they were going to be going into for their next session. The big treasure they wanted was supposedly in there, and evidently guarded by a dragon, from what Sarah had been told. A big, enormous, deadly red dragon, much like Parry himself.

“Can you just heal us from that last fight we did with those stupid kobolds?” Sarah insisted to Parry as the others all nodded and groused.

“Okay. But…you’re all going to have to make a prayer to the Goddess of Death.” Parry wisecracked as they all moaned, held up their hands, and then began to say “I pledge allegiance to the reaper”, doing the prayer. All of this was part of the roleplaying experience, you had to adhere as closely as you could to what happened in the game. For example, if you got “shot”, you had to mime being hit by an arrow or the like, or if you lost a limb, you had to pretend to hop about on one leg, or pull your hand in your sleeve so it looked like your hand was cut off. It was pretty darn extreme, admittedly, and they’d taken it to a new level when the dungeon master would do things like, say, bring an actual giant snake into the house when they fought an anaconda in-game, or yes, rent some bats from a pet shop when they entered dark caves to explore….

But by now, Peggy was getting used to Parry taking the game rather literally. She could handle it.

Their crew made their way down through the dungeon, but try as Parry might, none of the monsters he was throwing at them were really proving a challenge. Truth be told, the group was cleaning house. Skeletons? HA! Bashed into nothing but dust. Rodents of unusual size? Burned to death! Disgusting zombies? Cut into chunks, with the head sailing clean off, and sliding down holes. “FOOOORE.” The tauren proclaimed as the gang all laughed.

Then…then it happened. They reached…the dragon’s den. The core of the dungeon. The red dragon, as per usual dragon lore was sleeping on a mountain of enormous treasure, but on his back, muttering in his slumber, and slightly clawing at the air as he murmured and spoke in his slumber. “You’ve all got to be very, very quiet.” The dungeon master Parunthrax insisted to them all. “Because if the dragon hears you galumphing about, he’ll SURELY eat you alive!”

“Okay. Sarah and I have the best stealth stats. We should roll for initiative and the like to sneak up on the dragon and search the treasure pile for the Sacred Jewel of Selune the King wanted us to get.” Peggy reasoned. “Sarah, you go first.”

Sarah nodded and rolled her twenty-sided die. Yes! 18 and she got a bonus, so it was a clear success. Then it was Peggy’s turn.

…she rolled a one.

A ONE. All the bonuses per class and character wouldn’t change the fact this was a botch. The others nervously looked from her to Parunthrax as he tut-tutted, shaking his head.

“You get ONE saving throw.” He warned her as she tossed the dice on the game board again and…

Rolled a one.

“Sorry. You awaken the dragon, loudly stepping on a fancy necklace that crunches under your feet. Coins spill about as you flounder, the dragon snarling, rising up, and attacking you!” Parunthrax the dungeon master remarked as he rolled his OWN dice. “Bad news. He wins initiative. And his action is to swallow your character up, Peggy!” He told her. “Which means that, well, I’M going to gobble YOU up to represent you being taken out of the action.” He told Peggy as he rose up and approached her, Peggy sighing as she started taking off her beret. This was gonna suck, she was sure.

“Can I get released somehow? Like, by causing the dragon a stomachache or something?”

“The party can save you if they damage the dragon enough.” Parunthrax told Peggy cheerily. “Sound fair?”

“Yeah, I guess so, we’re pretty high level all things considered. If we beat a kraken, we can beat a red dragon.” Peggy said, making sure to take off ALL of her clothing. She didn’t want to get soaked up in drool and everything in his stomach, she just wanted to get this over with, and then finally take a nice shower and rinse all his stomach juices and the like off.

“THAT’S the spirit!” Parry cheerily intoned. “Now then! Past the teeth and over the gums, look out stomach, here you come!” He laughed as he had her lean back, and then carefully lifted up her feet. "And truly…thank you for cooperating, Peggy…I DO appreciate it." Parunthrax crooned, opening his mouth really wide and sticking out his blue glowing tongue, slowly licking one foot of Peggy's and then another one, making the young woman giggle and wiggle from all of his tongue’s tickles. "M-mph, your taste is absolutely divine…" The hungry dragon complimented as he moaned lustily while he still could speak before taking both feet of the young woman into his mouth and licking them a few more times, coating them in a thick layer of drool before making the first greedy gulp, tugging them into his narrow throat.

"Huff, thank you… I guess…" Peggy murmured, blushing a bit as she saw how the others were looking on, some almost seemingly disappointed THEY couldn’t eat her. Parry was getting rather turned on, he was pitching a tent in his pants, dick hardening up on its own with every greedy gulp he made because of how turned on he was. "This feels really weird, gonna be honest…" She added, but a blush came to her cheeks as she felt his tongue on her flesh, all of this making Parunthrax purr approvingly and start stroking himself too. There was something really special in eating someone on up – to a predator like Parunthrax the dragonborn this formed a sort of emotional bonds and embracement that few people could boast, and being able to share the pleasure from his meal with his prey was incredibly valuable for the pervy and hungry dragon. Her taste was simply divine, her nice and plump thighs were incredibly pleasant to gnaw, while her shins were bulging his slender neck, gradually stretching the sensitive flesh of his throat more and more with every inch of the prey he consumed.

THOOORSCH-GLLUUURGH-GULLLGH! Peggy moaned and huffed lustily, rubbing over her lower body, almost furiously stroking herself off, amazed at how surprisingly GOOD this felt. She really enjoyed the rhythmic pulsations of the pred's gullet around her legs, dragging her deeper and deeper in Parunthrax's body, which already became a new home for her. Seeing such dedication was really satisfying for the predator, who kept lazily stroking himself, not really trying to blow a load now though since that’d be a bit too much. Soon, the hungry dragonborn’s scaly jaws stretched over the young woman's bouncy booty, giving it a few teasing gnaws before Parunthrax's thick tongue assaulted Peggy's pussy, enjoying the wonderful flavor of crotch sweat and pre, covering her little labia. It felt so much better than any type of fingering, that the young woman couldn't help but moaned constantly, lowering her eyelids in pure bliss and arching her back in joy as the pred licked her private parts.

SCHLOOOR-THLLLUUURRRPPP! Having such an obedient and heavenly delicious meal was a real treasure for Parunthrax, and he treated the young woman as nice as he could, rubbing her chubby sides with his hands while licking her crotch. It didn't take the pred too long to make his prey Peggy cum – after all she had fully prepared herself to this, and after just a minute of licking and probing her cunny with the hungry dragon's tongue, the young woman squirted her load into Parunthrax's mouth with a lusty moan, straining with her entire body before softening up like a lump of meat in a blissful afterglow, letting the predator finish his meal with ease and joy. Parunthrax tilted his head up, letting the young woman's limp body slowly slide down his gullet under its own weight, licking all over her naked frame eagerly and enjoying the flavor of her more than anything else.

SCLUUUURGH-GLLUUUR-GUUUULLP! A monstrous bulge slowly slid down the hungry dragon's neck and then chest, soon the young woman's feet squeezed through the narrow sphincter into much roomier fleshy chamber of the dragon's stomach, starting to swell his belly more and more. "M-mph, I have to admit that all of this felt really, really good…" Peggy murmured with a blissful smile on her face, still being soft and helpless after her orgasm. Parunthrax smiled and ruffled her hair gently before gently pushing on top of her head, helping his gullet to cram the young woman's legs into his stomach, which was stretching incredibly easy after all the practice he’d taken.

Indeed, Parry had been swallowing and digesting humans countless times before. The flavor of human women NEVER really did get old though, and he savored every bit of it, licking all over the young woman's slightly chubby belly and nice chest, giving special attention to her armpits before his mouth stretched over her shoulders, pinning the young woman's arms to the sides of her head. His blue tongue gave a few teasing licks to her blissful face too before Parunthrax continued swallowing her, taking his hand off her head and putting it onto his belly, feeling how it was stretching more and more right under his fingertips, barely audibly creaking from increasing tension. The other hand of his kept stroking his shaft, keeping it hard all the time. Soon, his jaws stretched over Peggy's entire head and then he slurped in her limp arms like a couple of noodles, sending his edible pet all the way into his stomach. GULGH-GULGH-GUUUULP!

Peggy moaned and huffed lustily all her way down Parunthrax's gullet – despite she had just climaxed, the fleshy walls of the narrow food tube were constantly rippling around her body, not only dragging it down but also stimulating its most sensitive parts, keeping the young woman horny all the time. She heard the deafening thumping heartbeat and deep breath of the predator while her head made its way through his chest. Her lower half, meanwhile, got crammed into Parunthrax's gastric sack, soon followed by her plump belly and then chest, until finally her head squeezed through the narrow sphincter, and the young woman got completely sealed inside the predator's stomach, surrounded by warm, slimy, rippling folded walls of flesh from all the sides. "UR-R-RP!!! Huff, puff…my dear, Peggy…you're the best of the best treats I've ever had in my life… so tasty… so willing… so obedient…" Parunthrax murmured in a blissful voice, letting out a thunderous BUUHHHRRRAAAAAAAP of a belch which made his stomach walls shrink even tighter around the young woman's body, forcing it to curl down into fetal position under that immense pressure, making the outlines of her chubby body clearly visible through the strained scaly skin of the pred's abdomen.

“OK! Now, you all know what comes next. You want her to come out, you’re going to have to defeat the dragon in a fight.” Parunthrax said, getting back into dungeon master character as if absolutely nothing whatsoever had even happened. He slid his way back into his chair and then gestured at the rest of the team. “Now, go ahead. Start rolling for attack damage.”

Unfortunately, it wasn’t just Peggy that was doing poorly. As the rest of the game went on, it became clear that all of them couldn’t win. Because, frankly, Parunthrax was not playing a dumb, stupid dragon that would just get on the ground and wade into combat with somebody who had a giant axe. No, he was playing a dragon who would fly around and breath down fire breath on them and roast them up for loads of splash damage! And unfortunately for them, their only archer was stuck in the dragon’s stomach, meaning that, alas, they couldn’t just fire arrows at the dragon!

“You didn’t take any skill in arrows?!” Mira the tauren groaned as her minotaur character tried to get at the dragon with a thrown bottle of explosive potion, looking over in Sarah the elven thief’s direction whilst Aescelpius’s character tried to toss a magic attack spell with his moon goddess’s magic at their enemy.

“I’m not that kind of thief!” Sarah said as she held her hands up, shrugging a bit as she tried to throw some knives. She was at least THAT kind of thief. But these thrown knives, the explosive potions, the attempts to attack with moon magic, they either were barely doing any damage or worse…

BOTCHED. Botch, botch, botch. One after one after one, and the Dungeon Master, rolling for the dragon, was rolling some serious criticals! He was just beating the snot out of all of them! Eventually they were forced to realize that no matter how hard they tried…no matter how much they threw at the dragon, it was just plain winning. They couldn’t win this fight without their elven ranger, and since she’d been swallowed, there was only one other thing to do.

In the immortal words of Monty Python…

“RUN AWAY!” Sarah reasoned. “I high tail it out of there.”

“I turn my ass around and run.” Mira added.

“I bolt like Usain from the dragon’s dungeon.” Asclepius sighed. Indeed, the entire party were now forced to leave the dungeon. And, luckily, this time, their dice rolls were criticals themselves. They were able to perfectly escape, without the dragon further injuring them or catching up to them.

“Sorry. Looks like this session is a bust.” Parunthrax admitted. “So we’re going to have to end it here. I’m afraid the team is simply going to have to fight the dragon some OTHER time. You’ll have to figure out a different way to attack the dragon to get hold of the Sacred Jewel of Selune. We’ll pick this up next week.”

“Wait, next week?” Peggy remarked aloud. “But that means my character’s gone!”

“I’m afraid that means you’re also going to be gone.” Parunthrax confessed. “You’re gonna digest on down inside my belly too.”

“I’m sorry, Peggy.” Sarah said as she approached Parunthrax, patting over Peggy’s spot in Parunthrax’s paunch. She rubbed over it, shaking her head back and forth. She really did feel bad about this, she was truly disappointed things had ended this way, but…well, she did have quite a lot of fun playing Dungeons and Dragons with Peggy. “You did the best you could. I hope you had a good time.” She remarked as the rest of the group then headed for the kitchen, getting out pizza from the fridge and heating it up, as the stomach acid of Parunthrax’s body began to slowly pool on in, the dragonborn’s body eager to digest and churn poor Peggy on up.

“Nothing for me.” Parunthrax said as he shook his head back and forth. “I’m already quite full.” He commented as he patted over his gut, the others sitting down to eat the pizza, munching away on it. GROMPGH-THROMP-CRUNCH. They happily munched and chewed away at the pizza, while, meanwhile, Peggy was being digested. SCHLOOOR-GLAA-GULLLGHP. The stomach acid was rising steadily higher and higher, her body sinking down into the depths, being fully and totally consumed. Within just an hour or so, poor Peggy would be fully digested. Nothing would remain!

Well…not “nothing”, exactly…

…

…

…

… “Welcome back, gang.” The gang had returned the next day, determined to use their weekend to defeat that dragon and get the Sacred Jewel of Selune. Parunthrax let them into his house, smiling warmly as he let them all sit down, each of the characters now dressed up. “I trust you’ve figured out a strategy for the evil red dragon in the dungeon?”

“I worked a lot more on acid-throwing and stuff, for one.” Sarah remarked. “Decided to become THAT kind of thief.”

“Good, good. So let’s get started. You make your way into the dark, forbidden expanses of the dragon’s dungeon, remaining hidden in the shadows. You can see the dragon lying on his side, snoring loudly and there, on top of the pile, is a big, thick pile of dragon dung. Your fellow compatriot, Pallis the Ranger, is now just an enormous load of poop that lies not far away, ironically enough, from the very object you now seek!”

Parunthrax then gestured for them to follow him right into the bathroom. Smirking a bit, he pulled the door open, and…voila! Indeed, the bathroom toilet was practically overflowing with thick, enormous, dark brownish/black loaves of waste. Poor Peggy had been utterly digested, every ounce of her turned into fetid poop, and her thick glasses laid on top of the pile, the only indication left of her to reveal that she’d ever even been there. With, of course, just as the dungeon master had said, a little bauble that had the title “Sacred Jewel of Selune” sitting on the sink nearby as part of the “Dragon’s Hoard” as well as Parunthrax grinned rather toothily at all of them.

“So…” He inquired as they all made their way back to the living room to resume their dungeoneering. “What’s going to be your first move? You going to go first, Sarah?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Roll for initiative!” Parunthrax laughed. “And better hope you don’t get caught…or you’re gonna be the next trophy added to the dragon’s hoard! Mwa ha ha ha ha!”