

It was a cozily sunny Spring day, and a light breeze was steadily wafting through April's brilliant, loosely curled, auburn hair. She had come to Lucid Park to enjoy some alone time and all she wanted to do was finish the novel she'd been reading before the daylight faded. Unfortunately for her it seemed as if there was some huge neon sign floating above her that read: "Please come talk to me!" She was already pretty irritated by the interruptions that befell her. It wasn't that the interruptions were particularly annoying, but that she had a naturally short tolerance for any unwelcome interactions because of one reason: April was a dragoness. Her true self was a secret and as far as she knew she was the only one to exist.

In the late afternoon hours an uninhibited yawn creeps out of April's mouth as she tries not to zone out while half-listening to a far-from-interesting story from the third guy to approach her today. She doesn't know or want to know his name but while he drones on about how he doesn't recycle because he doesn't believe it makes any real impact, she looks him over one time to examine his physique. He appeared to be on the fit side with respectable muscles and a healthy amount of fat, around 6'2" and 225 lbs by her estimation with a lightly tanned complexion. "...most people probably don't even know about-." "grrrrrooo" April's stomach emitted a long loud growl after examining him, stopping him mid-sentence. "Man, I heard that from here! You wanna grab a bite to eat? I'm Charlie by the way, what's your name?" April was unimpressed by his eagerness and obliviousness to her irritation. She only came out to enjoy the outdoors while she read and wasn't remotely interested in getting to know someone over a meal. "I'm April and I just want to finish this book and go home, I'm not out for dinner," she stated flatly.

“Really?” said Charlie with a tone of disbelief. April thought he must think highly of himself to be surprised a girl would decline his advances. “I know a good sushi bar nearby we could go to,” he persisted.

April’s eyebrows arched in annoyance. “Listen, I already said I don’t want to eat with you so you should leave me to read in peace,” April blurted exasperatedly.

“But what if I want to get to know you better? How am I supposed to do that if I can’t even spend ten minutes with you?” Charlie retorted.

That was the final straw for April as her patience depleted and she felt the need to punish this man for not heeding her warning and leaving her be. She softened her facial expressions as she began her slow seduction. “Actually now that you mention it I think we should get to know each other a little better. Would you feel comfortable coming over to my house? It’s nearby and I have some pretty good food in mind to eat.”

Charlie’s face briefly displayed a smug smile as if he knew she wouldn’t be able to resist his charm forever. He recovered quickly and happily moved forward with his progress. “That actually sounds great, though I think you skipped a step going straight to inviting me over, haha.”

April feigned a bashful smile and looked down as if she were embarrassed. She had been down this road plenty of times before and slowly learned the easiest ways to manipulate the men she thought to be simple-minded into doing just what she wanted.

“Did you drive here by chance, Charlie was it?” April probed, working out her next set of moves.

“No I jogged here, I live about three miles away so it was a pretty easy run,” he boasted.

“Perfect, I drove so you can ride with me and I’ll drop you off somewhere after?” April said as she closed her book and stood up, suppressing a snicker at her double entendre. She waved her hand for Charlie to follow and headed off towards her car, working her hips as she walked to accentuate her luscious rear and keep Charlie drawn in.

As April pulled into a long, winding, private driveway, Charlie suddenly seemed to know vaguely where he was. “Did you miss a turn or something?” he questions. He recognized the driveway because it led up to an extravagant mansion of unbelievable size on a hilltop that he had often seen on his long runs that took him this way. He didn’t believe she lived here, “maybe she works for the owner and has a guest bedroom or something,” he thought.

“No this is the right place.” April said, concealing her disdain that he didn’t think a house like hers could actually belong to her. “I’ve lived here for a few years now and made all sorts of cool modifications.”

Parking in front of one of the dozen closed garage doors, April gets out and doesn’t look back as she walks up to the front door, unlocks it and steps inside. Charlie stepped in a few moments later and looked around wide-eyed. “I never would have thought you were the one that lived here,” he said as he took in the ornate decorations and red-based color palette of the grand foyer.

“Nobody ever does,” April replied as she walked down an adjacent hallway into a large kitchen and rummaged through her medicine cabinet. When she found what she was searching for, a moderate sedative injector ring, she slipped the ring on and walked back to meet Charlie. He had migrated into the cavernous living space and was looking around in amazement at the massive open area he was in.

“This house is absurd, it looks so much smaller from down by the streets, I never suspected it would be this big on the inside,” Charlie said in amazement as he wondered what she would even do in here. He stood in front of an empty fireplace, checking out the mantle decorations and living room set April had set up around it.

April walked towards him and flicked out the small spine on her ring. Coming up behind him she grabbed his shoulder, the small prick making him flinch as he turned around to see her with a wicked smile on her face and a fierceness in her expressions that was definitely not there before now. April’s hand retracted when he faced her and she closed the injector.

“Ouch! What was that?” Charlie exclaimed, rubbing his shoulder and peering at April. She seemed almost aggressive in her stance but wasn’t acting like anything was out of the ordinary.

“Oh that was just the beginning of your end, my dear.” April said with a sinister note in her voice, knowing he wouldn’t remember. She stepped back from Charlie as he began to sway unsteadily where he stood.

“What? What...did you do to...m-” Charlie fell forward and smacked against the floor with a solid thud. April sneered down at him derisively and left him there, bringing her book and a bag of pretzels over to the luxurious couch, activating her fireplace with a touch of a remote, and resumed reading her novel.

A few hours later April reaches the final few chapters of her story and looks at a clock on the wall. 11:45pm. It had taken her longer than she expected to get there and was glad that outside a few groans Charlie had remained down the whole time.

April approached his unconscious form and dragged him, rather easily with her deceptive dragoness strength, across the grand living room into her bedroom

which was almost as large. She heaved him up onto the bed which was big enough to fit her true dragon form and shook him to try waking him up. Going back to her ploy to play the damsel.

Charlie woke up dazed and asked “What happened? How did I get here?” He sits up and reaches to cradle his aching forehead and feels a large lump from his impact with the floor earlier.

“You tripped by the fireplace and hit your head pretty hard. I couldn’t wake you up so I brought you in here to rest. You poor thing, I hope I can make it up to you somehow,” she says suggestively, sitting right beside him and leaning over to look at his bruise.

Charlie’s cognitive function was inhibited from the impact and he said as if his brain had no filter, “Well I’d love to get inside you if you know what I mean. Since I could have split my head open and died and all, it seems warranted” He looked at April with out-of-focus eyes and completely missed the eye roll and smirk that crossed her face.

“Sure I’d love to get you inside these guts,” April teases as she straddles him, standing on her knees, and pats her stomach right in his face though his eyes are trained on her generous chest. “But there’s a catch. If it’s not good enough for me you’ll have to do exactly as I ask, deal?” April liked giving her prey a false sense of choice to complement her rouse.

“Hah, if it’s not good enough,” Charlie thought to himself in his befuddled state. “Whatever you say, April, I doubt you’ll have any complaints,” he confidently said with a slight slur to his speech.

With that, April got up and walked to the door, closing it and flipping the cover up from a keypad lock system and hit the red lock button. A mechanical grinding noise whirred from the doors and windows of the room as it sealed itself, preventing any intruder or escapee from crossing the boundary. She turned a dial

on the wall and the white light from above faded down to a deep orangeish glow, setting a warm ambient atmosphere. She walked back to her bed, admiring her own body on the way in a massive mirror that lined one of the walls, and hopped on, looking expectantly at Charlie while he still struggled to remove his shirt. Not waiting for this buffoon to clumsily disrobe her, April pulled her shirt over her head, took off her socks, and slid her shorts down her slender legs, tossing it all to the floor. Laying in her underwear she started getting excited for what was to come.

April helped Charlie get the last bit of shirt over his possibly concussed head and glanced down at his meaty chest and core. *Sssqqqqrrrrrrrrr* Her stomach rumbled at the sight, wanting to feed on this man as soon as possible. Charlie looked at her barely concealed body with a wistful grin stuck on his face and unbuckled his belt. April grabbed the zipper and undid it, tugging his shorts off and discarding them beside the bed. She pushed him back down into a lying position, laid down on top of him, and began to dry hump him, rubbing against his stiffening member.

Charlie wasn't overly active, due to the remnants of sedative in his system and his addled state. He reached around her and unhooked her bra after some fumbling with the clasps, the cups falling onto his chest before being pushed to the floor. April's ample breasts now pressing warmly against his chest and her crotch grinding against his, she lowered her head, face centimeters from his, and breathed heavily: "There's no way you can hold out through this, I can't believe you even think you could," she taunts in a whisper. Her power over him was quite arousing for April and she felt the results as a damp spot on her undergarments. April had discovered over her years of "trapping" as she called it, that something about the smell of her breath and the scent of her womanhood had an overwhelming effect on men. She didn't know exactly what it was but presumed it

to be a result of her draconic nature. It would get them riled up so fast they could barely last a minute with her before they lost control and shot their load.

Charlie reacted about how she expected him to at first: after a few breaths of her intoxicating smell, a perplexed look was fixed on his face that was tinged with determination. He pushed her over off of him and pulled off his boxers while she removed her panties before once again straddling him, this time guiding his cock between her lips and into herself. Gyrating her hips in a circular motion she leaned forward over him, breathing towards his face, which was now contorted with the intense pleasure he felt and the resistance to cum too soon. He knew he had to make it worth her while while he could, lest he learn what she meant by 'whatever I ask' so he reached up with both hands and held her full breasts in his hands, kneading and massaging them tenderly yet firmly while she did the work from on top. Tweaking April's nipples and making sure to leave no skin untouched, Charlie was happy to hear a few quick gasps from her, a sign that he was fulfilling his big talk.

April was surprised he had the wherewithal to really try pleasing her in his limited time window before the pop. She found herself thoroughly enjoying the squeezing and pressure of her boobs being played with semi-expertly, the smooth sliding touch and light squeeze on her nipples, coupled with his appreciable member poking around in her, was actually getting her wound up more than she anticipated. Realizing that she needed to stop before she got too into it she rose up off of Charlie's cock, Charlie giving her a mixed look of relief and disappointment. "He must have been right at the edge" April thought with a vindictive smirk. She took a sadistic pleasure in robbing him of his final orgasm in life for interfering with her day of relaxation.

“Let me guess, you were already about to cum and leave me here with no reward for my part in it?” April mused to Charlie who looked like he was caught in a lie.

“I don’t even know what just happened, that’s the fastest I’ve come to almost cumming in my life. Maybe my fall did something to my brain,” Charlie replied, wondering how long she was going to wait before starting back up.

“Well I’m not too keen on doling out rewards when it doesn’t seem like I’m going to get my just desserts, so we’re going to go ahead with my backup plan.” April hops off the bed and goes over to her dresser to grab a blindfold she had ready and waiting. “Put this on. Now,” she demands, holding the blindfold out to him. “And if you so much as *think* about peeking it’s over.”

After a moment of hesitation wondering where this was going, Charlie tied the blindfold over his eyes and felt April put another one on top, completely blacking out his vision. Next she pulled his hands behind his back and tied them together tightly with his shirt. “This way,” April said, grabbing him loosely by the balls, which prompted a yelp, leading him toward the center of the giant bedroom, and telling him to stand still.

“What are you trying to do to me?” Charlie asked playfully as he stood naked in the bedroom of a dragoness, unaware that his life was coming ever closer to its end.

“Just a little something so that we can get to know each other a little better, that’s what you wanted in the first place right?” April responded in a tone that was slightly playful, but more noticeably malevolent. “Just stay there and don’t move, I’ll be back in just a second.” she commanded before walking to a wide open space in her room.

April looked back at Charlie making sure he was doing as he was told. Satisfied that he wasn’t peeking, she took a deep breath and swiftly transformed

into her true shape as a great red dragon! Standing on all fours with her wings tucked by her side, her large, barbed, angular head looking regal at the end of a muscular ten foot long neck, April settled into her full form. Her body being about twenty feet long and twelve wide, she took up a considerable space in the large room, her back lined with razor-sharp spines and her claws clinking against the granite floor. Looking entirely ominous in the low orange light, the crimson dragoness pawed closer to her prey, her draconic stomach now gurgling in anticipation of it's meal.

The only thing Charlie noticed was a slight windrush as air in the room was displaced followed by what sounded like a heartbeat but much louder. Soon after, something that sounded like April's stomach growling again but much more menacing rang through the room, coupled with soft but heavy thuds coming towards him. The sounds and feeling of the floor shaking sparked a sense of dread in Charlie's gut.

"What's going on? Are you still in here, April?" Charlie piped up with a worry in his voice. When she didn't respond he leaned forward and stepped backwards over his hands, which he hadn't been able to unbind yet. Failing that he reached up and pulled off his blindfolds-just in time to see a massive maw, gaping an arm's reach above him.

He hardly had any time to comprehend the sight before him: A scarlet-tinted behemoth crouching before him, a long arched neck lined with ruby-like scales connecting to the back of a huge dragon head above him. It's maw lined with a vicious row of pearly fangs, excessive saliva coating the whole thing and dripping from the uvula distinctly hanging in the back of it. The forked tongue flicking over his face as the powerful jaws lowered around him, trapping him inside before carefully closing around him. He belted out a scream as his

world and very existence was reduced to the mouth of a dragon

“AAAAAHHHHH-MMMMMMM!!”

April was concentrating hard to control herself as she slowly lowered her mouth around Charlie, not wanting to kill him before he even made it to her stomach. The brief second of terror she saw on his face before she closed her jaws around him was exactly what she had hoped to see from the previously confident, yet actually pathetic man who thought himself her equal. His final scream to the world suddenly muffled as her jaws clamped shut and he never saw the outside of her mouth again. As he was trapped in her mouth and the smell of her breath hit him again, he became fully erect to his chagrin, wondering why he would be so aroused while being eaten.

April held him in her mouth for a few minutes, tasting every inch of his body with her prickly forked tongue. She sauntered over to her wall mirror, closed her inner eye-lid, and stepped on a pressure-plate that activated an intense white light from below. She could still see while not being blinded and watched herself in the mirror, more specifically her throat.

Charlie was in distress as he laid face down with hands bound on a dragon's tongue in complete darkness, certain that his fate would be death by digestion if the heat radiating from her didn't do the trick first. Suddenly a moderate light shone through the floor of her jaw and he could see pretty clear details in the previously blacked out mouth. Braided streams of veins looked like webs of darkness against the light shining through April's tough hide, a slight pool of saliva had accumulated as she savored every second of his ingestion, the ridged roof of her mouth like ripples in the sand after a storm surge recedes. The last place he examined was the back of her throat, the back of her tongue melding seamlessly into the apparent tunnel that angled down sharply into the anxious stomach below, the sleek shimmer of drool made the hole look almost

cartoonish and welcoming. “April if this is you that has me in your mouth, please let me out! I’ll do whatever it takes to make it worth your while just please don’t swallow me!” pleaded Charlie in vain.

April heard Charlie trying to talk his way out of his predicament and made an odd chortle-like laugh then opened her mouth, letting the light shine in and looking in her mouth in the mirror, Charlie’s bare ass in clear view. She would never actually let him go at this point since he knows her secret and everyone who has ever discovered it wound up in her belly, but she was tickled at the thought that he might gain some false hope when the light streamed in. Instead of releasing him she pushed him against the roof of her mouth with her tongue and swallowed the excess saliva in her mouth, further lubricating her spittle-laden esophagus. She snapped her jaw shut plunging Charlie back into the softly lit enclosure and tilted her head back so it was pointing straight up, the only thing stopping him from falling down her throat was her tongue holding him in place. She rotated ninety degrees so she could see her side profile in the mirror with one eye and delivered Charlie’s sentence. Releasing her tongue, she felt him slip into the back of her throat, his hands still bound he was unable to slow his face-first decent.

Charlie was trapped against the roof of a dragon’s mouth and felt gravity shift over a few seconds so that he was upside down and it was pulling him straight down towards the gaping maw waiting eagerly below him. The light piercing through April’s hide illuminated her ten foot neck in its entirety, accentuating the rings of muscle that lined the long slimy tube. While holding him in place, she swallowed and he watched, mesmerized, as the constriction of her throat muscles traveled all the way down to briefly display the waiting room below him. Suddenly she released her tongue and the image of her gaping maw rushed up towards him and there was nothing he could do to stop it. His hands still

bound, he entered her esophagus face first, seeing every inch of her slimy, pink, faintly luminescent, ten foot gullet pass before his very eyes as he travelled down. The pressure around his body was incredible as April's powerful throat forced him deeper and deeper towards her voracious belly. It seemed to him like it took minutes to get through it though it was only twenty seconds in reality. His body was forced to bend to the left and right as April swayed her neck back and forth like a snake while swallowing him. The heat that was bombarding him ever since April's mouth closed around him increased in its magnitude the closer he got to her stomach. His head pushed past the sphincter and into her stomach, followed slowly by his shoulders barely fitting in, his head hanging down towards the bottom of her belly. April's throat didn't stop though and kept pushing him farther, his face now sliding across her stomach floor. When finally his calves then feet made it in ,Charlie was pretty cramped inside her nearly full stomach. The heat radiating from April's body became unbearably hot when he reached his final destination.

April never got over the satisfaction she derived from watching the titillating lumps slowly but relentlessly progress down her throat and into her belly. Charlie wasn't so big of a guy that it made him *too* hard to swallow, but did require some serious effort. April was rewarded with the gorgeous six foot bulge that he made and it got her hot just watching. She took large swallows and craned her long neck in tight curves to make swallowing him a bit easier. The base of her throat felt really stretched around his upper body as he was forced into her stomach. She felt the last of his feet drop from her throat and knew it wouldn't be long before her potent stomach acids and the lack of fresh air would do him in.

Charlie was overwhelmed in the sweltering heat and stinging acid of April's draconic belly and needed no more than a second to take in his fairly illuminated surroundings. He was definitely in a stomach, above him was the esophageal

sphincter that would prevent his escape, and below off to one side was the pyloric sphincter that would eventually open to let his melted remains into her small intestines to be absorbed. The walls looked ribbed and wriggling as they began to constrict around him and secrete a strong acid. He banged on her stomach walls and shouted "Please let me out! I'll do whatever you want! I don't want to be digested!" trying to convince the dragoness to regurgitate him.

April could feel him banging against her belly from the inside and heard him pleading for a release that she would never grant. He'd do anything she wanted according to his cries so not wanting him to just give up though she decided to play one last cruel trick. She telepathically communicated to her snack "If you can make enough ruckus in there to get me close to an orgasm, I'll set you free and grant you any wish you want." Of course she couldn't grant wishes but what better motivation to make her insignificant human-stomach-vibrator really kick it into high gear? Immediately she began to feel an intense thrashing in her belly as he did everything in his power to please her for his freedom and his life.

Charlie heard all he needed. He dragged the shirt that was binding his hands across a wall to let the acid break it down so he could try to stimulate her with everything he had. If he could just get her close to cumming and he'd be a free man with a wish to boot! Despite the acid that was starting to break down his flesh, he punched and kicked and pushed downward towards where he guessed the dragon's vagina *might* be with all of his strength. The hypoxia making it harder to maintain his assault with each passing second, his efforts tapered off after only a minute or two of fighting.

April was still letting the light shine so that Charlie could see his own entrapment in her stomach, the pool of acid rising, the walls of the stomach constricting, and his efforts occasionally garnering a shiver that would pulse

through the room that was now his home. As she felt his struggles wane, she projected her thoughts to him again: “What a pathetic resistance you put up, for a human of your size I honestly expected more. I can’t fathom what arrogance brought you to approach me in the first place. Don’t worry though I’ll be sure to ‘drop you off’ somewhere just like I said I would.” April patted her belly with her free front paw as she finished relaying her thoughts and felt Charlie’s movements stop altogether. She padded over to her oversized bed and sprawled out, rolling onto her back to stretch out her full belly while it worked to turn Charlie’s remains into nutrients to be absorbed into herself. She elected to take a quick nap while her meal digested then she would finally finish her novel in peace.