

## The hunger of a Dragoness

Marcus Lounds prided himself on someone that tended to get the job done no matter the cost, however, there had been an issue with one of his most recent expenditures. He took into the business of sending shipments along the countryside, usually armed with two or more guards and a host of others. Bandits usually were deterred and thus, there was nothing to be damaged, stolen and the shipment arriving in the next town to which a nice profit was made. But there was something strange that had occurred. A total shipment of 3 full carts of various cured meats and cheeses, and coupled with a small chest of gold and silver, and other livestock in the other, it was gone. Vanished. The shipment never reached the goal. The thing that made it worse were no tracks. A ranger documented no splintered wood, nor weapons, nor blood. It was strange. Teleported? There would have been magical residue. Beast attacks would have left something. Lounds was annoyed and continued other shipments, but avoided the route to Ravenbrook for now. However, it would be time again to start a route again there. To avoid a repeat, the noble would accompany the shipment, to see if the same 'vanishing' would occur. With this, he hired more guards and several magic casters to scan the area for magic. It costs some money, but if he could eliminate the threat as well, it would be a great boon.

Terri and Kent were two of the guards hired. Good in their own right, the point was adding bodies to the order to make it more maintained. Kent was a great bowman and Terri had dipped into rogue talents, hiding among the containers to surprise an attacker. The two of them patrolled with 6 other guards, and casters alike, and in the meantime, the shipment contained much more meats and cheeses, trailing several horses with riders and a dozen sheep. Three carts total, one also containing massive barrels of wine as well. Marcus was sure nothing would happen, whoever would attack would have to be an idiot, or a genius.

Lying on the side, legs crossed and the elbow resting, in my case on a boulder, while my free claw dangled loosely over my middle. I had adopted this pose from the humans, it seemed like such an elegant and comfortable way of resting while also keeping my head up to spy upon the road nearby. My scaly middle gurgled softly and I brought down my hand to caress it gently. It's been a while since I had a nice meal. The remains of the last were still visible, as my belly was well rounded and soft to the touch (at least to a dragon's touch). My body was usually slender, like a serpent of the skies. But right now I looked more like a pear, a slim pear though I'd like to say. With a sigh and I lowered my head. The road has been empty for days now, safe for a lone hunter and his horse the other day. He didn't really keep me sated for long... Then I spotted it: A caravan, three carts even! I had to suppress a chuckle to not give away my position and lowered my head, keeping my large body hidden from sight. Just like last time I would make use of the environment, specifically a large pit where the street went around a curve. It had steep walls at almost all sides. Which were easily climbable, but a cart would hardly be able to get out of there. I waited for my moment, when all carts were aligned around the curve before gliding down into the valley. My wings remain still, allowing me to move quietly through the sky with the sun in my back providing cover. Then, before any of those humans could react, I stopped midair, leaving them between me and the pit. With a few powerful beats of my wings, I call forth a storm, sending the whole caravan tumbling down... *Right onto my dinner plate~* With that done I land quickly on the very edge of the pit, lying down on all fours with my arms crossed before me, my claws dangling over the ledge. Naturally I had a smug smile on my face as I

watched those delicious idiots fall, it grew even wider as I flicked one of the guards down with my tail. I realized I've missed him before landing, thus I didn't even need to look as he tried to charge at me from the side, he was the brave type, who thought screaming at me would protect him from getting his bones broken by me. I did not speak for now, I would just stare down at them and smile, to let them know how much I enjoyed their predicament.

Marcus was still unsure of how it went, in his mind he thought of the various ways a shipment could just vanish, and yet... nothing. Magic was not used... but what? He was lost in thought as he rode his horse, trailing just a little bit behind the caravan until shouts were heard. In the span of a couple seconds he heard it. A loud crash and screaming, human and beast alike. Ready to move quickly to join the caravan, he stopped, hiding out as his horse reared up and bucked him off, leaving him by the road. Bruised and beaten, the man huddled by a tree, nursing his wounded leg as he limped forward, not aware of the majesty that has befallen the caravan.

The words 'Dragon' just left the lips of the ranger as a massive wingbeat sent him falling, there was nothing he could have done besides hold on for dear life. Terri was driven back into a box, crying out as Kent fell from his horse and looked to the skies. The pit was not deep, but the carts were fucked, and the animals did not enjoy being in such a hole as well. The humans Managed to start crawling up the sides, at least the ones that were not trapped under supplies. One of the casters already was beginning a spell, waving his hands about to cast a shield spell on one of the other guards, while another tried a blinding spell at the dragon. Granted, they had no clue if it would work but it was something. Kent eventually managed to climb from the pit, nocking an arrow to fire at the beast while two other guards looked at the dragon in a cold sweat. They did not expect this, dragons were known to be rather rare to find and all powerful! What could they even do against it?

At first I was just looking at them all, trying to find a leader of sorts. Someone I could keep around for my amusement, just for a while, but they all looked the same. Some already began crawling back up the sides of the pit, something I could not allow, of course. So I got up from my comfortable lying position and sauntered on over to where they tried to get out. I could take my time, as they were only halfway up once I arrived. Without any further warning I then grabbed the highest one with my jaws and lifted him up a bit. The cold steel taste felt refreshing. A swift move of my neck sent him up into the air, I then opened up wide and snapped my maw shut over his body, sending him down with a single gulp, didn't even feel like chewing. I felt his wiggling form sliding down my long neck, feeling the bulge he made less and less the deeper he went. Looking down I saw the sheer shock in the faces of the others, as expected. To further freak them out, I forced up a little belch and chuckled joyfully... They were shocked at how casually I devoured one of their own and now it was time to make use of their frozen state. I began picking them up one by one, devouring multiple humans in mere moments. I made no distinction between the ones wearing armor and the ones wielding magic, as neither arrows, swords nor magic could bring harm to my thick scales.

Kent nearly let out a shriek. He knew the man, Goddard was his name, newly crowned a knight, and the man did not last a week before ending up in the stomach of this beast. While Goddard struggled, trying to free himself, the jaws held fast and send him within, his power and agility worth nothing within the great gut. Kent let the arrow fly, the arrow simply bouncing off the hide, the wizards spells flaking off and swords bouncing and causing a nasty shake of the wrist in recoil. All were yelling and screaming, trying to make sense of it, some even trying to climb up the opposite side, to which others began the same! Cart drivers attempted first, abandoning their carts to try and use the higher

position to leap to the side of the pit, all the while trying to flee, anything. The creature ate a fully armored knight with no issue! And a belch they were half expecting to release a helmet. "Stand down creature! We will kill you!" Another knight came forward, large claymore in hand as he charged towards the dragon!

I recognized the type of wagons; those were the same from my last meal. Apparently though they did not realize what happened to the last ones and thus brought no trained dragon hunter with them. Only idiots with swords and weak spells, proficient in combat against other humans. I had a pair of wiggling wizard legs sticking out of my maw as I noticed the brave guy with the massive sword charging towards me... But all that made me do is roll my eyes before grabbing him right out of his sprint, my claws closing around his armored torso, bending the metal even slightly. I put up a finger, signaling him to wait while he was busy hacking away at my hand, to no avail obviously. A gulp later the spellcaster went down and my maw was free again. "Ahhhhh... Now why so aggressive? Be thankful I'm not chewing you." I told him, bringing him up to my head, within striking distance of his little sword even. Before he could strike however, I threw him high up into the air, watching him scream on the way up and down. Oh how I loved doing that, it was so much fun time and time again. He landed right in my gaping maw, sliding down my throat which I just had to relax and gulp ever so softly a moment later. A sigh escaped me, then another, softer burp and I felt something getting stuck in my teeth. Reaching into my maw I pulled out his sword, a perfectly sized toothpick for me... Not yet however, which is why I stuck it into a nearby tree for potential later use. Looking around I noticed some humans almost making their way out on the other end, so I made my way over there. My serpentine body moving swiftly and gracefully, with my slightly swollen stomach making it only a tad bit difficult for now. I quickly scooped up the two unarmored ones, cart drivers I assumed. The two went down with a single gulp and a moderate pressure in my neck... Yes, that felt good, I can't wait to get to the horses!

Kent continued to try and cover the others, but it was becoming increasingly difficult. One being that no attacks were having any effect, and the other thing being how fast the beast was compared to its size! One of the wizards was already in her gut, and the knight, the strongest of them felt himself crumple within. Now the those humans were huddled together, only to be joined by two more at once, crushing slightly as the space within grew quite sparse. Terri finally was able to half free herself, the box crumbling a little as she was trapped inside, only to see the carnage at hand. "Shit, Kent... no one mentioned a fucking dragon!" The duo were childhood friends, helping each other from quest to quest, not knowing the true danger as they began to move away from the crowd, seeing if they might be able to flee. The two remaining casters worked to try and cast darkness around the field, only to try and follow suit with the duo. Of course, with five knights left, the crowd of people were spreading out, abandoning fighting to flee. The poor horses had no way to grip the sides of the pit, being 4 that were being rode and a grand total of 10 between the three carts for pulling. A feast indeed. And that was not counting the sheep that had no way of escaping the middle.

At the very least they were learning, none of them were trying to attack me anymore, now they were busy planning their escape. Those wizards became more and more of a pest, covering the others with their magic. I took up into the sky, hovering slightly above the ground to move more efficiently. I would then pick off the remaining spellcasters, snapping my maw shut over them from above to send them down with a mighty gulp, each now taking mere seconds to devour, the hunger was getting to me. The horses and the like were of little interest to me currently, they would not be able to flee after all. Looking around I saw five more of the knights, all grouped up, but a tad bit out of reach...

With a deep breath I unleashed a storm of fire from my maw, cutting off their escape route with a flaming wall. The only way out for them was back through the pit, were I just landed. Feeling a bit more playful now that I've got control over the situation, I grabbed myself the closest one and lied down on the ground, holding him up by his leg. "Would you like to form a line or must I break all of your legs before I can have my dinner at peace?" With an ever so slight movement of my thumb a cracking sound was heard, the knight in my grasp serving as the example. For a moment I thought I may have missed some, as I counted more than seven to be left... Were did the two peculiar looking ones go...? They looked like fun.

Unfortunately for the wizards, they stood no chance. Wasn't there a detail about magic being useless? Either way, they were not archmages at least, so the loss was not too great. However, the knights were a bit more hardy, but still fell like the rest. Those in her gut felt more crushed, gasping as her belly expanded to contain them, and this was without the rest of the supplies! The knights were on the menu next, the two hires taking their chance to climb the pit and dart into the trees, panting heavily as they looked at each other wide eyed. They had a chance at least. The metal men... not so much. A scream was heard as the other knights cowered in horror, the one in her grasp yelling, swinging like finger food... well, he was at least. One of the men began to run, damn the others and damn being willing food for this beast! As one ran, another went to run as well, trying to clamber up the sides while the other two started to yell. "Please! Take the supplies, leave us and let us live! You can have the carts and the horses and anything else in those boxes!!" From fighting to pleading, it was something at least, perhaps the dragon was merciful as she was beautiful?

Somehow the two hires made it out of this hell, for now at least. From their cover they could not quite see what was going on, but... They heard it. The sound of screaming, fewer and fewer voices. One more missing each time they heard the sound of metal cracking. Three voices, two... A growling belch again, then the last voice was silenced as the dragoness closed her jaws around his head, devouring him swiftly. With the last human in sight gone, the beast turned towards the wagons and the horses, walking right past the bushes in which both Terri and Kent were hiding. They would see its middle, swollen noticeably with tiny bulges visible on the stretched out scales. The creature made its way down into the pit and the sound of screaming horses could be heard. They were not able to see much, the backside of the dragoness blocking their view mostly. Only when she raised her head up high they saw half a horse's body sticking out of her stretched out maw, going down whole as she made it slide down further, like a dog would force down a chunk of meat. It seems this would be their chance to make a run for it, the sound of animals getting fewer and fewer. But then there was an odd sound in between, that of cracking wood. The dragoness raised her head again and brought it into sight, now she was chewing on something before giving a hefty gulp. In her claws she held a whole cart, with a chunk of its front and a whole wheel missing... What kind of dragon was that...?

Pleas falling on deaf ears, or at least hungry ones, the knights joined the rest. With a more crowded belly, the folks within could barely move, shifting and pushing a little bit, unable to move in a meaningful way, some even crushed under the weight of those wearing metal. The horses were next, unable to flee, and with their kicks doing nothing to the scales of the dragon, they were more filling, sliding down her throat with ease, and probably a little bit of pleasure. Both of the former hunters watched, scared to even move as the dragon shifted, seeing the imprints of their trapped allies inside the large belly, holding hand over their mouth a piece as they watched the scene from the dragon eating men, to horses, to now... wait, was that wood? Watching with sick fascination and disgust, the duo saw the dragon now chowing down on the wood of the cart! Looking to each other, they now

tried to back away, slowly shifting with each bite, trying to disguise any noise with the loud crunch of wood, wood that would crowd the ever growing belly. Sneaking back roughly twenty feet, the two thought they might be able to survive, after all, no way a dragon could move with that much inside of them.

By now all of the horses were gone and no more sheep were in sight. Merely the carts and the supplies on them were still in the pit. All the rest was balled up within the dragoness now massively swollen belly. As she was standing there, chewing on the last cartwheel of the first wagon, her middle was easily visible even from behind. The stomach has grown way past her thighs, reaching out to either side and getting compressed by her hind legs, which she had to part slightly just to keep on standing. With a last gulp and a sigh followed a moment of silence, the sound of the screaming men and animals from within her belly being almost inaudible now as they're all cramped up inside. Which allowed her to hear the sound of leaves cracking under the footsteps of the two last survivors...

I slide my hand down over my neck and on the top of my swollen belly, feeling the tautly stretched scales under my touch, my skin even visible in between them. I was almost full, I think. But... Two more humans? That'd be a just dessert. I started walking around the small wooden area behind me, my steps almost inaudible despite my size, merely the sloshing of my stuffed full stomach giving away my position. I then used a simple trick and grabbed a large boulder to throw it in a wide arc over the trees, landing behind the humans with a thunderous noise. Two seconds later I pushed my claw down over the female, who came running right into my direction. I sat down, as getting down on all fours wouldn't look too pretty with my round belly in the way, no, this way I still looked all regal and noble. "So you're neither knight, nor wizard... What kind of food are you then...?" I asked, looking at the other one, who would not dare to flee I assumed. Their connection was too obvious.

Before the dragoness would finish the carts, the two thought they could flee, thought. Not turning to look at the large mass of dragon, they wound up deeper within the woods, just a bit before trying to stealth again, but they were caught. The female, a bit better at hiding, held up a finger to her lips, signaling Kent to stop. Nothing at first, then this groaning sound. It was moving closer and closer, and then, the faint sounds of screaming, and then louder. 'Grrrnkkk' 'Grrrrrrraaaaannnn' The sounds that were inaudible at first became very apparent as the dragoness arrived, her gut rotund and very much full, or so the two thought. By the time Terri realized it, the loud crashing sound awakened a sprint within her and sent her in a blind panic, calling Kent over to follow, only for a moment later to be found on her back, groaning as she felt an intense weight on her front, enough to breath, but not to move. Then the question. The girls face went white for a moment, fear overtaking her. "F-food? I am not food. P-please release me." It had been the first time the girl used proper manners, fear being an excellent teacher. Kent was also in the clearing, frozen in place as his friend was pinned and only had a bow in hand which he already knew did not work. He wondered how many were alive within that belly and shivered, imagining the horror they must be facing, and how tight it would be. "P-please grand dragon... release my friend... we have no quarrel with you." Marcus was nearing the scene, thirty or so feet away around the bend, the sounds of battle, screams and eerie silence, unsure of what has happened.

I merely roll my eyes at this guys uninspired words, oh how boring he turned out to be. I picked up the girl by her torso, lifting her up to my head. She did not wear as much armor but wielded a weapon nonetheless... For whatever reason. "Release you? Mmmmh, alright. Under one condition..."

I smirked, thinking of a great little play to entertain myself with. I looked over at the male one again, "Since I am already rather full..." Just as I was saying so, I felt a rumble within my belly and held my chest for a moment before releasing a loud **BUUUURRRRP!** And from my maw came flying a whole cartwheel, rolling away on the grass. "Ehem... As I was saying I am a bit full and you two might just give me indigestion at this point." I shook the girl around in my grasp, she was but a doll to me, "So why not let you go... Under the condition that you there... Show me some bravery!" I lowered my head onto the ground, resting it on the soft grass while looking at him with a sly smile, "Come here... And give me a little kiss, right on my snout. Would you?"

Kent was always timid or at least careful and had a tendency to see things fail when something went south. In this instance, as soon as his first arrow deflected, he knew they were done. He also knew that dragons were an intelligent species, so perhaps words would work? Of course, he had no clue of what type of dragon or its interests, besides... food. His eyes looked up to Terri, who started to flail as the dragon lifted her up. "Please... name it, I will do anything so we can all go--." Of course, his words stopped in his throat as for one, the belch reckoned loudly, and had to sidestep to avoid the WHOLE WHEEL? "--go... umm... alive." The human blinked at the request of the dragon, shivering a little before steeling himself, placing his bow on his back. "I do this and you will let us go?" Terri looked to the dragon and back to her friend before she felt her body being shaken, keeling over a little as nausea welled up. She had high hopes for Kent, he wasn't exactly a coward, but a tad spineless, but in this case, if the word of the dragon was true, he would do it. Do it is what Kent was about to do. He stepped forth, his armor mainly made of leather, approaching the great beast, taking heavy breathes as he saw the sides of her belly shake and tremble. He thought about those trapped inside and gulped. Another step, another, until he was near the great snout of the dragon. Slowly, he moved close, kneeling a little to get a better angle as he went to kiss her snout.

I would not answer his questions, just kept him coming as I stared down at his tiny, shivering body. He dared to come close enough to actually plant a kiss, how brave of him, I had to leave him that. I felt his tiny lips make contact with my snout... Before opening up wide and sealing my maw shut over his body. With a bit of murring sound I rolled over onto my back, my wings spread widely across the ground below me. My massive belly spilled out all over me. The massive thing reached down to the ground even next to my back. I would play around with the human in my maw, licking him all over, pushing him past my teeth into my cheek. "Mmmmh, he's got a good taste to him..." I would say to the poor girl in my claw, right before tossing her up into the air, not as high as that big knight before, but enough so to comfortably snatch her out of the air. With the two of them now occupying one cheek each I leaned back on the grass, but my hand on the base of my neck and gulped them down. Feeling the bulge they made slide right across my hand, down my neck and into my big, massive belly down below. I sighed, one hand resting on my titanic gut, the other pounding my chest a few times: Urp! With a sharp belch, the guy's bow came flying out of my maw.

Bravery usually got people killed, or in this case, eaten. Kent thought things might work. After all, Dragons were intelligent enough to maybe honor a deal? Wrong. All thoughts of what he knew were wrong, and he figured that out when that soft kiss on her snout was reacted with blackness, heat and teeth. No chance to react, the man was slurped inside, his body soaked with saliva and assaulted by the beast's tongue as without any damage from teeth, was put into a small pocket of the dragoness's cheek. The girl screamed as the beast spoke, unable to do a thing as her friend was swallowed, as well as herself, ending up curled up with him as the horrible gulp followed next. As a solid ball, the two felt the powerful throat treat them as they were, food. Holding each other tightly as they form

slid, hitting a tighter spot before finally disappearing behind the collar and into the growing belly. It would be a literal hell for them as they struggled and cried out, those that went in first most likely digested, unless the beast wanted to take them all out at once, and then he saw it. The leader of this brigade came into view, only to watch his last hire being thrown and swallowed down, and the grand dragon, with an even grander and larger belly than he had even thought possible. The noble fell to his knees, unable to stand in the face of this monstrous image, seeing every ripple and form hit the outside of the bulging gut to simply disappear as another surfaced and faded. "My... whole... shipment... my men." Putting two and two together. "My LAST shipment. Oh gods..." The man kneeled, rather simple robes adorning him as he just started at the gut, and then the dragons face and how blissful she seemed.

At this point I thought I was done. The whole shipment devoured, every single horse, all the sheep, all the men (and the one woman), I ate them all. They were now nothing but a massive, scaly belly, swollen to the size of a house. I reached for my stomach, gently feeling over its sheer roundness and weight with both my hands as a murring sound escaped me. My stomach was doing its work already, trying to break them down, digesting them bit by bit. Oh they shall sate me for weeks! I burped softly and just wanted to relax for a moment, when suddenly a voice spoke up. One more? I missed one? I would roll around, squishing my meals under my weight onto the ground. "Mmmmh?" There was indeed one more, a man, down on his knees before me. I tilted my head, why on earth would he not run? Resting my head on my elbow I looked down at him, "You know... This is a terrible hiding spot. You're also being way too noisy." I taunted him, but wanted to go even further. So I pounded my chest gave off a long lasting, growling:

**BUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!!!**

"Aaaaaahhhh~ There, now I should have enough room for you, hehe~"

As the first ones that entered the stomach, they were already gone in the soup of digestive enzymes that began to flood in more and more, people and animals drowning within the acidic bit of the dragon. As Terri and Kent entered, they were greeted with screaming survivors for the moment, only for a rush of air to push past them and with it, taking small bits of clothing and his bow. Like the others, the two pushed and screamed, beginning for mercy, wanting the dragon to spit them out, but there was none, not here. With that, the dragon seemed almost content, at least until Marcus arrived. As he listened and watched the grisly scene, and punished with a horrific belch, the man stood up, shaking a little but not fleeing. Namely due to the leg, but also due to this. It was... horrible and impossible. His mind blank at how such a thing could occur without the creature bursting. "I will curse this route if you try to eat me... No one will come down this route if I am gone." It was a bartering chip if he thought so and it might be. If he vanished as well, that road would be blocked off, or warned against. "You have eaten TWO shipments of mine." There was a bit of grief in his voice as he spoke, wincing as he heard a crunch from the dragonesses body grinding the victims inside.

As stretched out as my massively swollen stomach was at the moment, it really only wanted to go back to its usual size, which is why the pressure inside was quite extreme. My belly grumbled, groaned and grinded the meal within down. "Oh so that other one was yours as well? Well thank you kindly! That kept me sated for a good while. Heh, almost seems like you've earned a reward." For a moment I made him guess that said reward was just a trip down into my belly, as I reached for him with my maw and took a hold of him, I turned around to relax on my back again, with my belly reaching high up into the sky. On the very top of it, I dropped the guy down, letting him sit right on top of his precious shipment. "There, see? It's aaaaaall still here, hehe~"

The human sighed a little, his breath shuddering a little as he was mocked, but there was nothing he really couldn't do at this point. He was without a crew, without shipment and in the end... losing gold as fast as this Dragoness gulped down his helpers. He was prepared to meet his fate, not resisting much in the maw that grabbed him, yelping with surprise as he was instead placed on the mound... which moved and shifted and trembled. It spread out, but he could feel the muscle tightening, contracting and grinding his poor workers into paste for the dragon to absorb and grow larger and more powerful. "You are much TOO kind..." His last words almost spitting a little, annoyed as he tried to keep himself stable on the shifting gut, looking over the side to a good fifteen foot drop, one going between her legs and another right to her maw.

The guy looked kind of cute so lost on top of my massive stomach. I reached up to him and gently pat his back, doing my very best not to hurt him with my sheer strength. "Now now... I am absolutely stuffed and need a moment to rest before heading back to my lair. No worries there, I think I am *urp* actually full right now. You have nothing to worry about." I then slapped the side of my stomach, making it wobble below him, sloshing the meals inside about, "Of course, if you insist... I am sure I can find enough room for you!" With a chuckle I then stretched out my limbs, leaving the guy stranded on top of my mountain of a belly. If he wanted to flee, I would just let him, of course given he found a way to get down on his own.

On top of his perch, the human looked down to the mouth of the dragon, and back to the rear flank, but besides that, it was a sea of flesh and scales, and with his leg the way it was, any fall would leave him crippled next to the creature. Even as she said she was 'full', what would stop her from crushing him with her gut, or swallowing him for fun? "Please... you would need to wait a week before returning to th--" The slap jostled him down, the claw still rather powerful, and the additional slap to her belly caused him to fall back and lay sprawled out on the horror water bed. Slowly he would crawl to the side of the gut and peek over, the fall still rather high, and now the gurgling started. It was happening before, but now the people and creatures inside became more soup than solid, his body sinking slightly into the stomach as it bounced and wobbled. "I will not be swayed Dragoness..." His voice losing a bit of luster being in such an odd position! "You shouldn't be able to eat this much... other creatures would have popped... what type of dragon are you?!"

"Mmmh? Oh just the *UUUUURRRRP!* hungry type, hehe~" I told him before licking my lips clean from that juicy belch just. I brought one hand down to my belly again, resting it gently on its side now as I rubbed it ever so softly, "And I am not in the mood to talk right now, so either you get comfortable where you are right now, or... You know... gulp~" Chuckling a bit I would then recline, stretching out my head onto the ground and relaxing my entire body. With a long sigh I allowed all the tension to fade from my arms and legs. Whatever this guy did for now, I cared little. He could not harm me, nor could he get help without walking for hours, which he surely couldn't in his current state. "Oh and I usually get praised for my massive appetite by those who wish to survive, maybe try that instead of stuttering like an idiot..." Without looking I managed to boop his nose, only maybe breaking it as I did, I wouldn't even notice...

He had a habit of talking, it was a bad habit of his, and to this creature, this would be a horrible time to start rambling. He would begin again, shifting a bit as her body shifted, trembling as the belly cushioned him a little. "Excuse me? What do you--" A smack to his nose stopped him from rambling again, growling slightly as he was becoming a bit jaded. He realized that he was out of options, talking led to nothing and he couldn't flee nor fight her. Dropping down from her belly might leave



him crippled and she could crush him if she rolled around in her sleep. So all he could do was lie down and wait, lie down and look at the sky above while below him, inside of the dragoness' huge belly, hell awaited his men.