

You smile and rubbed your enormous, dragon-filled belly, happy to have such a large feast. “Now there’s only one thing left to do,” you tease your prey.

“Oh?” one of the dragons nervously calls from within. “And what is that, Dragonborn? Are you going to release us from this prison?”

“Ha! Not a chance,” you reply, smirking. “No, I plan to digest you beasts, and rid Skyrim of your infestation once and for all.”

Immediately, cries of surprise and fear sound from the dragons in your belly.

“Preposterous!” one exclaimed. “You can’t do that, Dragonborn!”

“I can and I will,” you sneer, remembering Alduin as you rub your gut. “Now enjoy being broken down into chyme~! I know I’ll certainly have a lot of fun.”

The beasts in your belly immediately react, struggling and writhing around inside. You laugh and sigh contentedly, enjoying the inner belly rubs--man, does that feel good. And soon, digestion will begin, too. . .

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End of preview. To read this rest of this Skyrim digestion & disposal story, become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/tastyace> .