

**“OH DEAR GOD! WE’RE ALL GONNA DIE!”** The people screamed out in agony and fear, trampling over one another as the lands came under attack. The kingdom of Calloused Steel had been under constant attack by a large dragon, a lush emerald green, and a blazing breath that leveled armies. One soldier could save them now, Sir Corin often met with the dragon and was the only one able to deal enough damage to the impenetrable dragon to scare him away. His training is immense and no other soldier could hope to catch up to his power. Once again, the dragon made his entry in the fields of Calloused Steel and made a few farmers his claw sharpeners, The knight came up to him on horseback. The dragon growled upon his arrival, the other knights running away after rescuing the other farmers, leaving the knight alone to defend his land from the ferocious dragon.

**“If you continue to harm my people, I won’t continue to play this game with you anymore, Dynoir.”** The knight warned, his broadsword resting behind his back as his ironclad gloves crossed in front of him. The green dragon before him, Dynoir, picked at his fangs with his claws, demonstrating a mask of disinterest.

**“If your people make me a proper entry to this kingdom, I wouldn’t have to tear down its walls... Aside from your lack of hospitality, I highly doubt you could manage without my visits. Who else could strip you of your armor as easily as I? You’d be horribly lonely without your personal drake to disrobe you... With this in mind, I do hope you’re prepared this time. I’ve been patient with you so far, but that patience ends today, my metal toy.”** Dynoir growled once more. With a giant green claw now wrapping around the knight and dragging him near the maw of the green dragon, the knight knew what he had to do. The knight began taking off his armor before the dragon, feeling the watchful yellow eyes impatiently undress him as he worked. It only took Sir Corin to take off his helmet before the dragon worked to force him naked once more. Holding him still, the dragon hooked a claw under his armor and slowly dragged it downwards, splitting the armor in half and causing some light blood to appear across the knight’s bare chest. He was quick to try and reach for the dragon’s claw, the stinging pain was aching.

**“C-careful, Dynoir!”** Sir Corin pleaded, not wanting the dragon to get too caught up in their excursion. Dynoir paused for a second, growling under his breath before slowing down and making sure not to cut his human anymore.

**“You humans are so delicate. I’m almost surprised I haven’t broken you already.”** Dynoir laughs, continuing to shred through the metal armor as if it were easy to cut. With a single claw too, nonetheless.

“Well you do take rather good care of me. I believe you said it best. *‘I highly doubt you could manage without my visits’* I believe you said. It appears to me as if my ‘battles’ with you have you crawling right back to me. And here you are to prove me right, undressing me and simply aching to get that tongue over me again.” Sir Corin mocked happily. He had grown quite comfortable with the dragon and lowered his guard, ever presently by the scowl over the dragon’s muzzle. It didn’t take a genius to understand that Dynoir wasn’t happy with that remark.

“You mock me, metal toy. Don’t think yourself irreplaceable, I can very well eat you here and now. You would be powerless to stop me.” Dynoir growled, clearly not liking how comfortable the knight was. As truthful as the dragon was, the knight wanted to push his luck. His confidence only grew by how naked he was now, his entire covering now on the floor with a massive gash through the middle, light pink dripping blood along the center of Corin’s chest. His bare cock was also pointed aggressively at Dynoir’s nostrils.

“If you ate me with the intention to digest me, you would lose this supposed ‘toy’ of yours. As much as you talk like a heartless, overgrown, and arrogant lizard, I trust you. I stand by what I said. You couldn’t live without me, Dynoir.” Sir Corin crossed his arms once more, hiding a wince of pain from the open wound on his chest. Dynoir ahead of him was silent, though a deep growl enveloped the human’s form. A second of fear filled the human before the massive green dragon spoke.

“With every word coming from your tiny mouth, you only appear more delectable to me. You’re mine, metal toy.” Dynoir growled as his claws forced the knight into his mouth, a forked tongue wrapping around the human’s form. He made sure not to bite down on the human and spilling anymore blood, only closing his lips around the knight as he swallowed along his body. Although he swallowed around the human, he only meant to clear out the pooling saliva for the human, not wanting to end this meal so quickly.

Corin was helpless against the dragon’s relentless gulping. He hugged the dragon tongue tightly, not wanting to slip into the dragon stomach and urge the threats made before. His cock was already hard, though the familiar sensation of the dragon tongue pressing into his cock and lining perfectly with the natural ridge of the tongue made him aggressively excited. He hardly waited a few seconds to begin lightly thrusting into the tongue. He admittedly was scared, unsure of exactly what he meant to the dragon. He and Dynoir had been doing this since Corin was a squire. Dynoir wasn’t a naturally aggressive dragon, only a scary one, and a rather...

affectionate one. With Corin satisfying him as a tongue brush, the dragon was eventually satisfied and flew off only to return once he needed more maw company. In return, Corin was renowned as an irreplaceable warrior. Was he really irreplaceable? From inside his mouth, Corin could feel the quakes of Dynoir's moans bellowing past him. Soon enough, Dynoir slurped Corin fully into his maw. Something he had never done before.

Corin could only react so quickly. The knight was effortlessly torn from the dragon tongue and slid over to the back of the dragon throat. He wanted to scream out in panic, hoping that maybe Dynoir simply hadn't noticed him being swallowed, but it came to be before he could think to react. He tried to press against the walls, though the muscles compacted over him, threatening to crush him had he not pushed out to the greatest of his efforts. It lasted a few grueling seconds before Corin was squeezed into a thick pocket deep in the dragon. The stomach was filled with various liquids and a few half digested remains, some of which were doubled the size of Corin himself. The stomach was massive and spacious, though his body could hardly wander around. In the dark flesh, he couldn't even find his way back out of where he came from.

"D-Dynoir! Let me out! Y-you can't eat me, Dynoir! D-Dynoir? Answer me!" Sir Corin yelled, slamming his fist into the stomach walls in hopes of making the massive drake remember him. A large imprint in the shape of dragon claws pressed back into him forcefully, a bellowing laugh booms out from around Corin, coming from the massive dragon himself.

"What? Did my metal toy not believe himself to be edible? I assure you that you tasted amazing. Had I known your blood added so much to you, I would have shredded you to bits. Luckily when you finally digest it there, I can still get all the deliciousness you had to offer. Please don't roughhouse in there, it is rather inconvenient and I wouldn't want indigestion from nothing but a toy." Dynoir growled, his rubbing at his gut slowing to a gentle lul. Sir Corin was in disbelief, unable to move around with the mush surrounding him and the blaring heat in the stomach he was now trapped in.

"D-Dynoir, please! I was only jesting with you, you needn't do this! Please!" Sir Corin cried out, leaning against the walls and trying to stroke against the stomach, hoping that maybe if he were gentle enough, the dragon would spare his life. Another laugh made itself known.

“Rest easy, my toy. I only mean to make a meal out of you! You act like this is some pain of mine, though I appreciate your concern. Now rest easy in there. You’ve done well as my toy and I’d like to rest in my cavern now on a half empty stomach. As taunting as you were, you weren’t very willing.” Dynoir seemed to take unprecedented joy in this. Something Sir Corin was ill equipped to handle. He couldn’t rest, feeling like his sweat was drawing him. The floor was flooded with fluids foreign to him and the bottom of the stomach was lined with thick sludge and a few boney remnants. Did he really mean nothing to the dragon? He was a fool to think he could befriend a drake. None of the knights even knew what he was doing, leading Dynoir to fly back to the kingdom and potentially ride it to its end. In resignation, the naked knight laid along the sides of the stomach walls and felt his eyes well up. As he gave up, the dragon took flight, the stomach lurching in every which way and swaying powerfully with him inside.

“Hmm? Nothing to say, toy? I believed a knight of your caliber had more fight in him.” The dragon taunted. Being the flying, it would be hard to hear the dragon any otherwise. Being that the knight was as close as he could possibly be to the dragon, he could hear him unimpeded.

“Just digest me and get it over with, you dimented beast.” Corin could hardly humor the dragon’s attempt at mocking, not wanting to engage any further. To think the dragon was so cruel to someone he thought was close to.

“A dimented beast? You wound me, knight. You are rather dense, however. It’s a pain to get cramps while flying. Even the young dragons know better than to digest their meals as they soar. Just wait until we get to my cave to mock me. I’ll deal with you once I’m comfortable enough to sleep. I think you should as well if you aren’t going to keep your ‘dimented beast’ company.” The dragon growled. As he flew, the knight saw no better option. Why not sleep. He’d rather be digested in his sleep than be digested as he’s awake. It was easy to find relative comfort, the constant heat and moisture forming a dense blanket around his body. He tried his best to suffocate the knowledge of being eaten, thinking back to how much fun they had before today. It made him want to cry more, not seeing the point in holding back anymore, but there wasn't much to gain either way.

The knight was hardly able to get much sleep, tossing and turning and waking up quickly after. He had no scale of how long he’d been asleep, the fluids not reaching up to his chin when it previously rested around his shins. To think his

story ended here. No family to call his own, no heirs to carry his broadsword, just a small snack to a dragon he had been having affairs with. The stomach was still, evidently not in the sky anymore. Was Dynoir awake? What did it matter? He'd better get more sleep before he drowned in acid. Much to his surprise, the acids weren't feeling very acidic. His feet were fully intact, his skin unblemished... His wound across his chest was now healed as well as some other wounds he had gained recently.

"Awake, my toy?" Dynoir called out from high above. Although his feelings were still shot, he was admittedly confused. He felt conflicted over just what was happening to him.

"What's happening to me...?" Corin asked aloud, unsure of exactly how loud he needed to be. Although he was yelling before, it wasn't necessary here. His voice's confusion led to Dynoir's laughter to return.

"It seems you've caught on, my metal toy. As delicious as you were, I started to pity you once you gave up. You should thank me for taking such measures to not make a meal out of you yet." Dynoir laughed as he stroked his stomach some more.

"D-Dynoir..."

"What? Can this 'dimented beast' you're so familiar with not apply some generosity to a human? You act as if I'm some heartless beast. After all, I highly doubt you could manage without my visits, so I felt it best to bring you home with me. It shortens the time between our visits, that much is for certain. Being that you're in my stomach until I say otherwise, I doubt you have any confidence to object to me?" Dynoir posed the question with a paw over his gut, continuing to stroke his belly with his toy inside.

"What? I-I had a job to do, Dynoir. Did... Did you really just want to keep me here? You can't be serious, can you?" As he finished his sentence, the gut contracted some and the fluids rose to his hairline, causing him to stand and feel the odd fluid stick to his belly button in height.

"Hmm. I suppose I need to keep you in there for longer so that you learn your place. Feeding you will be a hassle but it will be worth it in due time." Dynoir thought distantly, ignoring the action that caused Sir Corin to stand.

"Dynoir! You cannot keep me inside of your stomach! Digestion or not, I cannot survive long periods in here. I don't even know how long I have been in here already." Sir Corin responded. Another contracted let to the stomach to raise the

liquids to his chin, even at his standing height. “D-Dynoir!” He tried to call out. The dragon seemed distracted in his own thoughts.

“Hmm... I could manage a few breaks for you. I think an hour outside of my stomach in return for a week inside is fair. With my healing magic, I can manage that as a schedule. What do you think in there, my metal pet?” Dynoir speculated, his paw causing waves to form from inside the stomach. Although irritated with Dynoir’s persistence, he was extremely thankful to simply be alive. He couldn’t help but smile, even if the next time he saw light was days away.

“Well If I didn’t know any better, I’d think this dragon just earned a new play thing!” Sir Corin yelled out, his head just barely above the fluids.

“Excellent answer, my pet. Now hold your breath, aside from you, I have actual food to digest in there. The magic should keep you safe. So long as you make sure to keep afloat and avoid drowning.” Dynoir talked past the odd point as if it were nothing to blink at.

“Wait, what?” Sir Corin asked, though before he could get an answer, the stomach compacted once more and sent the fluids fully over his head. From the outside, the green dragon smiled in satisfaction, never having any intention of digesting his favorite human, even now. Oh the adventures they’d have together.

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