

A Slick Getaway

Written by: DrakinHydra

The rustling sounds of commerce echoed across the barren Alleyway, people walking, chatting, and shopping made for a nice ambiance for a lone gray dragon who leaned on the wall of the dark intersection. Various boxes and junk littered the space, making it a nice little hiding spot for the dragon and his absent partner to meet up. Askeladd, a Gray dragon Barbarian who wore a barbarian waist skirt with a harness that held his greatsword to his back, just got back from a shopping trip to his favorite blacksmith. His trip was fruitless due to nothing new being in-stock as well as not having enough money to afford anything, so he ended up just making his way to his current spot.

Wesker, Askeladd's partner, is a small feline rogue that wears light leather armor and a cloak. He went to go buy some supplies for a new job they just signed up for. And although the dragon did end up finishing early, Wesker was still nowhere after an hour past what they agreed. This made Askeladd very nervous, although Wesker could hold his own in most cases, he still had a knack for getting into trouble, whether he did so intentionally or not.

The calm ambiance that persisted when the dragon first waited, in anticipation for his feline companion, slowly changed into more and more anxiety ridden tension. Although the 2 adventures did get into trouble on a semi-regular basis, Wesker had a particular skill in getting into particularly tricky situations, and the thought that Askeladd once again had to deal with yet another irritating conflict, filled him with dread. Now the once calming sound of people walking by, ended up making the anxiety worse, as the draconian barbarian was waiting to hear the sounds of people shouting along with armored footsteps of the city guard.

Then suddenly, the sound of hurried little footsteps could be heard from behind the gray dragon. Askeladd turned around to see Wesker, out of breath, leaning against the wall panting. Seeing the little cat both relieved Askeladd and worried him, since although he was finally here, the fact he looked like he just ran half-way across the city doesn't give off the sense he was doing anything innocent while on his trip. The dragon went over and knelled next to his panting companion, and after looking him over, Askeladd asked "Are you okay?". Wesker kept breathing heavily for a moment, then replied "Yes.... And no" while also looking behind him, his expression carrying a worried look. "What do you mean no?" Askeladd's brow scrunched up "Y'know how I was gonna go get the supplies right?" "Right" "Well, I may have gotten a bit distracted on the way" "What do you mean, a bit distracted?". Wesker paused for a moment, his breathing getting under control, the cat looked at the dragon, towering over him with a displeased frown, Wesker taking note of Askeladd's irritation, reached in his cloak and presented a rather large pouch.

The cat spoke up "Turns out, our last job didn't pay too well, so I couldn't afford for a full resupply, but when I was on my way back here with the little I got" he then motioned the bag to the dragon to inspect it. After taking hold of it, the first thing Askeladd noticed was the weight, it was heavy, really heavy, and with that weight being realized, so did a sinking feeling. "What did

you do” the dragon asked in a hushed tone, “I saw an opportunity to help cover the cost of the other items... although, I may have been... seen” Wesker winced after saying this and Askeladd started massaging his temples, taking a deep sigh; “Were you able to lose them completely?” “Well I-” the sounds of heavy footsteps and various metallic clangs could be heard in the road not too far from where the 2 adventures resided, Wesker then froze “Oh shit” Askeladd glanced towards where the sounds were coming from “Are you serious, you didn’t lose them?” “I thought I did... Uh, oops?”. The sound of the city guards grew louder and louder by the second, Askeladd stood up, irritation then turned into panic, the dragon looked around trying to find a way to get out of this mess.

He then glanced at Wesker, who just hid the pouch back in his cloak, taking part in looking around in a hurried state, when all of a sudden, the rogue looked up at the dragon and suddenly his panic ridden face completely changed into a rather odd expression, a mix between of revaluation and contempt. This particular look unnerved Askeladd, sensing Wesker was going to do something rather unpleasant “Why are you loo-” Before he could get any more words out, his feline companion jumped directly at his face, latching onto his muzzle and forcing his mouth wide open. And before a thought could form in the barbarian’s mind, Wesker shoved his head and upper chest down Askeladd’s throat.

Thanks to the leather armor Wesker wore, most of his body was a smooth surface, so he ended up sliding in rather easily, Askeladd barely had any time to think about what was going on, except for one thought that he often had whenever a small crevice appeared on jobs *I’m glad he’s tiny*. Soon enough, the cat slid his way further into his companion’s esophagus, with his legs sticking out of the dragon’s mouth. Surprisingly, it wasn’t difficult at all for Askeladd to swallow Wesker whole, overall the whole process was effortless, granted it helped that Wesker kept pushing his way in deeper. Once the only part of the rogue visible was his feet, Askeladd ended up shutting his mouth and gave a big gulp on instinct, sending the feline rogue straight into his gut. Askeladd could feel him inch his way down further and further, until he could finally feel him softly plop into his stomach, and at this point, he could start to realize what had happened.

Upon looking down at his chest, surprisingly, Wesker barely made any visible bump, it was as if there wasn’t a whole cat in the dragon’s stomach. The heavy footsteps of guardsmen could be heard directly behind Askeladd, a stern voice then spoke “You there, have you seen a small cloaked feline thief come this way?”, upon hearing this, Askeladd then turned around to see 3 armed men quickly enter the alleyway approaching him. As he was about to respond to the guards, a soft punch could be felt from within his stomach along with a faint muffled “play along” from Wesker, “Well.. No, I haven’t seen anyone else here, it’s just me” trying his best to sound normally, but with everything that had just happened, it took considerable effort to keep composure. “Damn, as you were then. Come on, they couldn’t have gone far” as soon as they guards had arrived, they just as quickly left running past Askeladd, who was now left alone with his partner residing snugly in his stomach.

With the 2 adventures once again being alone, Askeladd can now be able to finally think about everything that had just happened. After a moment of silent contemplation, a shuffling

could be felt from within his stomach followed by a few taps “Hey, are they gone yet? It’s really stuffy in here” Wesker yelled out very muffled, and upon hearing this Askeladd turned his attention down at his stomach and spoke up “Wesker, I have countless questions about what had happened, but I feel like I should first ask; why did you jump into my mouth”, after a moment of silence, Wesker replied “Well... A while ago, I was on a mission to deal with some feral dragons with a large party... After we had killed one of them, the others got pissed and torched everything, I ended up jumping into the dead one’s mouth to hide” upon hearing the story, Askeladd cocked on brow “Huh, well then... that’s one way to avoid dragon fire”.

The both of them stood silent for a moment until Askeladd took a deep breath and pushed his fist into his stomach firmly to which a muffled “Hey, quit it” rang out along with some squirming. After thinking on his words, Askeladd then spoke; “I will let you out, in a minute” “Wha-” “As punishment for you nearly getting us arrested” Wesker stopped moving around and went still for a moment until he finally plopped down with a low grumble that could be heard slightly “fine, but you better help clean me, its slimy in here” “Mhm” Askeladd rolled his eyes and started walking to an Inn where he could safely spit Wesker back out and get a beer afterwards.

To be Continued...?