

I open my eyes and try to get used to the sun beating down on my almost completely bare skin. I've been a prisoner for the past day and a half, and I've no idea where I am.

One second I was at school, sitting in math class, the next I was in a dirty, rather large cage. I haven't had anything to eat or drink, there was no bed and no toilet, just a dirt covered floor.

However, I'm no longer in the dark, dirty cage. I'm now somewhere in the open, right underneath the sun. My arms are tied behind me, around what feels like a large wooden pole. I can feel the warm wind on my shirtless form, and the sun beginning to burn my skin. I can hear indistinguishable conversations, and the shuffling of feet. I can also hear heavy, shaky breathing to my left and right.

As my eyes adjust to the sun, and I take a look around, my heart stops. I appear to be on a harbor, to my left I can see the vast ocean, The glistening in the sun. It's a beautiful day, the birds are singing, the sun is shining in a cloudless sky, and a elite breeze feels nice on my sweaty skin.

But that's not what stops my heart. To my left and right are what looks to be fellow prisoners, tattered clothes, thin, pale, covered in dirt and bruises, terrified looks, just like me. There's five of us in total, but that's still not what stops my heart...

All five prisoners -including myself- are in a line, all facing outward. Looking at a small crowd of... DRAGONS! Massive monsters ranging anywhere from 30 feet all the way to 75! They all look mean, foreboding, and hungry. A lot of them are talking in a different language to each other. A couple are surveying us prisoners, but one is staring at ME, unblinking. I watch in horror as it licks its chops, and winks at me.

The dragons are all different in looks. Some are different colors, size, some have wings for arms, others have them on their back, but all of them look mischievous, and evil.

My heart starts again, and I start to have a panic attack, breathing hard, but never seeming to inhale enough. The other prisoners fallow suit... one, a older looking man actually screams in terror.

I feel a presence behind me, then I look towards the screaming man. A dragon with black scales, and bat-like wings on his back, walks up from behind the prisoner. In one quick slash of a single claw, the dragon slits the screaming mans throat, spraying blood out towards the waiting beasts.

I look away just as it happens, I gasp and close my eyes tight. I start crying in fear, as I listen to the man go still. My heart is beating dangerously fast, I want to call for help, or yell obscenities at the crowd of dragons, but I don't want to end up like the other prisoner.

The dragon that killed the prisoner begins talking in the same language as before, all the dragons in the crowd stop their conversations and listen to his booming voice.

It takes a minute, but I realize what's happening... he's auctioning us. He stands behind the deceased human, and looks to the crowd. A small red dragon shouts something back, which I'm guessing means it's making a bid. The crowd goes quiet and the auctioneer points at the red dragon. The red dragon then walks out of the crowd and up to where we prisoners are. He makes sure to look at each one of us longingly, before walking up to the dead human.

My heart stops a second time when the dragon reaches its head down and bites the man off his wooden post, leaving his disembodied arms swaying on the back of it. The sound of the dragon chewing on the once living human actually makes me start to black out, but I manage to stay awake.

The other prisoners didn't like this much themselves, I then notice that all of us are male, but I'm the youngest by at least 10 years. I look straight down at the dirt, and watch as I saturate it with my tears.

The red dragon leaves the wooden stake and the arms, then walks back into the crowd. The other prisoners are gasping for breath, out of fear, while I just cry into the dirt. What did I do to deserve this?

The black dragon makes its way to the next prisoner, the one directly to my left. Several dragons bid on him, which isn't surprising, this prisoner (unlike the last one) is very much alive, he's dark skinned, and covered in tattoos. He's got a bald head, and a long scar across his right eye. He's a big dude, maybe 6' 3" and covered in muscles, he's the most unfazed of all the prisoners, looking directly at the crowd with a killer glare.

A different black dragon shouts something, and everyone else goes quiet. The other black dragon beckons him forward. The dragon walks straight up to the glaring prisoner...

"You don't look scared at all human" he says in pure as day English.

"Fuck you! You oversized lizard fucker!" The man spits at the dragons feet.

The dragon growls, and reaches its paw towards the man. The man doesn't move, or look away, he's giving the dragon the best death stare I've ever seen. But it's not enough, the dragon wraps its paw around the prisoner and the pole he's tied to, and pulls it out of the ground. The man yells as the dragon walks away from the other prisoners and the crowd with the human in its paw.

The black dragon moves behind me now, and starts shouting. But before he can continue the human to my right starts yelling...

"Leave the boy alone you monsters! He doesn't deserve what the rest of us have coming!"

I look deep into the middle aged man's eyes, he knows what yelling will get him, but he's trying to help me. My heart hurts for the decent man, his selfless act rings in my ears... as the black dragon slits his throat.

I watch in horror as the man struggles then goes still. The only person to show me any compassion, bleeds out right next me. I gasp for breath as my crying only intensifies. The dragon then studies me, for a moment I think he's going to run his talon across my neck as well, but he just looks at me. I could have sworn I saw him bite his lip, but then he shrugs and gets back to selling me.

I close my eyes as far more shouts enter the air this time. The idea that I look more appetizing than the two men before me makes me sick to my stomach. My mind is blank, there's no escape from this doom... only how fast and painless it could be.

I open my eyes when the crowd grows silent. The dragon who winked at me earlier has a look of pure joy. It starts to walk toward me when one last shout enters the air. A truly huge dragon, at least 60 feet high, and covered completely in gold scales, takes the devious looking dragons place, walking towards me.

I shutter as it grows nearer and nearer. Each step it takes is an eternity, each breath I take is a blessing. The dragon stares at me with an emotionless gaze. Everything is silent as my grim reaper makes it to my post.

I'm not like the other man, I'm not brave enough to look my killer in its eyes. I close mine tight, and bow my head, waiting for the end... but it doesn't come. I open my eyes and see the dragon place its paw on the ground in front of me palm up. It's talons just inches from my shins. Then it reaches its other paw around behind me, it cuts the bonds behind me with its sharp claw. I wasn't ready for it, and fall forward into the dragon's warm hand.

The dragon doesn't instantly clasp it's hand shut around me. Instead it brings its other paw and cups it over me. I'm now incased in darkness, other then the red glow from in-between the dragon's fingers.

I feel myself being lifted off the ground in the dragon's cupped paws. I don't even move, what would be the point? So I just curl up in a ball, and sob... waiting for it to finish me.

Without another word to any of the others, the dragon leaps into the air and flaps its mighty wings. I get a small bit of whiplash from the sudden acceleration, but quickly regain my my place in gravity.

I stay completely still and silent other then my quiet sobs, the dragon is also silent, the only sound is the wind and the flapping of wings.

After about 5 minutes, the dragon is the first to break the silence...

"I'm so sorry. I can't believe they would do something like this..."

The dragon's voice is definitely that of a males. It's strong, yet soft, powerful, yet caring. He talks to me as though he cares, but that can't be the case...

"I'm so sorry you had to witness that... and the fear you must have felt..."

I continue to stay silent, the memories of the men dying, the blood, and the disembodied arms run through my mind.

The dragon lands with a slight shake. Then the dragon opens his hands, and slips me out onto lush grass.

I look around at my surroundings. No longer are we on the coast, but a dense forest, with big, tall trees. We are in a large clearing, the sun doesn't beat down here, in fact it's a little chilly.

Running isn't an option. The dragon probably wants me to run, so it can play with me. Instead of playing it's game, I turn over and force myself to look it its big blue eyes.

"Please, just end it..." I say, still the tears run down my face.

"Oh child... I'm sorry... you truly didn't deserve that... and now you're still terrified of me... how can I gain your trust?"

I look away from his gaze. I can't take it anymore, he's clearly lying, he just wants to hurt me more then physically.

With all the courage I've got, and all the air in my chest, I yell...

"JUST KILL ME! STOP TOYING WITH ME! Please... I'm begging you... just end it" I now my head and close my eyes, for the second time today I expect him to kill me... but it doesn't happen.

Instead of a quick death, the dragon cups his hands in front of me, and lowers them to the ground...

"Step on" it's not a demand, it's not a threat, it's a request... and I oblige.

I crawl into his paws and roll over on to my back. To my bewilderment, he places me against his chest, and holds me there gently.

"I'm sorry you saw those things... but I've got you, you're safe now... and I'm going to take you home"

His voice is steady, and as before, caring. I can't help but gain a little hope, this dragon appears to be genuine, and furthermore... kind. On top of his kind, caring words, I listen to his deep, powerful heartbeat, and enjoy his warmth, and soft golden scales.

"I don't want you to be bad..." I say softly.

"I'm not little one... I'm good. Let's get you some water" he says with a sigh at the end, as though he cares about how badly I was treated.

I nod against his chest, and squeeze out the last few tears... for the time being, I'll trust him.

The dragon removes me from his chest and cups me in his paws again. He walks on two legs for a minute, then lowers me to a spring.

I inch my way to the edge of his claws, and dip my lips into the chilly water. I drink deeply, taking in as much as I can.

"Thank you sir" I say quietly, curling back up in a ball.

"You don't need to thank me..."

I look up at the golden dragon, and he looks down at me. There, in his eyes... pure as day... pity. Then his gaze shifts, he looks around in the sky.

"We've been followed" he says seriously.

Just as he finishes his sentence, a familiar face appears just over the tree line...

It's the red dragon from the auction, the one that winked at me. The golden dragon yells at the on coming red blur, but to no avail, the dragon only gets closer.

"Be sill" the golden dragon tells me.

He holds me against his chest again, but with one hand, and far less gentle, more... protective. He's covering my whole body, so I have no view of what's about to happen.

I feel the two titans clash, and begin fighting. They yell at each other in their language, and continue to punch, and growl, I feel gravity switch several times in the skirmish.

Just as I think the gold dragon gained the upper hand, I fly out of his paw, 100 feet in the air. I scream, alerting the red dragon. I watch as the red dragon punches the gold one in the face, making him stagger backwards. The red one then turns its focus on me, it tilts its head back and opens it mouth wide.

The sun shines perfectly down into its mouth, allowing me to see everything clearly. I look down to see glistening white teeth, red inner cheeks, pink gums, shimmering saliva, a dark red tongue, and a pulsating throat.

"Don't!" I scream, as I enter the beast's jaws.

I land at the back of its warm throat, just next to its large uvula. I make my best attempt to crawl forward away from my doom, I only make it a few inches before the beast flicks its tongue and sends me back to its gullet. The warm, smelly saliva soaks my entire body, and its super slippery.

"Please don't!" I scream as I slip into the tube.

A loud gulp reaches my ears, as the dragon swallows me, alive and whole. I scream and struggle the whole way down, hoping to slow my dissent, but it's all for nothing as I slide from the tight esophagus into its stomach. The pain is unimaginable, the heat, the burning on my skin. I struggle to keep my head above the acid. I cough, and choke on the humidity, I scream from fear of death, and the pain of slowly melting. And then gravity shifts, I'm thrown into the fleshy stomach wall, and then turned upside down. I surface out of the vile, and choke. Then everything goes still.

I can feel myself loosing consciousness, I don't imagine stomachs having or needed much oxygen. The strong heartbeat of the red dragon, starts to slow, and then stops. It's dead, but I'm still inside it...

"H-help..." I'm trying with every fiber of my being to stay awake.

Then the pure darkness is is killed by a sudden light, a tear forms in front of me and a voice enters my ears...

"CAN YOU CRAWL OUT!?" The gold dragon's voice comes through the tear.

"I... cant!" I scream, letting the outside air fill my lungs.

"HOLD ON!" He yells.

The tear widens, as the golden dragon tears it open. He sticks his head up to the opening and peers though. He spots me and reaches a paw though the gap and wraps his claws around my burned body.

"I've got you..." he says softly.

I pulls me out of the red dragon's stomach, and brings me to his mouth. I'm too weak to even react as his tongue slips out from between his lips and licks over my whole body.

"Please s-stop..." I say, too weak to even move.

"Shh.. I'm only cleaning the acid off" he says softly again

I close my eyes and trust that he's not lying. The rough, warm, wet muscle runs over my entire body. I feel like I've been sitting under the sun naked for days, every square inch hurts. I begin whimpering.

"I'm sorry... he got the jump on me... oh... come here" his voice is like that of a protective brother, helping his injured sibling.

"I-it hurts" I cry.

"I can make it stop... I can heal you... but you have to trust me..." he says not making eye contact.

"If you're lying... if you plan to just kill me... please, please... make it... quick" my emotions take me, and I bawl all over the place.

"If I explain... will you trust me?"

"I trust you" I say.

"Ok, I'm not going to hurt you... I promise"

He brings me back down to his chest and holds me there. It takes me a few seconds to realize he's hugging me.

"Thank you... for saving me... what's your name... sir?" I ask with the little strength I have left.

"My name is æhjßýjklœ, but the English translation is 'Gold'. What is your's little one?"

“Barry” I say softly.

“It’s very nice to meet you Berry. What I’m going to do might scare you... I have an ability... I can send you to a special spot in my body... it’s meant for my young, to heal and give them a safe place to rest”

“I uh... you have to eat me? I don’t know... please... do it... but... I trust you, Gold”

“I appreciate you Berry. I’ll be gentle, and you’ll know I’m not lying once you’re there” he says softly.

“Ok... I’m ready”

I truly am ready. I either die here and now, or gain a new friend. I just hope it doesn’t hurt if he is lying...

He brings me off his chest and moves me towards his open mouth.

“I will take care of you. Thanks for your trust... it’s more than I deserve” he says moving me closer to his mouth.

“No it’s not... I owe you everything...” I say quietly.

“Now relax, and let me take your burdens, and your pain” he says as he places me on his tongue.

I don’t struggle, I don’t even move. I just sit and wait to see my destination. He moves me around in his mouth with his tongue, clearly savoring my flavor. The warmth, and moisture on my burns is extremely soothing. Strands of saliva run from the roof of Gold’s mouth down onto me. The smell inside his mouth actually isn’t bad, it kinda smells like tea.

Once he’s got my taste covering his maw, he tilts his head back, and lets me slide towards his throat. I slide effortlessly down his slick tongue, I hold my breath and brace for my dissent. He doesn’t swallow me instantly, he takes his time with several tiny gulps, presumably to make it easier on me. I feel my legs enter his gullet, then my waist, after another small gulp I’m forced in up to my neck.

He stops swallowing, and bends his long tongue over and licks my face. I know he’s telling me that it’s time to finish, so I rub his tongue with my hand, telling him that I’m ready.

With one final, loud “gulp!” I slide down his long throat. The tight muscles press against my body, but everything is slimy, and soft, so I never feel pain. After a few seconds of falling through darkness, I slip into a fleshy pocket, not a acid pool. I can help but start crying hysterically, he wasn’t lying, he does care about me.

“T-T-T-Thank... y-y-you” I manage to say through sobs.

“My pleasure Berry. I’m going to pull some oxygen out of there, it’ll help you sleep... you need rest”

“Y-Y-Yes s-s-sir”

I lay down against the fleshy wall. My body sinks into it quite well. The sounds of Gold’s heartbeat and stomach begin taking their toll on me. My mind starts to relax, even with the millions of questions I’m going to ask in the morning. At the moment I’m completely content with the situation. I’m warm, comfortable, and safe. I’ve got a giant friend who wants to protect me, and keep me safe, I guess tomorrow I’ll let him know about my life at home... but for now, sleep is calling, and I’ve never been one to ignore...