

You can't make an omelet without cracking a few eggs.

Millions of years ago, a meteor cracked the earth.

The recipe took a while to cook. But now—in that crater—is a city. A place proud to be the beating heart of life: home to a culinary smorgasbord of every flavor—sweet, sour, spicy, salty, and beyond.

Cocotte.

Dinge and dust are a rarity. Brickwork merges cleanly with plants and glass. Nature is as much a denizen here as anyone else. Together, viridity and urbanity weave the foundation of a harmonious world. Powered by crystal, focused with magick—the power sources of the city gleam in the night.

To think all that was once but a twinkle in a mammoth's eye.

But with that gleam plucked away and ushered into the real world, one would think that glint was stolen—extinguished.

No. Barick's eyes continue to glow with warmth and ambition. Now, it's not powered by the love of his craft. It's fueled with love.

Reflecting in his eyes: his husband. His love—a hand-high, rufflepuff bundle-'a-fluff that holds more sunshine than even the clearest Cocotte solar crystal.

Rif.

The miniature mouse stretches wide as he can go. But his salt-and-pepper body is just spilled spice on a table. Barick's mammoth belly is a wide, pillowy bed. Which, of course, Rif rests atop of: buried in curls of brown fur.

"Ahhh..." He sighs, voice peaking through the gooky rumblings of his meal-stuffed bed.

"Think you're stuffed, big guy?"

Below, the bubbling bits of digesting dinner pop his body with bursts of pleasant vibration. Rif's rotund cushion squishes down, flexing. Pasta mashes back into its sauce; the stomach walls collapse, breaking crisp stems of iceberg lettuce with its weight.

"What's it sound like?" Barick milks the moment. His mouth smacks shut and his belly does the talking. "Gurgley and gruel-y, yeah?"

The massive mammoth vents a relieved sigh. He sinks into the plushness of his oversized chair, looking at the mouse buried between the valley of his unbuttoned chef's whites. And as Barick presses back, Rif presses down—smushing up into the with a well-timed eruption of gastric noise.

The mouse pipes up. "You bet! Like a..."

"...thundercloud." Barick plucks the word from his husband's mind. "'Cause you're in heaven, floatin' in the skies, and the cloud's are rumblin' 'n rarin' to shower ya in love."

Rif confirms with a giggle. Barick looks down with lidded eyes and a soft smile.

“You’ve told me that one before, buttercup.”

Rif grips Barick’s fuzz tight and just ‘bout squeals into his fur.

“*Heavens*, Barick. Ha! Ohhh…”

Blocky digits descend. The digits set lightly behind Rif’s ears. Then, they seek downward, brushing his fur. Fingers slip down the curve of his back before launching off like a skier’s alpine jump.

“Still like the rubs, huh?” Barick smirks.

“I like *you-u-u!*” Rif pops up between his fingers like a gopher. “Almost as much as you *loved* my cooking.”

“*Haa* haha!” The mammoth’s wheezing belly laugh bumps the mouse up and down, sloshing the dinner it holds within. “And you say you’re not a chef?”

“I can’t take your place, now can I?”

Barick playfully squishes the puffball back down. Smooshed into the carpet of fuzzy coating his belly, Rif’s nose takes a swan dive towards his warm skin. His chin brushes bottom. And rumbling mammoth guts ring Rif’s dome like a bell. Trembling sound, deep and rich, becomes ever-richer with bone conduction: preserving the bass and unveiling the little clicks and gassy pops that would’ve been smoothed away by distance if not for Rif’s intimacy.

His ears twitch. Then, tremble. His apparent excitement grows as he practically sonars the inner labyrinth of Barick's guts. His single stomach is heavy with sloshing meals. Squishy—like mashed potatoes—digesting pasta and greens has thickened with parmesan and garlic bread. It's become one big molten mess that stirs in his big gut, bits trickling away into croaking, thirsty intestines.

Rif shivers as he hears Barick swallow. And moments later, fresh saliva plinks into the bogwater.

"Oooo, I can't take it anymore!" Rif wriggles to freedom from the hairs. His pale head pops up and points the mouse's dark eyes towards Barick's green.

"Take what?" Barick says knowingly. An eyebrow raises.

"You *know what!* You need dessert."

The mammoth's bunny-gray mustache bounces as he snorts, teasing and amused. "I can't do that! How's dessert gonna like it in-a belly fulla tagliatelle and fettuccine?"

Rif pricks his whiskers and thwacks his thick tail. "I think dessert would *very much* like that!"

A fake gasp pops from Barick. "Oh! You think so?"

"Yeah!"

"You certain?"

“Do I look certain?”

“You lookin’ *cer-tain-ly* like a treat!” The mammoth belts room-shaking laughter once again. “Haha!”

“C’mon!” Barick squeezes a word between his guffaws. “You wanna end up swimmin’ in your own cooking? Get movin’! Get hidin’! If you can’t get this old geezer moving and his fat stomach sloshing, I’m just gonna have to save my mouse snack for the morning—when I’ve got more room: when my belly’s all done drainin’.”

“OH!” Rif pantomimes with melodrama. The back of his hand flies to his face. His eyes shut close. “What a terrible fate for a snack like me!”

The flabby ground shakes as the mammoth’s stomach growls. Innards creak and soup spurts. Chain reaction bubble within as gas brews, leading to a mammoth groan echoing throughout his wet, sloppy innards. Once the noise dies to a trilling whine, the mammoth lifts his mitts. They slowly descend for Rif. His message couldn’t be clearer: *get runnin’!*

Rif is a gray, fuzzy rocket. He sprints away, clambering across Barick’s paunch with the trademark agility of his small species. His feet plap onto the wooden floor. His simple face looks right and left. Rif’s oval eyes craft an expressive look: pressing down. He’s determined, excited—exhilarated.

He bounds away while feet pound. Floorboards squeak as the behemoth rises. Crystal-wrought light, attached to the ceiling, is wiped from view. Rif is consumed in Barick’s shadow. As one would do if the sun went black, the mouse looks back. And he

sees the huge mammoth—making a grand show. He strips off his white button-up with dramatic flair. He exaggerates pulling off the fabric, already unbuttoned, raising an arm high as clothes fall away.

Soon, his top half is bare. Meaty fists reach for his baggy pants while Rif nestles behind an open-back bookcase. Peeking through two tomes of fantastical literature, his eyes grow wide. Barick's pants have shucked away. One leg lifted, and once it fell, it shook the room. The other half of his pants cleanly slip away. The mammoth's left in boxers. Moments later, there's nothing left.

"Gotta lighten up if I'm gonna keep up." He harumphs to seal the deal, snorting like a mammoth to take on his new monstrous role.

"If you think you can hide in your **rif**-uge, you know I'm gonna **rifle** through everything here 'til I find you!"

"Urgh! Those puns are awful!"

"Found you!"

The mouse perks up, ears up high. Then, he springs from his hiding place. Shuddering ground tells Rif all he needs to know about his pursuer. Barick steps from place to place, barely moving. His eyes dart around to track Rif's movement, sure. But he's so massive, and Rif so small, it takes little effort to keep up.

The critter sprints into the hallway. Barick follows: stomach wobbling; mammoth waddling. Just as the mouse hears that growling gut approaching, Rif is back out again, bounding about as a delighted mammoth trails behind.

But foreplay's time comes to an end. Rif dips into black as the mammoth's hands overshadow him. To the left and to the right: two, warm, firm walls. Barick's palms close in. And Rif is snatched up effortlessly.

"Gotcha!" Barick's voice filters through the cramped space.

Rif's face, squished by the balls of the mammoth's hands, attempts to wriggle free.

"Argh! No! This can't be happening!" Rif plays it up. "To be captured by the big 'n bad *Barick!* Ohhh, what a calamity!"

His alchemy-given sight lets him see in the dark of the mammoth's hands. Still, the light is blinding when those palms pull apart. Rif still cupped between them, he sees Barick's face. Round as an apple, pillowy as a lump of dough—from this low angle, his soft features become the round curves of a rolling hill.

"That's right! I'm big and bad and, *oh*, you know what else I am?"

Try as he might, Barick can't nail looking angry. Even when aided by the intense shadows, his eyes clash with his frowning face: betraying his true intent with a glint of love.

Rif throws on a crooked smile. "...totally not hungry, right?"

A ferocious groan echoes from deep within the mammoth's digestive tract.

The giant laughs. "Haha! What makes you think I like food? Do I look like I'm married to food or something?"

"Oh *you!*" Rif coos.

"Mm-hm." The mammoth's deep hum resonates in his chest. "Oh me. 'Cause I'm the big bad monster that's gotcha in my claws."

"And whatever will you do!?" The mouse slips back into the role with a dramatic toss of his arms and waverly-voiced plea.

"I'm gonna take you back to my lair." He booms. "For fun and food! You're my snack. And I can hardly wait."

Barick's voice slips low, deep, and sensual.

"Won't hurt to sneak a taste, eh?"

Once his throat finishes rumbling, his lips tighten with a smile. Then, they relax. From the corner of his mouth, the tip of his pink tongue slips his lips like an unzipping zipper. Lips parted, tongue centered, he lets it droop.

Rif watches as the sky becomes dripping and pink. The mammoth's maw stretches wide. His fat, swinging tongue rushes towards him. Its heat hits him before its spongy surface; Rif plunges into moist, shower-steam-like air before he's suctioned to the fat muscle pasting over the mammoth's palms.

Pressure builds up. Spit squirts from his fur, pooling by his sides as the tongue lightly drags. Utterly sopped, Rif is freed. The room's light returns to his bleary eyes, dripping with spit. And he sees the room's changed. Bookcases are gone. Dominating the room: a bed. So wrapped up in love, he didn't even process what he thought was his own pounding heart—was Barick trodding into another room.

"How you doin'?" The giant asks, eyeing the slobbered rodent cupped in his hands.

"Like a five-star meal!" Rif pipes.

"Aha!" From Rif's view, the scenery shifts back and forth as Barick steps to the bed. He turns around, pointing his fat rear towards the cushions.

"Well, then this lil' meal has to get cooking, right?" Barick sits; the world falls. Everything beyond his blubbery body becomes a whirl of color. Gravity and air team to try and lift the mouse by the armpits. But mammoth drool's made him sticky. Heavy. And so, he stays plastered to the soft, bumpy curves of Barick's hands.

The mammoth smacks his lips. "But it can't hurt to have another taste..."

There's no buildup. Rif hardly has the time to take a breath before he's buried in lips. Smooched down as flat as he goes, Rif is entirely lost.

"*Hmf!*" He squeaks, surprised. The softest lips ride along his body. They curve around his head; mold around his chest and belly. His ears, which may have escaped

the onslaught of gooey flesh, are obscured by Barick's mustache—ruffling with the shift of his lips and suction of his cheeks and maw.

Pressure gently pops his ears as the mammoth gives his wettest, slobberiest slap of a kiss he's ever dished out. Warm liquid dribbling through the tiniest breaks between lips, it all trickles down to bathes the rodent smushed up in the ever-shifting flesh. Each twitch of his lips pushes at a different point on Rif's body. And just when he begins wishing for air, the wall of flesh pushes away with a big fat *pop!*

"*That was a good taste!*" Barick announces with boisterous enthusiasm. "Who knew true love would taste so peppery? Salt and pepper fur tastes just like the real thing. *Scrumptious! Aaah...*"

His eyes, which wandered way in the discussion of his love, now dip back down. A knowing smile only seems to widen his already full face.

"...Look at the time.."

Rif's ears perk. "Cooking time?"

"Every meal's got to spend time in the oven. C'mon Rif, where's a nice place for you to get toasty?"

The hand-held Rif senses his perch descend. The mammoth's face pulls to the heavens, growing further and further away. In its place, his body. It becomes all-encompassing. Tan fur swallows his vision. Barick's broad shoulders feel as if they're mountain peaks. And as Rif goes lower, his gaze travels along the many fatty curves.

Rolling hills stack and stack. His chest is pillowy, the tip of his pecs drooping over his mammothine, grumbling belly.

Rif passes by the crease right above Barick's belly button: where the two marshmallowy halves of his stomach meet and fold. Lower and lower—until he's set down on the soft linen. And the mouse looks up to see he's flanked by two stout legs—and he readies for the mammoth's crotch looks him dead-on.

Or, it *would* be, anyhow. Barick's stomach sags all the way to the bed's surface. The sides of his belly rest atop his thighs, forming a gentle curve as it sinks between his legs like a loincloth. With its heaviness propped up as it smushes down on the sheets, the doughy slab gently lifts and falls with big belly-breaths.

Rif knows just what to do!

He bounds towards belly. A simple hop thrusts him into the aura of Barick's body heat. A step more nudges his nose against the rumbling flesh.

A soft gasp; Barick sucks air in pleasant surprise. Rif, meanwhile, lowers his head as low as it goes. His chin brushes the bed, all while he slots his face at the crevice between gut and ground. With a push and a grunt, he heaves himself forward. Wriggling himself into a moist, hidden world, Rif is struck with the immediate change in atmosphere.

The night's sounds dull. A distant, muted heartbeat tolls. But it's the sounds of the mammoth's body that dominate the space. Burbling pops burp above: the mammoth's intestines stretching with their voluminous intake of just-digested

byproducts. A nudge from Rif's skull prompts the intestines to whine. A pocket of methane dislodges; the resulting burbling boom pounds Rif's body with sound. His husband's a mammoth, after all. Their guts are thorough yet crude.

The air dampens as the ceiling slicks with sweat. Fur grows curly and moist as Rif heads deeper. His nose grows fuzzy with the overwhelming presence of musk. Pungent. Wholly masculine. There isn't a hint of poor hygiene. But the smell itself is *raw*. Pure, unfiltered mammoth clocks Rif in the face.

Soon, he finds it. The air is liquid with humidity. The taste of sex tickles his tongue with each breath. Rif's head bonks into the mammoth's cock. Chubbed—the fat pink prick pokes from its sheath.

A shift from the mammoth, and Rif is forced into even more cramped space. Jiggling fat oozes against sweaty fur. Rif, boxed in, pushes against tightening walls. The unyielding ceiling sags as thunder roars from within it. Gasses stir, creeping through marshed-up tunnels—slime and unmentionables bubbling as his bowels squeeze his fumes along.

With the fat encroaching from every which way, the mouse is forced to squish forward. He bumps into Barick's cock. His nose slips right inside the sheath, the top of his head running along shaft's bottom. Instantly, he feels a twitch. The mammoth's cock grows, ever-slightly. Bouncing, it grinds him against the oozing-soft skin hidden in his sheath.

It drives Rif mad. Lust overtakes him. He moans, loud—utterly unashamed as flicks his little limbs. Huffs bellowing from the mountainous mammoth, Barick’s arousal grows. His cock becomes engorged, leaking as Rif slips entirely inside. Pancaked and plastered around his shaft, he’s wrapped in a pungent, dripping, full-body blanket that pounds with the mammoth’s pulse.

Rif times his wriggles, teasing his husband. He knows when the stimulation begins to become a bit too much. So, he slows down—milking the experience for all that it’s worth. He flips around, scrubbing along sweat, wall, and dick until he faces the barely-visible glow radiating from sheath’s mouth.

Through Rif’s eyes, he sees not the fuzzed underside of Barick’s belly-ceiling, but that of the underside of mammoth cock. He wriggles forward, repeatedly smothered as Barick bucks his hips—cock base grinding the rodent between warm sheath skin. Even surrounded by flabby cushiony fat, the mammoth’s penis has room to flop around. Rif’s shaken while groans bellow from above. Clenches of Barick’s stomach rouse his garbling guts, mashing his dinner and pushing its sloppiness along its journey. Soon, his head pokes free. Foreskin wraps him up to his neck. His legs bind tight to the twitching shaft. Tiny paws push their way free. And with their help, Rif slides free.

The oozed-up rodent slumps onto the floor. His lips a black, wavy line: a smile that stretches up half his face. Huffing and puffing as the massive cock above prods at the marshmallow roof, Rif finds energy at last.

“This place is awfully wet for an oven!”

“Call me a boiler, then!” the giant follows it up with a pent-up sigh. “Oof, and trust me. I’m feeling the heat.”

“Mm, doing fine?”

“If I couldn’t handle the heat, I’d get out the kitchen.” Barick powers with confidence. “Besides, dessert’s not cooked! I can’t leave a meal half-done.”

“And I can’t leave *you* half-finished either.” Rif slithers about, squeezing through narrow gaps beneath the fat of Barick’s chunky thighs. “Meals can wait! Let’s get you alllll the way to the end...”

Barick’s ears flap, they rise so fast. Surprised, he feels Rif chart a path beneath his blubber. Venturing to...

“Oh...!” He peeps. “Butter biscuit...”

The tickle in the mammoth’s leg heads towards his rear. The critter beneath alternates between being pancaked and smushed by the sides. He’s a rat in a tunnel, squeezing between creases of flab instead of maze walls. The musky scent slowly takes a slightly bitter tone. Rif squirms beneath the mammoth’s taint. And now, he’s poking at his crack. A bit more, and he’ll certainly be free.

And then they continue onto their next plan of the day.

A quick wash under soapy water, and Rif is clean.

But not for long! His internal voice chirps with excitement. The teeniest sudsy bubbles still teeming in his fur, the smallest of the bubbles are sent flying away by a wash of hot breath.

Once his eyes open from their squint, Rif bathes in the sight. A wide grin yawns into an agape, cavernous maw. As lips open and tongue flops, a filmy bubble stretches between palate and the mammoth's licker. The spit stretches as his mouth goes wider, displaying Rif's distorted reflection, before it pops into slumps of sticky spit. No longer blocking view into Barick's dark gullet, the path is lined with thin gleaming strings. Spit strands web tooth-to-tongue, roof-to-molar—sagging under their own weight, wobbling in the gusts of spiced air.

Delicately held, pinched between hooved digits, Rif pulls closer. Everything beyond his lips is steadily consumed. The sight of his maw is a black hole. And Rif's pupils cannot escape its gravity.

The mammoth's mouth inches closed. Then, the mouse is pulled up in sync with the tilt of Barick's chin. A gurgling stomach desperately tries to forewarn. But his jaw drops once again. And the captured air is expelled in a gale of rank smog.

Tonsils and throat meat jiggling with the baritone, blaring belch—his mouth flings gooey giblets of saliva. They patter on the rodent held above; Rif shields himself, hiding behind his dripping paws. Unable to breath the whirling, smelly winds, he braces for the mammoth belch round two—as Barick's gut sucks in, his croaking belch revs up from its dying state. A dragon's roar flaps his lips, smacking the rodent with the dizzying scent of half-digested squalor.

Rif's just about seeing stars. But even as he struggles to not see double, he perceives Barick stretching his jaw just a nudge wider. His fingers loosen. Rif drops free.

His time in the mouth is brief. He smacks upon his rubbery tongue and skims off its face. Like water off an inflatable slide, Rif is hosed down like a swallowed pill. Copious saliva join him in the swirling rush towards his gullet. The flesh tube's entrance opens wide, the fatty uvula dripping with mucousy silt launched from the greasy depths of his throat.

Gwourp. The swallow is resounding in its deepness, and very, very watery. There's barely a pocket to breathe amongst crushing muscle and squeezed liquid. The sticky drool splashes against his body, flushing into his ears and between his legs. He feels the liquid swirling about in his skull.

Glurp-sqrlsh. A two-part. The mouse gasps as he passes his husband's booming heart. Its pulse is like rhythmic thunder. Each crash blasts his body with sound it can barely withstand. Just as he's recovering, the peristalsis of the throat grinds their greasiness into his chin and spine. Alternating sides crush against him, pushing and pulling him above the pocket of spittle he's lodged within. Rif gasps for breath in between, enjoying the rough ride.

And just as he's getting used to the throat's handling, a strong clench shoves him into a filmy pocket of drool thick enough to be slime. His pink nose nudges an odd sphincter. Jelly-like and malleable, it twitches in response to his prodding. Small drips of water seep through its pinched-close center. As more mouth-water adds weight, the sphincter finally relents.

Sauce-smearred stomach walls are thwacked with a splashing burst of saliva. Jetting from a sphincter lodged in the curved roof, mere inches away from the roiling swamp, mammoth spit flushes Rif free. He dives directly into lardy vomit, spearing through the molten buttery surface—and into the gunky heap of sunken, half-digested rubbish.

Pasta strands weave through the bog. Floating, spaghetti touches his back, neck, and arms as it sways to the current. Barick's stomach squeezes: slow—steady. Mush churns as the muscle squishes in. Trapped air farts out the muck, burping at ooze's top, painting a new layer of lime across the wrinkled walls with every bubble's burst.

And once the stomach widens up, goop splatters in a chaotic rush to fill the space. Rif, suctioned in the melted mass of dozens of noodles, lets his body go relaxed and limp. The mass beside him disintegrates, like piled-up mushy grass clippings ripped apart in rainwater soup.

“How's the trip down?” Barick's words reverberate in the bubbling mire. Rif, eyes closed, allows himself to drift towards the surface. He emerges belly-up. Hot, visible steam spirals amongst his body like fog. He's caked in filth, basking in the ugly pasta-peppered, salad-strewn slop.

“A little tight. But great crystals! It's like it's never been cleaned in here!”

His husband's laugh bobs Rif, all while the sludge heaves up and down. “Maybe I'll snack on some mints.”

Rif flicks his gaze left-to-right. “I don't think mint's gonna wipe away *those* stains!”

A grunt forewarns the great upheaval. The big man tilts back, forming a great surge of mammoth puke to crest into a wave. It sweeps Rif up, skimming him up the wall before throwing him down with the cascading tsunami.

The great crash is met with a blast of inertia. Barick slams into the sheets, his back to the bed. His massive gut jiggles from the force, growling whilst his soupy meal noisily settles.

“That’s what the next meal’s for!” Barick emphasizes with a nighttime stretch and yawn. “Cover ‘em up with a fresh new splotch! Good as new.”

Rif tunnels through a kelp forest of salad. He pops back to the burp-scented, air-filled realm. A slimy salad leaf hat protects his head from the ooze dripping from a wall, still soggy since its submerging in vomit.

“Eh, in that case, I’ll give this joint 5-stars! A week’s stay doesn’t sound bad at all.”

“Hmm, make it three days.” Barick rumbles, relaxed, eyes closed, white mane of hair draped across the pillow. “I like seeing your face.”

“Six?”

“Five.”

“Done!” Rif cheers. “Haha! That’s a work week anyhow.”

“Your experiments are finished, then?”

“You bet!” Rif’s answer prompts a chuckle from the mammoth. Sludge all throughout each stage of digestion slops from the shaking. “Alchemical accidents really speed things along.”

“Hrmf.” A peculiar undulating clench shimmers the stomach from its natural top and bottom. And since Barick is laying down, the pulse comes from behind Rif, and follows the curved roof as it dives into the filthy stew.

A ferocious gurgling roars from deeper within. “Any cures this time?” The mammoth asks.

“Yeah—for plants. Not people.”

“Good, good. Healthy plants make healthy folk!”

Fat sucks of sludge burble through the intestinal sphincter. Unseen and hidden beneath the goo, its goopy slurps are the only evidence of its activity.

“Remember Rif,” Barick warns in the middle of a yawn, “don’t be going any deeper until I’ve given the okay.”

“Okie-dok.” Rif replies, floating about. “But you don’t have a thing to worry about! If I get caught in there, I’m big enough to pull myself out.”

“Mm.” The mammoth’s sleepy mumble shudders from the walls. “That’s my Rif.”

The days are fast.

Without sun or star to track the day, Rif's sense of time melts away. Of course, Barick's always there, ready to talk. But the mammoth finds his husband's quiet most of the time. As energetic the rascal is, he still works as hard as Barick. And he slips into lazy, holiday slumber.

Ten hours? Twelve hours? It's hard to say how long he sleeps! His naps are intermittent. One blink—and Rif finds himself sleeping for hours, waking up rocking in the midst of a cool breakfast: viscous yogurt and creamy milk. But between the frigid shock of dairy is piping, soggy dough. Blueberry waffles are mulched, cast about the belly. Rif is quite nearly buried in it all—with the mammoth chasing the meal with rich mango lassi.

“Oh, Barick!” Rif chirps. “Look at all this dairy! You know that's gonna, well, erm...”

The mammoth's stomach kicks as Barick works to restrain his laughter. “You signed up for a bubble bath, right?”

“Hey, *I* don't mind...”

“Haha! Then don't worry Rif, sweetie.” He gives his stomach a light smack. “I'll keep to open spaces.”

Burble-fbbbt... Garbling stomach soup bubbles as a foul exchange takes place. Nutrients are sucked down; gasses step in its place. Those fat bubbles crawl along Rif's body as they ascend, bursting to the top—releasing moist gas that's wet and hot enough to be *visible*.

Sniff. Rif takes an instinctive breath before his brain could stop the order.

“Ha, *oh!* Man, Barick! I’d ask what you ate, buuuut...”

“Hm!” A small bubble of laughter pops in his throat. “Guess I’m spending the day in my office, eh?”

And so, he does. Papers are scribed; documents are signed. The mammoth spends the day in a chair. Rif spends it in a tub: swishing to-and-fro as the stomach processes this rare treat.

It isn’t even an hour after Barick sat in his great comfy chair when the effects really start to show. The mucus slathering the walls grows slimier. It’s dripping down in runny globs. The dungeons below roil and broil—absolutely popping with gasses: until they’re one big-’n-long test tube filled with some fizzy, garbley concoction.

Even the stomach isn’t spared. The walls further apart. Bloating, they stretch and stretch until they fiercely bear down—plunging Rif in a cacophonous eruption of slime and sound. Frothy belches burst up the mammoth’s throat, rattling out hard enough to make Rif suspect it’s knocked the room’s portraits askew.

Time ticks by with little change. Barick stirs in his seat, shifting his great weight. And the critter inside jostles around with the marshy mass inside. His bloated stomach pumps his now-steaming breakfast into the pipes below.

The results are horrific. His bowels snarl. Thick, syrup-like bubbles sputter and pop. Barick pays no mind to his gut's grumbling. He works steadily, scratching parchment as a pressure builds in his rear.

For Rif, the difference is drastic. The sound is overwhelming: rumbles kick the waters of his filthy jacuzzi. The bombardment of noise is ceaseless and chaotic. Farty trumpets of gas blast through soggy chyme. They're met with percussive, pinched peeps of that same cursed air squeezing through a much more filled pipe. Sticky rubs of slimy muscles provide an ever-constant backing track. Once his tract reaches its fever pitch, the mammoth can't hold it in any longer.

Rif—with the trembling liquid flinging up to wet his cheeks—is buried by an explosion. Submerged in the surge forced up by a clenching belly, the messy slime reverberates with the backdoor blast's powerful sound. Battered about by the involuntary clench, the walls churn tightly, gradually relaxing. Soon, Rif finds himself at the surface once again. And he's met with another surge: this time from the opposite end. Barick burps up some leftover gas, swirling the rodent around in his well-stirred breakfast.

The time skips by. Lunch comes—chickpea curry, by the way—and work ends. A quick stop by the markets, and Barick swipes up some fresh ingredients, Rif bouncing about in his tummy the entire way.

Dinner's yet to be cooked when breakfast slides into his rear. Before he hopped off to the pot, there wasn't much noticeable change to Rif. Sure, gas got a bit more frequent. It was quieter, more hissing—as if something was blocking the way.

Once Barick gets up and stomps towards the bathroom, Rif catches on.

“Oooo, oohhh. It’s *that* time.”

“Mmm.” The mammoth acknowledges with a hum. He whistles a wandering, half-hearted tune as he pushes open the door. Casual as can be, he tromps along the tile and lifts the toilet’s lid. Its clatter, albeit muffled, rings clearly in the growling, shifting swamp of his stomach.

The chef’s bottom falls to the seat. Inertia pulls Rif to the ceiling, and drops him back to the muck once rear crashes down. Resurfacing, he’s hugged by plushness; the stomach bears down. The walls crumple, forcing the gluck to rise as Rif’s free space vanishes in instants. Runny liquids seep from the mashing wrinkles in the stomach wall, just inches from his nose. The resulting fluids dribble down his snout, pooling into the mire. All the while, the mammoth breathes deep. His abdomen rolls as his insides milk. Small grunts burst from his burly chest as his stomach’s clenches steady into a rhythm.

Crinkling. Crackling. Rif’s hairs stand on end. The whole soft, fleshy realm rumbles as the mammoth’s cheeks flap: all due to his tailhole’s sputtering blasts of *very* brown noise.

“Oh dear.” Rif’s voice pipes, muffled and barely heard from the outside. “That was the smoothie, wasn’t it?”

“Nnng!” The mammoth’s grunt precedes a chunky splatter. A truly slushy disaster splashes into the bowl. He follows up with a sigh. “Phew. I think it’s a bit more than the smoothie.”

“Ohhhh, the yogurt then? Maybe the cur—no, wait. I’m still swimming in that.”

A punch from the gut walls throws gooky, food-filled waves throughout the stomach. Rif is barreled over, but the spongy surface behind him acts as a brace. He weathers the storm, listening to the monster that’s being evicted from its home.

Ploop!

“Ahh…” Barick breathes. But once he realizes what he’s doing, he stiffens up. His stomach goes taut. “Err, sorry about this Rif. Didn’t think it would be this dramatic coming ou—*oh!* Hrn! Ohhhh…”

A sudden shotgun of mammoth feces poisons the water below. Leftover slime plops out his messy tailhole, splattering on the squishy fecal bed.

“Hey, well, the sound is sweet! You’re sounding relieved. And it’s not like I’m in that mess, right? I’m clean as a whistle!”

“Ha…” Barick huffs out a breath of laughter. “That right? Well, if you’re clean as can be, then I’m not doing my job right!”

“Then eat something you haven’t *ever!*” Rif clamors above splatter of Barick’s final evictions. “Let’s try something new. A two-part review! You tell me how it tastes—and I’ll tell you how it feels!”

A dying flubber of gas signals Barick’s completion.

“Ho, sounds like a plan! Just don’t use my gut as an alchemy vat, okay?”

“To be quite honest,” Rif yammers. “I think your belly is putting my mixing skills to shame!”

The second day swings by without a hitch. Barick meets with his culinary guild’s crew: touching base and directing operations. He shuffles through the building. No one but him knows of the little rodent inside.

And as his feast of a lunch digests, the mammoth rides the gondola lift: a compartmented room that slowly travels the length of a long cable. The slightly-rusted metal car gently sways as it travels over the vast city—backdropped by colossal spires of crystal.

The third day arrives. And the weekend starts. Barick spends the morning browsing the open market: particularly at that *one* stall he’s rarely visited for one reason or another.

And that’s when he buys it.

A new food catches his eye. Imported from beyond the crater, across the sea—Parvia Fruit. As he tosses it around in his large hand, he can’t help but note how scrumptious it looks. Red. Ripe. It’s absolutely blooming with color. Subtle hints of purple give it a bit of depth to its shade. Slightly oblong, it reminds him of pomegranate.

“I think I just found our new food!” The mammoth speaks to his belly, its drooping fat held in one hand. “A bit of a funny-looking thing. It—*nffff*—smells sweet! Delightful. And... oh! I don’t hear any sloshing going on in there when I’m shaking it. Probably all solid in the center: like an apple.”

“Phew!” The critter fans his face with an exaggerated wave. “Well, I sure hope it’s sweet-smelling! You really have to eat all those eggs?”

“What?” Barick tosses the fruit between his hands. “Can’t have an egg salad without egg.”

“Judging from what I’m swimming in right now, there were a whole lot more eggs than salad, Scrump-tum!”

“Well, you were sleeping so much, I decided to turn my belly into an alarm.” The mammoth chuckles. “Things are gonna get a lot more rumbly when we get back!”

The Parvia smacks heartily into Barick’s palm. “But in the meantime, lets get you a bout of fresh air, hm?”

Pinched in his grip, he holds it up to his face. Turning to a busier street, he drinks in the fruit’s natural splendor before opening up to taste its inner beauty. The fruit’s small compared to him. So he tosses it in and crunches it up.

It’s crisp. Again, like an apple. But it’s infinitely more sweet. It’s almost like candy: juicy delight with a hint of sour.

He takes his time to learn the food. He mashes it to paste. Nearly beyond, actually. His saliva turns its smashed remains to applesauce, decorating his tongue with its pinkish fluid. Once he’s satisfied whirling it around his maw, he swallows it away—sending it down with a pair of hearty gulps.

Rif buzzes with anticipation. The creaking, squishing workings of Barick's esophagus signifies its payload grows nearer. Then, the sphincter begins to bulge. It distends a rather impressive amount, its center leaking the pink fruit juice into the sticky, yolky mess Rif's in.

The mouse can't help but lean closer, curious. He's caught by surprise when the liquid abruptly rockets out. The saliva-warmed juice splatters over his face, flushing into his nose, ears, and mouth. He flubbers, burbling in the surge as he's knocked backwards into the wall.

"Any better in there?" Barick whispers hushly.

"Hmmpf!" Rif mumbles with his stuffed mouth. Left with no choice, he sends it down. And at last, he speaks.

"It's sweet stuff!" He hollers upwards. "I can't smell anything else with it all up in my honker."

"Aha!" The mammoth cuts off his laughter. But both know the delighted feeling he'd share in a more private place.

Rif, left alone in the gurgling space, slumps against the wall. Scraggly fur a good deal more vibrant now, he knows that pink won't last long!

"Wait..." His ears perk. Something's not right.

A squirty gurgle shudders his body. But its tinny sound is a good deal different than the stuff that's come before. And it's a lot more clear: less muffled. Nearer? And it's not quite coming from the walls.

Sqwrrrp!

"There's that noise again..." Rif pats his rumbling belly.

Wait.

His rumbling belly.

"What in the... what now?" He experimentally feels around down there. "I don't... feel sick. ...Is that gas? Goodness gracious if it's gas—"

A light comes from the water: right where Rif's fluffy lil' abs would be.

"Wait, I'm glowing? That's, um, sweet! ...But concerning. Why..."

Rif feels a burp knocking at his throat.

And so, it's only natural he lets it out.

But gas isn't what comes up: it's light. *His* light.

Rif's used himself as a test subject so many times, he's basically a will-o'-wisp given shape. A great ball of alchemical magic stuffed into a body mostly resembling his own.

And it seems that whatever magical concoction he's got for a body... didn't take well to this strange fruit.

As Parvia Fruit tinkers with what could be considered his magical P.H. levels: reducing it. Breaking some bonds. Releasing some of that energy and forcing the rest still lingering about to reform.

...Into a smaller vessel.

Wheeze! After his burp dies to a whine, Rif's lost half his height. Hand size to pinky height, the rodent hangs momentarily in the air before he's splashed in thick, hot mud.

"Pff!" He spits pink goo as he struggles to swim. "Not good! Barick! I'm having a bit of a time trying to stay swimming, here!"

Undeniably, there is a certain thrill buzzing about his body. Being pummeled by a stomach—his *husband's* stomach—that's now massively larger than him is... arousing. Rif admits that, at least.

But what's smothering his horniness is fear. This isn't part of the plan. An accident, there's no way for Barick to know what's going on inside. Rif's voice is too weak to penetrate the many layers of fat separating them. The mouse is helpless as the mammoth's body shifts with his walking. Small splashes of stomach gruel that would've been easily weathered are now insurmountable with their might. He's ripped away from the touch of the slimy belly wall. Thrown to the center of all the misery, Rif is constantly

bobbing from surface to the gooky, slimy depths of his husband's horrible, watery swamp.

Above, a muted crunch. Something crispy is decimated in the mammoth's maw.

"Wait! Hun!" Rif yells between submergings. "We're not home yet! S-save your snacking until then: where it's calm and quiet *and you can hear me!*"

A soft hum of delight jitters the air like an electric current. Marshy food squelches down his throat, pummeled closer to the struggling rodent.

"If you eat too much, you know what's gonna happen! You're belly sense it's full and it's gonna—"

Gwoooooourrrrg... A roar shudders all Rif can see. A note too deep to hear booms from below, only felt as a rumble. A pressure below has been released. And its energy pops from the porridge like a whale burped hard enough to batter all the fish in the sea.

But instead of fish, granules of leftover salad tremble. Leaf scraps flutter and pepper flakes scatter. Even as papaya, seeds and all, shower Rif in a sticky orange shower—the stomach's water level drops. A budding suction begins to tug Rif's toes.

"This is bad!" Rif furiously paddles, goo slapping him across the head. "Your gut's sucking me down! You're *definitely* not clean down there!"

The suction suddenly becomes inescapable.

"Barick! Help me—!"

Bloop. The marsh pops as Rif blinks from view. The stomach continues its gassy rumbles, squeezing to vent out subdued, hissing burps. In the midst of it all, soft struggles are heard: Rif's—as he struggles to not be sucked away. The stomach pays him no mind, growling happily as the little mouse barks frightened in the goo.

Shoved through the creamy pits of the mammoth's belly gook, Rif is pulled tail-first towards doom. The deep-bass burst of the sphincter's slurps heightens with every inch he travels. He swipes his paws blindly, scraping along gooshy meals not quite ready for further processing, until he's at the true bottom of the stomach.

The current pulls him upwards at an angle. His back ends with the flow, following the stomach's curve as his tail reaches the duodenum. One last flail gives the scurrying rodent an inch towards freedom—but it's ripped away with the boom of the sphincter's next gulp.

He's flushed down the drain at incredible speed. Pressure hurls him to the squishy wall of the S-curve bend between stomach and intestines. Heaving for air, he whines as he's squirted with bile. The stench is so foul, his eyes tear up—and he's flushed away by a cruel slap of gruel.

The sloppy mess containing him scrunches through the passage, massaged by the smooth-surfaced walls. But once it all reaches the small intestine's start, the texture changes. A million little nubs litter the interior. Looking almost like the frills of a sea anemone, the strange noodles wipe across the rodent coasting the now-entered fluid's top. Once the flood calms, he finds the space to breathe. And it's worse than he ever would've imagined.

No longer does it smell like food. Or vomit, for that matter. Barick's mischievous antics—eating food not as fragrant as fruit—never could make a stench too ripe for Rif's nose. A mouse such as he is rarely bothered by stinky smells!

But this goes beyond smelly. It's *foul*. A miasma of bodily odors proclaim this place is only for the dead and digested. Pungent filth triggers his gag reflex; some sort of hideous, unholy spice turns the air to razors—making his nose prickle as it struggles to filter the air.

“How does the air smell worse *in here* than it does coming out!?” Rif groans, failing to keep his balance while the pipe sways back and forth. He's lower now, which means Rif's closer to Barick's hips—the parts of him that are constantly in motion and rarely still.

And unlike the scenes he'd occasionally see in those new “picture shows”, these innards are anything but calm, wet, and stationary. The real deal is chaos. Oily soup flings upwards, gushing between villi before raining from the ceiling. Rif hits the opposite wall in sync with Barick's pace. Constantly in tumble, his smaller size lets him swish back and forth—punched dizzy.

Rif continues to stir deep in the mammoth's tract as Barick meanders through their home. After starting the oven to prep, he busily works the kitchen: chopping up ingredients for his seafood jambalaya.

“Hear that, Rif?” His words are deep and soft, yet their sound carries far. “The rice is bubbling nicely. Might be a bit hard to tell. My guts are rumbling like a magi-engine!”

True to his words, the tunnel housing Rif is shaking furiously. Alien noises reach through the walls. Splats and slops of a filth-filled colon punch Rif with their hideous sounds, all while the rodent bends face-down in the winding, pulsing pipe. Flows of gas puff over his fur. It blows past like wind in rainwater—splattering the mouse with unmentionables, leaving him cooking in the hot air’s fallout.

The gurgling meat starts a food fight in Barick’s bowels: flinging soup stuck to the villi. Each puff of gas spits slop from earlier in the tract, dousing the mouse with fresher filth just-drained from the stomach.

“Hm?” Barick rubs his chin. “You’re not answering, honey.”

Rif climbs out the mess, breathing heavily—gagging before his mouth shuts and cheeks puff and go green.

“Must’ve fallen asleep.” The mammoth shrugs with a smile. “What a tired little man he is, heh. I’m glad he’s gettin’ some well-deserved rest!”

“Barick....” Rif huffs. But even if he could find the strength to speak up, the mammoth could never hear him. His innards are pumping, sloshy, sticky mess—constantly quaked by rumbles and eruptions. The shrunken rodent slumps into the ooze, carried along as the bowels work to turn the fluid to a creamy porridge.

Once lunch's bowl knocks the table, the gas really starts to hit. It's long, deafening, and rarely steady: its pitch changing with the most minor fluctuation of the mammoth's gut. A squeeze of his belly or the lift of a cheek can turn a rumble into a squeak.

As Barick's stomach bloats with rice, fish, garlic, and pepper—Rif is forced to withstand the aftermath. A stuffed gut prompts his body to make space. Namely, his gut decides to let out air. Bursts of gas belch from each end, crushing his innards with each pass. Poor Rif, he slinks along the messy tunnels, turning the corner to face small intestines's end. The mammoth munches his meal while Rif stares a new sphincter in the eye.

It's absolutely *squalid*. An unbearable reek wafts through it when it opens up. Its fleshy surface is barely visible with the amount of sloppy paste oozing down its smooth face. It swallows the soup greedily—and Rif turns queasy as he starts to flow inside.

Barick pats his belly, nearly finished with his meal, while Rif smacks into creamy slop. Oily, nightmarish slop jiggles about in the shit-streaked vertical shaft. With the huge amount of meals the mammoth's eaten, even his cecum isn't spared from being slathered in sticky, half-solid muck. Squishy mammoth shit sticks to the walls, mashing together as the passage suckles itself, moving with peristalsis. Fat chunks of lardy shit hang far above, suspended between walls via sticky ribbons of chocolate.

The smell is ungodly. The texture is horrible. But there's no way he can make his way back. There's no hope for him to break through the gluck hanging above. Rif just

has to wait. Be stirred. Processed. He's helpless as the mammoth's farts blast past, tossing him about like a ragdoll, sputtering ooze from the small intestinal sphincter.

The mouse cooks with the rest of Barick's shit. Feces becomes stickier. So much in fact, Rif can barely tear through it. Baked into a mammoth pat, the oozing mess slithers through his tract. Barick even uses the bathroom while Rif's still crawling along in the top horizontal stretch of his bowels. The critter's fate is cemented: to be one of the first to plop out—and to be utterly buried in the fibrous meal Barick ate specifically to clear his colon.

He falls down the vertical drop within Barick's body, colliding with the fudgy bed piling at his colon's last step. Buried by thick, heavy boulders, the mammoth's body gets to work to shape the gooey heap into something that could almost be called a log.

But it's greasy. Melty. All the fiber in the world couldn't fix the havoc his previous days' meals have unleashed. Rif is imprisoned in mud that can barely keep its shape. Paradoxically, it's inescapable: sticky. Like quicksand, he keeps sinking into it. And each time he does find a moment of reprieve, the mammoth would turn, stick out his hips, or even give his bottom a little shake—ruining all his progress and entombing him once more.

The feculent train slides into his rectum. Rif is preceded only by a small portion of the feast. His head pokes from his husband's crap, his head glazed with mucky syrup. Rif watches as the mass slithers down the shifting pipe—and suffers as his husband's ass clamps down in recognition.

“Gotta poop.” Barick simply says, putting down his book and marching towards the toilet. The creature within knocks his chin to the wall, the motion of the mammoth’s organs slapping him with the muscled wall again and again, wiping him with the creamy build-up.

“Alright, Rif-honey.” Barick’s words are a comforting brush to Rif’s ears and add flush to his embarrassed face. “Sorry for the noise. This is going to be a loud one.”

Rif feels the world pitch. The mammoth strips off his pants and sets his wide rear on the seat. Even with a toilet built for his size, Barick’s rear practically consumes it.

His settling down is followed by a sigh. A grunt. A squishy *schlop*. Hot mud births from his bottom, smacking the bowl a few moments after its crackling exit.

Rif sees what comes next: him. Freedom in sight, his wriggings anew. Trying to hasten the process, the mouse does little else but scrapes the wall with his teensy bit of fur and muscle. But it’s that little bit of stimuli, right on Barick’s prostate, that electrifies the mammoth. He grunts, bearing harder. The wall smashes Rif, making the critter yelp. Scraped-off, creamy goo slimes where the prostate is located. And it plucks the rodent up. Stuck to the sensitive wall, he’s held fast—squirming as Barick’s shifting mammoth pat scrapes by.

The mammoth’s heart beats faster; his prick surely hardens. Enjoying the naughtiness of it all, he lets loose: relaxing his guts in order to burble out a truly nasty fart that *almost* yanks Rif free. But still stuck, he’s dipped in sludge once again. The mammoth bears down, pushing out his waste as mammoth piss poisons the toilet bowl.

Rif finally is peeled away from the giant's prostate. Hitching a ride on the late stragglers of shit, a chill—from thrill and fear—ices his spine. A sloppy gurgle rolls from deep in his guts. And it reels Rif's heart into his throat. The tiny mouse is pushed into the mammoth's messy tailhole. After nearly being consumed in shit once more, he's finally pushed into the outside world.

The toilet bowl is dim: with zero light making it past Barick's thick rear. Th mouse yells up to his loved one, finally able to be heard.

"Bariiiiick!"

"...Rif?"

The mammoth's tailhole puckers. Predictably, that clips off his dangling shit. The mouse plunges into the bowl, rushing to not sink into its hellish depths.

"You owe me two more days!" He shouts, words echoing in the bowl.

His husband delights in the joke, but quick wit can't stop his curdling gut and growing arousal. "How did you... oh..."

Gas leaks from the donut above, spitting globs of brownish mass.

"Rif... this is kinda hot."

"It is kinda warm," he agrees, "but I thiiiiink you need to get me outta here! Before you..."

Pfffrbt! This time his gas is thicker. Stronger. Wetter.

“Rif... I don’t think I can hold it in....”

Rif expected a meteor. Instead, he receives a meteor shower. Fat potatoes of a shit puke from his tailhole. The mammoth’s tail quivers; his asshole burps. Pounds of waste are evacuated at once, burying the mouse beneath a squishy avalanche.

Held in the quaggy heart of it all, Rif fights for his lost freedom. He reaches what he thinks is the top, but soon finds the sky is brown and melty. A small pocket of shit, and nothing more.

He tears through that too, all with the sounds of his husband evacuating his bowels in the background. It isn’t until he sees Barick with a pair of salad tongs, ready to pull him free, does Rif finally relax.

He passes by great heaps of crumpled toilet paper on his ascent. Held a respectable distance away, Barick hovers the rodent over the tub.

“...You okay?”

“Well,” Rif begins, “Barickrally speaking, yeah. But I’m a little...”

“Small.”

“Yup.” Rif sees the mammoth turn the knob for hot water. “Alchemy. Again... I think.”

Barick flashes the mouse a crooked, caring smile. “Think you can reverse it?”

“Certainly!”

The mammoth's grin straightens. "Good! ...Reckon you can do it again?"