

Mid-transfer of data, you snap awake. Your suspended animation ends with startling abruptness. A rush of color bombards your eyes. Implacable sights combine with streaks of messy, melding shades—all twisting ‘til they combine into one, frightful sight.

It’s dark. Cool. Humid. There’s the briefest hint of aftershower petrichor in the air, as if a storm passed by earlier. But it’s hardly noticeable: drowned beneath an eye-watering wall of spicy pain.

Red curry. But not a blob or a smidge. *Mountains* of it. What to you seems to be gallons upon gallons of gloppy paste, interwoven with behemoth-sized grains of...

“Rice!?” Your chest rattles with the force of your scream. “But—they’re like boulders!”

And your throat grows tighter—tighter as your fear grows. Convulsing lungs squeeze up a retch as spiciness sears your throat. Your own throat chokes you, constricting tight as a vice as your squeezed, squinting eyes struggle to make out the distant and ginormous shapes looming above.

Black and blue, one is much closer than the other. Round. A head maybe? Details come into focus. You blink the tears from your eyes. And right as you begin to make heads or tails of whatever the hell this thing is—you see a new color: pink. It splits from the center of the round shape.

Everything becomes clear.

Wild, black fur sprawls. Miles of swirling, chaotic hair that wraps around a blue-scaled head like a cowl. The blackness covers their eyes. You’re not even sure if they *have* eyes! But you’re not too focused on that. Your eyes don’t settle on their long,

serpentine neck. Nor do you linger on the second head: out-of-focus and dressed with pink ribbons. No—you focus on what’s right ahead.

An open mouth leads directly to hell. A fat, wide tongue drools in anticipation. Rivers of wetness trickle over blunted fangs—thick and dulled, as if they're made to crush bone. The ugly, murky slime of dragon spit sloshes around its wallowing tongue. Spurting up near the sides, the excess saliva sloshes its way to the back of the Pokemon’s throat. There, it flows past the point of no return: a red arch of gullet muscle, slathered and shining with spit.

“It’s a Zweilous!” You bark in fear. You try to lift your limbs and swim away. But you just sink deeper, with only your head and belly exposed to the outside air. “I remember this! The two-headed dragon. Known for its hunger: insatiable appetite—oh—oh *no!*”

Normally, this single-minded Pokemon would fight *itself* over food. But from a quick glance to the left, you see the other head. Ribbons weaved in hair matching the messiness of her twin, you see her salivating over what appears to be a poffin-smoothie mix.

A trainer’s booming command bathes your blood in ice.

“Amaichi! Cálidos! ***Have at it!***”

Fangs tear through the dark, cloudy sky. His dark, grimy maw blacks out the sky. Flashing close in the blink of an eye, his eagerness for his meal is matched by his twin head’s lightning reflexes: putting her lips around her smoothie’s straw.

“*Aieeee!*” You scream, high-pitched and terrified. Your screech doesn’t reach Cálidos’s ears. And being blind, he doesn’t notice your puny blot of color in his meal. His teeth sink into the ground beside you. Missing you by inches, you’re close enough to see the scales on his cheeks stretch as he stuffs his craw. He chews messily, spice-ridden drool rolling from the corners of his lips—coating you in oily slime.

“Stop eating! Stop! *Please!*” You beg to deaf ears. The hair atop his head bounces as he lifts his face from the bowl. And where he once was, the earth is *gouged*. A crater devoid of rice and sauce sits like the remains of a meteor strike. Curry seeps through the subterraneous grains as if they’re bleeding. Goopy strands of spit linger as webby slime, slowly sinking to the pit’s’ root.

You nearly vomit from fear. Cálidos swallows, pounding your ears with pressure and deep-bass sound. The glutton looks down. His maw opens. Disgusting, slobbery remains of mashed rice and spice splatter his pink flesh. Dark spots mottle the roof of his mouth and back of his throat: skin blemishes like that in a dog.

His stinking maw reaches down for a second bite.

And you’re his target.

You try to flex your limbs from the goop claiming you. You twist your body. You thrash your head.. You shout and scream. But no matter what you do, you’re lodged in the runny mess of curry like a fly drowning in honey.

Chomp.

Gross squelches erupt with splatters of food, instantly vaporized into paste. You're splattered with the remains as you're thrust into a whirl of violently moving muscle.

You smash hard on his food-splattered tongue. A deluge of globbiness splatters along your back, constantly pouring forth from all angles as his working jaws smush it all into hot, gooey mud. It pours over your back as smelly slobber pounds your head into his slimy tongue.

— Misty Terrain —

As you lay wailing, washed in a tide of chewed mulch, you conjure up a burst of pink fog. You're praying that the Fairy-type move would have some effects on the dragon. But it simply wisps in his maw. It does nothing to save you from drowning in his drool. And he simply breathes it out in a confused puff.

"What in Arceus's name is in this stuff? Yuck, it tastes sweet!"

Gruel slathers as his cheeks compress. His tongue stirs, flailing like a worm in agony. Watery curry whips around his maw in a spiraling storm. Long slashes paint his gums, gluing rice kernels to the ceiling. Hot air blasts from his throat, blazing over you as he gags on the pinkish mist.

Each cough flips you like a flapjack. You're skidded across mulch as a thrown stone, collecting marshy matter until you bounce off his teeth. No longer chewing, his mountainous fangs grind along your body as air plows into you. Moisture from his throat gushes you. And you're left with hanging, gooey strands.

One last powerful cough throws everything unpleasant from his maw. The misty terrain dissipates, floating off into the night sky. And amidst the dying cloud, your tiny body flails. The ground blends into whirling color. Your paltry screams are silenced by rushing winds. And your gut drops as you make a descent to the ground.

You hit neither soil nor grass. You bounce on plastic, rolling across a clear lid. You catch far too late that you're heading towards a pit. From which, a gigantic straw spears into blue-scaled lips. You're on Amaichi's smoothie. And before you can yelp to the oblivious goddess, you roll right into her drink.

Vanishing into the hole, you collide with her straw. Then splash into gooey mixture. Sweet berry scent floods your senses. Delicious drink pours into your open maw, turning your panicked screams to gurgles. And with one sip from the dragon above, you blink beneath the surface. The final mark you leave in this world? A soft *bloop* of an air bubble popping in smoothie.

Suction's invisible grip drags you to the bottom. Her straw's opening burbles at the seabed. Waves of pressure hit your ears. Conjured up by her slurping, it's overwhelming. Body-shaking. You cry out a blubbering plea as you approach cup's bottom. The black hole of her straw faces you. You can sense its gravity. You *know* its dark depths. You can feel smoothie being torn apart as it's slurped up—dashed upon the walls and stretched like taffy.

You don't want to end up that way. But good news: you're too small to be torn apart by tidal forces. You're just that the lil' dot that is you slips up into her straw. She doesn't even notice you.

“Wha—!” Your surprised gasp squeezes out of you whilst you’re run over by an absolute tide of thick, creamy pink gunk. Crisp coldness sends your body into whiplash from the previous maw’s heat.

Buried in the mix, heavy smoothie courses above you. The muscle, surely a tongue, rhythmically fluctuates—bending in repetitive wave-like motions: swallowing. It kicks along the gunk. It spews towards the back of the throat. There, Amaichi’s shiny red gullet pulses as her greedy gulps bombard your body with their disgusting, sticky sounds.

—Linger—

The rattle of a straw sucking air, nearing the bottom of a bottle, blasts up the straw peeking past Amaichi’s closed lips. The unending flood of smoothie continues to spill into her maw, now broken up by pockets of trapped air. You’re still desperate for freedom. You *crave* air. You’re not even a sprinkle on her tongue amidst all the slurry. The Poffin sprinkles mixed in the beverage stand head and shoulders above you. In the heart of the gluck, you’re smacked with a passing air pocket whilst the dragon’s drink pours down her throat. Her wet gulps squelch grossly with your wet retches. Pink goo smears your lips and drools from your mouth.

—Linger—

The force of the liquid is too much to bear. Your battered body drags along the gooeyness of her tongue. Scrapping across the sugary remnants of some previous

meal caked on top of her taste buds, you rasp weak breaths as you're dragged towards her working throat.

Pulsating, clenching in awful ways, the organic wall constantly clenches and stretches with her rapid swallows. You hear the thick splashes of liquid splattering across her flesh. Spritzes of gas-laden liquid blurb out from deep within: byproducts of her soft, bassy burps. Her unhealthy gut works with what it has. It's not like she needs nutrition when her brother takes care of that for her. And now, your tiny body drags across the back of her tongue. Wide, fearful eyes point their pupils down into the abyss. Her gullet is caked in smoothie, the syrupy stuff still flowing down. And now, her body preps to throw you away. To shuttle you forward without a thought. To see firsthand how horrid her slobbish gut can get.

GLRK.

"Aaaah..." Amaich sighs, her mouth teeming with flavor. Cool liquid squeezes in her throat. She feels it slither on down, flowing in its bumpy ride towards her stomach. Slowly, the chill disappears: warmed by her internals. The sensation melts away. And she's left humming, reminiscing the flavor.

She sucks on the straw a few more times. Alas, only a few splashes of Poffin smoothie slop into her mouth.

"It's soooo nice of our trainer to mix this for me, hm?" Sheprattles to her other half, slightly smug. Cálidos reluctantly pulls from his nearly-finished meal.

"It's because you'd never shut up about it if he didn't, sis."

“Don’t be so presumptive!” She groans. “I’m just making sure we’re not all skin and bones.”

Cálidos scoffs. “Mm-hm.”

“We gotta evolve someday! Gotta store up some energy.” She chuckles. “Honestly, if I ate like you, I’d probably barf. All that... spiciness. Meat. Veggies.”

“Yeah, I get it,” Cálidos pipes up from within his bowl, curry squishing between his teeth, “eating healthy is poison to you. You’d probably barf.”

“Don’t be so gross.” Amaichi chews on her straw, gets bored, and laps up residual, spilled smoothie on its lid with her fat, slobbery tongue. “Besides, I can only imagine what your belly would be like if you took a sip of this! It’d be like a new-clear plant having a meltdown!”

“Nuclear.” Cálidos corrects with a snap. “Damn it, sis! We have two heads. Two brains! But you’re making it more like one-and-a-half.”

“Half a brain was enough for me to evolve! Eh, *little* brother?”

Cálidos snarls. “I can’t wait to evolve and turn you into a head-puppet.”

“Urp!” The ribbon-twined head burps. “Heh heh, we’ll *see!*”

Back. Front. Sides. Muscle of back-breaking strength bends your weak body. The swallowed stuff entombs you: slopping down muscle like yogurt pachinko. You reach a limb skyward, stuttering as slop oozes over your body. Your body is buried. Only a splotch of bare fur is visible. Your face is so covered, it’s like you’re smothered by a parka made of smoothie.

A reflexive clench heralds the arrival. Tons of pulpy, creamy, Poffin brew splash with violence. You're smothered in an instant, bubbling beneath the surface as you feel the ground beneath open up.

Muscle stretches with abhorrent, gooey sound. You tumble down the convulsing, dilating passage. You stop at random points, smashing into a filled well—followed by gushing fluids knocking the back of your skull. Soon, the throat opens up again. And you're flushed deeper.

Past a wall of bundled flesh, a sphincter on the other side bulges. Stretches. It's almost like it painfully balloons before its pinprick center yawns. Berry-pink barfs out above a sea of mushy cakes, cookies, and chocolates. Most of which are, notably, *not* Amaichi's to eat. A glutton through and through, it seems her trainer has resorted to buying confections from local Poke-Marts in a desperate bid to keep her fed.

"G-get this stuff off of me!"

You're bathing in a massive molten tub. In constant danger of being swept beneath a mire of melted chocolate and bread, you're always moving towards a blobby island of safety. But a flex from the wrinkly walls sloshes up the stew. A mind-boggling amount of slush effortlessly is thrown about. And your safety is gone. Pounded by warm mash, your world goes black as you're enveloped in a surge.

You slice through thickness, erupting to the surface with a splash. Your coat is slathered in dragon vomit. One big breath—and your arm twitches, gripped by the

desire to rip your nose off. By Arcues, this whole place reeks! *Despite* the pervasive smell of candy that weaves around some truly rancid vomit.

—Linger—

Pushed around within the stocky creature's tummy, you fear you're running out of energy. It's hard to swim. It's near impossible to not spend time floundering deep within her disgusting slop. Every time you break back into the hellish air, you're doused in revolting colors. Your coat is saggy and dripping. "Miserable" is written all over your face.

Farty-globby sounds burble from far below your feet, grotesque enough to give you genuine pause. It's deep enough to rattle your bones. And gross enough to make your stomach feel like a sack of nothing but bile.

"That could be me..." You wonder out loud. "Legends above, *please* don't let me become some nutrient slop for this slob to process! Ugh... it sounds so... *wet*. Thick! I'm gonna barf..."

A sudden lurch shakes up the turbid swamp. Screaming for your life, you're caught in a rinse cycle of filth. Curdled blobs of paste peel off the walls, slapping the soup around you as you're buried in the flood.

"Mm-mm-mmm..." Amaichi buzzes her throat all sing-song like. "I love it when my belly makes those lil' weird slopping sounds..."

"You're disgusting." Cálidos flatly states.

"It's true! It's cute."

“You tell yourself that.”

...You burst up to the surface once more. Breathing haggard, eyes wide, you cry out in frustration.

“I can’t stand this anymore! I have to get out...”

“I know I can’t force my way in there... maybe there’s another way? Is it possible to **Teleport** out of here!?”

—Linger (DIGESTION)—

Vibrations build. Ichor stirs. The sea sloshes as your body shakes. Rumbles brew beneath the depths. It comes from deep, deep below.

“Stop pushing me around!” You yell as the waves throw you around.

“I gotta get out of here!”

But all you grab is air. All you can reach is vomit.

Fat glops burst from below like in a bubbling stew. Heat serves as the catalyst—blasting gruel, letting it dash upon the waters. Fatty rain pours over your exposed body. And once it stops, you can’t help but let your mouth drop in whimpering fear. You’re helpless to stop the scream ripping from your throat.

Outside, Amaichi is ignorant of your plight. Her belly is making funny noises. But it’s *always* making funny noises. And when her trainer lounges away in his hammock, she takes the time to walk off her meal.

Greedy, she is. But not lazy. Both her and Cálidos enjoy a good stroll. And for the same reason too: there's always food to find.

The dragon's stomping pace swings their stomach. Every push of a limb nudges their gut. Left leg goes in, stomach pushes right. Left retreats; right enters. And the Dark-type's paunch is pushed with ease.

Though their gut moves with gentle, swinging motions, you see it from a whole 'nother perspective. Every crash of their foot bears anticipation from the world's next rocking. When her belly moves, everything lurches. Incomprehensible destruction washes throughout her gut. Vomit twists like stirred batter, sweeping you up while you uselessly reach for the heavens. Inside the whirlpool, your view of the outside is snuffed with a blanket of milky puke. It smashes, blacking out all light as you're shoved *deep* into the core of her guts.

"I'm drowning." You realize. Current of gruel flow past you as her stomach churns. You're seized every which way, pulled in random directions like the kernel of waste you are.

"And I can't do anything about it!" You cry behind your shut eyes, feeling bits of yourself strip away.

Amaichi snacks on a toadstool. Then, a few flowers. A bite of bark. A few apples. A drink of river water.

You see none of this. The passing breaths of air you get are treasured. You're always at the cusp of oxygen deprivation. But it's never enough to render you unconscious. You're there for the full thing. You live through every stage of your digestion.

You feel yourself itch. Then, your skin begins to tear away. Her cruel stomach pins you against the bark she swallowed, grinding you up against it as your body is shredded. Losing more and more of your form, you bubble out your last breaths: a plea for help. For it all to stop.

A helpless cry that's never heard.

...Before Amaichi's belly *clenches*. And you're crushed between mushy, half-digested apple cores.