

What's for breakfast?

Eggs! All nine essential amino acids in one scrumptious package. Scrambled. Lightly-salted.

Toast! Ah, that delicious smell is wafting through the air. Mouthwatering, truly. Zevulum has to pull back his draconic claws. He almost snatched them up before he even finished setting up his plate!

Tomatoes! Vegetable? Fruit? Why, when you're in a pinch, it can be both!

Bacon! From those feral hogs, of course.

Sausage! From those same hogs! No intelligent creatures were harmed in the making of this meal.

Except for one.

Half his body beneath the cap of a store-bought protein smoothie: a mouse. One that Zevulum the dragon didn't know is awake. After all, his boyfriend usually sleeps in late after his long shifts at the hospital. The joys of being a nurse.

"Just a taste."

Hushed words wisp through the gaps of Rich's buck teeth.

He wiggles his body just a hair deeper. The stout bottle is filled with a fruity purple mixture. Peppered with itty-bitty shavings of berry seed, the liquid doesn't reach all the way to the cap. Zevulum took a swig of it last night. Now, the surface of the drink is just out of Rich's reach.

So, he stretches out his arms. Leans in. The cap above presses on his back. His fur scrapes by as he sinks further.

Until he pushes himself a nudge too far.

The dragon hums a bouncy melody, foot tapping to the beat. Earbuds in, he pumps himself up for the long day of janitorial work ahead.

His finished plate clatters onto the wooden dining table. Fork and knife in his pale, pearlescent scaly hands, he sets them down with a *clink*. They sit nice on the porcelain. And Zevulum reaches for his daily treat: a plastic bottle of *Berry Blast: Protein Smoothie*.

And inside that drink, lilac eyes are bounding about. Swamped in thick goop, Rich gasps in the hazy light.

“Zev? Zev!” He screeches as the lights go out.

Strong, slender fingers snake around the plastic. The liquid becomes black in the shadow.

“Hm.” Zev raises a brow, face etched with a cute, curious frown. “Cap’s loose.”

And with a prompt twist, he twists the cap tight. Lifting it up, he hefts it towards the table. The fluid shakes. Spreading up the walls with each toss and turn, bits of pulp cling to the walls as the mouse is painted purple.

“Man, you gotta hear me! Don’t keep playing with me! I—it isn’t funny!”

Cheery as ever, pop music blasting in his ears, Zevulum smacks his drink on the table with a nice ‘n hardy *clunk*. The mouse screams as his heart drops. Weightlessness sets in. The booming impact sends the smoothie bursting from below. It swallows him up in seconds. Inertia drags him to the drink’s bottom, all while the thick liquid bloops about in the tight plastic space.

Berry gushes into his throat and spews out as the mouse sputters. Hacking and wheezing the instant he breaks the surface, Rich slams his palms upon the nearly opaque wall. He finds balance, cementing himself just enough to avoid being stirred in the settling waters.

“H... help....” A hardly-recognizable rasp scrapes from his throat. Sweet liquid trickles from the corners of his mouth.

“Zev...”

Barely discernible through the cloudy walls, he sees the dragon’s hands gripped around his giant cutlery. The fork slices as a guillotine, chopping off egg, only for it to lift away. Smacking chewing hits the air. Every pop of Zev’s lips squeezes Rich’s chest more. And more. Until his breathing is sharp and shallow. Until Rich’s fingertips tremble and his nails click against the wall.

“Stay calm,” he tries and fails to still his fear. “Zevvy loves you. He’d never hurt you.”

Rich suffers through the agonizing wait. The dragon swallows it all up, sucking the fork of its salt. Then, bacon cracks with a guillotine knife-slice. Rich doesn’t see him bring it to his maw. But he hears how his fangs crunch it to tasty lil’ bits.

Repeated munches spike his anxiety. He’s breathing twice a second. Eyes wide, he bounces his gaze throughout the murky container.

“There’s way too much salt in that stuff.” Braced against the wall, Rich reaches for the cap. He can’t even touch the plastic, much less force it open.

“Fuck, *fuck!* He’s gonna take a drink! Think, Rich! Ah—*ah!*”

The mouse springs forward, pasting to the wall. He rubs and rubs at the film coating the surface. He vies to clear it, to let himself be seen. But he's too soaked to make a difference. He just spreads it around. And the plastic shell is too cloudy anyhow. Not to mention the papery banner wrapped around the drink.

The world goes dark once again. Tight, rubbery sounds of fingers rubbing, tightening and *squeezing* erupt around him. Zevulum grips the bottle. The bottle top grinds as Zev twists it off.

Now, he's bringing it to his face.

The smoothie pitches forward. The resulting wave catches him from behind. He crashes into the wall, groaning as the unstoppable rush of liquid buries him in moments. The bottle tilts. The cap comes off. And Rich is entombed in juice—unable to scream.

The mouse sees nothing in the thick mixture. But he hears his boyfriend's breath bellow louder. It increases in definition: the chilling clarity of his moist breath spraying the bottle. Fatter drops of moisture ride the air and plink the plastic. It all very much reminds Rich of rain on a windshield.

The turbulent gook kicked the mouse around like a ragdoll, choking on sickeningly-sweet that violates his tongue. Liquids push and pull 'til he's spat out to the surface. He claws blindly, searching for anything to anchor himself before he hastily wipes his eyes.

Chilled liquid runs down his brow. He squints through the flow, peering to the darkness beyond.

Terror stretches his eyes wide. Rich doesn't see his boyfriend's slime, handsome face. He sees his lips: pursed slightly. Opening. The sticky flesh clings together as the

dragon opens his mouth once again. The pattering of his breath earlier? It was just a little sigh. This time, he's opening up and sucking the bottle dry.

His tongue flattens out. To Rich, the muscle is a surreal nightmare: a bed made of hamburger patty, smattered with trash. Crunchy bacon bits litter the slime running over its surface. Leftover egg yolk has blended with his spit, crafting it to be remarkably sticky.

Rich seizes his chance to be heard. His *last* chance. His chest tightens as the energy boils within. Stomach pumping in anxiety, Rich forces his whole body to clench—so that built-up energy will unleash as a scream.

But he's spent the last few moments drowning. His throat is webbed up with goo. The mouse's lungs feel raw. When he tries to wail, his throat merely bubbles. Frothed-up drool spits from his lips. His words die as a throaty burble. And its corpse slumps out his mouth.

*Ohhh no. His inner voice panics. No. No! Holy shit, please **no!**"*

With a simple tilt of the wrist, Zev dumps the drink into its rightful place.

Inside, barely-visible light glows within the horrorscape. Thin beams of light shine from the corner of his lips, not quite sealed around the bottle. Their diffused bloom dies to the darkness, only aided by the scraps of murky luster that shine through the bottle.

Here, the flood surges. Rich trapped in the center, he squeaks out a croaking cry whilst he splashes to the tongue's surface. What feels to be gallons of liquid slop behind, bouncing off Zev's fangs as their deep watery burble booms throughout the horrid place. The mouse barely has time to take breath before the squishy slab beneath him moves. And that breath is *rancid*.

Violated by untold pungency of meat, morning breath, and cloying scent abounding—Rich's Adam's Apple bobs. He's seized by pre-vomit *glucks* of a choking throat. And in the midst of it all, he's swept away. The tongue folds its middle down. Its back rises from the storm. Rich's puny body folds with the contortions. His chin rides the rising slope, his boyfriend's slobber pouring down his chubby face.

Purple liquid sloshes from cheek to cheek. And with more pouring in—it's time.

The tongue kicks back, reversing what parts have been bent up or down. Rich sputters, weeping with pain when fat kicks him in the stomach. He retches and wheezes, eyes drowning in tears before he's smashed by waves. Rich has much agency as a stick in a flood; he's given no choice but to flow: to approach that horrible hole. An arch of shiny pink is hugged by squishy, fatty tonsils. A teardrop of slobbered-up fat shakes as it's splattered with smoothie. The goo rushes in to slam into the back of his throat, pasting on the wall and drooling down the rippling walls.

Zev is clueless that he swallows his love like a pill. His music drowns out the tiny, gurgling screams.

He simply enjoys the challenge of slamming the drink down all in one go. His bobbing throat works overtime, piping the fluid down its messy walls. Rich doesn't even leave a bulge. But from his vantage, things aren't so peaceful.

It's a mess of drowning and half-second freedoms. He's fighting for his life. He claws at the walls, failing to grip the slippery flesh. He tumbles from position to position, swapping his orientation from head-first, to his feet facing the ground, back to reaching for the heavens. And with every swallow, the mouse is crunched into a broken ball.

Smoothie spurts around him as his bones *break*. His body begs for mercy; his mouth babbles out a plea. The first swallow knocks his limbs to his ribs as he's crushed into a ball. Fractures form, but adrenaline keeps him moving. Reaching up now, he's quickly splattered with the next gulp of smoothie—and his outstretched arm snaps from the embrace of uncaring muscle.

“Ahhh...” Zev's voice thunders as he breathes.

The crumpled mess of boyfriend within him moans in pain, voice bubbling in Zev's drink. The bolus of goo builds at the entrance of the dragon's stomach. Eventually, the weight is too much. The sphincter opens. Hideous amounts of goo splurt into the fetid, baking air.

Rich gushes forth like a stomped spider that was flushed down the drain, and now is entering the sewers. The twisted mass of limbs plops into the marshy expanse of meat, snot, and sugary drink. The mouse can barely focus on the twisting, squelching walls. Eyes blurry with pain, he does see how their slimy surface smashes together. Creases grind against their neighboring wrinkles, trading mucus and half-digested foods. Excess slop pelts the ground in fat droplets and slowly-trickling rivulets.

“He ate me...” Rich rasps in disbelief, smoothie still vomiting from the sphincter, burying him with speed.

“Honey...” He cries. “I'm such an idiot. Zev, please... hear me.”

A monumental sound burbles from below. Gas-filled intestines whine with hunger. An exchange of filth takes place, swapping fetid intestinal air with swallowed sludge. The putrid stench of bile and rot swallows the stomach with its putrid agony.

“I don't want to die like this!”

The mouse hears the click of a fork hitting teeth.

“No! Zev!”

And the dragon’s chews are messy and stuffed with base. His body amplifies the sound. Constant smashing leads to his meal being thoroughly chewed. Once ready, it’s gulped with gusto. His esophagus stretches with the traveling lump. The sound is carried via conduction: traveling through his muscles and bones. So, Rich hears it all—even through the cacophony of stomach growls and squelching food.

Wet, rubbery sounds grow louder; closer. The sphincter above yawns, almost painfully wide, as sticky gunk oozes from the hole. Mulched sausage splatters down. It’s soon chased with a drink of water and another bite.

Next comes the tomato. Rich can barely stay awake. Acids are eating his wounds. They’re flushing around in the crevices torn open in his body. Flesh hisses as he screams in pain, voice too weak to penetrate the thick, rubbery walls. Hell, the mouse himself can hardly manage to rise above the sloshing, squelching storm of churning mush.

Fur strips off in bloody clumps. Rich’s eyes go gray and blind. But he still hears his boyfriend mop up his meal with buttered toast. It crunches sharply. Soon, the crisp sound morphs into a squishy sludge. Shortly thereafter, it’s shuttled away. It creeps closer with its terrible, sticky sounds. His bubbling stomach welcomes it as it plops in to join the hideous mess of meals.

Wordlessly, Zev picks up his plate. The inertia of him standing throws his stomach to chaos. Rich is battered by burning slop. Weakly hissing out unintelligible final words, the mouse’s near-corpse sloshes from one end of the stomach to the

other—all while his love stacks his dirty dish by the sink. Then, he heads to the bathroom to brush his teeth.

While fangs are scrubbed, acids tear Rich to shreds. His limbs detach, separating from his core. Bloody scraps of fingers and toes are twisted off, embedding in fatty chunks of hardier mush.

When he arrives at work, nothing but fur and bones remains. And as Zev takes out his bucket and mop to clean yet another office coffee disaster—his intestines gulp the mouse’s scattered bones with slimy, farty slurping sounds.

The very dead mouse then realizes what happens after one meets their maker.

Because in this world, there is no creator. Life just *is*. It’s energy. And that energy is recycled into new life. Burial is important—for as long as the bones remain untouched by earth, the spirit will not pass on.

So, Rich is very much aware as his boyfriend’s intestines slurp him down. His sockets glow in an ultraviolet color: in a range not seen by anthro eyes. But for all intents and purposes—it’s a shade of indigo, like a black light.

“I’m... alive?” his voice whispers on the ethereal plane. “But... what’s that sound...?”

The light glows twofold.

“Oh fuck,” his voice whispers on the ethereal plane, “that’s... no! Fuck, not like this! Please, Zev! Don’t make me do this!”

Mop meets the floor.

Rich’s skull sucks through the duodenum, Flushing through bending pipes, he’s spat out into a cramped tunnel dotted with thousands of wriggly *things*. Slathered in

disgusting matter, they gladly finger through it all. The flooded space is a putrid mix between yellow, brown, and green. Oily splashes of color swirl throughout it all. Clumps of food not yet digested float like soggy cereal in spoiled milk.

It's a long, excruciating wait. Rich can't move himself no matter how hard he tries. He's forced to tumble with the splashing slurry. Each of the dragon's steps adds chaos to his internals. The mouse's skull is almost fully hidden by the goop, his eyes lighting the way—casting dark shadows on the numerous, wriggling villi.

Even with the absence of blood, Rich finds himself cold with fear. Ahead, he sees a ghastly sight: a sphincter. Covered in slop, it lazily opens. It sucks in the porridge-like ooze with bubbling guzzling gulps. The mouse's light is too weak to show what's beyond the darkness of the opening. But he can *smell* what laies inside.

It's a stench like no other. An odor so powerful, it wracks his missing body with phantom pain. Shit. His *boyfriend's* nasty, rotten waste.

"This is it..." The cracked skull's glow shutters to a jittery, enfeebled light. Rich knows where he's heading. He knows his boyfriend's ass well.

Zevulum doesn't feel Rich enter. It'd be impossible to feel such a small thing. He inspects a broken toilet as the mouse gushes screaming into his bowels. The bones mix with his sticky, yolky shit—not processed enough to hold solid shape. The goo stretches high, connecting to the more solid chunks that hang from above: gripped by shit-smearred walls.

He's handled like all the rest. Rich is smashed into the rind of a log, still drippy and wet as it crawls through the vertical colon. Once it oozes into the horizontal stretch at the large intestine's top, the mouse hears his boyfriend enjoy lunch: the sandwich

Rich made for him. The mouse weeps as he hears the dragon chuckle at the dinky love note that was slipped inside the bag.

After splatting at the bottom of a shaft, Rich is moved to the final step. He notes his boyfriend's gas gets a bit worse: more frequent. Small wisps squeak out, boiling Rich's mind with their cursed afterpresence.

With a gooey *schluck* of widening, dilating muscle—Rich meets the end of the road.

The dragon finally takes notice. He puts a bow on his current task of refilling the soap dispensers. He swings open a stall, walking in and admiring the just-cleaned toilet.

He shucks off his belt. His pants come down, baring that ass Rich always loved to see. Soon, the supple flesh meets the white seat. The pearly-scaled dragon takes out his phone, swiping through webpages as his ass trumpets a deep, brown note.

Light enters the rectum. The mess-streaked walls gleam with their awful shininess before the light is stolen away. His first log plugs the exit. Its squishiness is momentarily gummed by his tailhole before it crinkles its way out. The mouse feels himself sink lower, the top of his skull scraping along the mucousy sides. Then, the first of his fat shits is sucked away, splashing into the bowl.

Rich's ride is next. Light refills the chamber. The mouse sees it black away once more. But this time, as he rides along the wall, his chin buried in stool—there's more than mucus. Fat smudges of cast-away shit cling to the walls. He's dragged through them, internally screaming as he's smeared through creamy, muddy scum.

Plastered in filth, the mouse feels the touch of his boyfriend's tailhole. The soft muscle is anything but how he remembers it. It's revolting, caked in gooey filth as an

unwiped ass. His boyfriend's caring touch is gone. To him, this is just a shit. There isn't a gentle fiber in the greasy muscle's being as it wedges him into the sludge—and vomits him out into the bowl.

Barely able to see from the dung slathering his skull, Rich spies the dragon's rear, rimmed in light from gaps in the seat. A few more nuggets of crap belch free with a spray of moistened, foul air. Then, after a few more moments of him playing on his phone, asshole winking above his nest of droppings, Zev reaches for the paper.

His fingers plug his tailhole as he scrapes the gunk away. It's tossed into the bowl as he grabs another, soon sending it to the same fate. Once all is said and done, the dragon lifts away. His face peers into the bowl.

Zevulum doesn't notice the itsy-bitsy bones within. Why would he? They're as brown as the rest of his shit.

His claws tap on the handle.

And he rids his waste from the world in a swirl of water.