

Blue eyes open to a black sky.

Sharp breath.

Racing heart.

Jacqueline sucks in the chill of the night.

Her slender hand rushes to her chest. Cold fingertips rest on warm skin.

“My clothes!” She panics. “Where—”

Fear chops her sentence short. From the sky to the treetops, her gaze drifts.

Then, drops. But the towering trees don’t end. Her eyes slip from leaves to trunk, to bushes so tall they’re forests in their own right.

By the time her gaze hits the ground, the poor woman is a statue with frozen blood. Clumps of dirt are big as boulders; catastrophic fissures crack the earth. The very ground she sits upon looks upended by some terrible disaster. But the truth is much worse.

The ground is normal. The trees, the bushes, and the entire forest—all normal.

But Jacqueline? She’s as tall as a pill.

A couple pieces of candy.

A paperclip.

“Oh sweet Arceus...” She scrambles to her feet, barely able to breathe. Her palms press into the moist ground. And its intense, earthy smell presses into her lungs.

“Calm down...” She stammers. But her advice is limp and weak. “*Don’t* panic! Just think: how’d you get here? Where were you?”

She waits patiently for an answer. But nothing comes to mind. She stares blankly out over the alien terrain. Chattering insects trill and sing. The cicadas most of all. It's a trembling, hissing choir—like an orchestra of violins scratching at their highest string.

But at last, an answer does come to her. And it's one she does not like.

“Damn it! Why can't I remember!?” Jacqueline stares out over the infinite expanse of rock cap moss lining the dirt and stone.

“This isn't right at all! I *know* I was bigger. And... I don't belong here either! There were... buildings. Tall. Gray—or silver. Whatever! Nim... Nim *something*...”

A silence drapes over her. Jacqueline's voice lowers.

“And there was this wheel. A... fair-wrist wheel? Urgh, *words!* They're already drifting away...”

But as Jacqueline delves deeper into her head, the sky rumbles. The forest trembles. Thunder booms: a warning of the approaching storm.

I have to get going! She thinks. *Or I'm gonna get washed away!*

Her eyes darting about as she looks for shelter, she spots a glow. Distant. Hardly-visible through the dense foliage, a red glow flickers as a burning torch.

The spongy ground squishes beneath her feet as she takes her tentative first step. She sinks slightly into the earth, but no more. Courage growing, Jacqueline speeds up. From walk to trot to jog, she finds her footing. Clambering over pebbles and vaulting over leaves, Jacqueline mantes rubbish on her quest towards the warm light.

Whatever the hell it's coming from, it's gotta be tall as a lighthouse. She doesn't waste breath vocalizing her thoughts. But the fact is still on the mind. Running in the shadow of a massive mossy rock, she follows the path naturally cut into the dirt.

Brushing past shoots of grass, the vegetation grows thicker. She wanders off into the overgrowth. Round stems of flowers and weeds bump into her body. Naked, just their touch makes her feel vulnerable. Soon, she's scratched by blades of grass—growing itchy from their microscopic cuts.

Peering through the shade the plants' tops make, it's confirmed. She's right on track. And the "lighthouse" is on full display.

A massive stone pillar shoots from the ground as a monolith. A boxy lantern props atop an enormous obelisk. A flame burns brightly from within. Light casts off onto the ground. And there—a monster resides.

Snow-white fur dazzles Jacqueline with its ephemeral beauty. Momentary her shock is, but it's all-consuming. She halts. She stares. She looks up to see the beast's towering splendor.

It's almost a fox. Stouter. Smaller than many of the other fox Pokemon, like Ninetales and Thievul. Its slender frame is sandwiched between two big balls of fluff: a cotton-puff tail and a "scarf" of downy white. The tips of both dip to blood-red, wavering in the air like a ribbon in water.

"Odd to see such a design so far from a temple."

Jacqueline jolts with a gasp. *That Pokemon! It's talking!*

The fox trots around the lantern. "Truly a fascinating discovery!" The Pokemon's voice, masculine and smooth as cream, rings throughout the wood. Rich and refined, it's the voice of an aristocrat. Or a professor.

“Perhaps the very ground I stand on was once the site of a temple! Ah, the possibilities! Who did the humans revere? Celebi, and their blessing of future fortune? Or an ol’ traditional, perhaps? Dialga, Palkia...”

Jacqueline sees the fox’s eyes break from the lantern at last. His golden eyes scan his surroundings, looking for more discoveries yet unearthed. But as he drifts past Jacqueline, their eyes lock. She stares directly at him: his pale, vulpine face unmoving. Wind blows through the whiter frizz around his cheek and chin; stuff that could almost be mistaken for a beard.

“I sense a speck of life...” He muses. Jacqueline stiffens. Her stomach flip-flops.

“This deserves further inspection.”

One step. Two steps. The giant’s steady approach stuffs Jacqueline with dread. Yet, she’s still—frozen. The brewing storm stirs. The ground shakes with heavy thunder. The first raindrops begin to fall.

The striding giant closes the distance quickly. His great paws pound the now rain-bombarded earth. The rustling trees sway; wind becomes gales. Jacqueline’s dyed hair whips across her face as the fox’s golden eyes finally meet her own.

“Ah!” He pipes up in curiosity. “There you are. Now, little spirit, don’t be alarmed!”

But Jacqueline can’t help but not. She stares down a beast one-hundred times her size. And that vague memory flashes back in her mind. That giant wheel—the *ferris* wheel—it’s as big as that fox. It’s detached from its railing and is tumbling towards her, destroying the earth—ripping soil and flinging dust.

That is this: a Pokemon so large it's become a force of nature. Something that, no matter its intentions—no matter how friendly it is—still rips apart her world.

Destroying so much without a thought, all it would take is one wrong step...

Jacqueline books it.

"Wait!" He cries out while storm winds whistle. She sprints into the shelter of the leaves. Line-of-sight broken, she takes off in a random direction. Intending to confuse the Pokemon, she succeeds. Bursting into a patch free of plant growth, the woman gasps for air. She sprints for dear life.

But without foliage, she has no shelter. And without shelter, there's no protection from the storm. Jacqueline has all the wind resistance of a bug. Yet, she still finds her feet fail to hit the ground. Picked up by the breeze, she screams. Stolen, by the storm.

Her ride is short lived. Arms flailing, she finds ground once more. Crashing into moist soil, Jacqueline cakes in wet earth. Prone, she groans. Water bursts around her; raindrops cascade until they're a curtain. Until the warm ground melts. Liquid flows. And watery runoff tickles her sensitive, mud-splattered skin.

"Little spirit! Where are you?" His voice is pleading, concerned. "My name is Wisp: a Zorua. Your life-energy—it's new to this realm. A reincarnation, surely! Just like me!"

Reincarnation? Jacqueline's mind wanders for just a moment. But her dire situation demands attention. Rapids are forming. The river's getting deeper. Her arms can't reach the bottom as she's washed away, belly-down and with eyes pointed towards the Zorua's voice.

Fear of death renews within her. She screams to the behemoth. "Here!"

With bated breath, she watches the foliage. She imagines him bursting through the leaves like a wrecking ball. But he never comes. The sounds of the rain has swallowed her voice.

“Little spirit!” His distant voice bellows. “Beware the spirit-eater! He’s capricious! Vindictive! Follow his rule or be his gruel!”

As the last of Wisp’s words echo, Jacqueline thrashes in the flood. She’s pulled down a hill; multiple streams merge into one. A cliff approaches.

And the human drips away. Captured in a droplet of water, she sees the world bend from within its glossy surface. Her heart steadily rises in her throat whilst she falls. And it slams into her stomach *hard* once she crashes down.

She’s thrust beneath the surface of near intolerably hot water. Bubbles stream from her open mouth. Yelping into the hot ocean, she flails for the surface. Reaching up, she finds it. And with a gasp, she emerges into the storm once more.

Raindrops pelt the surface of the pond with frightening ferocity. A cacophony of splattering and splashing erupts from the steaming sea. The bursting droplets send ripples across the chaotic surface, immediately clashing with other drop’s shockwaves. Caught in this turmoil: Jacqueline. Disturbed water rushes over her face. Her hands claw to the surface, bringing her back to air—only for the storm to pound her back beneath the waves.

Her shoulders burn with lactic acid. Exhaustion slowly sinks in.

“Help!” She blubbers out, rainfall rushing to fill her mouth. She gargles at the end of her words, spitting it out, swimming blindly.

“Wisp!” But no one hears her. And the storm feels no sympathy.

But just as hope feels all but lost, her flailing arms catch something. Her knuckles bump into a hard surface. Smooth, but with a slight-grain. Large. And hollow.

A massive container bobs in the waters. And behind it, barely visible and atop a cliff of stone, is a pair much like this one. Jacqueline deduces the wooden box was nudged into the pool by the storm. And fortunately, the round thing is buoyant.

Teeth gritted, eyeliner smeared into a watery mess, Jacqueline reaches for salvation. She grips onto the imperfections in its surface. Using it like a rock climbing wall, she hoists herself out of the water. And she climbs.

Aching arms rest at last once she's reached the top. Fierce winds blowing back her dark hair, she wedges her hands in a gap in the wood. And she slams it hard. She puts every gram in her featherweight body into it. It takes a few tries, but the lid, heavy as a stone slab, finally moves. She squeezes herself into the teensy space.

And the woman plummets into darkness, lands on plushness. Yet, only after a few moments, the blackness gives way to color. Muted, sure. But not more than a speck of light should exist. Yet, she sees as if it's an open field at dusk.

"Great..." She grumbles, every bit of energy in her body expended. "Fucking weird. But alright..."

A miniscule amount of water leaks into the box, soaking the lawn of bunched-up cloth Jacqueline lies atop. But it's not enough to worry about. Beyond that, wooden cups are lined neatly in the box. Shallow to the point of being almost like bowls, they guard an opaque stout bottle made of fire-baked clay. The whole place smells vaguely of alcohol.

Jacqueline's eyes grow heavy.

Jacqueline doesn't just sleep. She slumbers.

Her body's been through hell and back. Sore as fuck too. And in the darkness of her little refuge, morning feels like night. When the scraps of sunlight leak through the hole she previously squeezed through, she ignores it. She sleeps in. And once she's up, she explores.

Not outside the box, mind. She's far too tired for that. Jacqueline finds the cups are empty, the bottle is sake, and that she never grows hungry nor thirsty. Whatever calories her bigger body had are still metabolizing in her smaller one, maybe? Sounds just crazy enough to be true.

There's one standout detail.

On those cups, there is an engraving.

悠真

Property of Yuuma.

Next thing she knows, it's evening.

And her nap interrupts from powerful stomping.

Pumpf. Pumpf. Pumpf. Heavy feet slap on stone.

"Wisp...?" Jacqueline's bleary mind assumes. "No... too heavy. What the—"

Splash! Those same heavy feet dip into the pool. And as their great body slides into the water, the creature's voice echoes in her box.

"Ahhhh..." A silvery voice winds through the air.

He hums. Once finished, he breathes out all the anxieties of the day in one long puff out his nose.

“Oh?” He piques the air with a question. “What’s this doing here?”

The drum of his fingers creates a resonant thump. They grip the box. Once it’s lifted away, Jacqueline knee’s buckle. Balance lost, she hits the ground. No care is spared for its hidden inhabitant. She’s sent rolling as the package surely lifts to his face, only stopping once she smacks into the wall.

A bestial growl bubbles in his thick throat.

“Curse that storm...”

Krrrk. Wood slides against wood.

Evening’s gloom comes with a bloom of orange light. And dominating the burning sky, is a face. A badger’s: snouted, triangular, and with dreamy eyes that are half-shut and brushed with violet eyeshadow. His fuzzy, cream-colored face is encircled by wavy patterns of purple fur.

Truck-sized red pupils scan his box’s contents. And under his glare, Jacqueline doesn’t escape notice for long.

“My. You’re a strange bug, aren’t you?”

Shit. Shit. Shit. Jacqueline’s mind goes into overdrive. She scrambles for an excuse.

“Hey, wait! *Wait!* I’m not a bug! I’m human!”

He puffs a shot of ashy air from his nostrils.

“I did say you were a *strange* bug, no? A human would be a rather strange bug.”

“Yup. A-greed.”

“Good. Now, what are you doing in my masu?”

Jacqueline looks down, to the sides, and back up. “Oh? This thing! Yeah, um. I took a dip in your pool and I needed a place to rest.”

“Urgh.” The giant’s small paw presses on his forehead and wipes the fur down. “Tell me you washed yourself first?”

“Oh... I thought pools were for cleaning?” She breaks into an awkward smile.

“Pools are. Onsen aren’t.” His droopy rabbit-like ears twinge in annoyance. “How bad were you?”

Jacqueline decides lying would be a bad idea. This guy looks mystical enough to be a mind-reader. “I was muddy as all hell.”

“Splendid.” He groans. “Granted, you’re little more than a speck. So your carelessness has very little effect.” He emphasizes with a pinching of his fingers.

“Wait...” The memory of the cup’s engraving flashes back to her mind. “You’re Yuuma. Like... ‘yum-a!’”

“Long -u.”

“It’s because you’ve got a long body, right? You long. So youuu—”

“Straighten up. If you keep up your coarse behavior, I *will* be saying “yum”—once you’re in my belly.”

“Haha...” She laughs. “You’re not serious, right?”

“Not at all. After all, there isn’t an idiot in Hisui who would dare insult me even if they were triple my height. I can’t imagine you’d be so foolish to force me to take such drastic action, hm?”

“No sir! I’m—*hic!*” She cuts off with a hiccup.

Yuuma's eyes narrow.

"You're drunk."

"No—I—"

Colossal pillars reach into the masu box: Yuuma's fingers. They clutch the shallow wooden bowl-cup. Jacqueline staggers out the way. It lifts to the skies. And there they fly—to Yuuma's lips.

"I see liquid in here. I can smell the sake. Let's take a taste test, shall we. See if you're a thief as well."

Jacqueline shouts. "No, no! That's the one I used as my bath—"

Yuuma's eyes and cheeks cartoonishly bulge.

The contents of the cup violently erupt in a geyser of spit.

"You washed yourself in this!?"

If Jacqueline felt like an ant before, well... now she's microscopic.

"No. Um. Ahh..."

Her words hang in the air like an unpleasant odor. The longer the silence lingers, the more disgust wrinkles the Typhlosin's face. What previously was a relaxed, yet smug, expression is now that of abject horror. The deep gloom of realization sinks into the woman.

This bastard's a neatnik!

She swallows deep as his disgust shifts to pure loathing.

Fuck! Now I've done it...

Lips twist in a snarl. Sharp fangs showing, he lifts a paw once more and thrusts it into the box. Jacqueline squeaks and tries to get away. But without care for the cups

around her, he shoves them aside in his single-minded pursuit. Clatter and rattle, she's swiftly caught. Pinned to the floor, his warm hand smothers her. Its head is like a cat's: pleasantly warm. But it indicates the true heat of the fire that flows through his blood.

Whiplash. Winds lash. She's hauled into the sky. The world blends into a blur. An abrupt stop snaps her body forward. Held in his clenching fist, her face bounces into the fur atop the fatty muscle of his thumb. And with a twist of his wrist, he flips his palm—catching the terrified woman on its curved, plush bed.

“Now aren't you the gold-standard of politeness! You filthy little rat!”

Purple flame bursts from blood-red spots on his furred neck. The colors shift as they extend up the fiery tendrils. Bulbs of raging flame fire above his chest; a mane of forms behind his neck.

“I clean my onsen every day. But you know what hot tub I don't clean?”

Shotgun-spread spit launches from the black depths of his cavernous maw. His flames cast colored light across the shining flesh, only cut by the intense shadows cast off from his fangs.

“Get away from me!” Jacqueline shrieks.

But Yuuma doesn't listen. Anger twisting up his belly, he drops his jaw fully. And with a rage-filled breath, he exhales volcanic air. The abyssal pit of his throat widens. More light filters through, showing its depth. Flesh flexes back to widen his throat's gape. The build-up of his sticky slobber flings off his fatty tongue. His plush inner cheeks cup his pearly whites: the drooling portcullis gates.

“I think you get the picture.” His tongue slashes through his viscous spit. “I just had a nice, good meal too. So trust me—it’s *extra* filthy. The perfect place for a slob like you, huh?”

“I wasn’t drunk! It was just a hiccup!”

“So you’re just naturally rude, then.” His lips close inches away from her. His flames die down. But the simmering anger remains.

But then, his lips open with a pop. “I’ve had enough then. Bye-bye, what’s your name! Such a shame you never gave it. Now you’ll digest like every other nameless crumb I’ve eaten.”

“You never asked!” Jacqueline screams. Ahead, the wall of cream fuzz splits. His lips move in close. Widening. Horrific heat blasts forth like an opening oven. His palm starts to tilt as his maw overtakes the world. Jacqueline’s coiled muscles burst into action. She attempts to stand. But her foot slips. She seizes fistfuls of fur to halt her slide.

The sky is gone. She faces his lips, oh-so-slightly pursed. Wailing in hopeless disgust, her ears pop from pressure change as the wet flesh seals around her. The Typhlosion kissing his palm, the human within can see the wretched state of his insides. Excitement has added to the slobber. It rolls across his tongue and floods over his front fangs. Drips of the goopy stuff splatter in Jacqueline’s space. Batting it away, lifting her hands, her shielding proves useless as the fluid courses between her fingers.

Yuuma closes his eyes. His cheeks suck in. The suction created is immense. Spit slurps over his tongue, thundering almost from the sheer amount of disturbed water. Jacqueline feels the suction immediately. She’s stripped from her hold on Yuuma’s fur.

Pulled into the baking air, she collides with his tongue. A horrid splatter of goop explodes around her. Whining, she pulls her face from it. But the strands of spit do not let go. It's like diving into egg yolk. And the hot, thick substance has no qualms about slithering where it shouldn't go. In her hair, down her body. Across her belly, mucking up her thighs. From the wrinkles in her palms to the backs of her ears—nothing is sacred. No area is too taboo for the touch of the mire.

Finally able to breathe, Jacqueline cringes in regret. The air of the badger's mouth is wet and heavy. It reeks like a wild animal. Musky; heavily touched with his previous meals.

Bewildered eyes wide, Jacqueline watches the spectacle around her. Spit sloshes around his tongue like ocean waves. The muscle itself is a whale: colossal and half-submerged. Fluids slipping down its surface, she sees it twitch. A few gulps of stinking air later, and Jacqueline discerns Yuuma's plan.

His palms cup his lips; she can hear the brush of their fur. Beyond his tongue, she sees his throat pump. Hear the stick-and-unstick of rubbing, convulsing muscle.

She pictures it in her head: Yuuma's gut sucking in. Pushing out. Repetitive movements give rise to a body-wide rhythm that booms throughout his maw with its slimy sound.

As it's not just his stomach that moves. His tongue sways. His head bobs. Small blasts of croaking gas vent with the contractions of his throat, spritzing Jacqueline with pungent, spicy air.

Yuuma is working up a burp.

“No!” She screams with terror drawn from a deep well of primal fear. It’s unlike anything so far. Witnessing these Poke-giants produced fear. But this is horror: a mix of revulsions baked into her very DNA.

The nightmare of being devoured.

The abhorrence of filth and plague.

And the dread of humiliation: to have her final moments in the world to be so disgusting. For her to be so helpless. And to be the tale of mockery the monster will surely spread over drinks for years to come.

Those little pops of gas grow more frequent. Ghosts of his dinner spread: fumes vented out from the positively-churning, gastric sack. Their flavors are horribly apparent now. Something sweet. Something sour. A piercing eggy stench peaks from a blend of sweet berry and soured milk. Swirled with the scent of badger breath and stale mouthwater—the result turns Jacqueline’s own spit to bitter venom. Her throat tightens; lungs quiver. Her sloppy hands rush to mask her face. Horrified eyes stare down the smelly barrel of a house-sized canon.

Yes! Yuuma senses the growing pressure in his gut. A ball of air squeezes against the cardiac sphincter: the band of muscle separating throat and stomach. He lets it build. His stomach squeezes press out the air trapped in its hot muck stew. And eventually, it grows to be too much. He can’t hold it in.

Paws clasped on his maw to prevent escape, he gives one last belly-push. And it all escapes.

The explosion is violent. Sudden. Destructive with all the force and wetness of a hurricane. The speck atop his tongue is a leaf in the storm: catapulted off his taste buds

and thrown with his spit. Blasted past his teeth and lips, she collides with his waiting paws. They promptly grow soggy. A tropical whirlwind of saliva-filled, thick air pounds her upon the wall for the duration of his long, guttural belch. His torture continues for seconds that feel like minutes: stealing her breath and decimating her ego. Her ears clapped with the deafening sound, they continue to ring as the burp settles into a hiss.

The fallout is unbreathable. She wheezes before slumping down his lips. She hits the space between his gums and lips with the particular weight and limpness of a garbage bag tossed into the dumpster. The spires of his greased fangs towering above, she groans as a wash of spit flows between the gaps of his teeth. Following that, his tongue slithers into view. Prodding the gutter she lays in curiously, he seeks her out. Pasting its tip onto her minute body, he detects her minute tickle.

She's reeled into the sky. Scraped against the back of his front teeth. All until she plops down on tongue's top.

Without a word of recognition, his cheeks shift. Spit slides along. It picks her up and washes her along. The badger's tongue flexes around her. Valleys and hills shove her along a waterslide: directly into the monster's gullet.

"Whyyyyy..." Is all she manages to croak. Yuuma shovels her in with a drink of his own drool.

The squishy clap of tonsils; muscles clench. Then, they stickily open back up. And every trace of the woman is gone.

Wrapped tight in a slimy embrace, Jacqueline squeezes deeper. Writhing flesh is all she can see. The muscles in his throat cram her in a pocket half-filled with water.

She's dragged along the mucus and goo that lubricates his gullet. Each time she passes through viscous ooze, she feels a bit more of her soul annihilate.

"Mmph!" Jacqueline protests in her miserable cradle. Swamped in a straightjacket of flesh and drool, her downward-facing head barely avoids drowning in the goo. The world around her shudders as Yuuma gulps again. Her bones resonate with the blast of subsonic sound. With it, a new jet of moisture spills into her twisting pocket of slimy muscle.

She wriggles like a fish. No room to move her arms, she weakly pushes out with the back of her arms. But they remain uselessly wrapped around her body—unable to protect her as she slides through the scum of his throat. Mucus: lubrication for his gullet.

Jacqueline's arrival in his gut is celebrated with the giant's reverberant sigh. Squelchy, squishing, spitting sounds squirt around her. The swallowed flood drags her into a hazy, steamy furnace; the fog is noticeably pink. Rushing air—deadened by layers of flesh—bellow from his lungs while Jacqueline splats in horrific, semisolid goo.

"Can't... breathe..." Her first breaths are knife-like. Short. Sharp.

The unbreathable fog lines her throat and violates her lungs. Digestion turned his meal of spring-boiled eggs rotten. Thickened and chunky milk runs down the furrows of his belly. The organ, ceaseless and merciless in its mindless duties, pumps it around as the walls squash and stretch.

The liquid itself is filled with seeds and reeks of ripening fruit. Citrus zest stings; cloying sweetness poisons. The hot swamp suckles her body while she thrashes amidst the melting rat's nest of udon strings.

“You—*urp*—bastard!” Jacqueline nearly vomits. Slathered in this unholy substance, she claws from the gruel. Her fingernails sink into the mushy surface of the udon. But with effort, she lifts from the sea. Dripping batter flows off her arms like a long-sleeved robe. And once she’s clambered halfway up the woven net of mushy rope, Jacqueline is blasted by the stomach’s roar.

Outside, Yuuma lazes with only his head above the water. He breathes the steam. Loosens his shoulders. His arms slackly rest by his belly. He notes no struggles. Not even a tickle. The only thing he feels is the delightful roiling of a happy, busy tummy.

...Though, things seem a bit quiet. He hums aloud but keeps his thoughts solely in his mind. *Odd, really. This is my private onsen. I’m used to the peace. Yet...*

Bw-urp-rrg...

Oh! He perks up. Ears go high. *That’s a curious noise. My stomach must be... pleased. Though, I do wonder...*

“Hey,” he addresses Jacqueline with a snappy command, not even bothering to face his gut. “Tell me human—how do you fare in there? Surely things are awful, yes—as they should be. I’m simply curious.”

Below the water, Yuuma’s belly pushes in—and flexes out. Belly-breathing and digestion combine to make the movement subtle-yet-visible. And right behind those layers of fur and skin, Jacqueline screams. And the simple relaxing slump of the Typhlosion’s body changes everything. Food slides to its new center of gravity. His stomach doesn’t stop its mashing—stirring his vomit into belly-quaking tides.

Jacqueline is a fleck: barely visible amongst all the food. Her horrified caterwaul cannot overpower the tsunami of squelching food. She’s promptly swamped. Buried

beneath the tide, she's swirled into a subsurface whirlpool conjured by the anxious adjusting side of Yuuma's hips.

"Speak up, speck." He orders with an aloof, weary sigh that whirls away like wind. "Just because *I* don't care to raise my voice doesn't mean *you* can't. I'm curious to know the state of your digestion."

He waits a beat in silence. "Not that I care."

Jacqueline tears back to the surface and is immediately gripped by the cursed air. Everything good about these foods are being stripped away. Only the most pungent odors remain. Mockeries of flavor are unbearable pungencies. And just as she begins to see again from her mop of puke-stained hair, the gut batter trembles with his stomach's deafening grumble.

Grrrr-bwoouurg...

"Perhaps you've already been extinguished." His lips pull into a nervous smile. "Seems a bit quick for that, though. Perhaps you've drowned. Buried. Ground up between my stomach walls? Goodness, that's a haunting thought..."

"Dammit!" Jacqueline nearly wrecks her throat yelling. "Quit mockin' me! Barf. Me. Up! Please! I don't wanna die!"

Again, not a word escapes his belly.

Water sloshes as he lifts an arm from the sauna. "Mh-mm. No use ruminating over such things, Yuuma. Carry on. Don't let this pest ruin your evening."

A paw slides around the sake. Pour. Lift. The cup brushes his lips.

Sip. Savor. Swallow.

Glrk.

Jacqueline has learned to dread that noise.

Breathless seconds tick by. Apprehension fills her chest like an inflating balloon. Her eyes glue to sphincter above. Promptly, it bulges. And it vomits out a stream of strong-scented liquid: sake.

He's been drinking it for an intolerably-long while. His gut reeks of its pungent scent. Alcoholic fumes turn Jacqueline's head dizzy. Previously contending with the stomach's already putrefying stench, the introduction of his drink puts Jacqueline's soul to the grindstone. It spurs his digestion. The walls are in constant, gradual motion. Pushing in, inflating out—the top and bottom of his gut crush its meal out-of-sync. Fumes pump out the water in fat bubbles. The splatter of their explosions coats everything nearby in their tar. And the smaller bubbles form hissing foam.

All this gas builds up in his baking belly. As he's done several times now, the Pokemon slides his eyes half-shut. Utterly relaxed, his innards loosen up. The fumes press out. Storming into his gullet, he feels the bulge of gas squeeze up his throat. Once it's reached his maw, he lets it all spill out into the world.

Poor human. He thinks amidst belched-out, swirling pink fog. A paw softly pats his soaking belly. *Urgh. What am I doing, showing sympathy for that rude little bug? She should be grateful she had the honor to perish in your belly. And not die in a ditch somewhere.*

No matter Yuuma's belief, the truth of the matter is: Jacqueline's still kicking. And it's all but confirmed: another addition to her list of curiosities.

She can't digest. Not in this beast, anyway.

The pool shudders; gurgles ramp up. Something burbles from deep below. Jacqueline cowers from the noise, shielding her ears to save them from the sound's assault.

The churning rhythm of his stomach slows. Changes. It's no longer a slow stir.

Crush. Push. Mash. The walls heave and squeeze, pushing the nasty gruel against its folds. Slimy vomit spits from between the squashed wrinkles, expelling a thick mash of food into the swamp surface.

Bobbing in the middle of Yuuma's gut, Jacqueline shores up on an island of floating crud. Cascades form at the stomach's edge; walls slam the sloshing slop. Space shrinks. Pounding heart, heavy breaths—Jacqueline watches in fear. The slop rises, threatening to submerge her once again in the Typhlosion's barf.

"Yuuma!!" She cries. Then, she's silenced.

She's pushed deep into the center of the mire. Seeking to resurface the same as before, she's blindsided by a shifting world.

Yuuma stands at last. His stomach rises like the rest of him. But momentum decrees that Jacqueline will sink like a rock. The sudden jolt knocks her dizzy. Rushing to clear her head, she flails blindly as the Typhlosion exits the pool. Bending and twisting, sticking his short legs onto the sauna's stone edge, he forces Jacqueline to lose all sense of direction.

That bass sound, the one that shook the waters, booms again. Closer, she is. She can't see the source. But she knows it's in front of her. The tide grabs her. Surging towards something, she quickly puts it together. It's basic anatomy, after all.

*No! Arceus please, anywhere but **that** way!*

Desperation does her no good. The passion she puts into her frenzied strokes is pretty damn futile. Yuuma's stomach filters grains of grit like her every day. While the Typhlosion patters about, putting his prized possessions away, Jacqueline is swallowed for the second time today. The bassy squelches of his intestinal duodenum erupting around her, Jacqueline's desperation dies in the face of hopelessness. What's left is embarrassment. Disgust. Dread.

The pit in her stomach tosses and turns as she's thrown down the bending corridor. In the brief glimpses she gets as she pops above the gruel, she sees a tunnel: some sort of intermediary section between stomach and intestines. Smooth and splotted with green liquid dye, the breath she takes is regrettable. She's dunked back into the bile-infested waters. And soon, she's gushed into a comparatively snug pipe. Large enough for her to stand in, and not much more.

Hot melange flows past her. The green-brown gruel paints the carpet of wriggling nubs embedded all throughout the wall. Like the fingers of a sea anemone, the Typhlosion's villi sway lazily in the stagnant air.

Struggling to stand as heavy slop oozes around her, Jacqueline rises from the goo like a paintbrush lifting out the can. She's a soup chunk taken out the stew: a dripping, blobby mass that's so layered up with slop, she's barely recognizable as human.

And it's not easy on her stomach. The texture is horrible: warm and thick with a bit of grit—like oatmeal. She's quick to scrub it off. Human once more, she looks down the twisting passage.

The purple haze wafts through the area in ribbons much like blown-out candle smoke. The dark cave echoes with distant *plips* of drippy slop dropping off the ceiling. The stuff around her still emits its horrendous odor. Still vomit, thankfully. Chyme technically. But all Jacqueline cares about is that it's *not* something else.

Yet, at least.

"I gotta cut ahead of this stuff..." Grimacing, she wades forward, experimentally touching the rubbery rounded tops of the villi.

"This guy eats ghosts, right? That Zorua said he was the Spirit-Eater. They probably don't leave much behind. But if I stick around after he's ate real food..."

The ground moves beneath her feet. Yuuma trods along on his hind legs. Flames burning, he dries himself off as he wanders in the moonlight.

"Argh!" She grunts, stumbling to the wall. "This shit's like a swingin' rope bridge! Not cool!"

One hand anchoring herself to the wall, Jacqueline carries on. An unexpected change in his gait becomes her new fear. Each time, she'd be rammed into the opposite wall. Squashed among the slimy flesh, she peels herself off. Left sticky, her mournful groan fills his bowels.

The deeper she ventures, the more she hears. His bowels parade their sounds of misery. Goopy plaps like smacking lips stem from suction. With his bowels all coiled together, Jacqueline hears them rub. They're like wet, gooshy clothes: rubbing together.

Soldiering on, she slides down a vertical shaft, oozes into an S-curve. Gurgling from the smelly depths beyond, she hears a new sound. Squishing—like a giant's hand fingering through applesauce.

She wriggles to the bottom and sees: chyme soaks into the walls. Less than what she'd previously seen. Which means...

"Pound sand, Fireball." She sidles through the shaking passage. "You might'a ate me. But I'm not gonna get caught up in your shit."

Yuuma soaks up moonlight. He grabbed a soul-snack from the lantern nearby: the one that always seems to attract wayward spirits.

They'll be released eventually. An unpleasant experience, to be sure. Being siphoned of energy, followed by being squeezed through his tract—then their leftover spiritual energy being puffed out his ass...

It's never fatal. How could you kill a ghost anyway?

But that human...

The Typhlosion tosses and turns. From back to belly, belly to back—he rests on his side until he flumphs again on his gut. Yuuma frowns. Chin on soft grass, he grumbles.

"How many times is that now? Three?" He huffs. "I tire of this constant reawakening. I am Yuuma! Guilt is for lesser beings with weak minds! I should *not* feel sorry for a crumb!"

He drums his claw tips across the ground. "My own conscience taunts me. Occasionally, I feel a tickle. And I'm given the most ridiculous hope that it's alive. And all it takes is one roll over—a *single* sudden movement—and it's flushed away. Buried. I feel not a twitch more."

But what he does not hear: the tiny scream wailing from his lower guts. She's in the final stretch now. But Yuuma's tossing and turning cement his ass as Jacqueline's true hell. The swampy heat is sticky as jungle heat. Infernal musk waters the eyes. Each breath is like huffing deep of a jock's dirty laundry. The air is rife with the scent of a wild beast—cooked with the infernal stench of everything a healthy ass produces.

And when he turns, her whole universe follows. Up goes down. Directions are scrambled. Slime slips off the walls. And Jacqueline tumbles with the mucus mire.

Yuuma continues.

"Perhaps I should've been gentler."

Jacqueline wheezes as his guts *push*. Time is running out. *Something's* coming. She can hear its horrible sound. She needs to get out of here *fast*.

"Maybe," Yuuma bends to prop his chin beneath his paw. "I should have exercised patience."

Jacqueline slides down the slight decline of his descending colon. Then, she's met with the hill of the sigmoid—the last step before the rectum.

"Honestly, she deserved it..."

Hip shift. Now the sigmoid colon is a slide. Yuuma lounges on his side while gravity slowly tips him towards his back. The speck inside slides amongst misery, choking on fumes as the pipe rotates around her.

"...But I can't help but feel bad! Curse it all!"

Breathing haggard, Jacqueline faces the floor: palms down and her knees on the ground. She lifts her soiled head, peering at the final step. His bowels turn to the left. His colon sits ahead.

The ground dramatically lifts and falls. A bone-shuddering rumble bellows from the depths behind her. A horrid slimy sound creeps closer. Her heart constricted beneath her tight chest, she staggers to her feet. And she totters towards the end of this madness. The badger's guts continue to groan, move, and lurch. She's powerless to resist it. She's knocked off her feet again and again. But each time, she stands. She hurries. She *won't* let *that* happen!

At last, she sees it. The passage curves to a single point. There, a bundle of muscle sits taut and tight. Its surface is greasy and shiny with butt slime. Webbed up in his mucus, she stumbles to it. Practically collapsing onto its surface like a lurching zombie, she feels her hands sink into its plush surface.

"Hm?" She hears his muted voice boom. She sees his rectum twinge.

Quickly, her hands explore his anus. They search for folds. They find them. And she begins to pull.

"Hmph." Yuuma dismisses her with an annoyed grunt.

But she keeps at it. Still, her efforts are not enough.

"Great. Clearly the introduction of human into my diet has made my ass itchy. Lovely night, I am having."

Jacqueline explodes from her pent-up anxiety. Ramming into the fatty surface, she fights to wedge herself in.

"Nooo..." She moans. "Not... like..."

Squerlch!

She pushes in just the right place.

She squishes inside. Greasy muscle gums her body. Tightness like she's never believed pounds her from every side.

“Ah!”

Yuuma instantly half lifts himself out of bed. Shocked awake, he feels *something* in his rear.

And that surprise causes him to clench. The screaming woman is dragged back towards his colon.

But a clench keeps her still. A pressure mounts around her. Muscle massages her forward, all while air blows around her. From both directions, two fronts meet. Hot air vents from his rear—and cool night kisses Jacqueline's sweating face.

Yuuma's wavy tail lifts. A tailhole, dark in color, peeks from its nest of fur. And with a push, it starts to bulge. Recede. Bulge. Promptly, the human inside begins to emerge.

Too beaten down to do anything but let it happen, Jacqueline glides out his ass. Spit out onto the ground, her blurry vision steadies.

The glory of the night sky is shrouded with hair. Yuuma's tail still above her, she sees it swish out of view. The ground shakes as the curious badger turns around.

“Sweet spirits...” He gasps in awe.

Jacqueline might've imagined it. But she swears she hears the *thump* of a happy, wagging tail.

“You're alive!” He says with an energetic hurrah. But his voice soon slips back into its controlled, sarcastic tone.

“I hope you have learned your lesson.”

“Yup...” Jacqueline groans. “Sure have, bud...”

“...Splendid.” He wrinkles his nose and lifts up a claw.

“My gut has purified the evil within you.”

Slowly but surely, his fingers draw nearer: ready to pinch her up in their grasp.

“Now, we must purify the evil that’s atop you.”