

Fluffkins is a failure.

“I’m a failure...” Chocolate-feathered Fluffkins bemoans to his mop.

“You’re a janitor.” His Watchog manager said. A meerkat with yellow stripes ringed around his sausage-shaped torso, Watchog crossed his arms and huffed—his apple-round cheek pouches jiggling. “And if you don’t keep these floors spic ‘n span, *you’re* gonna be homeless.”

Fluffkins is a Farfetch’d. Galarian—with squinted eyes and an aura of a pathetic tough guy. He used to think he was the main character of a story, maybe two. Which is ridiculous. Because no-freakin’-body would dig into a story as shitty as his. Fluffkins has done three notable things in his life:

1. Get stuffed up the ass of a dragon and get shat out.
2. Lose his priceless family heirloom—an oversized stalk—to a hungry Zoroark.
3. Get eaten by said Zoroark. ...And get shat out.

How the mighty have fallen. Fluffkins used to be a wannabe knight. But instead of slaying dragons, he’s watering the floorboards of Lilligant’s Tea and Tee. An explosive little hot leaf-juice shop with a phenomenal gift shop: that sells the most

stylish apparel that only the Poke Hipsters know is in style (and is willing to wear).

Fluffkins gets paid in apricorns and free tea. Which, mind you, Fluffkins finds absolutely revolting.

“I want a real drink...” the sorrowful duck mops up a dark stain on the wood. He bumps into a nearby table, rattling an Ivysaur’s chai—placed in a cute white-and-pink porcelain cup. Fluffkins sputters a hasty apology to the surprised dinosaur before scuttling past tables booths—red in the face. He wants to get out of Watchog’s sight before he messes up again. So, he passes by a few faces: a prissy Dartrix, a pair of Meowstic, a serene Virizion, and the largest Ribombee Fluffkins has ever seen (which isn’t much.)

Bird, bucket, and broom burst into the lazy bustle of Hillville. It’s a large town that wants to be a city. But the residents, as far as Fluffkins can tell, don’t want to leave their old lifestyle behind. So, they walk around all day—pretending they gotta go somewhere. At least, that’s what Fluffkins thinks. He hasn’t seen anyone here do *anything* interesting. Just now—the bird sees a Leafeon walking by with a yellow flower in her mouth? Are they for a lover? Her mother’s grave!? No. She’s a landscaper contracted by Servine Servant to pluck up daffodils. BORING.

“Everything here is... pedestrian!” Fluffkins hisses, glowering at a pair of Plusle and Minun playing tag. He stamps his mop into the ground like he’s returning Excalibur

to it's stone sheathe! But the grandeur of his overdone action is lessened by the pathetic splat his mop makes.

“Nothing interesting ever happens! Those thimble-bodied globe-heads could be training with a stalwart knight, learning bloody and violent techniques to slay the dragon that devoured their father. But no! They're having fun *playing!* In the *sunshine!*” He fumes, “at least do it during a thunderstorm, you cereal box mascots. Then—when the lightning flashes and everything's just a silhouette—just *maybe* it might look like you're doing something cool...”

Fluffkins angrily swishes his mop, sprinkling water in the vague direction of the happy Pokemon. And to his chagrin, the tiny monsters find getting wet fun—and dart away with playful screaming. Eyes casting long shadows, he turns around—turning his back to the oh-so-annoying screeching—and sees...

...Something interesting.

*His leek.* The one the Zoroark ate. He can tell. It's got the weird yellow blemish on the stem. But it's not just his “leek”. But it's “leeks”. There's three of them—all cooped up in a wicker basket held in the arms of...

...A green Zoroark? Fluffkins shakes his head, rattling his brain like a loose screw in a toolbox. “That can't be!” He whispers in a whisper that's practically a shout, “that witch! She was a hundred feet tall! What is she, some sort of size-shifting floozy!?”

It comes to mind that she—the Zoroark—is entirely capable of being a “size-shifting floozy.” He hardly knew her. Fluffkins met her, laughed at her name, lost his leek, and learned that she was lactose intolerant. (After she drank 100 gallons of milk.)

“Damn you, Burrito,” Fluffkins froze. He looked left—then right. He didn’t want a future scribe to record that line in his future legendary epic-poem. “I must follow that dog. And find how she’s made forgeries of the Sirfetch’d heirloom!”

Setting his mop down with a clatter, Fluffkins tails the Zoroark. He hides behind flowerpots, trees, streetlamps and more—bouncing from object to object as Burrito walks a grand total of twenty feet. She steps up an outdoor staircase to the tea shop’s second floor before stopping in front of a wooden door. A painted glass fresco set in the frame, she shifts the basket of leeks to one hand. Her claw flicks out—and she inserts it into the doorknob. A twist; a click. Her claw’s the key. Burrito opens the door with a shoulder bump.

The basket of leeks is thrown down with a *thump!* The vegetables rattle inside, stems bumping as Burrito approaches a shelf—stocked with aplenty with colorful bottles. Her claws tink against the glass, sweeping up a red in her paws. Inside: a red liquid flows, an orb of darker fluid bobbing and breaking off like the gel in a lava lamp. A paper label sticks to the glass: *Dynamax potion—do not use.*

“Alchemy...” she sighs, “lovely pastime. Makes for excellent decor.” She pauses, tapping a claw to the side of her lip, “though *this* one makes me quite irritable. Made me go feral. Now you’re a wall decoration.”

The Zoroark’s hair bristles shudder. Her ears shoot up.

“...Why do I hear tiny footste—”

“*Sneak attack!*” Fluffkins wails, wielding a leek plucked from her basket. He pounces Burrito—throat ripping with a battlecry as if he’s swinging an entire airplane propeller overhead. The vegetable crashes through the stocked shelf, bursting bottles, popping potions. Knickknacks that were on the shelf are sent flying—with one in particular flinging towards a bewildered Burrito.

A penny-sized crystal ball. Hewn from emerald, it’s green sheen glints amongst a storm of a thousand colors. The Dark-type shields her face as the splatter douses her, unaware of the ball that touches her skin: the capture gem.

A flash of brilliant light bursts. Burrito is gone. The tiny marble clatters on the floor. And behind the crystal, a captured Zoroark presses her paws to the glass.

And Fluffkins—doused in a million magical remedies—feels himself grow drowsy. The potions’ effects combine, creating utterly random effects.

Fluffkins falls asleep. Leek and body hit the floor. And the bird—he's the size of a pea. The colorful runoff of the potions spills over the wooden floor, dribbling down the slight slant of the floor. The sugar-glass bottles melt into the solution—leaving bird and stone the only solids in the potion puddle. Like driftwood, Fluffkins floats towards a hole in the floorboards—a ray of white light beaming through the round hole. The gem follows—and both drip away.

Plunging in a brightly-colored droplet, the bustling clink-and-clank of teacup-on-tea-plate scrapes into Fluffkins's dreams. Burrito, meanwhile, rattles in her tumbling gem. The potion tailing them like a comet, they land with a *ploop!* in Miss Virizion's tea.

The amber drink having time to cool, Fluffkins isn't seared by the impact. But the steamy mist and hot water invades his dreams—turning them into nightmares. The liquidy warmth is twisted; Fluffkins finds himself back in the Zoroark's belly—submerged in gooey, clumpy dreck. His eyes pop open—just in time for the world to go black, and for his puddle to tilt.

In the darkness, he sees a wall of cream-colored fur. Short-haired, each strand of fuzz sticks out like a field of wheat. A halo of light rims the curtain, spilling the feeble light of the already dim teashop into the cup's interior. Virizion's muzzle longer than a flat-faced Pokemon, the upturned cup tickles her rounded, jutting snout.

And to Fluffkins's horror, the strands bend back; the wall splits open. The doe's lips part with a pop. The sound transitions to a sticky splitting noise of bursting drool strings—all while her tongue slurps against her cheek. A w-shaped hole stretches across his field of view, the bottom lip cupping the bottom of the porcelain.

Every droplet of moisture is sucked from Fluffkins throat as it withers into a tight, dry stick. A wave of moist breath plows into his dripping body. The rich perfume of flowers mingles with the bitterness of tea—and the fetor of rotten vegetables, barely masked by the flowery scent.

Hot water bashes him from behind—slamming his beak under the surface as an emerald gem washes ahead of him. Sputtering tea, Fluffkin splashes his feathers—flipping around so his head faces the porcelain bottom of the teacup, his feet kicking in the direction of Virizion's mouth.

“Not again!” He shrieks, his own voice bouncing back to him in the cramped corridor. The whites of his eyes glowing with the little light that exists, he looks back towards the giant Pokemon while he flounders in black waters. Her—Virizion's—tongue is jelly, filling the gap between her blocky teeth. Fluffkins's soaked feathers tremble as he watches tea and bits of potion splash on the massive organ. The spongy surface indents slightly with the liquids' weight, dispersing it in a splash, splattering it over her teeth and throughout her maw. And despite giving it his one-hundred-and-one percent,

Fluffkins can't swim against the torrent. He's a bug in the river, dribbling downwards toward a storm drain of spit and meat.

"Virizion! Oh great Creator, you've got to hear m—" Fluffkins gags as steamy water pours into his mouth, wetting his cinnamon-stick throat and gushing into his nose. He spits it out, losing his focus—washing towards the doe's lips at breakneck speeds. The emerald gem splats on her taster moments before Fluffkins would flow past her fuzzy lips. Just as Fluffkins approaches, eyes squinted shut, legs trembling in fear—he stops. Virizion's lips smack closed. The bird's bottom bangs into her lips as tea floods over Fluffkins—drowning him beneath a surge of herbal remedy. Bubbles and gargled words bubbling from his beak, his belly turns to a block of ice when the lips shift slightly. Deep behind them, he hears a mountain-rumbling *gulp*. Virizion gulps down her swallow of tea and Zoroark before a shut-mouth sigh hums in her throat—and rattles Fluffkins bones.

But then, he hears a gurgling—nearly silent, muffled from the layers of flesh beyond her lips. He becomes louder—slightly—as gas burbles up her throat and into her mouth. Virizion's cream cheeks puff as a tiny *bwuarp* punches gut-cooked air into her maw. Her mouth opens. And the gas spews forth. The boiling air rumbles out with a force strong enough to keep the tea at bay. The belch bubbles into the tea, spewing out in bubbles that pop on the surface. Fluffkins, wading at the top, wheezes as the grody funk fumes around him. Tears sprout in his eyes as stinky, moldy bread wafts into his nostrils. A hurried wing flies to his face, but it isn't enough to obstruct the smell.



He feels his feet mush past a seal of squishy flesh. Looking back, squinting past murky water, he sees Virizion's lips parted slightly—sipping on her drink. A vortex drags him inside as his wings scrabble. He pounds against the cup, losing more and more of his body to the tight, spongy space. The ice cube in his stomach shatters when Virizion gums his stomach—mistaking him for nothing more than silt in her tea. Another panicked gargle rips through the water. A pressure mounts at his feet until it grows unbearable. Virizion slurps him inside.

A gush of tea carries him onto her tongue. Rolling in a pitiable ball of sodden feathers, he barely has time to sneak a breath. And when he does, he's horrified. Virizion's breath is far nastier up-close. He can smell the scent that vomits from her throat: the acidic reek of digestion. It drills into his nose before slathering over his brain, letting every nuance of the grotesque scent be known. The bitterness of moldering plant-matter—like rotting asparagus or celery—is swamped with the typical putridity of bad breath. This is the morning, after all. And like most four-legged creatures, Virizion can't use a toothbrush. Tooth-brushing is a special event. And most ferals pay for the service along with a brushy-brush at a spa or groomer. But that's expensive. Virizion's found a simpler solution. Tea. And lots of it.

But being this close, it doesn't cut it. She hasn't washed her mouth with anything but tea and water for weeks. The vile, nose-wrinkling stink almost compels Fluffkins to

vomit right then and there. He looks at the gunk between her molars, slaps his soaked feathers to his beak, and belches wet gags.

Tea continues to fill the death chamber. Soon, Fluffkins's bastion vanishes beneath the waves. Her tongue droops beneath sea level, only poking up to rinse the highest corners of her mouth with the quickly-moldering tea. The unfortunate denizen of her tongue is taken for a ride, smearing against her gums, right beside the roots of her teeth, before dribbling down in a droplet of spit, slime, and watery plant juice. He smacks into the bed of her raised tongue, feathers cradled over his head as smelly tea rain spatters on his head. His gut drops as Virizion's tongue raises again, grinding across her palate—arched upwards, wagging as her taste buds squish against squirting streams of liquid. And afterwards, it drops down. Fluffkins simmers in her slowly-putrefying pool of spit. He marinates, waiting, too tired to move. Slowly, the world tips back. And Fluffkins is washed into her throat.

Barely conscious, he's barely aware of his own gurgling protests. The throat walls crush into the lukewarm water, smearing over the duck suspended in a glob of mucus. The heartless muscles ripple, squashing down in bone-liquifying bursts of pressure. Slime slathering his wet down, Fluffkins whimpers as he's mashed down Virizion's neck—the barest bulging lump slithering down her green throat. He passes by the green-stemmed, pink-tipped leaves on each side of the doe's neck, his bulge melting beneath her collarbone as the thump of her heart becomes booming. Fluffkins face is mashed by the flesh with each throb of her heartbeat. He hears her

blood—coursing through the pulsing flesh. It's like putting an ear to the face of a pounding war drum. Intimate—it's like nothing he's ever felt. Fluffkins was too distraught over the loss of his leek to feel anything but sorrow when he slid down the Zoroark's craw. Now, he's hyper-aware of the warmth. The intimacy. The duck begins to flush with a strange embarrassment—being this close to the lovely Virizion's heart.

And his ephemeral dream is washed away when the doe's esophageal sphincter spurts open. The reek of her horrible, rotting gut-tank singes the duck's nose and eyes—setting them ablaze with raw, unfiltered vomit. And he hasn't even plopped in yet. Inside, a greenish-brown goop bubbles like mud in a hot spa. Fat bubbles burst, puking gastric butter across the folded walls. The thick paint drools into the folds of the ever-churning sack. The semisolid goop mushes, squished when the folds squash together when her stomach churns. The pressure separates the goo from the gluck, squirting out liquidy paste like a bursted gusher as more-solid, goopy chunks of sludge smear onto the vomit-stained muscle. Wobbling on the caustic surface, the emerald capture gem. A tiny gasp squeaks from Fluffkins's throat. In the gem... he sees Burrito!

And then he falls. Hot air rushes to greet him. It ferries the smog that her burbling stomach produces, bashing the bird with a miasma beyond imagining. It's as if an entire farmer's field just went up and died. Every crop, from the sweet corn to the bitter broccoli, rots into a field of earth. Each smell blends together into a stew of stench—a melting pot of evil that holds traces of each unique, equally-terrible reek.

*Splurt!* Fluffkins cannonballs into chunky porridge. Underwater, the bird screams—gargling into semisolid, mashed-up veggie stew. Chunks of unchewed, melty globlets of carrots squish into his feathers—like bloated cereal left spoiled milk. He struggles for the surface, batting away hunks of oats and strings of grass.

*“AHHHHH!”* He screams, spewing vomit that isn’t his own, “biting swords! Cruel Creator! The horror, *the horror!*”

“Oh, can it you dust bunny,” a silky voice grumbles, muffled by her crystalline prison, “if it’s that bad, then why can’t I smell it at all?”

Fluffkins, coated head-to-toe in stomach gush, whips his head towards the bobbing green marble. Burrito is inside, her back resting with the curve of the sphere—claws behind her head. Lounging with a look of boredom, Fluffkins swears that it’s a mask: hiding her absolute glee.

“Let me in!” He cries, swimming over—bashing his feathers against the marble.

“...No?” Burrito stabilizes herself by pressing her claw on the surface. “This is a one ‘mon station. Two’s a crowd. And you probably smell like barf.”

“You dirty Miltank! *I’m going to die in here!*”

“Uh,” Burrito scrunches her face, “no you won’t. Unless you’re a vegetable, or something.”

“I’m going to die... *of embarrassment!*”

“Sucks.”

“Let me i-i-innnn!”

“How ‘bout no.”

“Please!”

“Fine. Later.”

“*When!?*”

The Zoroark smirks and lounges back, “after we get out, I’ll pop outta here and stick *you* in. Maybe eatcha, too. Could gobble you down with leek stew...”

“My leek!” Fluffkins warbles, goo dribbling down on him from higher above, “how did you make forgeries of my leek?!”

“Forgeries?” Burrito scrunches her face, “they’re sprouts. They popped up from my shit after I ate some weird duck. ...That was you, wasn’t it?”

The chunky vegetable slush sloshes side-to-side as Virizion’s tummy wobbles. The doe is walking. The bill, presumably, has been paid.

“...My leek...” The gurgling of Virizion’s guts fills Fluffkins’s silence, “...my leek has *sires*?”

*Splurt-urgle!* An odd sound burbles up from beneath them. A horrid groan rebounds across her guts as her stomach settles into a rhythmic, churning motion.

“Arceus, no!” Fluffkins shouts, recognizing the sound. “B-b-b-, B-b-burri—”

“Can’t handle the grime, don’t do the crime,” Burrito sneers, the marble and bird beginning to swirl in a burgeoning whirlpool, “the crime: breaking (my bottles) and entering (my home). Karma. You’re going to be right at home in the place of breaking wind.”

Fluffkins's bottom beak trembles, "w-where's that?"

"...Seriously?" A loud, grumbling groan squirts through the guts below them, "do I have to spell it out?"

"...Yes, please."

"Her ass, idiot." Burrito plunges beneath the stomach stew.

Fluffkin's squinted eyes pop open as large as can be, twitching before he's sucked beneath the surface of Virizion's curdling gut.

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Fluffkins suffers as Virizion prances through the meadow, happy as can be.

*Gwoooooorrgg...*

That is, until she hears a strange rumbling from within her tummy.

“That’s... strange.” She says, lifting a booted hoof so the bent joint can rub her grumbling underside.

Beneath the spot she’s rubbing, separated by flesh and guts, a duck is bleached white in shock.

“You’re stuck!?” Submerged in off-color gruel, duck and fox were spurted along Virizion’s winding bowel tract. Currently housed in the cramped quarters of her small intestine, reeking slop—digested and fuming with fermentation—fills the intestine up to the halfway point. Fluffkins himself barely fits. His wings cram against his sopped down, barely able to prop his head above the tide of oatmeal-thick, nutrient soup. And blocking the way in front of Fluffkins—Burrito’s marble. The tube flutters around the smooth object, smearing soft flesh on its glassy surface, covered in oils.

“Yep. Seems so. Wanna chat while we wait?”

“Wait!?” Fluffkins groans, his wings wrapped around his beak, “I can barely breathe! The smell, it’s gotten *worse!*” But as much as Fluffkins despised it, he had no choice *but* to wait. More and more porridge piles in behind him as an uncomfortable groan gurgles behind him. Virizion’s stomach rolls forward—pushing a contracting ripple



from her belly's bottom towards her rib cage. Inside, the batter surges up. A fresh serving of revulsion gushes behind Fluffkins, squirting in the tiny space between his body and the villi-covered intestinal walls.

Over time, the gunk begins to rise. Her intestines continue to pump, chewing on the marble as Fluffkins's horror-tube fills to the three-quarters mark. The doe's stomach senses the disturbance, sloppily burbling and squirting liquid throughout her guts. And Fluffkins, as much of a gentleman he is not, feels a powerful blush burn his face when gravity shifts.

"Hmf," Virizion's voice booms through her pipings, "the tea's hitting me a little hard. Hope this doesn't kill the flowers..."

Her liquid-filled guts slush and swirl, freely rolling up the walls like the fluid in a rolling bottle. Fluffkins senses the splay of Virizion's legs. Her feet go doe-legged, turning towards each other. Gradually, her internals tilt. An incline is formed, gravity yanking Fluffkins by the collar and pinning him to the marble—then he's bashed by the build-up of moldering, stagnant slush. Face pressed to the green glass, Fluffkins's desperate eyes watch Burrito point and laugh.

Virizion is crouching. Her neck is forward; her tail raised. Then, with a subtle shimmering pulse of her gut, her bladder loosens. From the inside, Fluffkins hears the muted splatter of piss droplets bursting on flower petals. The duck moans into the goo

as Virizion holds the position, slowly tightening and loosening her belly as she kneads the warm urine out. It takes twenty seconds. Twenty seconds of pure torture for Fluffkins, waterboarded beneath hot sludge—blushing from second-hand embarrassment as he snoops on this gentle lady’s private expulsions. Expulsions... with an “S”. For as Fluffkins realizes with creeping disgust—Virizion isn’t finished. Below him, the floor distends. It grows into a gentle slope, a bulge passing beneath him. Gagging, he hears a sticky, watery sound—sputtering. Her guts groan again. A gurgling; a bubbling beneath him. Fluffkins recognizes it: it’s the sound of bubbling gas, popping from yet-processed syrup of her upper-intestinal scat.

It unleashes with a bubbling, drawn-out explosion. Fluffkins is smashed to the floor, his ears forced to squish into the fleshy floor as Virizion’s guts constrict with the release of her gas. Stomach queasy, he hears the vile detail of her bowel movement: how it coasts by her lubricated guts, coated in bowel slurch. How it squishes and depresses with the cruel touch of the wall, spitting out liquid horror. The lump grows larger, pressing him closer to the roof. Virizion’s fumes continue to vacate, sputtering past her hole, presumably plugged with scat, in squeaking *frrrbts*. Soon, the lump’s slope straightens out—and Fluffkins is inscribed with eldritch knowledge; her waste is bumpy, bouncing him up-and-down as it rides past the flesh. And it’s long—taking him on the world’s slowest, yet most vomit-inducing, rollercoaster imaginable.

But eventually, it's over. The syrupy-sounding bulge passes Fluffkins by, continuing down her tract before it's banished with a punch of her lower GI. The bird doesn't even splash. He simply bobs to the surface like a drowned pigeon.

"Geez," Burrito taps the glass with the back of her foreclaw, staring at Fluffkins, "you look like you've seen a ghost. Wanna talk about it?"

Fluffkins stares dead forward, "no..."

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"Ah!" the portly Chansey doctor smiles—which is quite unnerving to Virizion, given the situation, "I know exactly what your problem is!"

"You do?" A rosy-cheeked Virizion eeps. "Please tell! This problems been bugging me for a couple days now..."

"Nope! But I know what will solve it." Chansey picks up the egg in her pouch, cracks it open, and pulls out a purple flower from the yolkless insides.

"Um, how was that in there? *Why* was that in there? You'd have to... prepare that ahead of time! How did you—"

"This is the Runny-tunny flower!" The Chansey exclaims with too much glee, "that's it's actual medical name. Isn't that cool? The ancient Spoink language doesn't

have “m”s, but otherwise is exactly the same as the Com’Mon language. Makes for an excellent pun, doesn’t it?”

“...Um...” Virizion feels an odd tickle in her tummy. And swears she hears a tiny voice...

[sub]”By Zacian’s Zeal, don’t eat that flower!”[/sub]

“I know that look. Don’t worry! It’s completely painless, believe it or not. It’s a potent antacid *and* laxative. It’ll dislodge any blockage, I one-hundred percent guarantee.”

[sub]”I’m begging!”[/sub]

“I’ll...”

[sub]”Dooooon’t!”[/sub]

“...give it a go.”

[sub]”The Legends have forsaken me!”[/sub]

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It begins with a *glurrrmn...*

Fluffkins heart drops as the intestinal walls around him begin to... loosen. They drip with newly secreted slime, oiling them up—making them slippery as butter. As for the duck, he's still stuck marinating in days-old buildup. The scent, already horrible, has gone sour. It smells an old garbage can, seeped with juices left behind after it was never cleaned. Already, he can hear the flower's effects. Virizion has already relocated to a private place deep in the heart of the wood. And, though Fluffkins wishes to desperately unhear it, she's already let loose a torrent of... *waste*. This time, Fluffkins didn't feel a bulge pass beneath him. No—his heart grew cold when he heard *slurshing* coming from below him. It... it sounded like a sloshed vomit bucket. Chunky, watery—*DEAR ARCEUS!* He didn't even want to think about it!

Too late. It's already happening. Burrito, who's been entertaining herself by playing puppet with her illusions, is popped free by a sudden contraction—during which Virizion groans with discomfort. A dam bursts. Fluffkins is swept away by the flood. Pouring down her intestines in a gloppy tidal wave of rotten goo, Fluffkins paddles in conflicted desperation. Yes, he *wants* to get out. But not like this! Oh, anything but this!

A reek grows strong. He isn't sugar-coating it. It smells disgusting. Horrifying. *Familiar*. It's shit. And he's fast approaching the source. He spurts past the pyloric sphincter, already opened due to Burrito. Riding a wave of goo, he splashes into more. But this? It.. it..

“AAAGHG!” Fluffkins screams, primal—raw. “It stinks! Oh—oh no! The texture, the *heat!* It reeks, reeks, *reeeeeks!*”

And so it does. Fluffkins has splattered into hot pudding—cooked poorly in the doe’s upset oven. Worse yet, the deluge behind has yet to stop. The weight of her prior meal pounds him into the sludge, burying his body in sewage. Blind, restrained by the chunky soup of her upper intestine mixing with the watery remnants of her lower, it takes him a long while to break the surface. His wings flail sightlessly as the melange around him bubbles deeply—like when a filled water cooler plugs after dispensing a drink. His beak tight as a sealed can, he tears to the surface in a confetti-explosion of thrown waste—just in time for Virizion’s guts to crunch. Hot miasma blows past him as Virizion breaks wind, bubbling through her water-filled colon until it bursts out of the crouched deer’s arse.

Fluffkins, totally browned in shitty paint, lifts his head ahead. Burrito... is nowhere to be found. Pushed forward by wind and the tsunami of goo, she’s either deeper... or took the fast route out.

And so Fluffkins suffers. He drifts along a lazy river of putrefying sludge, occasionally accelerated by Virizion’s paint-peeling, violent bursts of flatulence. Worse yet, Virizion continues her unaware torture. She walks, stands, sometimes sits. And every action she makes throws the fluids inside of her. Whenever her tummy growls,

and she feels her scat lapping at her backdoor, she tilts—sending a weeping Fluffkins sloshing forward in a surge of poo-goo.

But eventually, he reaches the end. A pinprick of light daring to venture in her putrid depths, Fluffkins sees the glint of emerald. Burrito has yet to be vacated. But that changes soon. Virizion grumbles, sensing another bathroom trip commencing. Fluffkins, looking ahead—the only white gracing him being the whites of his eyes—sees Burrito's ball bobs along the flood. Suddenly, the ridged walls clamp down—pushing forth a wave of shit that crests over the refuse-splattered sphere. It rushes forward as horribleness gushes from the doe's tailhole, pumping forward in time with the pushes from her bowels. Horrible squirts and bubbling gas echoing through the corridor, a resounding *splat!* hits Fluffkins when the Capture Gem squishes into Virizion's tailhole—grimy and splattered with scat. Greased with brown discharge, the ball slips free without issue—exiting with a firehose of gush.

Now it's Fluffkins's turn.

Freedom from this torment close at hand, Fluffkins can't look away from the wincing, squashing horror in front of him. The doe's anus is pudgy, fluttering and squeezed tight as she keeps her guts in line. Horrible chunky mush squishes against it. Dread-brown paint crawls up the walls. Vomit trickles into Fluffkins's throat as Virizion's butt wriggles in anticipation, sloshing the liquids to-and-fro with horrid splashes and gut-curdling glops as its goeey surface springs up and splashes onto itself. Then—when

Fluffkins's beak is an inch away from colliding with her rear portal—the grumbling begins. Virizion groans as bubbling mounts from behind. Her tailhole squashes in, mushing on itself as the shit-soup begins to bubble. Vile gasses creep in—smelling of eggs, rancid produce, and the unmistakable foulness of ill-processed diarrhea. Virizion tilts, and Fluffkins beak smears against her dirty hole—its goo spilling over his soiled nose.

*Gwoorgle-bwoaarr...*

Her tailhole tightens.

Fluffkins nearly shits himself.

Virizion does it for him.

The brassy Ass Band comes to play, with their shittiest tubist wailing on the brown note. A burst of sound and feces gushes from her insides, slamming Fluffkins with a wall of sound and shit that feels as solid as steel. He's vomited out with a flood of the runs, bashing into the soggy earth that's already saturated with the byproduct of Virizion's gurgling discomfort. And she doesn't stop when the bird's expelled. She keeps going, pelting him with revulsion that's marinated in her guts for over three days.



And like most horrible things, it gets worse. The sheer amount of her waste forms a river of its own, whisking the inert Fluffkins away—running him between the grasses, throwing him down a slope of earth. The trickling of water reaches his ears far too late—and Fluffkins is washed into a running stream...