

There is an island. Multiple islands. An archipelago made from a titan's corpse. It's much more lovely than it sounds.

And on that corpse, there's a little canyon in the groove between its radius and ulna: the forearm bones. A spooky place so frightful, that the actual horrors don't dare set foot in there. Ironically, making it much more safe than it ought to be.

And in that canyon, there's a cottage. Multiple, really. All mashed up together. Originally, it was a tragic accident where three Baba Yaga huts met in a near-fatal crash. Now, it's home to Sage of the Canyon: Fermi. Cottage, cabin, and cabana couldn't be pulled apart. So Fermi claimed the wreckage for herself—tidying it up, shiny and new.

She's a witch too, you see. One with knowledge of magical crafts and potions. Every magical device is within Fermi's domain. With but a look, she can discern its secrets—though only the basics, really. And with a touch—she can work her *own* mundane magic: her skills as a master restorationist.

The windows are lit by an orange glow. And in the radiant, warm light of her cabin—there is a homely kitchen. And there, a kitchen. Kitsch dolls and tea sets line the wooden shelves.

There are three things sitting on Fermi's dining table:

— A fruit bowl.

— A stack of junk mail.

— And a time machine.

Oh? The time machine? It's the most horrid, useless piece of junk Fermi has ever seen. A cube of burnished bronze, occasional toothed gears poke from slits long as the

witch's thumb. Ticking by every second in some Rube-goldberg contraption stowed away inside, its constant clicking is ready to drive the lady mad.

"Ain't that wonderful?" Her voice carries a lilt, an odd accent picked up from father to daughter. Welsh—the closest Earth equivalent.

"I've got here a fresh Chronometer. Legendary time-traveling doohickey that *really* should've stayed in lore. Absolutely *useless*." Tanned hands brush the smooth metal. Her fingertips are pleasantly warmed from the odd heat toasting inside. A wide thumb rubs a dusty counter—a dim green analog screen stamped with a dial and numbers. Like—a car's speed gauge.

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"Mm-hm." Fermi grumbles. "Year, month, date, and time. And with a turn of a knob..." She pushes one of the protruding gears. The wheel turns, clicking oddly like an over-wound wind-up toy. And at once, the time moves back. Back. Further... further... the second counter swirls as a blur of numbers while the hours creep by. Finally, reaching into a new day.

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"That-a-be yesterday..." She sighs, logging her findings in a journal. "Cute device. A marvel, really. Don't have a clue how it ticks. One flick of this here switch—and it'd send me right back into the past. A sorta... ah, what's the word..."

She taps her pen.

"Transtemporal... shuffling? This thing's been recording everything since the moment it was turned on. It'll replay everything that happened. You get sucked in, mingle with the past, and eventually get slammed right back to the present."

She smiles. And pucks a grape from the bowl and tosses it into her mouth.

“Clever! It’s like it cooks up one big play for you to run around in. All fine and dandy. Genius even. But...”

Dishes clatter as she slams her fists onto the wooden table with a **thunk!**

“*Why* in tarnation does the Chronometer **not come with you!**?”

Knock, knock, knock.

There’s someone at the door.

“*Urgh.*” A derisive groan spits from her lips. She slouches in an instant. “Eda’s demonic servant. Plucked feathers, couldn’t he have come later? I’m *busy.*”

Knock, knock, slam!

“Hey! Sage!” A raucous voice crashes from behind the door. Rough—creaking with bits of croakiness. But it’s all settled on the base of a thicker undertone. “I know you’re in there. It’s dark out here—I can see *right* in there!”

“Gotcha Brimstone!” She shouts back, doing her best to honey her annoyance. “Help yourself inside! That ol’ door ain’t locked.”

The door handle swivels. The door creaks open.

“My name’s not Brimstone...” Plopped on the dark blue backdrop of the brilliant night sky—an odd creature stands. Back straight, stance wide—royal in authority. All contradicted by his hardly half-human height and silk-soft fur. A horned canine skull sits snugly on his black-furred head. He’s a walking oxymoron: a pudgy body is shaped by sleek musculature. His animalistic canine legs are built for running—but bogged down by a bit too many snacks. Magenta eyes are framed by yolk-yellow sclera, glowing with dim firefly light.

This—is King. He’s been on a quest for quite a while, long after the departure of his best friend. This is why he’s here, really. When he was younger, he couldn’t *stand* being hugged. Heck, he hardly can nowadays. Yet, though he’d never admit it, he longs for the chance to be hugged by Luz again. And as the days tick by, her face grows blurrier. Dreams—once pristine—have now decayed into vaguely comforting mush. Pleasant memories of being embraced by a woman with no face.

A time device? Just what he’s dreamed of.

Fermi cuts in. “Your name’s not Brimstone? Well, well, well! My name’s not ‘Sage’.”

“Oh. *Wonderful*.” King pads inside, puffy tail swishing. “When people were saying you were a funny lady, I didn’t think they meant... *literally* funny.”

He closes the door behind him and wipes his feet on the doormat. Looking around, he takes in the rustic air. The cottage interior is lovely: carved from wood with various animals and beasts stuffed and mounted on the walls.

“Wooo,” King whistles. “Nice place.”

His tail flicks. A flap. A small *prfabt* pops the air.

“Errr... excuse me.” An ivory claw adjusts his leather dog collar. Beneath a bleached skull and blackened fur, the demon’s surely blushing. “Not starting off on the right foot, eh?”

Fermi’s patience is rapidly dissolving. “No. No we aren’t.”

“Alright, alright.” King approaches, bare feet pounding the carpet. “Jokes aside. How’s it going, Sage?”

"Didja just call me Sage? *Again?*"

"Are you deaf?" His eyes half-lid and his hands go palms-up. "Of course I did. That's your name."

Fermi's hand makes a successful landing on her face. She lets it fall, rubbing her skin, stretching her face. Blue eyes point towards the diminutive demon.

"Nobody calls me Sage. The name's Fermi—and I'd've thought an errand boy woulda done a BIT more research on who he's dealing with."

"Errand boy!?" King's voice growls with anger, doing a nice job of hiding his squeaking indignance. "You're talking to royalty here, pal. And someone who has seen a lot of wacky woo-hoo nonsense than YOU ever will."

"Your soundin' upset."

"I am *not* upset!" King's crossed arms tell a different story.

"Ah, you're annoying..." Fermi mutters, before puffing up her cropped blonde bangs that were falling over her eyes like hanging ivy.

"What'd you say!?" King balls a fist—then calms himself. "Fine, fine. *Fermi*. I came to nab that time—I mean pendant. That pendant."

"Mm-hmm." Fermi is already back to work, tinkering with the Chronometer. "Then get lost. I'm busy."

"*What!?*" King shouts. "We arranged this date days ago!"

"Postponed, babyman. Not done digging out this beaut's secrets."

King chokes on his throat, a small pathetic sound. And he nearly boils with rage when he sees that Fermi noticed it. And a thin smile drew up her lips.

Great going, King! His words echo in his head. *Now she hates you. She isn't parting with the device or the pendant!*

A curious rumble twitters his belly. And a familiar pressure is growing in his backside.

“Eh, been holding it long enough.”

Fermi sighs. “Whatcha sayin’?”

“...Can I at least use your bathroom before I, uh, y’know... leave? Long trip back and all...”

A bigger sigh, touched by a growl. “Can’t you just crap outside?”

King smiles. He has his ace. “On your lawn?”

“...*Fine*. Keep quiet and skedaddle right afterwards.” Her fingers wrap around an oaken staff, and she hovers it over the Chronometer like a dowsing rod. “And *please* use some air freshener.”

King plods away. Fermi returns to her work. And off in the distance, a door clunks closed.

A few minutes pass.

Fermi’s ears perk as she senses an odd bundle of energy. Fingers dance in the air. And a new gauge appears, revealed by a sliding piece of metal.

H: 100%

“Odd...” she says. She fiddles around with the gears.

A few minutes more.

She dials it down. She sets it to its minimum, just as a test.

H: 1%

“Urf... too... much... sugar...”

Fermi frowns, desperately trying to pretend she didn’t hear that. In fact...

Fermi walks to an adjacent room, rummages through a brilliant maple drawer, and pulls out a thick pair of earmuffs. Perfect.

A hundred seconds more.

Fermi doesn't hear the door creak open.

"Dumb, judgy, grouchy..." King grouses under his breath. "My *one* chance... and it's stuck with her!"

He creeps closer.

"Might as well leave with a bit of a parting prank..."

He cups claws around his mouth.

And he *screams*.

"HEY **SAAAAAGE!**"

The witch jumps. As if a rabbit jumped up her spine, her body lurches. Her arms jerks, voice yelps, balance teeters. Her staff—drops.

Fermi was in the midst of a delicate spell. The innards of the Chronometer were being poked and prodded. And with one tap of the staff's head—she unlocks its deepest secret: it's activation sequence.

Unfortunately for her—and King—they're right in range for the device to send them on their maiden voyage... to the past.

Bright light sears the eyes as Fermi steps back, pupils shrinking in the blue pool of her eyes like a sinking stone. She whirls back to King, the demon sheepishly looking up.

"Do you realize what you've done!?"

"No..." King admits.

Green lightning crackles across the Chronometer. Zipping from brass plate to brass plate, the static builds. And with a crash and thunderous boom, the lightning streaks past Fermi—and shoots itself into the stout demon. He shouts, flinching. But the lightning is harmless. It crackles across his fur, surrounding him in a glowing green glow.

“Oh c’mon!” Fermi practically throws herself over the device, fiddling with its gears like mad. “Why is *he* the primary user!?”

“W-what?” King flinches as Fermi grimaces, electricity coursing around her while she hugs the device. Desperately holding on, she’s finally thrown back in an electric shock. King bounces as she hits the floor, bits of her clothes smoking.

“We’re going back to your past, numbskull!” She spits. “Quick! What in blazes were you doing at approximately eight-o-clock yesterday night!? C’mon, spit it out!”

“Uh—” King stammers as the world becomes a void of white light.

“...Eating?”

Fermi comes to. And the first thing she notices is the night sky, peppered with ten-thousand stars. And yet, it’s dark. *Really* dark. But only on one side. The *why* isn’t her concern right now. Because the next thing she notices...

...Is that she’s being hugged by that irritating demon.

“Let go of me.”

Yellow lanterns come to light: King opening his eyes.

“AH!” He jumps back in a jiffy, landing on a hard... wooden ground? “Ohhh, I thought we were gonners!”

Fermi isn't in the mood to celebrate. She scans her surroundings. Her staff is gone. But her hide-and-fur robes remain, thank the Emperor. And they... appear to be in some shallow crevice. The shallow wooden space is cut into a much larger landscape, the divot reaching up to her hips—and King's head. Only his horns and the top half of his eyes peeking above.

Most concerningly, is the raging inferno burning only a stone's toss away.

"Oh—no, no, no, no, *no!*" King flinches, black body glowing red from the flickering, cast light.

"Oh, blood tea *shells!*" Fermi growls between clenched teeth. "*That's* what that setting was for!? You're *kidding* me!"

"Hey the what now?"

"The setting!" Fermi repeats, looking around with much more urgency. "That darned cube had some setting that, for the life of me, I couldn't understand. I *still* don't! Why put a *height modifier* in a *time machine*?"

Embers dance in front of King's skull. "But what about—"

"That's a campfire, Eyeballs."

"Campfire?" King slowly relaxes. "That's, uh... uh..."

His eyes shine with the visage of blazing flame.

"...A campfire fit for a *king!*"

"If you were any denser, you'd be a diamond." Fermi peers over the wooden grotto they're in.

“Alright,” she begins. “We’re a good number of miles away from my cottage. Position of the stars is telling me thataway’s north. And... oh *cinders*. We’re on top of a log. Sittin’ in one o’ its cracks.”

“Oh.” King says quietly. He turns his head to the side and puts a claw on his chin, mumbling, “hmm, yeah. Bag of treats on your six?”

She looks behind her—and sees a massive satchel of bagged marshmallows. And right besides it, chocolate bars—all balanced on the log.

She sighs. “Confirmed.”

“Yes!” King pumps his fists. “Haha! Eat that humanity! Superior demon eyesight wins again.”

“You found chocolate.”

King closes his eyes and raises a claw like a chiding teacher. “The only thing that matters.”

Fermi puffs. “One hypothesis confirmed: the Chronometer plops you down where you’ve been before. Now let’s hope your Godzilla bum doesn’t show up...”

“Eh,” King shrugs. “Don’t care. I don’t know about you, but I’m about to help myself to tha—oh, wow—wow—*no!*”

Fermi swivels around. “What’s wrong with—”

The witch goes slack-jawed. A void of black eats the starry sky. Breaking all preconceptions of *giant*, a shadowy creature tall as a titan strides. The drab canyon walls are broken by the shadow-black silhouette passing by. Dust crunches with loose earth, smashed by the unfathomable weight pressed with each of his steps. Unable to be fully captured in a glance, dog and witch stare in awe—jaws dropping with chins

rising to the skies. They follow his black body and grey belly. They lift past his collar, fitted with a gleaming gold coin that reflects the dancing flames. The duo reach his head—and see shining eyes scanning right over them, unaware of their paltry existence. Those eyes stare from a skull—and are directed at the only thing that matters: marshmallows and chocolate.

“By brimstone, that’s me!” King shouts. “I look good from this angle.”

“I can see your kingly nuts.” Fermi groans. “I want to tear my eyeballs out.”

Past King waltzes by the fire, paws slapping the dusty soil. A great wind passes by the shrunken duo, rippling fur and clothes as the pair dig their nails into the bark. When the wind no longer blinds them, they’re swept in another gale. This time, a tail passes over. Fluffy and long, it whips through the air like the sound of a plane passing overhead. Directly above, a dreadful sight.

King is about to sit down.

The sky falling, Fermi hits the deck. Fear bubbles in her chest like an overcooked pot, bubbling at her throat as she barely holds back a shriek.

The world explodes with a deep roar. A titan’s drum booms, rattling her bones and shaking her innards into jelly. Her body literally humming from the massive vibrations, she finally recovers from the shockwave.

To see King standing right besides her, utterly unfazed. He’s short enough to fit under his own bum.

“Oh-ho-ho!” King guffaws with too much glee. “Kneel beneath my ass, mortal!”

Fermi, still prone and holding her head, looks up. Only an arm’s length away is an... errr...

The best Fermi can describe it: an anus.

It needs no further explanation. It's a ghoulish, purple-fleshed puckered pit that descends into darkness. Shadowed wrinkles clench to a pinched point in the center, so dolloped in blackness that it's like they're outlined in ink. A pungent musk wafts from within. Flowing out as a thin wisp, it slowly poisons the air.

Fermi's throat grinds as she gags in disgust. "We *have* to solve this!"

King deflates to a half-lid stare. "Yeah, the fun's wearing off quick. This is getting kinda gross."

Past King shuffles about, breaking chocolate off bars to prep on his smores. He sticks marshmallows on sticks. Beneath him, they see his butt wiggle. His tailhole bends and flexes with his shifting posture. And Fermi catches tiny specks of a particularly nasty substance.

"Don't you wipe!?" She squawks.

"Yes." King states. "But it's not like I brought TP! What am I gonna do, carry it in my pockets?"

"You brought *chocolate*. And *marshmallows*. In a *satchel!!*"

"Yeah! There was no room for the—"

"Zip your yap!" Fermi spits. "You're onto something. TP. Teleport. We're gonna teleport. But—ah... that's too dangerous! *Barely* within my school of magic. And that's with stretching..."

King puts one hand on his hip and holds the other at hip-height, claw pointing straight up. "Well, do you want to stand under my butt for a whole hour? I remember being *pretty* comfy..."

Fermi groans.

King smiles. “Well, that didn’t take much convincing.”

“Listen demon, we can’t get caught!” Fermi cuts in, trying to ignore the awful black cheeks above her. “So when we ‘port outta here, we’ve *got* to lay low. No matter. What. Happens.”

King crosses his arms and taps a foot. “Or what? We create a time paradox?”

“Well, yes. But no. Worse.” Fermi frowns as royal ass stench wrinkles her nose. “We die. Because—think for a moment—what would you do if you saw a bug?”

“Heh, I’d step on it.”

“Bingo.”

“Or feed it to Hooty.”

“The who now?”

King shakes his head. “Trust me—a fate worse than death.”

Gloppy smacks of sticky-splatted lips slap above: Past King chowing into the creamy center of his graham smores snack. Chewing the crunchy-soft thing to a fine pulp, his noisy chewing forms the Fermi’s backdrop. The bangs of her short hair lift, seized by antigravity. King feels lighter too—the sensation growing until he’s lighter than air.

Blink. And they’re gone.

Blackness.

Heat.

Incredible, incredible stickiness.

They're instantly swamped in viciously hot muck. Lodged in some gooey mass, King and Fermi are entangled in a web of mess. Their limbs weave through quaggy white meltiness, breaking through the slightly-crisped outer shell to reach the sugary insides. Yes, sugary. Sweet. Molten brown chocolate dapples over them, pouring over their back and oozing between their armpits. Fermi's lips twist, revolted at the feeling of her hide clothing soaking up the hot chocolate. And King—he pulls at his limbs. Throat rattling with a croaking gag, he reviles the sensation of chocolate running down his back, gluing his tail to his behind.

“Ugh, this is a nightmare!” He grouses. “A terrible, scrumptious nightmare!”

King's eyes shrink to dots.

“Sage lady!” He shouts. “This isn't good. We're in—”

Liftoff.

Inertia slams their faces into the marshmallow-chocolate meld, rubbing their noses in sweetened sludge. And Fermi—doesn't reply. Far too drained from casting the spell, she groans... and her face simply splats in the sticky, melty treat.

“Shaddup...” She groans.

“No!” King spouts. “Listen! Oh man, this is bad...”

“Wha—”

King nearly squeals. “*We're in my s'mores! We're in my—noooo!*”

That wakes Fermi up.

Even with her limbs of lead, she harnesses all her power to trudge out of the treat's sticky grasp. Strings of sugar snap, hanging off her in thick, sticky globs.

Stumbling and crawling towards King, she lends him a hand. She grips him tight—and begins to pull.

His panicked wriggings prove her downfall. And his chaotically off balance weight causes her to fall forward: on top of him. A move that saves both their lives. As moments after she makes her yucky pratfall—the world tears away from where she once stood with a mighty snapping crack. Past King’s fangs chomp through graham, tearing through the cinnamony starch to dig at the sweet delight within. White fangs would’ve cut her in two. Instead, they clamp together—having fully bisected Past King’s sugar-swamped sandwich.

His earthquaking crunches and mashes pound shockwaves through both their bodies. Both watch in horror as he enjoys his meal. And King nearly vomits as he sees himself resort to open-mouth chewing, showing off his inner purple mouth flesh. Stained with brown chocolate, crumbs of graham, and absolutely splattered with gooey white marshmallow—his wide and flat human-like tongue stirs the meal around his maw. And he chews *thoroughly*. Savoring the snack, it’s reduced to an amorphous pulp before his tongue stretches out from his mouth—showing its food-speckled surface—and then rolling it back into his gob. He swallows with a little chin tilt, his throat bobbing and bulging with his newest haul of tasty goodness.

And then—Past King opens his maw.

“Oh Eda...” King wheezes as his tiny pupils shake. “We’re gonna die...”

The past demon’s jaws chow down, crunching a new slice to shove in his gullet. Fermi clings to King—and King to Fermi. Both out of self-preservation, and a mutual desire for the other to provide salvation. Desperately hoping the other has a clever plan

to get them out of this, no such ploy materializes. Not much you can do when a castle-sized giant decides to make a snack out of you.

Still stuck beneath graham and sunken in 'mallow, the sticky unidentical twins see Past King's tongue reel up. His fat taste buds are on full display. And he gives them a closer look as he smashes his tongue into their gooey chunk. Their backs nearly snap as they're thrust in a different direction. Stopping abruptly, they crash into the rubbery flesh of Past King's cheek. Saliva gushes from the marshmallow, soaking them as they flail for survival. But they become rigid as a statue when the guillotine falls—and the cracker behind them splits like dry wood. Marshmallow and chocolate spew chaotically, nearly drowning them as the suction in King's mouth tries to drag them about. Fighting against it, they ride the rapids of his mouth as his fangs nearly crush them again and again. Fermi's blood goes ice-cold when King is slowly pulled from her weakened limbs.

"Hold on!" She yells—before the demon escapes her. He flows backwards, riding a wave of kicked-up goo as he scrambles to reunite. His eyes go wide as he looks above: fangs right above him.

SCRQUELCH!

Fermi looks on in horror. King is nowhere to be found.

Until she spots him in between the gaps of his own teeth.

"Little... demon thing! Watch out!"

Trembling, King looks out towards the shaking witch—and then glances up. His past self is readying for another chew.

He ducks low, cramming himself between his pointy sharp teeth. The fangs fall once more.

SPLURT-SCCH!

Barely avoiding a very messy death, King watches as chocolate drips on him from the point of his fangs. Greasy chocolate coats him, running down the side of his stomach to pool in the mottled pool his fat purple tongue is resting in. His fangs lift away, webbed by gooey grossness. He spots Fermi scream, pulled away, clinging to his tongue as a ginormous flow of sludgy spit rushes to be masticated once more.

SMURSH-SPLT!

King is drenched. And undeniably sticky. Practically a wad of one of his own favorite treats, he's pasted to his own tooth. Unable to break free, he's forced to ride along its side—swished through the gooeyness of graham for a few more munches. Coughing up spit and sugar, his wincing eyes look up—and see his fat tongue coming to finish the job.

He's squished into his tooth, slowly peeled off as Past King licks the sweetmeat off his molars. He rolls across the tongue, flowing with his own spit before ramming into a very exhausted witch. His sticky body acts as glue, welding them together as the whole world tilts.

Past King is prepping to swallow.

His tongue forms a ramp. Fermi and King slick along a slippery ramp, skidding on greasy chocolate as the rush of Past King's falling saliva crashes against their ears. They play pachinko with his taste buds, bouncing from one to the other as they tumble down. The heat from his throat grows, smelling markedly of his breath. The dark pit stretches from the corner of their eyes—growing like they're falling into a black hole.

GLURK! Past King's swallow is deafening.

The pair are smushed into a ball. Forming a seed in the center of a marshy wad, the massive demon's rippling throat mashes them again and again. They both groan in utter humiliation and exhaustion, their bodies smashed together just as much as the mush they're wallowed in.

Lower they travel, passing beneath the demon's collarbone. They feel the passage turning, tilting. They hear his great heart nearby, pounding them with a new dose of terror every pulse.

Finally, their sphere of grossness is mushed by immense pressure. And Past King's esophagus vomits them into reprehensible air.

Saccharine rot hits them immediately. King's diet is... not good. Yes, meats swirl with treats—cemented with greens. Smoked forest critters boil in his belly, filling the air with fermenting suffering. Meat vomit is the worst kind of unpleasant, ramming the nose with a blunt force bullet of nauseating stink. And after the two hit the thick porridge stew of Past King's belly, they smell the other side of the coin. Candied delicacies waft through the air like nasty nectar. Like rotting fruit, it only smells sweeter whilst digesting. The s'mores are all here, fizzing and bubbling from his browned-yellow acid's contact. But caramel sloshes in here too, a treat he stole from a Trick-or-Treater's basket and he does *not* feel sorry for it. And along with it—a canteen's worth of water and the boulder-sized, seed-like kernels of afternoon granola. And of course—there's much, much more. But it's all melted down to a marshy soup that's thick enough to almost stand in. Here, the greens reside. Melted into a vague chlorophyll soup, they form the cement that holds this revolting marsh together.

Bobbing like a floater, King and Fermi try to tear themselves free. And it's at this moment, they realize: they're apart. The impact skipped King like a stone across his swampy gut. Faraway, they both resort to runting. Slowly, they begin to sink beneath the wave. And all the while, Past King keeps on eating. He relishes his meal as Fermi dips to his dinner's depths... and finally emerge after a scary-long beat.

She gradually comes to. Dragged at a glacial stop-and-go pace, she hasn't a clue of how she's alive. Until—she sees her savior. King pulls her by the legs, constantly battered by wallowing waves that punch his head beneath his own vomit again and again. He gasps for air, tearing up from the smell and the taste, groaning a pitiful creak as he uses all of his might to haul Fermi to safety.

The closest he can find, anyhow.

She's pulled to a bed of digesting cherry taffy, wretchedly gooey—but its own slimy stickiness holds it together. Around them, his purplish-blue guts churn with heavens-destroying volume. Growls and glops batter them from all sides. And they're both utterly coated in chunky vomit.

"King..." She wisps out in the stale air. "By a wizard's nose hairs, you've *got* to improve your diet."

King rasps out deep, regrettable huffs of air. "...I... I was stress-eating, okay!? C'mon lady! You act like you've never eaten like trash before."

Fermi grimaces as her palms indent right into the taffy, leaving a handprint when she lifts it away. "We can't stay here for long. Your stomach... oh spells, it's going to *eat* us!"

“I already did!” He snaps back—but then his voice takes on a kinder tone.

“But—uh, don’t worry. I... I only had a few s’mores.”

He sighs, blowing out his own stress. “I’ll be done soon, okay?”

The exhausted Fermi sits in near fetal position.

King mutters. “Oh great. Now *I* gotta play the big guy...”

And King carefully mashes over—and plants a comforting claw on the lady’s back. Together, they watch demon puke drop off their bodies and dribble down their raft—King’s glowing eyes providing their only light.

“I’ve... got to... get *out!*”

After Past King’s meal, the demon lounges by the fire—reading the one book he’d brought with him. And in his gut, Fermi does her damndest to climb the slippery slopes. Wet slurry of chocolate and vomit stain the sides. And Fermi can’t even manage halfway to the top even on her best tries. And that’s *with* King’s stomach half-full. His demonic stomach is simply too active, bouncy, and slippery. Plus, with every minute that goes by, more of his gut drains. Pumping... downward. Squealing whines from happy intestines prick Fermi’s spine with needles of ice.

After Fermi’s latest splat, her long ears raise when she catches King growl in a growing crescendo.

“Quit fooling around!” King glares at the woman. “We’re not getting out that way.”

“What else are we gonna do?” She harks up and spits into the bubbling gastric juices.

“Hey!” King barks. “That’s *my* stomach! Don’t spit in my stomach!”

“We’re gonna *melt* in your stomach if you don’t drum up some *bright ideas* on how to get out of here! And trust me—there’s a *lot* worse stuff inside me than I can hork up!”

“Eccch!” He grimaces. “I get it, I get it! Trust me, I’ve been *thinking* about it. *Too much.*”

“Why in blazes have you been thinkin’ about that?” She preps for another bout of belly wall climbing when King’s next words stop her in her tracks.

“There’s another way out of here than the throat, y’know?”

She flips around faster than the devil can run.

“You are *not* suggesting that. We are *not* doing that.”

“Well, miss smarty pants. *I* haven’t suggested it yet.” King crosses his arms. “But I am now. We’re going out the back end. Because last morning, I was starving. Stressing. I ate a lot. And all that food from the night before? Gone. My belly was empty. I didn’t feel a tickle in the morning. Heck, I heard my gut mashing and glorping all night! You know what that means?”

He leans closer.

“That means nothing was in my stomach. *Nothing.* Nothing climbing, screaming, wriggling. There’s only two ways it can end: we digest into gobledy-glook *slurry*—or we delve deeper.”

Fermi is taken aback, her matted hair limply swinging in the stale air currents pushed around by Past King’s ambient gut churning.

“I—”

“Oh my—*rragh!* Come *on*, Fermi! You know it’s true.”

She sighs. “You’re right. Oh, hellfire and curses, you are *right*.” She practically screams afterward and restrains herself from pulling her hair out.

King always adored demonology. And with that, came knowledge of their digestive processes. It isn’t hard to find the duodenum. He knows exactly where to look. But they’re both miserable searching for it. Swimming through tingly potpourri that reeks like frat party barf, they dive and brush the bottom of Past King’s gut. Resurfacing now and again like they’re diving for shells, they eventually find it. Fermi goes first, cramming herself through the rubbery ring that gnaws on her body like it’s chewing gum. Eventually, she’s slurped inside, the sphincter burping some bubbles to demonstrate her finished passage. Then, King takes his turn. He crams against it, squeezing the juices from his fur as he kicks his way inside.

King emerges face-first in a quaking surge of gruel. Consistently thick and with a texture like mashed peas. Without Fermi’s benefit of a longer torso, he can’t angle his face away from it as he wriggles in. Retching beneath the soup that bounces with Past King’s currently-walking gait, he’s abruptly pulled from his hellish waterboarding calloused hands.

He lifts into the steamy air, dripping. Held at arm’s length like a dog rescued from the swamp, Fermi holds him steady.

“Your body is disgusting.” She says, glancing behind her. The flow of food that spewed with them rolls down a steady decline, dropping off into a bend of Past King’s duodenum. The curve is U-shaped, with the bottom absolutely flooded with waist-high slurch. A duct halfway down, big enough to barely fit King, leaks a vile greenish ooze.

Slobery and watery, it's bile. It squirts out with rhythmic contractions. And his vaguely tanned, milkshake meal swirls with the putridity until it tints barf green.

"Not gonna argue that." He tilts his head down to look at the flow below them. Then, pops his eyes back to Fermi. "Just so you know, I'm not walking in that."

She groans. "*Why? We're stuck in here because of you. And I'm walking in it!*"

"The smells are a lot worse down there, lady." King glares. "And do you know how long it takes to wash monster vomit out of your fur? Trust me. Not my first rodeo."

"*Fine.*" She hauls him closer to perch on her shoulder. "God, you're heavy."

"And your shoulder is bony. Your scapula is a traffic cone up my tailhole. This sucks for both of us."

She shifts him into a piggyback.

"Better?"

"Marginally."

Carefully using stuck gum wads of sticky once-food to mantle down the duodenum, Fermi splashes down in the curdling mixture. Glorps and glops squeeze from both directions. Attacking in a aural pincer attack, Past King's busy stomach burbles out rambling melodies as his intestines whine back in soprano. The guts below almost sound like squeaking rubber, rubbing together. Gas crawls through the limited space, stretching flesh and disturbing slurry as it shoves its way to the eventual exit.

An exit both are dreading, yet march towards. The pair prep to pass by another U-curve that descends vertically into the small intestines... when the swaying stops. And Fermi's keen ears pick up an odd... splishing sound. Trickling? Water—or some

other liquid—hitting a solid, ridged surface. ...Wood? Bark? It's muted afterwards, as if it hit grass. And—

King flushes something fierce when a big ol' sigh resounds through the pumping world.

"Hey!" He shouts. "Keep moving!"

"Pretty hard. Considering I'm hearing you *mark your territory*, bonehead."

King flicks a messy paw out and away out of fluster. "What do you expect? You're in *my* body. I can't do *anything* without you—" He pauses with a held tilt. "*—us*, knowing!"

She goes to pinch the bridge of her nose, but stops when she realizes how filthy her hand is. "Please tell me this is your before-bed piss."

He bites back. "Let's just get a move on, alright!?"

They safely clamber into the flood. A wretched river is near stagnant, meandering down Past King's digestive tract with all the speed of a turtle. Occasionally hastened by a particularly rough clench from his intestines, the collapsing cavern tends to be content with being a living pipeline. Millions of rubbery protrusions dapple the walls. Wagging through the air and grime, they're smaller than even King. Small as one of Fermi's toes, both react with nausea as they have to skim their bodies along the prying grasp of Past King's villi. The demon now fortunately asleep, the hideous passage doesn't wobble nearly as much as the stomach before. Fermi has the simple job of wading through, stomping through thick cream that's hot as the air around: right-on-the-dot 98.6°F.

That is until they reach midway through. Cream curdles into hunks of horrific sludge. What can only be described as Past King's... past meals. Utterly unidentifiable, both witch and demon cringe in disgust—though King noticeably less so.

“As gross as this all is,” he says, “this is all kinda neat.”

Fermi flicks her eyes towards him. “Neat?”

“Duh. I’ve liked demonology for as long as I can remember. And we’re inside a demon. *Me.*”

The witch takes advantage of this small downtime to attempt to dry her hands, using the villi as a rag. “That sounds a little egomaniacal.”

He lets out a huff of annoyance. Then, ponders for a moment. He taps his stained skull.

“Hmmm... king’s decree! New mission. We’re gonna try something.”

She sucks her lips into a frown. “Whatcha thinking, funny man?”

“Your king’s belly hurt the next day. Onwards, servant! Break all this goo up.”

Fermi shot him a look that made King think he grew a third eye. “You’re out of your mind.”

“What?” He says. “We’re going *out* with it. Do you want to be stuck with it coming out?”

“Oh, *please* tell me you didn’t have the runs!”

His eyes pop wide. “No! Of course not! Mostly.”

“*What.*”

“It was just *really* dense. Like, I could *feel* it coming out you know? Slinking riiight through to the end. And then—a real stretcher—”

“Stop talking.” Fermi commands. “Or I’m ripping off that skull of yours, running it through your own proto-shits, and slapping it back on your head.”

“That’s my skull!” He shouts back, with a surprising amount of emotion. Now Fermi isn’t sure if that means it’s his *actual* skull...

“Putting this wagon back on the trail,” she says, looking at the globby pebbles ahead. “I’ve been walking forever—”

“We.” King corrects.

“...I’ve been walking forever, and we’re *definitely* getting to the end. We’re—we’re gonna encounter some *nasty* things.”

“Yeah, yeah.” King’s metal piece on his collar jingles as he adjusts his position.

“Don’t worry about that. Better out than in, right? *Right?*”

“You’re insufferable.”

“No,” the demon states as a matter of factly, “I’m in me.”

King yelps. Fermi drops him.

Fighting onward, the number of villi considerably decreases as they make their way deeper. The soup thickens to a wet sludge. Trudging through muck, the smell steadily gets worse. The quality of air was already at an all-time low. But now? The steamy reek is unendurable. Sloshing around in these stagnant waters has given bacteria plenty of time to chow down. Fermenting the scraps of his meal, a horrific odor is belched out. A curse to the nose, it’s like slamming a cinder block down the nasal. King and Fermi choke on stench, gagging to dislodge the block odor-stuffed air that’s

lodged in their throat. It's a bitter smell—of pure, sunbaked garbage. Not even the sweetness survived.

And it all gets worse when the pair come facing the disgusting hole ahead. Splattered with intestinal filth, the puckered orifice looks like a pulled-closed mouth of a stuff sack. Pinched tight, the entrance to King's large intestine bathes in thick water.

Fermi lets out an open-mouth gag. "Urgh! It looks like the end of a hot dog."

"I hate that you're right." King nervously eyes the chunky stream.

In the atrocious moments that follow, Fermi approaches. King internally thankful he's kept above the gunk, the witch stands in front of the portal to the demon's cecum.

"It smells even worse up close!" King groans.

"Hey," Fermi winces, angling away from the thing a bit, "it's your butt."

Past King snorts in his sleep. And at once, the sphincter squishes open—just a bit. Fermi manages to stay solid, holding her place as intestinal spew flows through. She catches it splash into a curdling brown mess, full of chunks of floating poo blobs. All the while, the most insidious reek blows from within. It blazes through their bodies, rotting their soul with a single touch. Fermi retches; King wheezes. They can't breathe. This awful, awful, mephitic aerated *pain* commands their lungs to seize and their breath to halt. Just as sudden as it opened, the portal closes. And the vicious air ceases its attack.

Fermi's voice creaks like it's aged a hundred years. "You're going in first."

"What!?" King yaps. "**No!!**"

And with single motion, she swipes King off her shoulder. She holds his wriggling body—whose protests go limp when he faces the foul sphincter. His eyes go wide. His

arms and legs dangle. His own entryway to his ass chews its own malty lunch millimeters from his face.

Sqrsh! King is thrust through into his own secret, internal hell. He never thought something so foul could've exited inside him. The greasy insides of the sphincter are lubed with his own filth, allowing him to grease right through—crashing into the muddy pool below. His colon reeks of death—and he hisses and coughs as the beastly smog ravages his lungs.

“Fermi!” He cries out, sounding like a smoker. “Get in here! Quick! I want to leave *ASAP!*”

Fermi follows. Where else would she go? Shoving herself through, she meets the grim world King currently suffers. It takes all her willpower to carry on, sliding into the muck that wallows with her added weight.

It's a long, hard climb up the first part of the colon. Not content waiting for the thing to fill and be drained into a easilably-shovable paste, they climb the cream-splattered walls. Fermi looks horrible, with her clothing damp and dripping with King's fecal matter. Her hair now longer neatly curled, it flows down her neck with a browned paint job. Her cape is a wet bed sheet, soggy as used toilet paper tissue. And King—he's quite the same. His skull could hardly be called white anymore. And his fur is matted and stringy, unkempt and covered in watery shits.

King's colon is rubbery and constantly flexing. Slower than the small intestines, his bowel instead goes for more powerful, dramatic movements. It crushes inward with sounds that rot their souls, squirting liquids and squishing slimes as they mantle upwards. Backwash from the transverse colon dribbles off, splattering over them as

gasses build. His creaking small intestines pump burbling bubbles into the sloppy stew below. Fermi and King watch the demon's fart broil first hand. Bubbling like a cauldron, fat thick bubbles burst in paint-splattering explosions. The air grows sour, bitter and abominable as the two wince. Eyes squinting, throats closing, tension builds the malador achieves its fever pitch. Past King—reclining with his hands on his belly, back on the log besides a dead fire—flicks his tail as his stomach bubbles.

His intestines contract. Fermi and King's worlds scrunch as Past King's bowels prep for the imminent evacuation. Shouting, they grip the wall with all their strength. Past King's belly sucks in—and they're caught in a volcanic eruption. Slimy shit vomits to the skies, carrying with it boulders of scat. A hot wave of burning gook burns their skin like napalm. Not from the heat—but the sheer grossness of it touching their flesh. Not able to shout without getting it in their mouths, they receive a terrible full-body glazing of liquid ass.

Ants caught in a fire hose, they can't hope to stay on. They're ripped off in a heartbeat, flying through the updraft before splattering down around the bend of the colon. It rains as it floods, carrying their protesting bodies with the runoff. And Past King's sleepy fart exits with a dulled *plmbrft!*

Finally able to breathe, the noxious fallout from the atomic explosion quickly kills their desire for air. And their will to live.

“So... gross...” King grimaces while Fermi lays in shock.

After lazing there while the crap porridge wobbles until it settles, wet plaps sound as Fermi's shoes trudge towards the shell-shocked King. Without nary a complaint, she picks him up and throws him over shoulder—like she's hauling a wounded battlefield

soldier. Exhaustion setting in, Fermi can hardly see the way with King's eyes constantly closing.

Their trip soon reaches an abrupt end—as Fermi smells it before she nearly hits it. First, solidifying masses of scat pepper the demon's shitpipe. Blocking off parts like a half-cleared avalanche, it doesn't stop her from trudging on. But soon, the mass builds. And the two come to an unbreakable wall.

A right-true blockage, a towering pile of *garbage* clogs the colon three-fourths the way up. Nearly touching the ceiling, the sludgy mountain reeks a hundred-times worse than a horse's stable. A literal building-sized mudslide of still-mushy shit, the melting monstrosity still dries in the fart-baked air. And in the interim, it belches out its hateful odor for all of King's ass to smell.

Fermi is too tired to cry. "We're not gettin' past that..."

The sludge monster melting off her back wheezes to life as Past King's bowels pump a wispy fart that squeaks out the backdoor. "We'll have to wait..."

"Wait..." Fermi trails off. "You're right. King—you went to the bathroom at my cottage!"

"Uh-huh..." King blubbers out.

"We'll be out in the morning." Fermi says with a small bit of renewed confidence. "We... we have to be..."

Shambling with unsteady steps, the two leave the massive clog. They backtrack, setting some distance between themselves and the wretched mass. Far enough away that they aren't internally dissolving from the stench, they instead simmer in the hot melt of King's bowels.

The liquid has dried somewhat, forming a marsh solid enough to stand. Fortunately, some parts of the colon are cleaner than where they first were spewed to. The floor is clear in some spots, showing the sullied purple flesh.

Fermi clips her cape off and lays it on the floor. The heat is an excellent dryer. And her cape has gone from diarrhea tissue to something... better than ass floor. After a bit of prep, they attempt to sleep. King doesn't join her, curled up like a cat on pulsing ground.

...

...

"Hey..." King speaks up, right when that drowsy, lifty feeling of near-sleep starts kicking in.

"Hmrph?" Fermi groggily answers. The demon's eyes shine, then flick down to the floor. His nails touch, pressing against each other like they're stuck in a finger trap.

"Just wanted to say..." he begins. "...that I'm sorry. Like, *really* sorry. About, well, *everything!*"

His voice crackles. "Everything that my guts have done to you. As if... I had any control over it! I know that but... but it's my fault you ended up here in the first place."

King sees Fermi turn over. She's... smiling. "And I'm sorry for calling you an errand boy. It's those legs—they're good for running."

The demon snores above. And the demon below answers with a snort.

"Is that sarcasm?"

"Maybe."

He hums, thinking. Then proposes a strange request. “Promise me—don’t call me a cat.”

Fermi raises an eyebrow. “What are you on about?”

“Promise.”

She sighs. “Promise. You’re a dog.”

“Good.” King says. “Just what I’d thought you’d say. Move over, servant. Your king desires his space. I will now take up fifty-percent of the bedding despite being one-fourth the size.”

SPLAT!

Fermi and King snap awake. Slapped out of their dreams from a rough impact, they’ve fallen... somewhere. Dollops of falling clumps around the earth behind them, squishing to the ground like fudge dripping from a third-story window.

“King!” Fermi shouts in the darkness, the glow of the demon’s eyes nowhere to be found.

“Mmph!” A muffled voice emits nearby. Shuffling in the dark, Fermi guides herself via touch. The ground is unstable. Massive explosions crash outside, rattling the walls, causing the occasional lump of crap to dislodge. Past King is walking. And he must be nearing the cottage.

Her hands squish into soft clay, hardened from its previously mashy state. She crams her hands inside, shoveling through shit—flinging it off until she uncovers the buried body of King. Dripping with the gooey innards of his own crap, his eyes slowly open—alighting their awful state.

The ground is caked in thick patches of demonic faeces. Like a rustic road after a storm, awful thick mud carpets the area. It's on the walls, ceiling, floor—spreading peanut butter sludge across the breathing purple innards. The tunnel continues into darkness, the end invisible. But it's horizontal: a straight hallway. That means... they're nearing the end. In scientific terms, they're in the sigmoid colon. But for the layman, that means they're in the last bend before they fall into his rectum: the very, very end.

Here—they hear everything. King's stomach digests breakfast, the foodstuff slowly dribbling into his thirsty small bowel. His heart is faraway, but blood still pounds through the walls. Greasy shit crawls through his tract, slapping and squishing as the oily mess in his cecum sloshes. And just a bit away, they catch a curious splash of liquid: his bladder, filling, spilling about as his body's movements shake his pisstank about. And amongst it all, Fermi's voice perks King's ears.

"Let's get goin'." She says. "We need to see what's ahead. What we're coming out *with*."

They scout onward, grimacing as King's bowels blast them with puffs of air. And from the heavens, they hear their king speak.

"Man, I'm really starting to feel it..." His voice shakes the walls. A sound like an entire forest splintering scrapes their ears: Past King is rubbing his gut. **"How much further is this place? I want a *bathroom*. Don't want to crap again without anything to wipe."**

Fermi shoots King a dirty look. King avoids eye contact. Keeping his attention on the road ahead, he smells they're getting closer. As much like before, King's giant shits make themselves known to the nose before the eyes. As they come across a sheer drop

off, the colon leads to a clenching pit absolutely stuffed with soft, mushy crap. It's only a two-story drop. But that's only to the *surface* of the crap. Past King's shits bloat his ass, courtesy of him holding it in. The final distance to his anus could easily be two or three times what they can see!

"Ack!" King gags. "So, uh, what now?"

"We're... going to have to wait." Fermi struggles to tear her eyes away from the sheer mass of crap. A thousand boulders all congealed, it's a monster that hides in the dim light. It glistens with oils, wet and lubricated and ready to be squashed free. King's colon suckles it, holding it firm, occasionally jumping as a reminder that his backdoor is full.

And what results is a dragging start-and-stop conversation that seems to last till the end of time. Any time they try to talk about anything else, something would inevitably drag them back to your disgusting predicament: stuck in a demon's filthy, unwashed ass—sweaty from travel and packed with nasty gunk. Sometimes, it's a simple reminding word: an "oh crap" or filthy swear. Other times, it's Past King himself. With the slow slithering of his approaching crap, its audible crackling of its snail slime is audible to the both of them. And those last bits of King's s'mores dinner from last night, finished sloshing in his cecum, are running through his bowels in a decidedly more... liquid form than the early runners that're currently clogging his rectum.

Knock, knock, knock.

There's someone at the door.

Fermi perks up some. "Is... is that..."

*Knock, knock, **slam!***

“Hey! Sage!” A raucous voice crashes like the sound of a sun exploding. Rough—creaking with bits of croakiness. But it’s all settled on the base of a thicker undertone. **“I know you’re in there. It’s dark out here—I can see *right* in there!”**

“We’re...” King feels relieved laughter knocking on the back of his throat. “...we’re almost *out!*”

Past King tromps into the door, opening the door while his feet pound the doormat. A sizable impact for the tinies within. A muffled voice yells from the distance.

“My name’s not Brimstone...” Past King answers. Though they can’t hear the conversation, they know exactly what is taking place.

“Oh. *Wonderful.*” King pads inside, puffy tail swishing. **“When people were saying you were a funny lady, I didn’t think they meant... *literally* funny.”**

“Oh nuts...” King groans—both of them. One from his throat, the other in his bowels. Bubbling comes from somewhere, squeaking around lumps of crap as the shit-studded-and-smearred surfaces around begin to pick up their peristaltic clenchings. “I think I remember this part...”

“Wooo,” Past King whistles. **“Nice place.”**

From outside, they hear his tail flick. A flap—monumental in size. It’s little different than the largest cloth snap they could ever imagine. And that gurgling grows only louder.

King screams. *“Grab onto something!”*

PRFABT!

“Errr... excuse me.” An ivory claw adjusts his leather dog collar. Beneath a bleached skull and blackened fur, the demon’s surely blushing. “**Not starting off on the right foot, eh?**”

Inside, the duo gulp air like suffocating goldfish. Tears in their eyes, the rest of Past King’s conversation is a blur. Too busy fighting their natural urge to throw up, they choke and heave—King retching near the floor.

King starts moving again.

“It’s almost time...” Fermi hisses out, regaining her voice. “King?”

“Yeah?” He finally catches his breath.

Fermi waves him forward. “Come here.”

King obeys, stumbling as he trips over the filth coating his rectum. He reaches her when another door closes: the bathroom’s.

“Stay still...” she asks, getting low to the ground. “I’m going to listen...”

Her ear presses against his stomach. “...Listen for us.”

“You don’t think—” King is hushed sharply by Fermi. And utter silence follows.

They say not a word. They hear the clunk of a raised toilet seat. And they jostle as King lifts to the bowl.

“I don’t hear us,” she says, “in there. In your guts.”

“Fermi...” King looks to her as she pulls away. “I said it before. You *know* what that means. No movement: no life. If you can’t hear us in my gut, that means we either escaped or... or...”

“—Orrrr I can’t hear us.” Fermi wraps up his thoughts for him. “But... if we’re *that* small, even if we escape... I’m not sure if I could ever bring us back...”

A bass-deepened grunt booms around them. King and Fermi hear a disgusting squelch splatter through the tunnel. Shit compacts a ripple bursts from the darkness, Past King's bowels squashing. The awful sounds around them, they peak as the monarch's guts cramp—and another wave of nasty air rockets through his guts and knocks them down. Coming with a fine mist of shitty, sticky air—they gag on the smell of his more watery produce picked up from deeper in his bowels.

Kicked prone to the ground, Fermi keeps King in her grasp as they peer down the pit of his rectum. There, the muscles squash and cramp as his squishy shit squirts out the most awful sounds. His chewing muscle kneads the shaped potato log, easing it down the grimy passage. King's throat creaks with disgust as he hears his past self grunt and cramp. The whole tunnel now a chaotic mess, his horrible gas festers as the poop level slowly drops. Gradually coaxed from his hole, Past King bursts the heavens with a sigh—and clips off his scat.

King's eyes light the aftermath. Still plenty to go, where the scat was leaves streaks of filth smearing the odd-colored flesh. But worse—he hears something behind them. Looking back, he sees nothing.

“Is that...” Fermi asks, voice dripping with uncertainty. “...the crap we plopped down with?”

“No...” King squeaks. “I remember, I remember, I remember—*oh crap!*”

A surge of smell hits before the flood. Buried in an instant, a gush of dribbly wet sewage blasts down his colon. Splashing with a revolting sound, it quickly rushes from the darkness. A small amount for Past King—it's an ocean wave for the specks within.

A tiny bit of gloppyness, still possessing a sickly-sweet smell from his undigested candies, hits them before they can even hope to run away. Full of chunky poo bits, they're sent screaming into King's still-defecating rectum. The muscles lurch in surprise, churning with new efficiency as they struggle to process the watery gluck that's now sloshing around—completely unaware of the two gnats drowning within it.

“Urf... too... much... sugar...” Past King's groans boom through the wobbling juice, vibrating with his words. King is torn away from Fermi's grasp, the pair swirling in the mixture as the crap crinkles with its exit. Wretchedness running between its cracks, it melts from his tailhole like he's giving butt birth to a lava cake. One piece clips off. The duo are still inside. The tide washes in more filth, plapping into the mixture that's being evicted from King's tailhole in messy, flatulent, gassy bursts.

Fortune favors them. They survive, squished into a more-solid pebble that plummeted to the rectum with a squish. His shit-greased tailhole mashes them into the surface—but not all the way. They feel the warm, fluttering flesh of his tailhole pass them on the way out. And they hit the browned bowl stained with both his swirling shit and piss.

A couple more rocks drop from above before Past King is satisfied. A claw reaches out for TP. And after some moments of cleaning—a few scraps of toilet tissue and a warm bidet—King's bottom is clean. The pair are ever-thankful for King's petty grievances: he does not flush.

“I *will* make a memory-erasing device.” Fermi spouts off after a long moment of silently floating in King's swirling fecal matter.

“Make us big, *please!*” King groans, absolutely splattered in his own filth.

“I... I need my staff.”

“Your *staff!*?” King cries. “Your staff is like 100 meters tall!”

Fermi raps a frustrated, grinding cry. “And how are we going to *get out of here!?*”

“I—” King stammers. “I didn’t think this far!”