

Snakey Schemes

Such a simple thing! Easy enough, a little puddle; my escape! I admire my own abilities, done so many times before. Being able to liquify, and return to this casual spill always works *swimmingly*. So I strut a little distance away, a *special* box strapped to my back. A *gift* for Tellio, such a gullible guy that never suspects a thing! My padded paws click the wooden portside dock to the sound of my claws, humming all nonchalant to deliver a nice *package*. The sight of his store makes me snicker. A simple place: single story, wood like everything else, but he has a low hanging sign by the porch-like railing, hanging by two chains at the corners. *Tellio's Trinkets!* States the sign, and I give it a little *slap* that makes the chains rattle before getting to the rickety, slated door.

Creak! Pushing it open, the orange haired monkey with a fiery beard and eyebrows shoots awake; falling asleep on the job. "HELLOOooo!" I bellow out, tucking my tongue in my cheek to stifle a mischievous grin.

"Orcane... what a lovely surprise... you aren't allowed in here, remember?" He must be tired, because he's not very enthusiastic on such a wonderful day!

"Package for you! Got a mission to deliver it! You know how all the *spy* stuff goes. Your eyes only." I walk further in, passing by a few pocket watches, cups, mechanized little metallic contraptions that probably don't even work.

"Uh huh. Right... *spy* stuff again. Whatever, I'll bite I guess." *He has no idea!*

I unclasp the package from my back, cheerfully—but carefully setting it up on his countertop. It makes a slight *tink* when set on the glass display, showing a few golden ornaments. "Now be careful! *Who knows what could be inside!*" I can barely finish the statement.

He sighs loudly, putting his furry fingers to the container, looking at me with frowning brown eyes. "I swear..." **POP!** The tab bursts open, throwing bubbles up into the air! Within less than a second, the whole shop is filled, pushing all the way outside the door with sudsy stuff! "*Toodaloo Tallio!*" I say before I make my escape, liquifying, teleporting all the way back to my little puddle!

My little puddle? All around, after porting though with a splash, purple and darkness? The water warmed up, and I'm all inside, *is this glass?* Scales by the looks of it, all pressed firmly, and there's a cork at the top. *Huh?!* Big, familiar, serpentine eyes come to an angry stare, giving a sour look to the black-slitted, light green eyes. *Elliana?!* *I thought she ran off—well, slithered!* A grin crosses her snakey lips. "Jeez, took your time you flippin' dork! I was getting

bored, Fish Piss." *Rude*. She's wearing her disgraced ace hat and goggles; a few funny stains are new additions.

I try to slosh—gain control, get out, but I'm sealed inside! *What dumpy little prank is this!? I'm stuck—trapped, anything I do is meaningless! "I can't believe you didn't see this coming—more like cumming..."* She cringes at her own strange statement."—After what you did! It was too easy!" She gives a little hiss, and her forked tongue slips out, slapping the glass with a snakey tickle. *See it coming? What is this silly serpent saying!?*

She takes the scaled tip of her tail, not tangled up in her squishy coils surrounding my container, and wraps it around the cork. Every bit of her movements jostle and shake, making me dizzy with all the swirling. *Thwump!* A satisfying sound that vibrates through my liquid element, uncorking the top with her tail. *Hahah, very funny! A little over dramatic.* Yet she doesn't pour me out. Instead, she hovers her lips over the small opening, and her face cringes to the smell; salt water after all. "Were you always this stinky? You reek like a harbor! I can't believe I'm doing this." *Doing what!?*

Her lips part again, though this time she doesn't spout anything mean. No. This time she flicks down her tongue, splashing into my puddly form! *Slurp—splash!* She plunges into me with her dark pink muscle slapping about, extending from that dumb little hole in her mouth! Splashed about for only half a second, yet it's jarring enough to spin my mind before she retracts hastily. I feel a bit of myself pull back with it, splattering into her mouth and dissipating from my mind. Goopy saliva feels like it's inside me, becoming a part of me? "*Ew, ugh!* You taste like fish oil, and bad sushi! No wonder you've got fish breath..." *Again, rude! But what in the elements is she doing!? Weirdo!!*

She decides to answer me without even hearing me. "At least this will shut you up for a bit." Her mouth opens, and her coils loosen, growing closer and closer. *Uhhhhhhh, Elli?*

The slimy—crinkly sound of flesh on glass fills the sloshy air, wafting scents of her decaying breakfast fog up the interior. A disgusting reek of eggs integrates with her saliva, which shoves its way in as she crams the bottle's edge to her throat. *ELLI?!* Her tongue wraps around the glass, and the sloppy entrance to her gullet parts with a little *Glrp!* A hard shunt splatters me across the sides of the flask, splashing up into oozing, stinky snake-drool. *She's going to eat—drink me?! It was just a hat! Not cool!!* Her fangs tink against the glass, helping hold it in place.

Humidity rises, speckling spittle within my confines, and disgusting into my body. It gets hotter when her throat cups the bottle's neck, latching on with squishing muscles. Her breath is nasty, and I question why she tries to make fun of mine. A ripe mixture of eggs, and coffee bubbles towards me from the sloppy entrance, blowing out a charged load of stomach gas with a reverberating belch. Unlady-like is the 'polite' way to put it, spewing some throat slime into the bottle, mixing into my form in the most uncomfortable of ways. Like food dye diffusing in liquid, I

feel it slowly spreading, becoming thicker, and splashing me around. Sickly suckles don't come out as words, but the loud vibrations rattle and splash me into the now-hot glass.

She raises her head. I know because my world becomes a cyclone; a funnel that spins towards her gullet. Splashing—swirling—headed straight to the horrible abyss. *NO NO!! Glug, Glup Gulp!* Flesh sucks me down, collapsing at the bottle's hole to swallow down my liquid body. Immediately, her throat squeezes me into the already present slime in her serpentine neck, getting gooey gunk everywhere. Her body is a hose—one working in the opposite way, sucking me down to her... her... *Stomach*. Part of me is still in the bottle, most gushed into her throat, but the worst little bit, and I can feel it coming during the torrent—roaring river I've become; the bit she licked out earlier.

Her throat squishes, squeezes—constricts like a, well... snake! The bottle almost chokes down with me, only a little left before a powerful *Schglush* rips my full attention. That quivering hole my consciousness blocked out stretches open to swallow me inside. *Burble gurgle groan! Splash!* My liquid self is squirted inside her belly, immediately smacked, splashed, and pushed into a swirling vat of churning barf. For some reason I can see, but recognize among the whole eggshells and dirty brownish slop that there's a light beneath the goopy surface. Like adding water to mud, so thick I may as well be oil! The stench punches my senses, I was right about the eggs, but it looks like she swallowed them whole! Bubbling coffee glop splatters the slimy, pink walls, dribbling with gooey nastiness. Her flesh is dotted by crushed up eggshells, and I feel them swimming around my body, pushing inside me, becoming one with me.

The last bit of myself gargles down her throat, spilling in without control. A bitchy sigh escapes the snake, spitting the bottle out with an annoying *ptui!* Her belly quakes as she talks, sloshing me beneath, above, hell—everywhere inside with this form! "*Ugh*, you're the worst tasting thing I've had the displeasure of drinking. The bad parts over with... for me—not for you. *Eww* now I've got fish breath..." *Elllliii let me *Blub glug glooop* OUT!!*

Disgusting sludgy goop becomes my body, soaking up nasty chyme churning around. I am her stomach contents, her barf—vomit! Everything is a mixed together mess, all aside from this dinky flashlight she swallowed up, occasionally clicked on and off by kneading muscles. The acidic stench of her belly would make me hurl if I wasn't already what I'd throw up. Egg nastiness is everywhere, shells crunch, coffee bubbles, and all I can do is slightly slosh my form against her stomach walls. I'm goop, soaked into digesting mush, swallowed up with slimy stuff. I feel everywhere at once, gummed between wrinkles, churned within chyme, still inside her throat mingling with the slobber in there.

She abruptly begins to slither, humming to herself which only makes it worse. Sloshed with her gooey snake movements, vibrating with her voice, and shaken by her thudding heartbeat. I feel indistinguishable from the chaos; slurped, squished, churned, having chunks and bits of her vomit infusing with me. There's a faint sound difference when she slithers over different terrain. Grass, dirt, then eventually the scratchy boards of wood. Every swoopy, curvy movement grinds the stinky stuff between her flesh. A gurgly swallow spits down another bit of

me with slimy slobber, bringing my senses at least to one location. Jostles and churning pushes the flashlight through her gooey gut, illuminating her breakfast, and making me look at what I've become. Seeing it makes it so much worse. It's one thing to *feel* digestive juices, and breaking down eggs, sloppy slime infused coffee, but seeing this mixed together mash as it continues to integrate with my liquid form is super uncool.

A hungry *guuurple* curdles her gut, frothing up my body into popping bubbles of fetid chyme. Saliva gushes through after the noise subsides back to the normal ambient sloshing sounds of my body being mixed with her food. Her noodly movements finally end, replaced instead by her grumbly muted talking. "Hello, yes, I would *looove* a few sushi rolls. Oh! And a boiled egg, maybe a hot dog, extra relish!" *Whoa—what? Totally not cool! It was just a hat!!* There's a brief pause, and her stomach growls again at the thought of food, condensing my surroundings as it rumbles. "To drink? Uh, how about a smoothie, banana and peanut butter?" the last few bits of egg shells crumble, turning into an acidic sludge like the rest while she orders lunch—and what seems like dinner as well at this rate. *Stop! It's gross enough, this prank sucks!!* "To go! I'll be back in a sec."

She hums and slithers again, before stopping once more. "This'll teach you to 'prank' me you disgusting little porca! Just you wait, I'll show you a real snake!" A loud mechanical engine sounds through her flesh, rumbling and shaking her insides chaotically. *Her mech!* The whole sac lurches when it moves, slushing my existence like a sloppy wave at the beach. A slurpy gush pulls a part of me, swallowing a bit of my essence further along. For a brief moment, I can feel her wiggly intestines gargle some of my body, but the feeling fades when her stomach forces my attention back with a hard constriction. Another minute and she speaks again. "Thank you! It looks *lovely*."

The machine lurches again, and as it does a gloppy swallow comes again. Squeezing from her throat is a cold, slushy goop reeking of an overpowering sugary peanut butter. The slop melts into my form, thickening up the already nasty muck that I've become. Tainted by another gulp, the banana bits within the slimy, melty ice churns into chyme paste, making her puke so much more foul. It isn't until she stops that I recognize how much worse it's going to get! Harsh, continuous swallows start to send *something* down. Her body moves in such a weird way that sloppy jostles strike a chaotic storm inside. The glow from the flashlight dims with the thick sludge muting the light, sometimes flickering above the churning surface. Slobber and drool come inside first, but after a minute of bulging gulps shoves an entire hot dog through.

Slush! Greasy, grody, sense stinging relish combines with the smushed bun and weiner. Near instantly my body soaks into the relish drenched bread, joining her saliva in moistening up her lunch. It sits heavy in her gut, churning noisily with every squishing contraction. *Groarp!* Sticky acid dribbles from the walls, slathering more nasty sizzling stuff within my existence. *The joke is lasting a little too long! Hahah, it's not funny anymore!* "Ahhhhh, like feeling a slippery weiner all over you, freak?" *No! It's weird! You're the freak!!*

Sloppy smoothie settles in, and even more joins the fray. Sticky melting sugar and thick peanut butter becomes my life. It was bad enough with the acid infused coffee, but now the cooling gunk gets to heat back up, softening the hotdog bun into a bloated mess. I'm everywhere, squeezed inside bread, caressing the lengthy weenie; breaching into cracked portions of the casing her throat caused. I'd *relish* being outside, but the only relish I get came with the dog, creating a very pungent atmosphere among the other atrocious smells. The chunky, goopy, mushy, semi-solid feelings are oppressive, and there's absolutely no escape—well, aside from going further. I definitely don't want that. It's not as though I have a choice, simply *going with the flow* of things.

Hard churns, aggressive kneads pull apart the bun, break up the hotdog components of ketchup and mustard, spewing the greasy casing against her hungry walls. I fill every little crevasse, seeping into her food, becoming one with it. A liquid simply used to soften it all up, make it mush, break it down. A sudden squeeze swallows a bit of me as her body condenses quickly. She gives a little grunt, and the light goes away. Her intestines claim my light source, moving on through her body with breakfast. Bumps fondle what liquid bits of me follow the flashlight, giving me a view of what's to come. Slooow moving muscles condensing with rolling waves. Goopy chyme covers the lense, heating up around the light, clicking on and off between clenches. I feel the bumps suckling at my gunk, spewing foul smelling bile into the mixture, making it a thicker goop than even her stomach can produce.

A swallow brings my consciousness back to her belly, slowly stuffing another large lump down her throat. No longer with sight, the sounds of her meal squeezes inside, rather scent-less compared to everything else. It's round, hard, and the rough outer bits give it away. *The hardboiled egg...* It's still intact, slightly cracked by the force of her swallow, which is enough for her gripping stomach to gush bits of me inside. The slippery rubber of cooked egg chips out with every churn, easily chewed up by her gut. That reeking stench finally makes itself known as the mushy ball tucked behind the blubbery white smushes into random bits and chunks, yet the round mass stays particularly together. "I think this was an *eggcellent* idea! Last but not least, a little present for you. Figured you'd like a little sushi sauna!" *You stinky noodle, I swear!*

Gulp—glurp! Broken up rolls of sushi spill into the sac, rolling in disjointed because her swallows chewed it up for her. Salmon, tuna, and mackerel all combine into a disgusting whirlpool of sludge. While I love the portside sushi, now it's completely ruined! Stuffing her grimy gut with a hellish concoction of separate foods only a snake can tolerate. Her walls simply grind over the hotdog, occasionally slipping portions of me beneath the pungent skin, the egg slowly degrades from the inside out, and now gloppy rice joins in with the fishy—peanut butter slop splatters about. Swallows keep bringing in smoothie mess, and her stomach lazily gums it all. Oozing around, sloshing, every little bit touches me at once in all sorts of places! I'm inside her sopping bread, creased into splitting meat, clung to sticky rice, tearing apart flaky fish. The cool smoothie liquids are nothing but an expansion of my consciousness, heating up and melting inside her lengthy serpentine stomach.

The throaty torment comes to an end, since I knew her big order. She ends the meal with an inappropriate, gloppy belch, which plummets a small bit of my liquid bits up with it. Not only do I feel her tongue smacking at what portion of me come up, but the nasty burp clenched her belly hard enough to smoosh everything tight. She swallows what came up, taking a final sip of melted sugary sap to wash me back down. "You taste even worse coming back up... Good thing you'll be leaving another way. Snake shit—better yet, Porca piss!" *The elements no! You're so lame! It was just a hat!* A rumbling yawn gurgles up all my fluidic elements. "As much as I'd like to *relish* in your dalema, I get sleepy after a big meal. Hope you enjoy your trip through a snake as much as I did mine." *'as I did mine?'*

Her snake movements feel like she's slithering in circles; the weight of her own body squishes down on itself when I realize she's getting all coiled up. *Schglurch! Buurple.* All content, she stops, slowing her pushing breaths as she drifts off. Heat berates her stomach walls, the sun beaming down as she rests, cooking her insides to feel like the elemental fire. Practically boiling in her belly, ramping up the rank reek of acid soaked food. Her stomach condenses, rippling with more waves of slow rolling flesh, mixing me further into her digesting vomit. Spoiled fish does make a steamy sauna, muck clumps—breaks up, mashed up bread and rice squish into mush.

Unable to see, I can hear it all happening, yet worse is how I feel it. I am the smoothie, the acid, the coffee, and regrettably the salty water from my puddle. Indistinguishable as any singular one, more likely just the base to this barf stew brewing in her belly. Sticky rice and bread sop me into their grainy bits, meats from fish unrecognizable by smell, aside from the oppressive stench of mixed chum. Oils and drooling sheens spread my consciousness across her long stomach, gurgling into foaming bits that she belches out, sticking a bit of my inside the base of her throat, swallowed down with snake saliva. I can still feel myself further along, fondled by the flashlight, given sight to see how I'm doing down in there. Slathered in bile, eggs slapped about by tentacles lining her intestines. It feels like I'm spread thin all inside her, a goop more than water, simply snake barf.

I've seen a snake's stomach after a large meal on the outside before. Inside, I can feel how bloated she's made herself. Stretched, wrinkles try to suckle and knead the abundance of swallowed whole food. Gooney—Squelchy gurgling groans cause a racket in her guts, squishing thickening paste with the nasty smelling acid. Muscles quiver with every growl, rumbling under the weight of her coiled up body. I'm a bloated bulge in her belly, worked over with spilling acidic chyme that glorps and sloshes with every snakey breath. Her slow heart rhythmically thuds, sending a shockwave that constantly slushes her gut. It's so slight how I feel the vibrations rattle though my existence, feeling the slight difference between how far away some of my bits are.

I feel her stomach harden with tensing flesh, knowing wherever that spot is will begin the next rippling churn. It makes a sink hole of muscle, sloshing soupy bits of my element down into chyme pockets. Not only there, but once it rolls away, it never truly leaves me; moving on to the next sloppy bit that I am. I ride the wave that passes through her long stomach, working over the hotdog, dredging along rice and fish flakes. Egg shells crunch with pressure, and some rubbery

bits squish between the wrinkles churning through. It finally curls in at the end, battering the buttery barf against the tightly puckered hole, sucking on a few grains of rice and a cracked egg shell.

Every passing minute gets more foul. Heat really makes a mess of things, and I can't even see it. The smoothie is just paste, hell, the whole place is just one chunky, hot milkshake. Curled up, left in the sun. It's like a dumb prank where you put food in someone's milk carton, and shake it all up when the leave it unattended. Ketchup, mustard, relish. Bread, rice, fish. A whole-ass egg! That stupid long hotdog reminds me of the snake I'm inside! In constant contact with it all, frothing up as it digests, integrating me further with every churning squeeze. Bubbly gas pops and glops about with the squishing flesh, spreading my consciousness in little sheens with open air. Belched out subconsciously in her sleeps, globbing some spittly bits of me into her throat, sucked back down slowly with casual swallows of snake slobber.

(Scat Beyond This Point)

Eliana's digestion takes **forever**. Hours pass, and half the stuff is still mostly solid. She's still sleeping, but more of my gooey form slurps further along. Constant glorpings, endless churning, smacked, sloshed around more parts of her body. It's hard to tell exactly where I really am, what I'm a part of, and how much of me is where! Tugged by her throat, battered by her belly, tumbled in her tubes, slowly slopping my way through her serpentine body. All coiled up, it feels like I'm going in circles. My mind spreads thin, trying to think in different places. At times noting the light squishing through her guts, surrounded by sucking pink flesh that likes to click it on and off. When it goes dark, another section is tucked and prodded by the same feeling flesh, though unseen in the bile filled darkness. Grimy mush churns and gurgles in her stinky stomach, now even more sloppy than ever before, building onto my liquidity existence.

I can't even tell how long it's been, churned over in every crevice her body has! Spread around inside her bendy pipes, gooping up the place. Her stomach works over portions of me, still trying to break up what remains of the hotdog, though much anything else is pretty much just sludge. Some of me spits through that stubborn valve; the gate to my freedom. Bile immediately soaks what comes through, but it's nothing new but a sudden punch to my senses. Freshly belched smoothie is all that bit of me is, joining up with a little portion lodged in a sticky bend.

As time goes on, and my mind slathers about, worse yet the stinging smells strike all at once, all the time. Various stages of snake digestion hit hard. Her stomach is somehow the most tame, but tame is a relative term. Pungent, humid, boiled, and broiled fish, bread soaked rice, hotdog reduced to hotmush with a gloppy egg gassing up the acrid place. I'd rather dive in a dumpster, swim through the sulfur beds, anything but slosh in her stomach. Those words disappear with the stark reminder of a worse place. Her intestines, bile adds to the salty smells, heated up even more as the slimy muck that I am becomes a thick syrup. Further along to the flashlight gets even more foul, as even bits and pieces of me begin to disappear, snaking through the lining of her gut, pulled elsewhere that I can hardly feel.

Flesh constricts, hardening as they flex for a looong rolling wave to squish me along. A number of these churning tubular scrunches are still kneading me down the line, feeling every pulse that pushes through. Her whole body is in motion, even if she isn't moving. Spread so thin, my mind rides the latest wave of flesh, crinkling over separate instances where my chyme self is left to be wiggled over by the slimy bumps. Squishing squeezing like a tube of toothpaste being rolled for the last little dollop.

More time, more grime. It has to be night, though trying to think of how long it's been melts my mind. Cold-blooded, both at heart and as a snake. By now my consciousness has fully entered her intestines, grinded by wiggly noodles at my fluidic essence. Though at some point my life with the light belched into a much more foul area. The cool existence outside changes her insides, enough to turn my syrup into sap. *Sloooooow* painfully so. Stuck in stinky—icky—sticky snake stuff. Going in circles, endlessly gooped up, spread out, squished down by slimy flesh. It feels oily, soppy, mushy, semi-solid, disgusting. Smells nasty, concentrated with all sorts of chemicals that used to be food. Remnants of sulphur, methane, all that garbage compacted into a single scent. Assorted groans, whines, little bubbles of burbles and intestinal gurgles. A gastric song, singing of digestion, sloshing along through snake pipes.

I feel like snake shit—I AM snake shit. The place heats up again, no less the morning sun, maybe two mornings from before. Time no longer exists, and I can't even tell if she has moved at all. Too many fleshy bits touching me at once to try and come to any conclusion of the outside world. By this point I feel like I'm everywhere in her body at once. Passing through her heart, in her veins, through her disgusting liver, in her bowels, tubes, suckled through the fleshy lining and thrown wherever! The noises are maddening, though the chaos of the situation is almost alluring. Reality takes hold, and it's really not cool. She hasn't said a word, sleeping, slumbering like a stupid snake! Slithering through her serpentine body, slathered steadily in solidifying snake shit. Bunched up in her bowels, my chyme existence graduates to crap! Converted to clay, put into putty, mashed into mud. Worse than fields of sulfur, and this faint nasty stench of somewhere else punches my proverbial snout. Poop, plain and simple—sheer dirty concentrated snake shit. Grimy, filled into every sloppy crease and divot, tucked inside the mushy interior. Grains, bits of remaining shells, slight slaps of seasoning, gushes and rubs as her bowels clench.

Every single muscular movement sucks me away, whisking me through the lining, and into another existence. With so much build up, random waste adding to my extended consciousness, the secondary tugging begins to steer my mind from all the sticky mucus coated putty. *Drip—drip—Gush!* I feel myself flowing like a liquid again, pushing down some rank smelling tube, a stench I've obviously smelt before, but not in this capacity. **PISS!** Like a shock to the mind, I pour into a new foul chamber, and yet a part of me was already there, compounding my building essence. All of a sudden my stretched mind decides to snap to this instance, though the feeling of crap all around still manages to exist. Her kidneys bobble like a filling hose, filtering out the pungent bile and other random bodily fluids, preparing to send even more of myself into her... her... *bladder...*

Squirt—slosh! Dumpy valves squish and shoot more of me into her bladder. The pungent, reeking stench of concentrated snake piss stings my existence to my element. Urine, pee, water completely soiled and ruined! *It's Me!* Without the sense of sight, I can only smell and feel the slimy walls expanding as I fill it out more. It smells like a potent coffee, one that would give a headache with how much caffeine it had—mixed with residual urine stench. Wrinkles spread out as I slosh inside the stinky sac. A piddling puddle of Porca piss, just like she said. Fleishy walls squish around, swishing while they are bulbed by some other moving muscles contracting around. There isn't a moment of peace sloshed in her bladder, making my life rather piss poor!

Occasionally my consciousness is flashed to the light turning on, still somehow having battery inside Elli. Berated by shitty crap, made to see what I've become. A crinkly solid log of dung, packed full of barf and churned up vomit. Green and brown crap, still slightly watery, thanks to me, but that's changing by the minute. Feeling the slimy flesh, gripping and shoving me along, slathering foul mucus across the slithering dung. It reeks, oh elements how it burns my senses like a landfill! The focal point (more like fecal point!) of my existence becomes the goopy slime connecting two fibrous turds. Slushed like gross sausages inside this intestinal casing. The ribbed walls gleam with green putty from the light, squishing down hard, slamming the two together. *Click*. The light shuts off, and the vicious shit stench shifts back to the punching odor of piss.

Time goes by, or at least I think—stuck in some weird loop of chaos. Torrents of myself reconvene in her bladder, building up like a water balloon, one I wouldn't even throw at someone. Squishing flesh squeezes, grinding liquid bits of me between the sopping, slimy wrinkles. Every little drip of myself solidifies my existence as liquid waste. She hasn't drank anything else in what feels like days, pumping out this disgusting scented mixture in her kidneys that becomes one my body. I can only imagine the dark yellow color I probably am, though I feel thicker than simply water. With all the glorping gurgles going on elsewhere, the scents of my combined existence attack me at once. Piss and shit slapping me in the face, though more so the growing urine filling out her bladder.

It's so hot! Her sweltering, expandable, stretchy sac squishes with her randomly clenching scales! Heat makes the place worse, sloshing around, beating up against the slick wrinkles that slowly go away with every gush of my liquid element squirting in. At least I don't feel the crap anymore, that's been sucked dry of me for a little while now. Yet still I feel my essence fluttering through her blood, filtering in her kidneys somewhere else. Sitting so long it smells like an unclean fish tank at a fisherman's market. A ravaging stench of mildew, potent with fish-laced coffee. The worst water imaginable, if it could ever be considered such a thing. It at least once was—I once was, stuck sloshing about in a snake's bladder. *At least it has to be almost over...*

Over time it feels like rocks form inside with me, swallowing up condensing toxic chemicals within my pissy self! Pellets pelt around, bashing, battering, sloshing the place even

more. Bits of me are encapsulated inside the pungent eggs of solidifying urine, squeezed over between scrunching walls. Dribbling still, bits of me spit through unseen—but absolutely felt, valves from her kidneys. I can hear her body at work, degrading and squishing over the sickly poo through her flesh. Gargling burbles of flatulence spurts through liquid mucus and crap alike, sounding pretty close to a lubricated whoopie cushion. Even still with so much of myself bunched up in her bladder, I still know portions of my mind reside within that tube on the other side. I feel the rippling flesh squashing the muck, rubbing up against the widening balloon that's been my home for too long.

She stirs, finally waking up with a loud, annoying yawn. "What a good nap! Perfect to lounge off a dorky meal! Oooo seems you've made quite the way through. Do you know how snakes work? I'd hope so, since you joked about your cock being one. Y'know it's a little insensitive to compare your dick to me. Yet I'd compare you to a dick for sure." *She heard me say that? She left! Slithered away!*

Her uncoiling movements splish—splash—splosh me around, beating me against her bladder walls, clattering with piss pellets. Fully squished and condensed, held tight within. The slithering is much more aggressive this end of her body, flicking about rambunctiously, probably on purpose to flaunt her over dramatic prank. A valve at the bottom squelches open, spilling me into a little tunnel. *Hahah she's going to piss herself!* Immediately slapped in the face for the thought, gushed into a much *much* worse chamber. *Glush—Squelch—Splurt!* I splash straight into shit! Gushing in, and sopping up the hardened mud. Spit through with a flesh-stretching egg of pee. Foul beyond belief, she was right, I don't know how snakes work! Stuffed inside whatever this is, mingling with her dung, making it a moist and mushy soup as more of my body joins into the fray. *Schglurt squirt.* She chuckles as more crap funnels in from somewhere else, bloating the tubular balloon.

Breaching through the swamp beams the flashlight, and I see a grimy, shit covered valve stretch over the poopy lense. *Let me out—let me out. Let. Me. Ouuuuuut!!* It shoves further in, getting covered in the swampy mixture my urine self created. I see the valve I came from, and watch it from two sides open up to spew more of me inside. The stench is the worst thing I've ever smelt. I'm swimming in a never cleaned porta potti, sloshed inside a snake's ass! Chunky, tangy, stink stings, reeking of every meal she's ever had. Tainted pink flesh globs down, mixing me all in it. Crappy green and brown meld with the stark dark yellow I can now see, making a disgusting mess as the shit breaks apart with the watery wetness.

I see the exit, a separate valve than the rest, another untouched and pinched tight, leading to a different horrible place I don't want to think about. How awful it would be to go into her snatch... I can only tell that's what it has to be as this milky goop leaks from it, reeking of musky pheromones. *Is she getting off to this?!* It mixes in, joining every other bodily fluid no one would ever want to touch. A small spurt of it oozes in when more of me sloshes within her poop sac. Her slithering makes it worse, thoroughly shaking me into everything, creating a disgusting cocktail with my body. I become a thick syrup, cloudy with mushed up crap that slips and swirls

me back into something adjacent to diarrhea. Yet a part of me remains liquid, still squished and squeezed by her bloated bladder.

Bubbles of rumbly gas fill the putrid chamber, sending bits of me into suds of crud that pop against the top of her flesh. Some remain viscous, too thick to simply burst with all the gloppy mucus and fluids shifting around—that are me. It reeks of eggs, fish, remnants of everything her colon could cook. A trash can, dumpster sitting out for days—weeks! It's a week's worth of a lazy fisherman's work, leaving out the sodden chum till not even the birds will touch it. Yet I'm touching it—AM IT! Waiting for her to...

Shit me out.

The slithering stops, and with it her humming, leaving in her nasty snake fart that's been sitting for days inside her bowels. "Hmmm. I'm not *entirely* sure I need to go just yet. I mean... you certainly kept me in your **balls** for a while, *surely* you can sit in my cloaca!" This numbing shock rocks my element. *My balls!?* *Oh, oh—no!* The dots connect in my solidifying mind, piecing together the pranky puzzle. Embarrassment sends me reeling, slurping about among the goopy sludge. *No wonder it felt so good... but how did she get so small!? How did I not notice!?* *This was more than just about her hat!!*

Sloppy, gloppy muscles constrict, and a loud *sluurrp* sucks me inside her bowels, though the flashlight stays. Half in her colon, half in her bladder—but with her 'cloaca' voided and me pulled back with her shit, nothing stops it from filling back up. It starts as a goopy dribble, but the rest of myself is pissed into the foul lighted chamber. White light gleams deep yellow as I swirl around the flashlight, causing particles of slimy crap to dredge up into my form. Ruined pink flesh squishes randomly, sloshing me to and fro collecting crusty crap from between the slimy wrinkle. Sodden waste soaks me up, swirling around inside my liquid essence! Pebbles of solid piss pumble around, squeezed, and shoved together as I swish about.

More of that nasty snake fluid seeps from her cunt, thickening up my already soupy urine element. Still in her colon while it all goes down, gummed over by her angry flesh. Muscles constrict in the darkness, causing gassy groans and bassy burbles. Bowels burp bubbles of boiling broth, begging to breach back into her butt. Battling against the bog, nothing prevents the overpowering stench to numb my senses. I've escaped an air armada ship through the sewage pipes, and it doesn't even compare to this! That stuff was cooled, sitting though flushing pipes that shot to the sea. This is hot, chunky, squished by organic flesh that metal pipes can't emulate. Slimy beyond comprehension as more mucus keeps coming, wanting to shove this shit out! She goes against her body's wishes, whining for release—and I agree. Like the clashing of elements, chaos ensues, trapped in separate places at the same time.

I can feel her holding back, yet sometimes a small amount of me squirts back in with mushy dung to join my mostly urine self, bubbled around with putrid gas. Her muscles hold tight, and more crap piles in behind, sopping me up in the nasty turds. The suckling rubbery flesh of her colon threatens to send me through another gauntlet to her bladder, but thankfully it leaves

me be. The last bits of my consciousness spits from her kidneys, squirting out the valve to join me in her crap cavern from her piss sac. The resistance makes things hot, wet, absolutely foul. Slick flesh collapses and kneads as she fights nature's call, and the tiniest slip up squirts a bit of me out. For a brief moment, I see the sky, feel fresh air, collide with salt water off the dock—but with such a small amount, my mind snaps back to the elemental hell.

That little slip up opens the floodgates—forcing her body into a mutiny against her. *Splurt!* Like a bird passing overhead, the liquid bits of me stuffing her ass shoots straight out like a rocket! The flashlight comes too, landing heavily in the salty sea with a little *splooosh* in the grand scheme of things. Piddled down, squirting with pressured force after being withheld, pounding into the water beneath the dock. She's an organic hose, spewing septic waste into the sea! However nice the ocean feels, I'm still partially crammed in her ass, snaking out into a long turd that soaked me up. Soiled, piss soaked flesh leads to the light at the end of the tunnel. Her nasty vent parts, releasing me with her mushy muck. *Plop plap plop!* With such a distance to the water, each heavy slap hits me hard, and yet it feels so good to be free. It almost takes my mind away from the last bits being squished and squeezed inside her butt.

One tiny fragment remains enough to lock me inside of her, feeling the vent gum me over again and again. A sticky last bit stuck like a popcorn kernel makes her body hum as she pays extra mind to me. Ooze sloughs out of her snatch, and a juicy burble echoes from her bowels. A raucous passage of gas belches me from her butt, spitting me back into one consciousness reality. I revert back to my Porca body, feeling absolutely relieved, though sitting in a torrent of diluting snake urine, and crap. A little squirt of snake fluid spits on my face, but washes off with a smacking wave.

She turns and looks down at me with a devilish grin, fire in her eyes. "That's for **stuffing** me down your cock, and forcing me to sit in your flippin' balls you **jerk!**" Before she lets me respond, she slithers off, but I manage to hear her parting harmful quip. "Blithering buffoon..." With that, leaving me in the shitty wake.

"Maybe it was a good prank afterall..." I say to myself out loud, thinking of how chaotic the events were, splashed by a passing wave.