

Meeting Companions

Fear—anxiety, walking inside this massive space station; one I've technically been within before. Another fox walks by us, giving a smile, wearing green clothing over her orange and white fur. Kyy moves fast in her natural habitat, taking us to her room. "Why do they smile at us? I thought that was a communication towards known individuals." I ask Revox, adjusting the obnoxious clothing they told me to wear.

"It's normal." He shifts, walking backwards, reaching towards me to fix some in perfection with my clothes. A technique I haven't quite mastered myself. "You don't have to do it back." He slots a loose button on my shirt, resuming his walk next to me.

"A lot of people look at us." I point out as another orange furred fox looks towards us from a chair.

"Yeah, blue fur isn't exactly common. Draws a lot of attention, but I'm used to it." Revox answers, I haven't studied people much on the terminal.

"That, and I'm kinda well known around here!" Kyy adds in, slowing down her pace a little bit. "Just a liittle bit further, I swear!"

I try not to make eye contact with anyone, so many of them are just walking around. The clothes are uncomfortable, feeling meaningless with my fur, yet everyone has them on. We pass by places serving that artificial food Revox likes. People sitting and eating at tables, performing socialized behaviors with communication. Some eat alone, preferring a safe distance to avoid encroaching predators. I shake my head at my analyzing, remembering this is a different world than the wilds. This is beyond my scope of understanding. I can only observe, and hope no one tries to speak with me.

Kyy darts down a corridor, opening up a large door that leads to rows of more. She stops in front of one of them, pulling some object from her pocket. "This is it!" It lights up, and the door slides open. **Click—POP!** A cloud of sparkling plastic shoots from the door, getting caught up in her clothes and fur. Her mouth opens, but words do not come out. She raises her paws slightly, looking at them with wide eyes. Shimmering in the light, all over her body is a strange glittering material. Revox seems to choke up slightly, peering into the room after the endeavor occurred. Based on her expression, it seems like an abnormal occurrence, but I cannot be sure. **"You Mother Fucker!"** Kyy blurts out, and Revox begins to laugh.

She rushes to the door next to hers, pounding on it hard. I walk over with Revox, seeing the glimmering material blown all across the interior of her room. "Zephyr open the **Fuck** up!" This animalistic barking sounds through the door, aggressive.

Revox nudges me while she pounds again, showing signs of anger. "That was a prank; a big one too!" He clarifies the situation slightly, but does not inform me on what the substance is.

She goes to knock again, and the door slides open. A furless creature steps out, using his foot to keep the barking furred beast contained within, sliding out of the closing door. Its skin is pale, and there are dark wrinkles beneath its eyes. Kyy's anger transitions into something else, like worry. The creature, I can only assume is a human, wraps their arms around her, pulling her close. She does the same, and tears form in their eyes. "I'm really glad you're home." The human says into her fur.

"You look awful. Why would you start testing without me? Also—a glitter bomb, really????! Not funny."

"Because you left with..." He separates from her, now looking at me and Revox. "I thought there was only one of them? Am I seeing double again?" He says, pinching his skin with his fingers.

"Hi! I'm Revox—this is Kaidian!" He puts his paw on my shoulder—the sudden touch makes me jump. "I presume you are Zephyr? Kyy's partner she likes to talk about so much."

He squints his eyes at us, and he looks exhausted. "Are you twins?"

"Yes." Revox answers

"No." I say at the same time.

"Kaid is a shapeshifter!" Revox and I glare at Kyy. The human stares at us, and his eyes go wide. "I'll explain inside!"

He slides the door open and motions to us. I follow Revox inside, and that furred beast halts its barking. A mixture of brown and black fur, something I have researched on the terminal; a dog. Docile from what articles say; domesticated by intellectual beings to serve as pets. It walks up cautiously, sniffing at me and Revox, most likely a way of comprehensive scent gathering. The creature can tell Revox and I have the same scent, being the same being for the most part. I'm more intrigued by the canine than the human, transfixed on its gentle movements as Revox bends down and runs his paws through its fur.

"A shapeshifter?!" The human spouts out. "Are you insane?! You remember-" He suddenly halts his words and looks at us.

"He's a sweetheart! Trust me." She walks over to a small table where a used syringe lies. "More importantly, is this stuff working? It's you right?"

"Yes—yes, I'm fine. Just took things a little too far too quickly. And it is me, thanks for asking." He hastily answers, making absolutely no sense. "Back to the shifter thing?" *Does she think a shifter is mimicking him, asking if it's him?*

"Easy bud, there isn't a threat here. We're just galactic explorers, living our lives, trying to see what's out there." Revox steps further into the room while I stick close to the door with the dog still hovering around me. "The only reason we're anywhere near Zenith is to refuel, and because Kyy insisted on it."

"Is this the shifter talking?" The human responds.

"No, that's Revox. Kaid makes sure to have a black bit on his face to not be identical. Also, stop talking like that, he's terrified of you like he was me." She looks at me, and motions for me to come closer. "Do you like the dog? His name is Buddy! You can touch him, he doesn't bite!" *His jaws are made to bite.*

I get closer, and Buddy follows. He rubs against my legs, looking back up at me as if with expectations. I put my paw down, feeling into his rough fur, and he seems to like it. "It is a strange creature, nothing like the drakes by your comparison."

"So you're a shapeshifter?" The human now stares at me, specifically my arm reaching down at the dog, so I stop the action.

"Yes." I sink a bit at the answer.

"Care to prove it?"

Kyy slaps his shoulder. "Stop it! You don't have to prove anything, Kaid."

I shift into a small bird, and the dog jumps away, barking. My clothes scatter to the floor. The human stares in disbelief, his mouth half open. He pinches his arm again. I shift back into a naked fox, and Buddy slowly approaches again as if mostly forgetting the event already.

"You realize Star is going to throw a fit about this, right?" The human muffles out through his hand now covering his face, averting his eyes from me. "Orion will calm him down though. This is exactly what she wants."

"Wants?" Revox speaks up. "I'm not going to let anyone take him from me. You understand?"

"Remember what we talked about on the flight back? One little test should be enough. However, I just had a very good idea." Revox relaxes a little bit. "You know how nervous you are around people because you don't think you fit in?" She turns to me now.

"It is hard to understand their psychological processes, yes."

"I think I need another dose..." The human interjects, and Kyy gives him another glare.

"Well, everyone loves dogs, and you're super good at understanding feral things." I look at Buddy, who is laying down in front of me. "Now to get through x-rays and such you'd need to study him more than just outside."

"Kyy? What are you saying?" The human speaks up.

"He learns in a really cool way! You're going to hate it, but if something eats him, it helps him become it!"

"Did you just offer to let my dog eat him?"

"Yes! You glitter bombed my whole room, and this shit is never coming out of my fur! You owe me. Unless you want something to go wrong with your suit again~"

"I set that up right after you left! Sorry I fucking forgot when I got all loopy. I would have disarmed it."

"I mean, that is actually a really good idea... Kaid, you'd be able to follow me around stations carefree! At least until you're comfortable enough to talk with anyone."

The human grumbles. "Fine. Star or Orion would need time to figure this out anyway. No tampering with my suit. None."

I reach down and touch the dog again, and it looks back up at me with a wagging tail that makes me smile a little. "What is his typical prey?"

"His wha? Oh... literally anything small enough to swallow... You can't transform into kibble can you?" His face turns to a grimace.

"I have numerous possibilities for that, though I haven't heard of this 'Kibble' species."

"Kyy, seriously?"

Kyy smacks him again. "Be nice!" I did not detect any malice in his words.

"Do the thing then!" Revox stares at me, transfixed as always.

"Now? I'm not used to there being anyone else around for my consumption..." I inject, a bit nervous.

"Ah, c'mon. Don't be shy! I know how to get Buddy to eat anything! Don't I boy!" The dog jumps to its feet, getting excited by her heightened tone. It walks over to her with its tail wagging sporadically.

I shift into a tiny mouse, small enough to easily be swallowed. Buddy backs away for a few moments, and Kyy walks over to me. She reaches down, pinching my tail, lifting me off the ground. Kyy walks over to Buddy, who approaches with curiosity. She hovers me down to his level, and the air around his mug already carries a strong stench. His nostrils flare, shifting my fur all around with short inhales and exhales. He analyzes what I am, but backs up a step and licks his lips. It's as though he's waiting, and his mouth parts to pant, throwing out his cupped pink tongue. A woefully pungent stench wafts from his jaws, reeking an awful fetor. I squeak at the odor. Hot clouds of rancid air huff out, making me wonder if this is worth it. Remnants of fish, some form of grains? Other artificially processed unknowns sting my senses. Rather than look at me, he stares at Kyy.

"You wanna treat?! Huh!?" The words surely make no sense to the animal, yet his mouth closes—head tilts, and slobber spills from his jaws. *It seems certain words are understood, probably through repetition.* He looks at me with hunger, no longer intrigue. Kyy has designated me as food, and his tail wags more, shaking his body. "Ah—ah! Sit!" The creature obeys, hastily planting down to his haunches; tail sweeping the floor.

She hovers me above his head, staring straight up. His nostrils flare to fill up with his food's scent, completely different from what I smelled like before. Drool sloughs out, and his jaws suddenly part—lunging up at me! Kyy janks me back abruptly as his teeth clack. "Ah! Be nice."

Lowered again, his excitement has been muted, now more focused. She presses me against his wet lips, getting cooled saliva into my fur. That pungent scent of dog drool sits in the air like a thick fog. His jaws split, more gentle than before, huffing out hot fumes. The smell is revolting, but not the worst I've ever experienced. Gravity takes hold when Kyy releases me, plummeting down into the pink cavern. I tumble along his undulating tongue for a split second before abhorrent amounts of slobber stops my travel into his gullet. His jaws lock shut, sealing me inside with his huffing breaths. His tongue assaults me, slathering the goopy drool into my fur, pushing me to his teeth while he walks. My stomach lurches when he lays down quickly.

A carnivorous creature that typically chews its prey. Yellowed teeth chomp down—spreading my fur, but incapable of piercing my skin. Little bits of mushy gunk dislodges from between his teeth, getting plastered into my body. My fur is drenched in seconds, tail practically sitting in his gullet as he flips me all around his maw. Breaths continue to waft out from his throat, pelting me with spittle and disgusting air. He licks me against his hard upper palate, dragging me along black splotches along the pink flesh. It reminds me of Kyy, but this is not a hygienic creature. Buddy chews my body, and nothing comes of it but a few sloppy *glrps* as he swallows building saliva.

He seems to grasp the concept that I am not to be grinded by his teeth. His tongue slurps and condenses, shoving me towards his wafting gullet. He crams me against the slobber soaked entrance to his throat, uncaringly giving a hard *Glurp!* My head sucks in, followed by my paws up to my tail. Rippling muscles pull me all the way in with another few rough swallows. Fleishy squeezes slurp up my tail, effortlessly dragging me down to his stomach. His fast breathing berates me, slushing throaty slime into my fur even more. A fast beating heart that seems to fluctuate a lot, and my whole world begins to spasticity shake. There's commotion on the outside, pressure pressing in a rubbing motion like I've seen Kyy handle him before. The stench gets worse the further I go, like his breath, but compounded. A small bubble of stomach fetor slides up from his depths as someone massages his body. Acid degraded fish, chemical stench, and assorted unnatural smells assault my senses. A moment later, I press against the source of the stink.

The stomach sphincter stretches open, slushing me into his pretty empty gut. Immediately, I'm swallowed up in digesting sludge. Pink flesh collapses, stuffing into all the abhorrent fluids. There's no scales in sight, semblance of fur, or any sort of preyish digestion. Instead, it is a sopping liquid soup, already far along in the process. *Is its stomach that powerful to digest it all so efficiently?* Fleishy walls churn aggressively, growling out with additional hunger. Acids seep at my presence, infusing in my fur while a gooey wrinkle swallows my tail. The humid stench is appalling, like his breath magnified. It's pungent with fish, and grains. I can only detect the tiny particles of potential remains, but it feels like crumbs tightly compact within the sweltering squalor. The smell is dizzying, repugnant, a fetor I've never encountered; more artificial than the gunk Revox and Kyy eat. Whatever that human fed him glorps around with only a tiny amount of air, squished with wet grinding flesh.

I feel him walking, though his shriveled stomach walls are condensed enough to firmly grip my small body. All wrinkled up, needing food to stretch the grinding flesh. His flesh clenches, and my world turns while he sits hastily. Chyme gushes with the slight relaxation of his gut, getting ready for another series of churns. I can make out the vibrations of voices, muffled through his flesh, and even more so by my sludge filled ears.

A series of wet swallows brings a torrent of water into his stomach, expanding the sac slightly with fluids. The chyme breaks apart, diffusing into the new liquid, already making it a thicker mess. Colors spread out, and grainy substances break apart, forming a swamp inside his gut. It swirls me around giving a hearty *gurgle* as the water stops pouring in. He didn't bloat his belly, rather dampen everything inside. A faint crunching comes from almost below, as he cranes his neck down to consume something. I am not a meal to this creature. A sloppy swallow sends slimy saliva, and I am certain chewed up fish would be the culprit of his feeding. Bones snapping, scales between teeth—but instead this sickly brown bolus oozes inside. Gloppy mush that reeks like a fish, artificially packed into little brown pellets. The half-chewed crud pushes against my fur, getting the grainy gobs across my body.

Another swallow sounds while he's still chewing, hasilty packing his gut with the sustenance. It's dreadful, food pellets swell and bloat with acids and water, filling up the sac

even more. His slobber and enzymes make the mess a mire, churning the mushy glop around. I'm fully encompassed by the artificial meal, feeling whole swallowed lumps of slimy food. The creature is a glutton, making me believe it will eat anything small enough to swallow as Zephyr said. His fleshy stomach walls belch out acid, seeping into the disgusting mixture. Unrecognizable smells drive me crazy, wanting to know the composition this creature eats. Aside from the overwhelming stench of fish mashed into the solid balls, I can't discern anything to explain why it reeks so immensely. An amalgamation of many different scents all processed into one substance with assorted chemicals.

Swallows smush the disgusting pellets inside, giving only two chews before stuffing it down his throat. While domestic in mind, his stomach is quite feral, ravenously churning and groaning with every addition. I feel his flesh tighten, constrict, prepare for every kneading roll, working hard to break down this unnatural slop. It practically has to chew the masses for him, though the food seems designed to soak up his potent acids. Muscles churn me against his esophageal sphincter, sputtering another slobber soaked bolus straight into my fur. The gunk oozes, smells atrocious, gargles with additional air consumed with sloppy swallows. Once a rather empty, albeit crammed up sac, it has expanded with all the mess. Growls of hunger turn to gurgles of digestion, sloshing around the bloating mush similar to the cereal Revox eats.

The onslaught ends with a final few swallows. He decided to chew up the last remaining bits, slushing in a more finely ground paste into the churning sea. His stomach kneads it all over, forming a grainy ball within him, shoving me inside the slimy formation. A suction like burp hisses up his throat, collapsing his flesh to tightly compact the swampy sludge. Whatever fluids there were soak into the bloating pellets, creating a woefully thick chyme that is hard to move in. I feel it slush between my paws, encapsulate my tail, grind against the grain of my fur, and clog my nose and ears. Wet swallows are hardly audible over the constant slimy glorps, gushing in a fresh batch of water. What should offer reprieve from the disgustingly thick sludge merely bloats more of the assorted pellets. Sweltering, putrid, reminded that inside even the most gentle of beasts is a ferocious digestive system that doesn't care for its food.

A chaotic shaking of his body sloshes everything around, plowing me into gooey wrinkles, getting my tail wedged between the rolling flesh. A loud *groaan* quakes his gut while slushing quadrupedal walking sways. Outside influences begin to assault his body, yanking my tail out, bouncing me through the awful sludge. Obnoxious petting rattles everything around, making sure not a single section of my body isn't caked in the grime. A burbling *gurgle* quakes during the madness, stuffing swallowed air from his sloppy consumption of water up his throat. Muted talking outside sends his heart into a frenzy, breathing heavily with the vibrations. His movements are constant, and each one sloshes the sludge. A hard churn grabs my back, swallowing me into a goopy pocket of acidic chyme.

Wet, humid, abysmally slimy. Wretched, fetid, woefully acrid. Kneaded from the inside and out as it seems everyone is taking turns touching the beast. Flesh grinds my fur, smushing softened gunk into my body. The mush gets spongy as it soaks, beginning to conglomerate into one big mass for his stomach to chew. I plunge through soupy currents, dragged along as his

flesh clenches tight around my tail. The scent gets worse as the mess begins to degrade, compounding the chemical stench of processed fish. Gloopy, mushy, chunks of fetor-ridden stew swallows me up, holding me tight between his slimy rolling flesh.

Gurgle, rumble, glrnn! Digestion within the beast is noisy, exasperated by the constant massages from outside slushing everything around. Violent contortions constrict his flesh, shifting swiftly as he lays down. His stomach squishes, flipping as he rolls to his side. Muscles twitch and quiver as they chew up the large mass inside, integrating dribbling acids into the soaking mixture. Prodding paws rub along his belly, slopping me around the kneading fold that has swallowed up my body. My tail slushes about outside the pinched flesh, assaulted by the disgusting chyme. There's no escape from the abhorrent sludge; no reprieve from the oppressive stench.

Those outside finally leave the dog alone, letting it digest its meal in peace. Laying on its side, the breathing slows along with its heart, preparing to sleep. His stomach does not rest, ramping up in heat and churning more. Bloated grimy chunks squish into conglomerated mush, soaking up acidic fluids swirling around his gut. Flesh mercilessly churns my body, squeezing hard, trying to reduce me into a goopy paste like the rest. Slathered completely in the horrendous artificial slop, forced to endure the disgusting mixture pressing into my skin, gunking up my fur. *How can a creature survive off of such filth? What is this strange concoction they feed him?*

His stomach ripples and rolls, churning up softening pellets while gurgling loudly. After what feels like hours, all of a sudden—his muscles constrict, and he wakes up hastily—shifting from his side. His heart pounds, and his stomach scrunches up with change in position. *What now!?* He stands up, throwing me to the bottom of his belly where a lot of the more solid chunks manage to collect. I break up a few semi-solid bits as I struggle against the swirling muck, feeling his rougher lower flesh start to harden for another peristaltic churn. The sac sways, indicating that he's walking, slushing and sloshing me through the thick swampy sludge. *The room was not large enough to be walking like this.*

The rhythmic motions finally stop, bringing some level of peace to the churning vat I reside within. That is, until his muscles all clench—and his stomach becomes a storm as he bursts with speed. Long strides slosh his belly, using my body to break through whatever solids remain. Battered around, tossed, thrown through the sludge, feeling the volume slowly seep into his intestines during the spastic endeavor. An abrupt halt slams me into his stomach lining, gripping my body while his roaring lungs bump his gut. *Squeak squeak squeak!* This obnoxious sound comes from above, something he's chewing up. Whatever it is puts up a fight, not being swallowed up as he thrashers his head to tear it apart. *They just fed him? What is this behavior?*

He runs again, creating another chaotic storm to swirl the abhorrent chyme along his stomach walls, grinding it up into a thick, slimy soup. *Squeak!* The sounds continue from whatever it is he is attempting to eat, yet only slobber sputters into his belly. He growls aggressively, heart pounds, and his muscles clench. His body twists, tugs, slopping me back

and forth, splattering acidic sludge between my paws, over my tail, as if I can even be more drenched in goop. The rumbling growls stop, ending the frothy action that bubbled up some of the more liquid slime. Then he sprints off again, repeating the same actions as before, cramming me deep in his digestive slurry. *Squeak squeak!* It's unending, he runs again, growls, muscles collapse, sprints. None of it makes any sense, nothing aboard the station should provide enough aggression to anger the beast. *I imagine he is not hunting. Then what is he trying to eat, making all those bizarre noises? It's not any animalistic sound I have ever heard...*

Panting hard, his stomach squishes with hasty breaths, swishing me through the sloshing slop. The running, squeaking, and growling stagnates, giving some level of peace in this organic landscape. His stomach churns steadily, grinding over my tail with hard clenches with the rest of his food. With all the chaos, I did not realize how much has moved along in the process. The slimy brown sludge around has degraded fast with the action. It hardly held any integrity prior to the action, now nothing more than a chunky paste infused with acid. Grimy grains sink into my fur, soaked up like all the other fluids secreting from his stomach. The stench is awful, next to rotten, numbing my senses. Whatever lumped together chemicals within his artificial food there were, have all been ripped apart, filtering around and mixing with digestive enzymes. It has gotten thicker, adjacent to a swamp, all condensed with kneading pink flesh that constantly constricts.

Chews, and a swallow. Another solid chunk of something starts to slide down his throat. Whatever it could be reeks of his prior food, though a different concoction of crammed together chemicals. The fetor of potatoes taints the already unpleasant stench of his slobber, slopping into the thick soup all over my fur. Half-chewed, broken up clumps of drool soaked gunk plunk inside, swallowing into the digesting mire. The crumbling substance gobs into my fur, spreading the foul food all over. It is a lighter color, but it mixes all the same into the disgusting chyme. The overwhelming stench of processed fish mixes with the new sugary scented potato, providing a woefully pungent fetor to form. Unlike his feast earlier, the last little chunks slide in, and no more chews echo down. His stomach glorps, growls, and gives gastric gurgles at the new slop, gearing up digestion with fresh acids.

Schlup-glrk Schlup-glrk Schlup-glrk! A torrent of disjointed swallow gushes in tides of water. The fluid quickly thickens up as it swirls and integrates with all the food. For a moment it washes little bits of gunk from my fur, flowing throat warmed water that feels nice against the oppressive heat. The wrinkled walls expand with every swallow, spitting in air with the liquids. Slobbery slime comes with it, splattering around and soaking up in the sodden squalor. At first it's like oil to the thick mix, but it succumbs to the sloshing slop, dredging up fine particulates in the mess. Growls emit demanding more sustenance, now more water than food by the time he's done. Soaked fully in stomach fluids, grinded by kneading flesh that endlessly churns.

Creases take my tail, forcing me into the top of his inflated belly, which hardens as it begins its next round of peristalsis. The pressure of folding flesh rolls over my fur, sucking me into the deep forming wrinkles while it churns. Milky chyme bubbles in with me, burbling up the swallowed air. It hisses between the slime, emitting a loud gurgling *glrrrn* that quivers the flesh

around against my fur. The hard flesh goes soft as the muscular clenching moves along, slowly sliding me from the pocket, and splashing me back into the soup below. The gloppy matter is squished tight at the pyloric section of his stomach, some squirts through to his intestines, but the rest rolls back up into me with the additional pressure. Pelted by melted pellets, globbed up with sticky stomach slime. His stomach violently condenses with a sudden release of gas as the churn comes to an end.

The beast walks, swaying with spastic rhythm as his meal digests further. I'm along for the ride, squished, squeezed, pulverized by every peristaltic movement. His stomach wants to digest me, angry that it is incapable, but it keeps trying. It refuses to pass me along, forcing me to soak in the abhorrent sludge the fluids have become. Enzymes dribble out, slobber spits in, and his flesh collapses around me. Sucked into a cocoon of muscle, softening and hardening with passing minutes. Hunger growls his belly again, squishing me tighter with the lingering constrictions. The wrinkles have gotten thicker, capable of swallowing my individual paws, tugging my whiskers, giving its full attention to me and what little chyme remains.

Guuurgle! The loud noise reverberates the walls, and the sound comes with a slobber filled swallow. Acids begin to secrete in bulk, signs that evoke anticipation of a future meal in sight. Some hard *thumps* echo his body, pats from the outside. His body sits, cramming me tight as his muscles constrict, and he shifts back and forth. Another drooling swallow splashes saliva into my face, spitting the dribbling slime that glues my whiskers to my fur. Hard gnashing movements send his stomach into a frenzy, feral gulps devour something practically whole. His esophageal sphincter yawns over a large, mostly-intact bread, stuffed with saliva-soaked meat, lettuce, and tomato. Barely chewed, the throat-squished matter pushes into me, breaking free from the slimy confines his slobber encased it in. His stomach quickly pulls the ingredients away from each other, only to smash them back together with a rumbling churn.

It is the same thing Revox ate when I was inside him, a burger so he calls it. The dog is ravenously gulping it down, not caring to chew, squashing it into his gut with greedy gulps. Bread swiftly sops up milky chyme, meats crumble from being cooked too long, forming tiny balls of churning muck. Lettuce crunches between the grinding flesh, becoming more pasty against my fur with the heat. Tomato is already a paste, proving bits of liquid as it is pulverized, squirting seeds into my fur, and slapping my face with the skin. The gooey acids spit into the mess, using my body as a digestive aid at this point, pushing me through it all to sever its ties as a conglomerated food type. His body is made to process meat, yet among the mixed together stench of his new meal persists that decaying artificial smell.

Crushing, crunching churns become vicious in the gurgling sac, sated once more with food to reduce to nutrients. A strong, sugary odor slides down his throat, and pouring inside is this strangely cold, white fluid adjacent to milk. As if originally icy, the goopy vanilla scented sugar oozes into my fur, cooling me off from the onslaught of hot digestive fluids. *What is this gunk?! This is the least natural substance, it is all sugar and milk!* The glop is woefully sticky, melting by the second as more of it seeps inside, creating a bizarre atmosphere in his gut. Outside influences berate his body with a final swallow, mixing the strange milk into the

softening food. Feeling cold inside a stomach is surreal, though it only lasts a few minutes before it succumbs to the heat of his belly.

Swaying walks shake his guts, churning up all the matter around me, soaking it into my fur, much more sticky than his prior meal. Squeezing muscles gurgle, swallowing me into the slimy squalor. Hours pass after he lays down once more, sleeping again with his meal contained. Bread is mush, lettuce mostly paste, sapped of its green color to more white. The milk has long since curdled, making a sour cream that mixes poorly with the greasy layer of filth coating his flesh. Meat is chyme, digested more properly than the rest. The stench is numbing, combining with the remnants of his meal before. Milk spoils, fish persists as chunky digested meat and lettuce fill the humid air. Sugar makes a very pungent reek within the sweltering chamber, artificial in essence, stinging my sense of smell. *Clearly his gut is not meant for such sustenance, so why feed him this bizarre mixture? It provides little to no nutrients!*

Sloppy churns glue it all into me, never letting a centimeter of my fur be free from the abhorrent chyme. Gloppy mush is gooey, slimy, filled with digestive enzymes. Short glorpings slowly send portions along, burbling wetly within his intestines on the other side of his pink pulsating flesh. Peristalsis shoves me around his stomach, squeezing me through chyme of different thickness the further beneath the grimy surface. Inside so long, soaked enough to feel the difference of flesh between subsections of his gut. Grinding against the softer dome at the top, kneaded downwards where the muscles harden into the less wrinkled midsection. Then plowing me into the rougher pyloric flesh, squishing all the chyme towards the small intestines.

(Scat beyond this point!)

A particularly hard churn slops me into the precursor tunnel at the pyloric bend, slamming me into the puckered sphincter. The tight hole quickly splurts open, yanking me up to my belly into his small intestines. It clenches down, hoping with one final effort to break me up but it only helps slide over my body, squishing me further along. The gloppy hole gushes more fluids against the grain of my fur, sliding flesh over my rear paws. A tight clench clasps my tail, squeezing over the extension of my body. Held firm, the first rolling bout of peristalsis slowly slides my tail inside, popping though with a little spit of additional slop.

Villi assaults my fur, tangling it up with the sludgy chyme. Trapped in his small intestines, a little bigger than I would like, fur tight, rolled over by his hungry muscles. Bile spews into the already unpleasant mixture, creating a thick soup for the villi to suckle. Poking all over, kneading into my skin, pushing me further along with slow pulses. Intestinal flesh envelopes my paws, swallowing them up with ticking villi. I feel bits of chyme suckled from my feet, getting rubbed all over between my claws. It pulls at my fur, slathering salty bile in place of chyme that it scoops out.

The stench is awful, compounding numerous meals that have passed through here, some sitting long enough to rot, while the new stomach stew squishes through. A rich combination of stomach slime and intestinal squalor. The burger is now a part of a larger

concoction of reek, breaking down further with the small intestine's more alkaline enzymes. Artificial chemicals digest, forming a mucky stink of almost sulfuric methane. It is near adjacent to eggs, though the woeful processed remains of the fishy pellets overpower most anything as the sloppy chyme has remnants that got stuck in the wiggling walls.

Wet squelches squeeze me around condensed bends, slushing more chyme into my fur that stagnated during digestion. Mucus and bile continue to seep out, oozing between my paws, soaking into my belly, and stuffing my ears. I can feel the peristalsis curling over my tail, gripping the backside of my body much slower as it works over my belly and back. The kneading villi squish tightly against my fur, digging underneath to scrub at my skin. Muscles collapse over my neck, making sure to let no area go untouched, folding my ears and slushing my whiskers out in front of my face. It continues past my snout, traveling through noisy with the sound of chyme burbling ahead. I am simply another part of his meal, suckled at by his intestinal lining.

An onslaught of external rubs shove me around a bend, slushing me into more built up chyme slathered across the sticky pink flesh. *What now?* The dog quickly stands, and his intestines pulse with his invigorated heart. No longer contained by his ribcage, the swaying walk is much more pronounced as he jots along. It doesn't take very long to understand what is going on. He squats, and I hear a gushing liquid voiding from his body, excreting urine built up over the day. The intestinal muscles clench with the action, pinching me tight within the gloppy sludge and villi. With a few gut-squeezing pulses, he vacates his bladder, then walks a few more steps. This time the squat is more aggressive, and through the flesh I feel a foreboding movement of matter. Squished tight against his condensing bowels, scat shuttles out, hissing internally with fermented gas. The lumps slither away, bubbling with slime lubricating its exit.

The beast's body shakes once with action is over, scrunching and throwing his gut into chaos. Squirted through hot, mushy chyme, though held fur tight in the tube. Every step he takes bounces my world, making me dizzy as crushing flesh consumes my entirety. I think I hear the sounds of him chewing, but it's difficult to determine anything this deep inside his body. It could just be his intestines sucking in more chyme, gunk spilling into his bowels, or simply his stomach giving a hard churn. The worsening stench of his bile soaked mess around me garners most of my attention, breaking down into a particularly harsh miasma that can only become more foul. Evidence to my claim bubbles inside his colon, whining wetly with gastric groans growing closer by the minute.

A sloppy suction sounds ahead, one I have heard so many times before. Kneaded roughly by the wiggling flesh, I breach the chyme for a moment to see the entrance to his bowels swallowing up waste products. Suckling squelches surround the opening valve, bubbling up the abhorrent sludge sopping through. A disgusting fetor pelts my nostrils when the hole gums over my face, reeking of fermenting fish, meat, and chemicals within his cecum. A rolling push of muscles shoves me inside the fleshy hole, yet it closes at the base of my tail, opening a second later to belch me all the way inside.

Stuffed inside the ribbed pouch, goopy sludge is introduced to the bacteria of his gut. Flesh bubbles with fermentation, exasperating the woeful methylated fetor stench of his food. Juicy squirts and splurts slush the sac, spilling out glop to his colon. With more space, I manage to get myself going, rolling out with a rippling tide of peristalsis. The mushy paste is rather watery, though also fibrous as a result of the artificial foods they fed him. Mucus seeps from the thin fleshy walls, gooping up the mess even more for intestinal transit. Much less chaotic than his small intestines, his colon gives more room, arcing sheets of gooey slime off my fur to the connecting flesh. There is more time between peristaltic ripples, being more stagnant to let fluids soak through the intestinal lining.

He lays down, and his gut squishes the solidifying paste further into my fur. His breathing slows once more, indicating the beast's slumber. Though he sleeps, his system does not, gargling gastric fumes fermenting in his colon. Wet oozing bubbles squirt through, making a mess of the brown lumps forming in my fur. The stinging gas bloats his bowels, filling it with a disgusting fetor full of reeking waste. Remnants of old meals dot the tarnished flesh, getting stuck to my fur as a putrid pile begins to form around me. Like the muck he ate, it takes on a brown color, though the meat and assorted other ingredients the burger take on a sugary greenish looking mix with the fishy pellet paste.

It slowly gets harder as liquids sap out of the scat, making it difficult for me to move. The clay encapsulates my paws, squishing between my claws, caking into my fur while squeezing against my skin. My ears are stuffed with shit, muting my ability to hear the frothy gurgles of his gut. Mucus slathers with every pulse of muscle, creating a thick slime that spreads throughout his colon. Globby strands of the fluid spans the length of his flesh, sticking to my snout up to the assorted ribs of squishy flesh between rippling peristalsis. I feel tomato seeds stuck in my fur, tangled up with the rest of his fibrous shit. Every hour passing makes the pile thicker, yet still sopping wet with slimy mucus.

Fluttering flatulence froths bubbles around, passing by and out with slight hissing releases from his anus. He stirs in his sleep with each one, jostling me inside the slimy clay substance. My head sticks out of the front end of his scat, though the rest of me is fully consumed by it, aside from the tip of my tail protruding slightly. Gunk piles on from beyond, sticking older crap to my face that dangles from gooey mucus. The constricting squeezes shift moist mushy paste into my fur, much softer on the inside, withholding humid glop within the center against my body. It takes on a harder outside shell, lumped up and slightly cracked, which let's mucus seep through the gaps. It is sweltering in his bowels, and the heat makes all the fumes meld into one concentrated fetor.

The inevitable happens as his colon clenches lazily once more, pummeling my pile into a stagnant one ahead of me. Unseen until the action opens up his scrunched tube, I cannot react in any capacity that would matter. My face squishes through the lumped end of his scat, pressing into the pasty interior. Appalling is a word for it, though not nearly to the extent it should mean. Putrid, slimy grains smear the fur on my face, smushing my whiskers in all different directions. Lodged in dog scat consisting of waste materials produced from fishy,

artificial pellets. I try to rebuke the sudden assault on my senses, by my paws are trapped inside the hardened clay, merely slushing in place within the pasty mush. His flesh condenses, pressing me further inside as the two logs turn into one within his bowels.

The slimy contraction shoves the mass forward, and I can detect the difference of flesh crinkling over the dung. A squishier gumming signifies with the slurping squelch of my movement. Clumped crap slides inside his rectum, though he remains asleep by the lack of recognition. Left waiting inside with his scat, feeling the mucus-lined walls squashing into my pile. I manage to break through a little bit, just enough between the more elastic pulses to get a view of the goopy, tainted flesh. Pink like the rest, a small black splotch here and there, all leading to a shit caked hole at the end. Puckered up, it slightly quivers to the bubbling gas wallowing at the wrinkles around it. That is all I get to see before the soft rectal flesh collapses, shoving me back inside the scat as the fumes hiss out.

The flatulent release wakes the dog, and he shifts rather suddenly, jostling the rubbery scat-filled sac. Moments later, a feral whine rumbles the creature, as if an attempt to communicate. He begins to walk, and again I cannot gather the information on where he is going. Though judging the way he trots, it has to do with the build up around me. A few minutes pass as I sway inside the slimy scat, but his movements slow to a step every few seconds. Close by, I feel his muscles shift, and like before, he voids his bladder before fecal release. Urine gushes out, squeezing me tight within the solidified pile, giving me hardly any wiggle room inside the pasty crap. I imagine the entire night has shifted, evident by the length of his release. It ends with a number of final squeezes, each one pulling and pushing me inside his rectum.

He takes a few more steps, walking with more clenched muscles around my body. My world shifts from horizontal to vertical when he releases his grip on my pile. I cannot see the sphincter open, but I hear the slick hole part with a slimy *pop*. A little hiss of gas facilitates the loosening of his muscles, shutting shit out. Slimy slithering slathers the scat; flesh creases over the lumpy mass upon exit through his anus. The consistency breaks up when introduced to gravity, dangling for a moment before I feel bits break off to the ground. I experience it myself as his exit crimps over the pile in front of me, gumming down grains onto my snout. Anal slime coats my face, peeling off some slathered smears letting me see. Opening to the light, below is the waste piled up on artificial looking grass.

I feel myself being shoved out, needing manual effort with pressure no longer an easy factor for release. His flesh squishes down, sending my upper half outside with a gooey glob of slime. Picking up speed, I suddenly halt when his sphincter closes suddenly around my tail. For a moment I dangle from his behind, dripping off come clumps attached to my fur. Her flexes the hole aggressively, finally plopping me down into the rest, about half a step taken away from the other Scat. Seconds later a slapping log of dung plops on top of me. Before I get a good look at my surroundings, a loud green plastic bag scoops me up! *What is this?!!* Balled up inside the foul container, forced to be squished inside his excrement for even longer. *Revox, release me at once!*

The bag sways, too thick of a color to accurately depict anything within its confines. Heat diffuses from the dung, getting cooler as I swing around. Walking for a few minutes, thoroughly smushed with all the crap painting the stretchy elastic plastic around. Thinking there has to be some rational behind this bizarre collection of scat, I refrain from burrowing out of the containment. My resilience is met by a humid waft of air rushing in after I plop down on a hard surface at the bottom of the sack. The top opens, and reaching in is a shakey, glove-covered paw that snatches my tail. Lifting me out, I recognize Revox is the one who frees me, still clumped up with crap soiling my fur, entangled in very uncomfortable ways. "Hey bud. Let's get you washed up, yeah?" *As if he has to ask...*

I'm in a restroom, much roomier than our ship, most likely belonging to the human. He plops me into the sink, and I shift into a snake to help slip the sludge off in the running water. He helps me clean up, running high grade soap that is more potent than what we have; an odd thing that is rather unnecessary for simply washing off. Free of crap, he pulls me out and rubs me over with a really soft cloth, much better than the old towels we have on the ship. He sets me down on a clean mat on the metallic floor, oddly warm as if heated by some mechanism. I shift back into a fox, putting a black splotch of fur on my face to be different from Revox. "So how was it?" He asks and the human and Kyy both poke their heads inside. Zephyr stares as if bewildered, and Kyy's tail wags with excitement.

"I have many complaints regarding the activities that took place while I was inside." I state to the staring faces that make me a little anxious.

"Revox said giving Buddy a normal day is how you learn best! Dogs love being petted, played with, and getting a good meal!" Kyy blurts out an answer.

I narrow my eyes at her. "What do you feed him? It does not seem healthy, but his body did not reject the meal. The same goes for what he consumed later in the day."

"Kibble." The human states unenthusiastically, still looking very tired with black bags under his eyes. I realize the attempted joke he tried to tell upon asking what species the dog consumes. "The rest was a treat for putting up with you."

Kyy smacks his arm, making him react to the sudden pain. "Stop it!"

"So can you shift into him now?" Revox seems excited.

"Yes."

"Well are you gonna?" Kyy presses.

I sigh, not necessarily wishing to expend the energy after already shifting enough, as well the exhausting endeavor through the dog. Though the way they look at me forces my

decision, seeing that they really want me to. So I shift into the creature, quadrupedal, matching every single detail I gleaned along the way.

"What the fuck..." The human mutters.

Kyy immediately treats me like Buddy, pushing Revox out of the way to ruffle my fur. To my surprise, it feels nice as her paws massage my body. However, it is rather weird to be treated like this. I try to back away, but Revox joins in. "This is perfect!" He says rubbing behind my ears. "You can totally just walk around with me like this! No one would ever know, and you can see how I talk to other people!" His happiness makes me happy, and my tail wags to mimic the social behavior Buddy performed.

After a few moments they back away, and I shift back, not wanting the dog to interact with itself in the other room. Zephyr still stares at me in disbelief; the way I expect most people to react to my existence. "Quit staring!" Kyy bumps the back of his head.

"Ow! Fuck off, you know I'm in recovery." He blurts out, and she gives him an empathetic gaze.

"I know—I'm sorry! I just know Kaid doesn't like being looked at much. I don't want him to think you don't like him just because you're moody right now."

"I'm not-" He stammers out, but stops himself as Kyy gives him a different look. "Sorry I've been a dick." He says to me. *How has he been in any way a reproductive organ?!* I look at him confused.

"He means he's sorry for being rude." Revox attempts to clarify, but I do not see the connection between the words.

"He really doesn't-" Zephyr looks at Kyy, who is already raising her paw as if to slap him again.

"You do not have to harm him because I do not understand the words he says. I take no offense, I know what I am, and I know it is not normal." She lowers her paw, and comes over to hug me.

"I promise he actually likes you. He's just... going through some things that even we don't fully understand." She releases her grasp of me. "I spent all day cleaning my room out yesterday, so we can hang out till my other friends want to see you, ok?"

"If that is what you wish." I step past them, entering the main room as the human shifts back from me. Buddy jumps up on me, excited and wagging his tail. He is unaware I have been with him for quite some time, looking confused that I came from the small room. Revox hands me the clothing I need to wear before leaving, a ritual I nearly forgot.

Kyy turns to Zephyr as I finish putting on the scratchy linens. "Remember to take that shot, and get some rest, ok? I need you back to one hundred percent, understand?"

"Yes mother." He grumbles. *They look the same age, how can she be his mother? He has no indication of husky descent??*

Revox tugs my shirt. "No they aren't related. It's just another oddity between bickering friends." He says in a low whisper in my ear.

We walk to the adjacent door, and Kyy gets us both situated. "You could use a shower. I think I have the same brand soap you use, so have at it!"

I walk into the bathroom, bottles jumbled around, and rather unorganized compared to Zephyr's. A large window overlooks a gaseous looking planet below. I turn on the water in the much more pleasant shower, gushing nicely pressurized water that steams immediately. Fog coats the mirror in the room, and with it some writing appears. *'Thanks for doing this Kaid!'* with that strange symbol that was drawn on our ship's mirror. The sight makes me smile a little. *I hope she is right about the others.*