

The Wandering Woods

You're walking along. Where you are, and why you've continued going ignores conventional logic. The Wandering Woods. It has to be, the legends all point like massive red flags. The grass gradually changes from green to a pale blue, mist slowly rolling over the foliage like it's a living being. Tree bark transitioning from brown to white, bushes green to orange—everything *feels* wrong.

Yet you keep walking because Fort Vaelera calls—so you tell yourself. It's nestled in your soul, a tug so tight you need to follow. To serve the divine, called by the gods. Deep down something feels like you aren't yourself—but that wouldn't make any sense. This is the road to go, and the map didn't mention the forest because it *shouldn't* be here.

Step after step, it only gets more dim. Glowing mushrooms of all shades of color provide the light as a canopy of black leaves block clouds that have all turned purple. They grow around fallen debris, staggering up the white trees to paint the forest in every color imaginable, however dim and almost dismal—yet dreamy.

Shifting stirs of wildlife belt all around, yet none ever seen. A shifting shadow here and there, close rustle of bushes that make you jump to look. Buzzing of obnoxious bugs, chirps and howls of assorted birds and animals. Some more guttural, menacing noises of monstrous proportion sound in inky tunes and snarls. They leave tingles along your body, echoing in your head like they are everywhere at once.

The air feels wet to breathe, humid while simultaneously cold—smelling of an apple orchard, then a flower field, but shifts around to that of a swamp, rancid decay, suddenly back to something sweet. It never settles on a single atmosphere, every breath draws a different scent, just as odd as the last.

It's an atypical climate for the hot summer, you feel as though it could snow. Your breath comes out as a fog, not dispersing, but slowly drifting away to join the misty ground like a ghost. Despite how cold it feels, your light traveling robes keep you comfortable against all forms of reason.

After two hours of gentle steps, thinking *surely* the forest would end—it doesn't. All you can think is to press forward, as it feels there's no back behind you. Be it from the forest, or the fort, you can't really place the lonesome feeling. So you press on, passing rivers of water colored red draw you to drink if only the air didn't feel so hydrating.

Deep within the mythical forest, still not a life in sight, only heard prowling around with intimidating growls. Fog flutters along the dirt, shifting as if a nonexistent breeze wafts it around

like smoke. Your clothes have turned damp, yet oddly not yourself, adding to the bizarre discomfort that also conflicts with a strange amount of content.

Steps feel heavy in the mist as though treading water, but it isn't any more wet than the cold air. You feel tired from it, but every breath draws new energy to keep going. That is until you kick something, trying to overcorrect by stepping up more only makes you trip over nothing! It had some give to it unlike the white-pinkish decaying logs littered around, but also wasn't there. Slapping down into the muddy road, but somehow it doesn't hurt, like the mist cushions your fall in some inconceivable way.

Looking back to see what it could've been reveals what you already knew. Nothing. Though you know it *was* something. You hear it, see some mist part to weight squishing the mud. Something big, long, and rough drags wetly along the road. So long that you listen to the same sound on grass, moving a bush, getting closer. An attempt to stand is but a stumble, scooting back in the mud as some unseen entity—or entities scurry.

Something touches your kicking boots, moving swift to disperse a bit of fog that reveals nothing. It grabs hold, or moreso wraps around. As if bound by some invisible living rope, unable to kick away, it coils up your legs. Tight compressions show along your pants, and you certainly feel the constricting thing slither. Fear finally spikes like it was halted before, but terror doesn't come, just fear.

It coils enough to lift beneath your back, curling around your chest until it stops before your neck. You smell something foul—akin to soiled eggs, and a gust blows from nothing like your breaths have caused before. The mist moves, encircling your body along the organic rough rope, arms pinned to your sides, getting squeezed by some hot compressing force. The pressure is ever-shifting, overwhelming, yet oddly comfortable—even though it absolutely shouldn't.

Suddenly *it* appears—the invisible thing wrapped so tight around you. Silver serpentine eyes glow with diamond slits, black as the void. Scales so dark blue they could easily be mistaken for purple—even black. A tongue flicks out—**dark** purple, glowing, slapping your face in a forked tickle of a lick before it slurps back into the beast's shut jaws. The head of what looks like a giant python, though its lips turn to a grin, eyes a bit bigger, mouth a lot scarier. You notice its lengthy body is coiled around yours. The same color all the way, but dotted in glistening patterns that shift and stir, never staying the same in small gray-orange-blue ovals all dark enough to match the rest.

It opens its maw, showing off the dim glow of deep purple hidden by scaled lips. No teeth, but a horrifying curled up throat that gives a squelching wink. Yet instead of stuffing you inside, words come out with a flicking tongue from an odd tubular pocket. "A lossst sssoul in the foresssst?" Hissy and low in tone, but wispy in delivery, wet like the all encompassing air. It almost holds an echo to every syllable, heard inside your head, rather spoken aloud.

Mere inches from your face, you watch his flesh quiver and vibrate with his words. With it comes his breath, at first rotten of meat, caustic, but then sweet like morning dew. A conflicting stink you can't quite comprehend, smelling both good and bad. "A lossssst sssoul *outsstside* the foresssst tooo... Howww sssad." Eyes analyze you in his grasp.

Unable to speak, squeezed too tight, and he knows it, giving a breathy sigh like sorrow with a wide split mouth. It ends with a flicking lick from his tongue, getting a sticky hot drool between your eyes. "I can show you the wayyyy—sssstrayyy the path of fffate." He gets even closer, locking eyes with yours, and you can't help but stare back. Looking into the void of black brazened by starry silver, it's near hypnotizing.

The black overtakes when you blink, then notice things have changed—eyes open to darkness. The pressure is gone, you feel a lot colder, everything is a little more damp and noticeable. You try to feel around with arms and legs... but... you only manage to squirm in place. Surrounded in darkness, you feel odd, different in a way you can't place, but all you know is that you want light—answers. A commotion outside sounds of scales uncoiling, toppling you around damp, what feels like fabric. That's until a light breaches through—so you crawl by, slithering yourself like some kind of snake.

Breaching the hole, you were trapped in your own clothes... Thinking he shrunk you or something proves wrong. That's because he didn't *just* shrink you. Looking back, you see scales, a long body—and it isn't his. It's yours... White in color, mottled rings of gold disappearing into your damp robe. **Splat!** You pull more of yourself out, splattering into the foggy mud. He chuckles wetly, yet not in mockery, but some hissy type of satisfaction. Swallowed in the mist, you feel it touching your scales, wisping along without wind to push it, leaving a cold dew in moist droplets.

"If you comeeee—to meeee." A long winded, steaming breath interludes the words, taking a lengthy, intoxicating draw back in. "I can sstet you freeeee!" It's hard to see, but when he opens his maw, the light is visible through the smokey fog.

Everything in your head screams you shouldn't, feeling a tug deep down from Fort Vaelera—but you do. Slithering in the mud best you can, figuring out how to move within a new body—being anything else feels so foreign. He keeps his mouth open on the ground as a guide, yet it draws you to him. Up until his big tongue boops your snout, making your head retract at the lashing purple rope. You stop, splayed out to your length feeling his gaze along your scales.

Mesmerized by the glow, you didn't notice it was getting closer, hearing his scales displace mud much heavier than yourself. Small in comparison, a long noodle to a log. It gets strangely warm, wet, and you finally realize your head is inside his mouth! You're staring down his throat—his jaws clamp down. **Glurp!** Dark-glowing purple surges from the hole, gripping your face, dragging you inside the lit tunnel. Panic hits, making you squirm, coil up outside. It doesn't stop his flesh from kneading over your head, pulling more of you inside with rolling muscles.

Instincts that aren't yours take hold in fear, being lifted off the ground by his superior strength. You coil around his mostly-closed mouth—lips suckle over your tubular girth. You're slippery is the problem, and so is he, feeling yourself being peeled from his jaws and into them. Flesh inside grips you tight, able to catch your scales and effortlessly slurp you towards his coiled up stomach. Gentle glugs of swallows usher you inside with almost grace outside, being licked over with his slimy serpentine tongue.

Not used to being so long, feeling half your body aggressively being swallowed while your lower half still fights and slaps his face. Muscles squeeze with drool, painting your newfound scales in syrupy gunk. Overly hot, yet somehow feeling nice if not for your mind screeching about the event. Ripples squish, grab, grip your body, slowly slurping down his glowing gullet.

You watch the tunnel part—feel the walls push, hear flesh move with bubbling squelches along your scales. His lungs inflate without an issue, squashing you with a loud, yet wispy roar. A heart pounds with an irregular beat, punching different parts of your long body as it passes. Still slapping your tail outside until it only hits salivating flesh, feeling his jaws begin to shut—throat works in the very tip of your being. Slurped up like a long spaghetti noodle, bending with the coil of his body to his belly.

Girble! A bubbly noise squirts in the organ coming close, reminding you to breathe as your lungs begin to ache. Your inhale brings the stench of death, littered with roses, fragrant with tangerine. Gag-worthy nonetheless, but such an action feels foreign without your own body. Instead you're a snake in the throat of a snake, about to be deposited into his foul stomach.

He soothingly hums to himself as you slide deeper inside, vibrating along your scales with his flesh. Coiling in on himself hastens your journey, feeling muscles collapse along your length, pressing tighter when he flexes. It causes loud gooey squirts from his gut, not empty, but mashing up some melted glop in a sloppy gurgle. Worse than hearing it, you see the sphincter coming up, spiraling parts of your body within his towards the messy hole. Greenish-black fodder sits in the wrinkles, giving a sick display of snake vomit that awaits.

Schlush! It's unavoidable. Your snout presses into the horrid hole, yawning open to pack you inside. Not wide, but long is his gut, ejecting your scaly head into a disgustingly slimy deluge of stomach goop. His syrupy saliva was bliss in comparison, getting forced into a horrifying mixture of gunk. Your face plows through green paste, melding with some orange, swirling in black, mashing up various hues of disgusting blues. What any of it was doesn't matter, the smells don't even line up in the slightest bit. All you know is you'll be just like it, feeling half your body being yanked further in.

Soupy goop sputters with gas, popping loudly and makes itself at home along your scales. Compressing flesh gurgles wetly, rolling with a sloshing churn to drag you deeper. You feel your tail in his throat, parts of you being chewed by the sphincter and the rest grinding in

different spots until the wave of flesh squeezes around your head. Muscles crease inwards, outward, upwards, downwards in endless undulations—all working to soak you in digestive fluids and chyme.

The texture of his flesh is smooth while also rough. It's soft, yet also hard—everything depends on how his muscles cup your scales. Compressions grip your length, kneading with a rough curl to pull you inside more. It's almost soft behind the wave, resting in a post-churned mess of his meal while flesh acts like a suction cup. Hard around your neck, using your jaws as a hitch to swallow, dredging your snout uncomfortably against the grody chyme stuck in folds at the bottom of his gut. Though it slips before it yanks you all the way in, beginning again at the beginning of his stomach, tugging hard as flesh softens by your head.

Schlurp! You feel it more than hear it, head so far from your tail as it sucks fully into his belly. You bend around his coil into more of a U, packed lengthwise into his long gut. Horrible mottled chyme cakes your scales, sticking like glue, conjoining with honey to form a disgustingly chunky syrup. Purple walls glow to show it all, mixing the rotten muck into a goddy rainbow amalgamation of slop all tinged by the color of his flesh. The food paste all refuses to homogenize, retaining color while churning together.

Taking a breath in a pocket of gas smells like flowers, the next you draw rotten eggs, then fish, meat, salty, bitter, tart, sour, sweet, and then randomly cycling again all slightly different each time. The hot feeling of it all mashing along your scales stays relatively the same, though the consistency of the goop depends on which section of his stomach you think about. It's pretty evenly spread, but a gooey chunk keeps grinding around your middle, sliding up and down your body like a stick of melting butter. Liquid slime from drool oozes over your tail, and some sloppy mush swallows your head.

He continues to rhythmically hum to almost match his heartbeat jostling the chamber, frothing up the more greasy liquids along the surface till walls clench to mix it up. Oily grime has a glow of its own, but pales to the quivering deep purple all encompassing. There's never a point where part of your body isn't being churned in his gut, sometimes feeling more than one wave passing at once. Each time grips along your scales, ending by your head to press your face into the exit like a taunt. The puckered up sphincter never opens, chewing idly to the pound of his heart.

Parts of you scrunch up, trying to cringe away from the feeling, forming little S's that stretches back out when his flesh decides. You've lost all control, only capable of wiggling in random places within the serpent's long stomach. At most you flip upside-down, only able to tell because the pockets of gas slurp along your belly rather than your back. When you do the place rumbles, not from some digestive cue, but because you're physically displacing the gas in his gut.

It shouldn't be this hot, a cold-blooded creature—it doesn't make sense, but nothing does in The Wandering Woods. All that does is what stomach's do, watching it secrete webs of

gooey digestive slime. Against all forms of reason, it feels nice, comfortable compared to the outside. Your mind conflicts itself time and time again, pitting logic against itself with the forest's odd allure.

Blurgle! Wet, noisy, coming from everywhere, feeling the sweltering goop squish across your scales. Purple flesh stretches you out, rubbing rough rubber in elastic elongated churns. Creases, wrinkles, and folding walls ripple with acid, lathering a thick slime across your body. Squirming, rolling in place, slopping inside his stomach like a wild animal attempting to fight. Tail slushes saliva oozing in, belly scrapes along the softened chunk as your back in that area rolls across it, breaking it up for him. Your head gets kissed by the exit in your plight, booping your snout uncomfortably.

Juices splatter, squirting to the feeling of stomach walls riding over your tail, moving in a circular wave around your body. It's not just you, his *other* food cakes everywhere in the form of chunky mush, coated in slime, gushing along your scales. Compressing flesh gurgles as it kneads towards your head, pulling you back a bit while it churns. Grimy glop sputters with messy blorps of shifting gasses, splattering purple walls with disgusting mixed colors. Muscles form a ring clung tight to your tubular body, constricting as it rolls to the backend of his stomach. Liquids squirt the closer you feel it get to your head, getting dunked under the mucky chyme, only for the clenching flesh to crinkle over your face, diffusing with relaxation at the very tip of your snout.

Colors meld into an oddly vibrant slop, swirling in different chunks and wavy formations after the churn finished. Already it begins again at your tail, pressing hard to mash mushy food over and over. This time smushes like dough, slightly less rough, simply tickling across your scales. You feel a new coat of enzymes slathering with it, heating up the soggy muck even more. You can only imagine it's advancing to the next stage of digestion.

Wafting breaths draw out nonsensical smells sifting in the fumes, drawing daisies then followed by bog water. You never wish to inhale the humid gas inside, yet when you do it feels simultaneously invigorating and taxing. It stings to do so, and also soothes. An odd combination of everything that contradicts in every regard, swirling thoughts into an incohesive mixture.

Digestive fluids seep from the glowing walls, slathering a thick gooey substance. It's prevalent all around, sitting heavily in the already digesting soup coating your scales. It's incredibly hot, yet in your new body feels disturbingly nice. Though the sheer vomit texture sticking everywhere is off putting, disgusting, and absolutely vile beyond belief. It's hard to look at with such brash conflicting hues, burbling grossly to a gastric tune.

Walls curl, churn, gurgle in all sorts of wet, slimy noises. You're inside with it, being tenderized by rubbery flesh, slurping nastily in snake vomit. Digestive croaks and bubbling pops hiss along your scales, tickling the length of your long spine, gargling grossly under your belly. Walls slosh you in place, bending and wobbling with your feeble movements. The inhospitable

innards of the snake care little about your plight, simply digesting a long lump among other further along foods.

You struggle against the churning walls, only tickling his stomach while you roll. Sloppy slaps, plaps, and gurgling croaks are all that come of your plight, spreading digesting mush for his belly to knead. Rubbed tail to head, squeezing with liquids and semi-solid goop all the same. You should be afraid—terrified, and you slightly are. The feeling just doesn't feel there, yet disgust takes more than safety. This slop used to be something else entirely, unrecognizable as digestion continues.

"Why the sssstruggle? You entered the foresssst. You entered meeee. Chossssse to be freeee." His voice is hypnotizing, vibrating inside his coils, bubbling up thick froth bursting in slimy pops. "Sssssoo whyyy not jusssst—ssssleeeep." You don't want to—but you also do. So much walking, and now there's no legs to feel muscles burn. It's so hot, but it's nice. Slimy, gross along your scales... but nice. Muscles squeeze over your head, pushing you against the unholy hole ahead, making you blink.

You had the strangest of dreams! Called by Fort Vaelera, it should have been enough to recognize from the start. Why would they want you? What could you possibly do for them? And then The Wandering Woods! Turned into *and* eaten by a talking snake... **Glrrnnn!** It wasn't a dream, but you *were* sleeping.

Serpentine eyes snap open to a horrifying sight! Wiggling villi line every conceivable fold, shifting and stirring a thick globby-green slime secreting from the purple walls. Groans bubble thick, soggy air, foaming intestinal bile across your scales. You feel the velvety nubs suckle along your length, nose to tip of the tail. Packed in tight, stretched out, no arms or legs to fight back. A snake being squeezed through a tube, but at least you don't feel any of his gooey food.

Bent still in a U while smothered deep in his coils. Though you bend in the S shaped tube to match his intestinal tract, scrunching you up together in a way while still being far apart. It also got heavier as you circled further inside his body, feeling his heft laying on himself. With it comes added pressure, making the walls cling just a bit tighter to your scales, exacerbating tickling vibrations constantly shifting his muscles.

Glub! Above you, the sound of his stomach churning still belches its mushy tune through coiled scales and flesh. Only you were sent along, sucked and suckled by sticky slimy flesh. Why, you have no idea, but being free of his gut feels like a godsend. Now you're packed inside his small intestines, slithering through the lengthy snake.

It's scale-tight, even more so when peristalsis ripples along your tail, curling it forward until it slurps back to a curved position. The wave continues to squeeze in a tubular churn, tighter than his stomach, feeling your own relatively squishy body bend and squirm. Villi tickle along your scales, slobbering an odd green goo that is rather hot, sticky, and clings like sap.

Purple flesh curls hard around your midsection, unclenching your end, slushing gobs of the slimy stuff like wringing a sponge to your neck and head. Muscles crease inwards at the whiniest bit of your girth, belting out a bubbly continuous squelching. From there you feel it cresting your neck, sloughing slime under and over your head, seeing it gargle in the dimly lit unfolding tunnel ahead. It swallows your face, dragging roughly to your snout, pinching at the end of peristalsis to roll further ahead.

Then it starts again, kneading wet goo each and every time. So you breathe when given the time, sucking in the slimy humid air within the serpent's intestines. Pungent and sour of old milk, slapping your nose to drink in gas. Yet the next smells of sunflowers, wet ones after a long day of rain. Then alcohol, fruity mead in a cold mug. Nothing makes sense anymore, preparing for his flesh to once again slap your head in webs of intestinal goo. Gripping walls drag you forward to the rippling roll of undulating muscles.

The wiggling feeling that licks all over is maddening. Goopy flesh tickles and sucks every one of your scales near simultaneously, squelching out sloppy kisses and blowing slimy raspberries along your body. There's never a moment you are not being squeezed, yanked, pulled, or pushed. The best you can do is move in place, slopping with bodily rolls that plant you upside down or sideways. His body doesn't care, simply spewing more green syrup to butter you up.

For the first time since being eaten, you feel him externally move, squishing you drastically as his muscles flex around. He's uncoiling, you feel the weight disperse, stomach noises grow distant, and then your section in his body contorts. Slithering in the mud, his scales drag roughly, changing to grass that scratches with strong blades. Yet the squishy squelches overpower it all, shifting you in his serpentine pattern of movement.

You don't know where he's going, why he's moving, but you never get a say. Your slippery body follows one path, squeezed heavily while he gently hums. When he goes forward, it whips you within, slowly rolling to make the muscles constrict just a little harder. Flesh collapses, condenses, and curls with bubbling groans, aggressively gumming your scales, wiggling the webs of slime painting the purple path forward.

He starts to hum this wispy tune, yet for the most part you just feel the vibration. It's a pitch you can't even comprehend. So you feel the notes along your scales, somehow serene, lulling, and somewhat comforting. Confusion fades in an incomprehensible way, soothing nerves while his flesh pinches them. It even staves the pull ripping at your soul for Fort Vaelera.

Hearing him breathe draws your desire to fill your own lungs while he travels, drinking the concentrated stench of his intestines. Never knowing what to expect, this time is mold, pungent fungus—the next salty like the ocean air. Chaotic shifts press your face into living pockets, cramming your poor nose to wiggling flesh, taking in the raw aspects left behind. All the things ever to pass through here, manipulated, digested, mixed up, and processed. This forest,

or maybe just the way he is, shifts the stink into something else, something foul, sweet, and opposite of anything.

The tunnel comes to a pinch after a rather slithery twist, displaying a goopy sphincter swallowing slime. Bubbles pop when it opens, giving a wet suction that's gross, yet inviting. It sprays this humid mist-like fog that lurks beyond, smelling absolutely disgusting. Nothing short of a pig's pen, somehow more potent. Even your next breath draws a feter so offensively sweet, overpowering that it makes you reel. The mist amplifies how raw smells can be, extracting and blowing wafts of the foul gas.

You try to halt your progress, wiggle while he slithers along grass. **Schlurp!** Shoved into the hole, it locks around your jaws, stopping you from pulling back. You aren't in control, his body has its way, preventing any attempts to coil up, retract, scrunch backwards. Green lines the dark purple walls, pumped in around your face, helping slurp your slick scales into his colon. The fog is ever present, forming dew like droplets across his slobbering ribbed flesh, already preparing to squeeze like the last tube.

He feels you struggle, squirm, being swallowed in by the twitchy sphincter. Muscles tense around you, manually crimping when he stops with a gentle soothing hum. "Sssssooo losst. You'll fffind your wayyy. Ssssurviveee freee of the calll." A rippling wave begins, dredging rougher flesh to yank more of you through, all the while villi kiss and suckle every inch of you still within the other tunnel. So sticky with slime, the purple tide grips, dragging you halfway through, and enough that he resumes his casual travel. The flick of his lower half aids in pressing you inside, displacing stagnant green slime that looks like it's already losing its color.

Schlurp! Like entering his stomach, your tail sucks in while your face is rolled over, pressing your snout into a mucus filled pocket. It's slightly more spacious, enough that walls are relaxed, but still pressed completely against your scales. Compressing with muscles from his S-like movements squirt you around, however. Then his body rises up a little, hearing his scales scratch bark as he goes over some toppled log.

You feel the lump underneath through his body, grinding up your tail, moving the bulge of your belly before pressing your head up into the drooling ceiling. Peristalsis happens at the same time to squish you disjointed to the action, much slower than his outer pace. His tail already slaps the ground before realizing he even finished.

After cresting the scratchy wet log outside, he stops, slithering upon himself in a heap of coils. It bends your body with his, now close to the bottom of the pile, feeling his heft press. He hums to his heart beat once more, gurgles squirt from his distant stomach, intestines whine, and bubbling slime pops along your scales with undulating flesh. There's nothing you can do but be forced along and inhale the violently unpleasant fumes ever shifting, not thinking any are better than rest.

It feels like an eternity, and with this forest you could never know. Burbling gurgles, raucous groans, endless squelching, and constant peristalsis. Purple persists going forward, bending around his body, slithering through the winding curves of his bowels. The green slime becomes a translucent blue, sticky as ever, viscous that supersedes honey. Yet even that degrades into something colorless, painting your scales in glue, opening in front of your face with sheets and webs of the stuff.

The mist within his guts hangs heavy along the bottom pockets and folds, wisping like there's wind—not obeying the same squeeze of his flesh. Yet it circles your head when churns push you under, wet as everything else in his body, smelling absolutely obscene and obscure. The reek of rotting fish follows a far too potent perfume, then it slaps your nose with the next being concentrated sulphur. Everytime you wish not to breathe, you do anyway, as if wanting to, still feeling this strange sensation brought on by the forest.

You're drenched in sloppy intestinal fluid, feeling it ooze along the entire length of your overly long body. Contractions squish in constricting rounds of peristalsis, sloughing more sticky blue slime everywhere. Trying to move only makes him hum some hissy tune, flipping you around inside his bowels. So wet your wiggles slap like a fish out of water, though hard pressed in a tunnel that doesn't give you any room. Instead you squirm enough to roll in place, bending the curvy pipe ever so slightly.

There's so many noises happening at once it's near maddening. Squelches persist throughout the process, coils above and below belch the same gastric tunes. Above sounds his stomach gurgling up food, churning rhythmically out of sync with the rest of his body. Bubbling whines hiss along your scales, sloppy kissing noises pinch your length, contracting and kneading in different locations.

You're so long that you experience peristalsis churning at separate layers of his colon, having one wave start just after your midsection while your tail is swallowed by another. It rolls so tight, pushing you further along his seemingly endless body. Each constriction spews more gooey blue that's becoming more faded the deeper you go. The mucus turns into clear slime, sitting in webs along the ever-moving purple walls.

Mist grows more dense as you round another coil of his body, expelling even more foul odors than before. This time they blend together, mixing the offensive sweet with a gut-twisting sour. Each breath remains a different combination, rounding the sensory spectrum of nonsensical miasmas. It makes you gag, yet there's nothing you can do about it. You're being shuttled through the snake, feeling the mucus soaked walls suckle your length.

Time loses meaning, counted in coils, lost in a daze from the reverberating beat of his all-encompassing sounding heart, followed by an alluring hissy tune hummed from his lungs. Peristalsis keeps kneading, squishing along your scales, massaging in hot slime from tail to head. Muscles crease inwards to push behind and over, consistently smothering while relaxing.

It isn't until the view ahead turns into a softer looking flesh, different from the ribbed tunnel you've been slithering through.

Squelch! Your snout sucks into the new passage, almost feeling nice in comparison. It clings to your face, slathering oozing drool-like mucus to paint you even more. Sticky juices squirt to your entrance, compacting your head into a different chamber. This one has a quick end, poking up against a scrunched together hole. Mist sits heavily in here, all around, filling up whatever space there is that isn't cupping your face.

Some more of you clumps inside, needing to sort of slop over yourself by force. Muscles crimp, squeeze, and clench much differently than before, kneading in gummy spasms to your struggles. The smell as well is vastly changed, no longer a scent but a feeling itself. What feels like freedom when you breathe, bringing a strange numbness that warms your body more.

When you can't fit any more of yourself inside, he begins to uncoil from his pile of scales and flesh. He straightens out, and so do you, having your midsection still being slobbered on within his bowels while your upper half is all jammed inside his cloaca. Then the hole that's been kissing your face opens with the powerful collapse of muscles all around.

Splurch! It grabs your head, flesh pushes from behind, and a juicy pop coincides with the slimy curl of muscle. Your eyes open to the outside world, shrouded in the dense fog that is near identical to his insides. Though the smell is reminiscent of the forest before everything had happened, bringing an odd sense of familiarity that's nearly reassuring.

You slide out from his ass, slow, being transferred from the gripping hot innards of your captor to the shocking cold of the forest. For the moment, you wish to be back inside, feeling slime congeal into a clammy sticky mess on your face, down your neck until it's warm inside his cloaca. It gets worse when you touch the mud, getting your underbelly wet with it, cooling off even more with your new cold-blooded body.

Slithering his body, squishing squeezes usher you out, plopping more into the freezing cold. You coil up what's outside, almost combating the sweltering environment inside to remain, but he pushes you out with ease. Sat in smog, unable to see with how dense the fog is, turning only to watch a glowing purple vent yawning over your girth.

The last bit of your tail ejects, splattering into the mud, and the source of light goes away. In the moment, you feel alone, stuck as a snake, stranded in The Wandering Woods. You blink, again and again as slime gets cooler and cooler, hoping to wake up in your bed. Each time it's just the white mist, the sound of scales on a muddy road, and animalistic noises chirping and snarling in the distance.

Eyes open up before you, familiar ones that glow silver, a purple tongue flicks extra light, only to vanish again. "No loonger lossst. Be found." The eyes stare deep into you, unable to

look away as they slowly shift colors into a hazy, dark blue. You don't want to blink, even with the uncomfortably wet air, your eyes go dry.

Blink

You feel scraggly grass beneath, and hear a distant crash of waves. The air immediately smells of salt, and a warm breeze passes by. Your eyes open to greenery, tropical trees. A sandy shore a distance to the right—road to the left. Gulls sound the blowing air, seeing life around with insects, birds, and a city in the very distance. You feel yourself, looking at your legs, arms, almost foreign, but back to normal. The forest is gone, replaced by an open air road that continues along a beach in both directions. It feels like a dream, yet you're covered in drying slime to slap you to naked reality.

There's no shift—sway to smell. It's all so vibrant and fresh. Your traveling pack is next to you, clothes folded up too. "A new path. Freeee of sssorrow." Said like a breeze with a voice so familiar in stagnant air. It's warm in your ears, filled with a sensation that shudders your body. A sudden numbness overtakes like you aren't alone. Looking around proves otherwise, not a soul in sight.

You look towards the rising sun over the vast ocean, no longer feeling the call to Fort Vaelera tugging on your soul. For the first time since youth, you feel free, shifting to stare towards the city. You don't know why, or how you're here now—wherever this is, yet you take it in. A new path to walk, and it feels like a blessing.