

Final Testing

"Ok..." I sigh to myself, no one around to ever hear my rambling. "This *should* be it." I glance over the diagnostics nervously for the third time. Experimental oxygen recyclers: check. Blast concussion padding: full coverage. Decompression systems, and touch modularity: functional. Full sealant, multilayer-protective materials: undamaged. Neural simulation jack: operational. Nutrition/Hydration injection serems: 30 days. Perfect. Still shaking about it though.

They always are all operating perfectly, but I've just been too nervous to actually follow through with the final few tests. If I expedited my experiments, maybe I would've been taken off this horrible planet. A solo inventor seemed more alluring since they'd only have to pay one...

"A survival suit." I scoff at no one. Zenith already cut their cull for them, voiding my chance to escape this dying rock. *Someone* out in the universe has to want this other than our overseer Starlight. I just have to test its capabilities when someone shrinks within it... and there's only me. That, and find a smuggler to take me off of this toxic world—surely those exist.

I just keep staring at my janky, homemade shrink machine. It works fine... I think. The suit operates with it, but I haven't tested *organics* outside of food items.... It's debatable with how synthetic they are to be considered organically testable. Though I've stalled enough. If it takes me out, I at least went down swinging on this abysmal planet. Complacency is driving me to insanity—especially when I hacked my terminal to learn what other galaxies have.

The suit is a perfect fit. I have to be a suitable model to show it off to potential investors, and convince them I'm needed on board for manufacturing. There's plenty of applications for things like this, probably better than what Zenith wanted it for...

I put it on, stalling aside, feeling all the jointed sections hiss together to a solid *click!* Helmet last, conjoining it to initiate the small recyclers on my back, not intrusive, providing oxygen at an efficient rate from any environment. "*Syst-ems o-o-online.*" The bootleg AI from some odd company called 'Derawhatever' I installed as a second set of eyes for mistakes. At first I thought it was a virus off the site I hacked with long range adapters. It checks all the diagnostic boxes across the reinforced glass-adjacent material I manufactured for proper vision.

"Ok... It's just a machine, nothing to worry about." I laugh a bit to myself, staring at the inlet for me to step inside. Though I stop just shy of it, looking at the welded-together coil above, paws shaking slightly in fear I'd never admit. If this works, I'm done—on the fast pass to freedom. If it doesn't... it's a different sort of freedom in its own right.

Stepping in. "Initialize the shrink protocol for me." I almost mutter, rather than giving the clear order to my AI. "*Init-initializing.*" An analog clattering loads my terminal that houses the bot,

transferring power to the machine. It sounds so janky, stuttering, yet it works fine. Whoever designed this AI did it for aesthetics from what I can tell.

My fur gets static between every follicle, not transferred through the suit, but from the molecular process caused by the machine. **Zzzt! Clank.** It happens in a blink, and I open my eyes to pitch darkness. For a half second, I wonder if I'm dead, but a blinking red light from an indicator on my wall tells a different story...

"Fuck!" I exclaim, frustrated beyond belief. I hit the power consumption quota for the day allowed by my household, even rationing extra for precaution. Energy capped because the planet is unsustainable with how polluted Zenith let it get. The machine had to draw even more power than I anticipated to process both me *and* the suit... *Click.* The headlamps on my suit still work, and with the ground so close, it's safe to say I'm small.

I've never shrunk before. It's so weird stepping from the machine, feeling like I've traversed a room in the steps required. Some dust sits on the ground, being so close to it now shows I let the place go a bit in my desire to get this done. The light doesn't go incredibly far as well, probably a couple feet—well "feet" before dimming to darkness.

My terminal is shut down, so the AI is of no use. I'm on my own, shrunken in my own house. It'll be some time before the reserves build back up enough to flick the power back on, so I'm stuck like this for a while. I might as well do a little endurance test with the suit, see how it handles sustained walking at a small size.

It's like a horror sim wandering through my workshop. Completely dark, windows fully blocked like the rest of my house to keep the starlight from baking me inside. It makes it all the more creepy, seeing glints from various metallic tools I left on the ground randomly without a care to get this finished. Plus it's dead silent aside from the ambient industrial hum polluting the air outside. Hell, that's part of the silence I've always known.

I really haven't cleaned the place in a bit, passing by some gum wrappers, lint, and a tiny bit of dust across the whole concrete floor. Sliding over a wrench, walking around a hammer, only seeing them in scary outlines until the light defines what they truly are.

It takes a minute—what is only a number of steps to get to the door. I closed it, so the dusty crack underneath is my only route. Used to this planet's general grit existing in every divot, getting a little dirty isn't a bother. Crawling under gets a couple stray hairs to clump between my breasts, getting dust between my fingers and along my belly. Plus it kinda stinks too, musty, getting muggy as my air conditioner isn't running.

On the other side, I stand up on the carpet, seeing traces of rays beaming through cracks in my covered windows. Visible pollutants flutter, more noticeable in my headlamps in front of my face. Despite the smell, these oxygen recyclers are the purest air I've ever breathed,

easing the sting I never noticed till I invented this contraption. The world is bizarre, terrifying, like I'm some rodent in my own home. Some would already make that joke.

The scraggly, unvacuumed carpet is irritating to feel, annoying to walk over. I need to get to the breaker, jury rig it to siphon someone else's power so I can get back to normal. This test has already run its welcome.

Passing by the table leg is daunting, standing like a metal pillar, and my light doesn't even reach the next nor the top. Objects come into view from near pitch darkness, scaring me each and every time. A sock on the ground pops up, followed by a dropped screwdriver that's out of place, then a... cat... toy...

Clang! A sudden noise in the darkness makes me jump! Then it dawns on me what could've made it... "Oh fuck. *Please* don't be home..." Said aloud, and definitely not meant for the stray cat I've been housing to hear. The gray hair clumped on my suit is hers, not mine.

She's silent, never bothering me, and I hardly even know she exists. An impersonal relationship, I haven't even named her, just felt bad enough to give her shelter. Enough life suffers on this planet, yet empathy hasn't left me like the rest. However, now it feels like a mistake, cats hunt mice, and I can't shake the feeling I'm being watched.

There's a flash of eyes illuminated like a monster in the distance from my lights. Then they vanish into darkness—an unseen vase wobbles seconds later. My heart leaps, adrenaline kicks in with sudden, unabated terror. I know what she does to rodents...

I quickly realize how fucked I am. "The door!" I exclaim to myself in sudden realization. She can't get into my workshop, I'll be safe there until the power flicks. Then I realize how far of a run that is, and over carpet... "**Idiot!** How could you forget about the damn cat!?" Under my breath, insulting myself in hindsight.

She's on the hunt, prowling, encircling unseen. I catch a glimpse of gray fur in the shadows, followed by a flash of yellow reflecting from her eyes. My mind only screams one thing: Run. I'm smart, I'm a goddamn genius, I can easily out maneuver a stupid feral!

Taking off, sprinting as fast as I can towards the far off door. I can't even see it in the dark, but I know my house with my eyes closed—power being so rationed. With my lights I'm a running beacon for her to close in on. It wouldn't matter if I had them on or off, she has me locked with her feral eyes.

It's a slog running through carpet, kicking up lint and dust as I do. Breaths get heavy, it feels like a hundred steps for what could only be ten at most! Passing by the sock, going around the screwdriver, seeing the door get into view!

Fwump! Paws plummet to her pounce, slamming me belly-down into the carpet. "**Ack!** Stop—cat!" I yell into fabric, feeling the squishy pads of her paws along my entire back. Claws stick out, curling around my shoulders. Hot gusts of flaring, noisy sniffs spike levels of fear. She caught me, the cat always catches the mouse.

Her weight shifts as she analyzes her catch, rolling the hot pads of her feet along my back. It bends my knees, squishes my arms, plows me into the carpet. The rough texture is scratchy with a lot of give, contouring my backside completely.

I try to struggle—fight, but she's far too big, only wiggling in place as her claws grip the ground. Then the stink comes through with my panicking breaths, not with how bad my carpet smells, but the musky, unwashed feet of a feral, outdoor cat. Traces of industrial chemicals from dirt, probably particles of food from the floor, sandy grit, sweat, salty—disgusting!

"Let me go!" I shout into the ground, still getting pelted by air blowing from her nose.

To my surprise, her paws lift! Freedom—maybe she recognized my scent—voice! I roll to my front, hastily scrambling backwards to the view of scraggly gray fur. My lamps illuminate her front half, gleaming her staring yellow eyes. Thin whiskers jut out of her face, claws still out, and I notice her stance is still to hunt. She didn't let me go... she's playing with her catch...

Mind in panic, I just try to run, thinking I can dodge her next swipe! ***Slap!*** It feels like it comes from nowhere, smacking my right side to send me tumbling. Once cute paws again come crashing down in a shock of horror, pouncing on my front this time. Her beans become my view, splotched black and pink, squishing over my face.

Instead of mostly carpet, my recyclers force me to huff the concentrated stink of her toes. Yet it doesn't last very long, because she steps back, lightning fast, and bats again. Like a toy, she hits me back and forth, each dampened by the blast padding—thankfully that works. Crushing force exudes without a care for life, and I know what she does with things she catches....

Pressed into the carpet, again her claws try to spike my chest! The material holds, but adrenaline runs with absolute panic regardless. Safety doesn't exist with a giant feral beast torturing... *prey*. Her head comes down again while I'm jammed between her toes, breath blankets my body. Rank, disgusting, and humid, smelling like the fishy kibble I leave out for her.

Grb! A horrible noise comes from her gut, not of hunger, but of a meal already in progress... No wonder she's taking her time, pressing hard with kneading claws. Squished into the ground, carpet scratches my back while claws comb my fur. At least the suit makes me feel like that.

Paws rub in a scary massage, watching the beans scrape over my face, compress my breasts. To an extent it almost feels nice, making me think of a way to market this suit. Yet in the

moment, terror retakes when she lifts them away, replacing my view with her fleshy, encroaching maw!

"CAT! NO! BAD GIRL—" *Slurp!* She snatches me from the ground, taking my lower half into her mouth. Teeth clamp my waist, grinding with a murderous intent. Inside, her scratchy tongue assaults my legs, slopping between my thighs, slapping and slurping a spot she should leave alone! Against my will it feels divine, having the rough muscles lick my cunt with such wet and hot saliva. I huff in sudden lust and fear, trying to kick her tongue away to no avail.

"SPIT" *Huff* "ME OUT!" I attempt to grab her whiskers, and she doesn't like that one bit.

Her head flicks, maw opens wider, and her head lunges to take me all the way in! Suddenly that wet-sticky sensation coats my entire body, drool gushes all over in sweltering, stinky webs. I huff, and the pleased feelings banish to the gut retching stench of her breath. Fishy, gross, reeking of synthetic nutrient pellets still mushy between her teeth. Disgusting reality slams back as some gets on my face, smearing the icky substance over my head.

Slapped by her rough, salivating tongue, feeling the bristly rugged nature lap my back. It drags my fur, massaging slightly, but the nice feelings have all become so absolutely vile. I'm in the mouth of a feral cat! Regret about my tech already slams with the foul feeling of feline saliva coating the suit, simulating just how slimy it would feel in my fur. Fighting her rough flesh only coats me in more, lubricating me for what's inevitable.

She tries to chew, flicking her head maliciously to bite around my body. Grimy leftovers of her gooey kibble gob to my suit as she uses me as floss. If not for my dampeners it would be dizzying—flipped, grinded, chewed to no avail. All the while she smacks her lips, squelching loudly when her tongue slaps the top of her mouth.

I try to fight, pry open her jaws, but she just adjusts her tongue to smooch me in an uncaring lick. She's simply playing, tormenting me like any other living thing small enough to fit in her mouth. Licking me around, slapping me up against her hard upper palate, grinding her tongue between my legs. She doesn't know what she's doing, lapping at my pussy, but it makes me buck, kick, fight even more! It's probably why she's doing it, sparking flush, unwelcomed feelings in my face and loins.

Glrp! Drool sloughs down her esophagus in a little swallow, bobbing her neck to remind me what she's going to do. The lust sheds, even with how wrongfully good it sort of feels. Fear ripples with the flex of her throat, growing bored of my struggles, preparing to begin the horrifying process of swallowing me whole and alive.

I've tested acid, alkaline, all sorts of different chemical concoctions Zenith requested—and they all worked. That doesn't ease my mind in the slightest, pushed to the brink of *my cat's* throat, feeling the very tips of my toes begin to touch her esophageal sphincter. The passage to her stomach—an inhospitable hellscape ravenously digesting nasty kibble, gurgling

up a disgusting bubbly noise in anticipation. If my design doesn't work, I'm nothing but cat food... This isn't the way I wanted to test durability.

"No NO! STOP!" **Glrk gluk glp!** Rapid succession swallows eat my feet, curling up to grab my knees, tugging me hastily, and without a second thought into her gullet. Peristalsis clamps, swallowing my head, dragging me deeper down into her body. Droves of drool follow, slickening up the forever-wet fleshy walls, squishing me easily down to her awaiting stomach.

Her heart pounds the pipe, lungs idly inflate after the activity, and she triumphantly walks to sway her neck as I glide down. It's so absolutely icky, feeling particles of her food in my fur, collecting even more with my toes dredging stuck kibble in opening folds. Squelching squeezes bubble up disgusting saliva along my body, whining in a gross tickle up my spine, and over my belly—worse all between my legs. My loins stimulate to the hot, slimy touch when my mind knows it shouldn't, simply recognizing *wet* and *rubbing* meaning *have some happy brain chemicals*.

I almost refuse to draw any breath, yet in the seconds it's been, I realize her stomach is going to be far worse than her mouth, even throat. So I take a hasty inhale, regretting the caustic stench immediately pummeling my lungs. I gag, wiggling in place, and to punish my squirms she swallows to send me down even quicker. It gets tighter as a result, compressing me in the tube so I can't even move. The fetid air makes me want to, again banishing any feelings of pleasure with a simple inhale.

Peristalsis ripples in a hard pressing ring against my shoulders, enveloping my head, ramming my feet into a horrifying, unseen hole. Burbbling belches croak the other side, quite clearly announcing my arrival to her belly. To make it more clear, the sweltering sphincter plops my feet in—muscles press firm to push me slowly inside. I cringe immediately to the feeling of soggy, digesting vomit caking my feet, getting between my toes, swallowing up my legs.

Schplurp! Thrust inside, rubbery walls expand to accommodate her latest meal, integrating me within the worst feeling substance to ever simulate touching my fur. Cat vomit, not just any, but a feral that chowed down on fish flavored kibble. Bloated, grainy, infused with acids, churned until it's all one conglomerated mash of soggy slop.

It rubs through my fur, jiggles with her walk, is simulated far too much that it seeps to my skin. Absolutely disgusting, vile, feeling such a slimy mass along every single centimeter of my body, being used as an avenue for bubbles to burp up my spine—pop on my pussy.

Gurrrble! Food paste splatters about during a raucous, bubbling groan, tumbling muck and creating a gooey web of acidic sludge to drool down in the aftermath. Then she leaps, heaving me in her gut, pressing me down into the foul slop until I grind against the bottom. She lands with grace outside, but her belly lurches, sloshing internally before settling after a few moments.

Buried deep in softened kibble, moist and breaking apart to my frantic movements, claustrophobia hitting hard. Panic is constant, my field of view is a horrible beige paste caked along the glass of my helmet—illuminated harshly by my headlamps glowing through wet grains. My arms dig mounds of the stuff, slushing through the semi-solid muck, pushing harder chunks away to retreat towards her throat.

It isn't swimming, I'm constantly sinking in quicksand, and my squelching legs only dig a deeper hole to stuff me down. Gritty kibble grinds all over while I do, smacked to and fro until she lays down suddenly. **Schglursh!** Her weight lays on her gut, turning sideways to flip the landscape with me inside. Wet plaps and slaps cascade drooling chyme, battering my body in chewed shrapnel coated in acid.

The action mixes the disgusting squalor that settled towards the bottom, belching up gurgling fumes trapped under all the heaping sludge. I've been holding my breath, feeling it burn, and tears well up at the thought of sucking in this putrid gas. Yet I do out of need more than want.

Potent, acidic fetor fills my lungs, smelling ten fold how badly her food already stinks outside. Concentrated, synthetic salmon-flavored balls of nutrients. Inside here it's putrid, foul, otherworldly with a wet, humid tinge to the superheated chyme. Vomit. Contained in a stomach, sitting in digestive fluids, helping draw out the worst stench the kibble can possibly create. On top of it all slinks the overt stink of wet hair, seeing strands of fur she swallowed while cleaning herself intertwined with lumps of mush.

Group! Wet, squishing, contracting walls undulate, beginning to churn as it realizes I'm here—not much bigger than a ball of food, but noticed nonetheless. Raucous groans bubble the frothy muck, caving inwards to firmly integrate me with the rest. A wrinkle of flesh pushes food down before rolling over my head. I try to push out, needing room to feel sane, yet my arms simply slip along the grossly slick stomach walls, allowing them to easily grind over my chest.

Chyme slurps over, between, around my breasts—grainy-grimy, and muscles crease so tight it fills up the space itself, blowing a vibrating bubble through before it moves along. While it curls to my stomach, it heaves upwards, squelching me in a resounding mound of pummeling chyme with it. Ghastly slimy noises coincide with the raw, unabated mashing of paste, squirting with an obscenely wet sound in a constantly shifting tune. Plus it never goes away, forever crinkling in my ears, listening to the quivering flesh digest her meal.

Then it grips around my hips, moving liquifying chyme up my belly and spine while sounding like a disgusting plunger between my legs. A rushing gush sweeps across my pussy, up my ass in a disturbingly pleasant, yet absolutely foul feeling that makes me huff in lusty disgust. Worked over by sweltering meat, feeling pure smooth muscle curl in a peristaltic wave. For smooth muscle it feels rather rough, coated with a soggy grit, slathering like wet rubber across my fur.

It disrupts gas that it squeezed all the way to the bottom, belching it through in disjointed, sludgy *shplops* with wet sputters. Slime splatters with it, burping towards my face while I spin horizontal in her gut, still gripped tight at my calves, pressing me up above the viscous layer of chyme. Gunky fluids, thick as can be, dangle from above, displaying the side wall of her stomach that became the top. Littered with horrid, clung on paste, pushing my face up into it with a final spit of my toes as peristalsis passes.

Kicking, fighting, feeling the next churn already beginning to curl. I manage to press through the shriveled up folds by my paws, causing a fuss inside her gut. Foot sloughs through chunks of chyme, then collides with something particularly solid... *clink!* It has a metallic noise to it when my boot connects, pushing it slightly in a nook of her belly.

Flesh pushes me down after it, burying me again under the putrid smelling sludge. Chunks break along my body, slathering nastily as if it's whipped yogurt along my fur. Then I feel the solid thing press against my chest, squeezing me inside the slimy churning pocket. By the time it passes the thing spits up into my view. "You *ate* my **earring?**!" I shout into filth, seeing the golden bead caked in digesting kibble. Acid has already stripped bits of the outer layer of it.

Schluck! It sucks away into the swamp, unseen in the opaque sludge digesting ambiently. Frustration skyrockets into unimaginable levels, wanting to shriek, yet drawing in a breath to replace the last mutes me entirely, knowing to scream will bring the need to take in another. Tears roll from the stench, recyclers fill with the humid, sweltering gas inside her stomach, making me want to vomit more than anything ever has.

In anger, I try to stretch her elastic walls when they churn, causing a flinch to startle the feral being. She stands up—**Squelch!** Food reorganizes itself in the sudden shift, punishing me for causing trouble. Then she walks to make it worse, leaping, and most likely exiting my house... Swished within the chunky gunk, bouncing between the walls with digestion in full effect. Forced to inhale the concentrated fumes of half-digested kibble while it splurts along my fur.

She stops, sniffs obnoxiously to jiggle her lungs into her stomach, jostling me in place within the thick swamp. Then there's a fluidic lapping sound across her body, and wet swallows. I watch in horror as what can only be milk spits inside, bubbling up with a horrendous **groak!** By the time it splashes my fur it's uncomfortably warm, seeping into the chyme to make it break up even more. Sticky juices integrate with it too, churning me beneath the beige-white soup.

Glurgle! She finally stops pumping her gut with milk, belting out a loud, frothy noise that bubbles up the entire mess inside. Already the stench skyrockets from the dairy drink, spoiling in the heat, curdles glisten with my headlamps. On top of the awful smell, I couldn't have imagined that it could get any more wet in here, soaking in a milky-thick soup in a cat's belly.

I had almost forgotten my earring was in here, dislodged from some fold in the chaos to whack me in the back. Then it vanishes back beneath the softening surface, slobbering within

digesting paste with a couple gross glubs. I'm forced to join it when flesh curls in another churn, keen on kneading this more liquid layer trying to remain at the top.

Schglork! Rubbery muscles slurp me under with a raunchy bubble, plowing into mechanically pulverized particles of mush. How foul it gushes between my legs, between my breasts, under my arms, and all over everywhere at once! Slimy, icky, so damn sticky, squishing bodily in my fur. Milk froths within it now, soaking into the already acid-bloated grains to make matter somehow even more disgustingly thick.

It feels like crunchy peanut butter is slathered all over. Oils coat like some kind of liquid base, thrust in goo, painted in slime. Flesh mashes it against me, using my body to break up whatever harder bits dare retain their pellet form. They squish in atrocious sounds along the suit, bubbles spew from their bloated innards gushing out, joining the wretched sea of sludge.

The slough sludge invades my loins in the worst possible way at all times. I can't help but huff to the touch, despite how obscenely foul it is. Pulverized pellets slick across my clit, suit forces the grimy feeling to pierce my brain. Appalling and enthralling, I definitely fucked up the sensitivity settings, trying not to make matters any worse...

Then, when I think this churning hellscape can't get any worse, I hear loud, crunchy chewing... *glk!* I hear it squelching in her throat, squishing nastily in an audible groan as air is swallowed with it. The sphincter spits in a "fresh" spew of saliva soaked kibble, oozing down the walls as bubbles pop in an awful gloppy tune. All the while she's already chomping the next mouthful.

Worst over the sounds and feelings of the new crud is the accompanied stench. It isn't the food I get her, she's not even in my house anymore. That's all I can deduce, she had to have wandered over to that crazy cat lady's place to bum off her generosity. I always wondered where she went, now stewing in milk and stolen food.

More squeezes in, funneling over me in ooze slathered chunks. Bubbles froth in the runny goop, belching under the sludge to groan out horrid, constant gastric noises. It reminds me my erring sits within it, splattering up to the sloppy surface to spit into my body. I try to grab it, but a swallow flexes her belly, sucking it beneath so I only grab kibble shrapnel.

A hiss sounds outside, and my cat jumps immediately, surging me into a tumbling sprint with her body. She got caught by one of the other cats there, chasing her away from food that isn't hers. Stomach walls clench, grip, toss and turn, slushing with grotesque spasms to sharp pivots. Milk doesn't like being stirred so much, but it's all soaked up into this sweltering stew too much to do anything worse.

Chaos comes to a relative end. Her gut will never truly settle, but her hasty escape at least slows to a trot. Heart pounding, lungs roaring, and it really sloshes me in her belly. Such a place isn't meant for someone to survive—the contents are supposed to be pulverized anyways.

Yet here I am, getting covered in new and old digesting food, listening to it gush, feeling it so bodily in my fur, and gagging down the incredibly oppressive stench that manages to keep getting worse.

Eventually she lays down. Outside somewhere by the ambient sounds filtering through her fur. The endless clinks and clanks of factories, and constant hum and blasting of overhead surveillance drones. For just a moment, her stomach sounds nicer, at least some change to the stagnant, unchanging existence on Zeta. A disgusting change, but the watery gastric slime sputters in a way I've never heard before. It's hypnotic compared to the harsh, abrupt noises that encompass this rock.

Grrble! Snapping back to my disgusting reality, feeling chyme absolutely drenching my fur, smacked in the nose with spoiling milk, fish, and what has to be potato-based kibble from the new additions. Squirts, spit in every direction, the pulsating flesh kneads uncaring to anything contained within. It's job is to destroy, digest, not preserve and keep safe. Fortunately for me, my suit is holding up, yet unfortunately, I have to endure how pungent, rotten, and absolutely foul everything is getting.

She takes a cat nap while processing her meal, letting me stew in her boiling gut. Swept under in relentless churns, pressed by folding flesh, slurping inside her stomach. Constant gurgles, growls, popping fumes brewing in the milky broth of kibble.

Digestion ramps up in her slumber, wreaking havoc inside her stomach. It makes short work of the pellets designed to soak up enzymes, making milk laden mush. Abhorrently slimy, thickening up into a grotesque, superheated milkshake to be further processed. Evidence of that makes itself known in overly embellished, uncaring swallows at the bottom bend of her belly.

Schglomch! A heavy gulp from her intestines is louder than the rest, and I can only imagine it ate my earring. To think there's a more foul existence beyond her stomach. I need to get out, every fiber of my being screams for freedom, yet also subconsciously knows what awaits, making me stall.

I gather courage, riding the next ripple of peristalsis. Flesh curls in a goddy gurgle, slathering the oozing mixture in even more gooey acid. Instead of pushing away, squirting back up to the top, I let it drag me deep beneath the sludge. My vision is nothing but a horrible beige, dotted in darker chips of mottled, still digesting chunks of kibble. Bits squelch as my body presses through, breaking up the conglomerated mush that tries to conform into a singular slimy mass.

It feels wrong that I can breathe this fetor, gagging down a stench so foul it stings. Let alone have it bubble along my fur, cursing the tech I made as chyme squishes between every available crease my body has. Swallowed by the swamp, using the walls to navigate towards the disgusting exit, hearing it give another gross, bubbly suction of fluid muck.

Scat beyond this point

Schlurk! I didn't realize how close I was, pinching at the very bottom of her stomach. Rougher walls cave inwards to grip me tight, twisting into a shriveled up hole. It's locked shut, quivering to the pound of her heart, covered in slimy vomit. I try to pry it open, stuffing my arm through, feeling it begin to loosen up. **Schlurp!** A strong, sudden flex shunts me though, gaping wide in a wet gulp.

Immediately regret blasts me into her intestines, shunted aggressively through the swampy mire. Muscles collapse to grip my waist, locking me half in her belly while villi assault my upper body. It hardens with a vice grip, not wanting me to slip inside as a solid. My suit creaks from pressure, dredging fear as it continues to squeeze.

Flesh quivers angrily as the sphincter clenches, making her wake up in annoyance to my antics inside her gut. She gives a low groan of discomfort, but when she moves—**Schglursh!** I squish completely into her small intestines.

I take a relieved breath, which hastily slaps a gag at the putrid stench spewing in her body. Already bile seeps from the walls, pressing fur tight in soggy suction across my entire body. It reeks worse than vomit already, just the introduction of alkaline enzymes is enough to make my nose run. The fishy stink is pulled out further, melded so offensively with milk it's gut retching.

There's no space to fight, feeling villi attach to my fur like suction cups kissing my skin. Nasty hisses accompany the velvety nubs slithering through pasty chyme sucked in with me. Croaks whine with wet peanut butter textured slop, and the wiggling things spread it even more than her churning stomach ever could. The walls as well roll with increasingly aggressive peristaltic waves, curling to both push forward, and mix this nutrient cement with sticky bile.

She goes back to sleep, leaving me to experience what happens to food after it's not called food anymore. An intestinal chyme, not milk, nor kibble, but an amalgamation of chemicals and compounds to absorb or strip of any use. Then there's me smack dab in the middle of processing sludge, slushing around the pulsating bends as her body relentlessly tries to turn me into soup.

Each and every pulse massages my body in flesh and fuel, churning relentlessly to make me one and the same. Villi scrub, wiggle, suckle at my cunt the whole time, unknowingly ravaging my clit! So filthy, dirty of a thought, knowing exactly what is happening and having no way to stop it. A part of me doesn't want it to stop, but where I am is not a place for *that*.

Muscles invade my cooch, spreading my legs to act as a plunger against my pussy! It forces me flush, huffing in the absolute stink to fight the feelings. The wiggling nubs massage all over, rubbing my tits, tickling my ass, and licking my clit. Disgust keeps the feeling from

becoming something worse, leaving me in a constant state of putrid, unwanted lust going forward.

The entire time I gag down the fumes, growing worse and worse as bile destroys the slop. Feter stings to breathe, huffing fish and milk mixed with what reeks like acetone or paint thinner. The heat makes me sweat, yet my suit simply smothers that feeling with a slimy mess in my fur. So wet, soggy, atrociously viscous yet simultaneously sludgy, rubbing chunks formed by mass alone, squishing in bubbly squelches all the time.

Sglrsh! An ever present noise, coming from every angle in the twisted one-way maze of her small intestines. Packed somewhere in the middle of it all, feeling the peristalsis of other moving parts squeeze. Liquids squirt to the waves rolling over my feet, sucking me back to really smother my ass, rolling to stuff my face into more villi. Hundreds of them tickle all at once, making it hard to keep my breath in endless torture.

The further it takes me, the more slimy it gets, shifting from beige to a thicker brown. It's not even her colon yet, already transitioning as nutrition is sucked out of it. Mottled grossly, watching paste plume over my helmet, seeing it a smooch with such grotesque squelches. Trapped in it all, forced to breathe the most horrendous stench to ever enter my nostrils.

Grinded toe to head, squeezing up along my calves, gripping and churning all the way to my head. Muscles spread the nasty bile all the while, making sure there isn't a moment where mush isn't soaking up the sticky digestive fluids. Coated so thoroughly, tickled by villi, feeling them dig at my ass, suck my breasts, and lick my thighs. Hell they're everywhere, slobbering ooze into my armpits, slathering my lips in foul chyme, grabbing at my back, and gripping my face in suctioning pockets of flesh.

It isn't until exhaustion finally begins to take hold that there's any means I can pass out. The humidity is draining, morale plummeting into the negatives, muscles ache from trying to struggle against overpowering flesh—pummeled by unwanted ecstasy. Smelling the stench is the only thing keeping me awake, wishing for anything just to black out, and wake up when it's all over. So I shut my eyes and hope my body shuts down.

Schlop! I awake in a consolidated heap of muck, feeling sweltering mud caked along my fur. An unconscious breath diagnoses what it is before I even open my eyes, taking in the unmistakably foul stench of waste. Regrettably, I open up to see the repugnant crap squishing against my view. Speckled brown and green with dots of hard kibble that didn't digest.

Swamped in absolute filth, the dirtiest substance conceivable, feeling it dredge deep to my skin. Nasty hisses accompany fermenting gas, gurgling with pops along the bumpy surface of my cocoon, messily splattering shit-laced mucus along the log. I want to scream, cry, noticing I only woke up because my nutrient vitalizer kicked in, giving me energy and sustenance to survive.

More pressing is this disgusting noise slithering with horrid, crinkly croaks. Mind numb from the stench, but the conclusion comes that she's taking a shit. Muscles crimp, squeeze, vacate the waste that's further along, pushing out with micro releases of gas only heard from inside.

Aside from the horrible image of what's to come, I begin to panic after remembering she doesn't do this business in my house... I don't know where I'm going to end up, shrunken, and no one else in this sector to my knowledge has a machine like mine.

Gross noises continue to her fecal release, sliding me further along with loosening bowels. I'm not primed for exit, too far away, hearing her ass pinch the last bit, standing back up to move along. Her bowels sway much more than her stomach did, yet the crap is so thick I'm held practically in place. It shifts like clay, slathering mud, belching whines through mucus within the cracks.

A heavy push of peristalsis comes with a *clink!* My face plows forward as a disgusting piece of shit forms a longer log. I manage to scrape my arms through scat to figure out what slapped my head. Sloppy muck forms a pocket of gas when I, popping grossly as I uncover my earring. I caught up to it, coated in crap, looking surreal in the rancid remains. It survived like me, wallowing with a feral's bowels.

Her body presses it under me, working to compact the compost into a girthy log to release when the time comes. My earring scrapes to my belly, sitting like a rock uncomfortably glued to my body. I try to move it, not affiliating it as my property anymore, now just an absurd annoyance I don't want to deal with. However, it just keeps popping up no matter if I push it ahead or behind.

It grinds over my back, smooshing aside shit to plop over my head. Her bowels schluck its ball shape wherever it'll go, at least till this putty gets more fluid sucked from it. So I try to breathe as little as possible, hoping this endeavor will eventually end.

Time lapses like a numb void in her colon, being constantly compacted by the ribbed walls. Mucus replaces water in the dung, coating it in lube rather than soaking up the slimy fluid. The outside is crusty, swallowing my arms in harder glue, making it near impossible to move my legs. How awful it feels along my fur, gummed between my fingers and toes, around my ass and breasts, sitting in a gaseous pocket by my head. Muscles crease inwards to push behind, slowly trudging useless materials to the exit.

It really brings out the ambient hair from her grooming, weaving up to clump crap all together even worse. The sound as well gets more scratchy, yet not any less wet at the same time. Plus my earring settled just in front of me, showing itself at times when the pasty interior cracks from pressure. The cheap metal didn't fare the journey too great, cracked, stripped of color, eaten away.

Fermenting gas whines and croaks all around, making me want to vomit, but there's nothing in my stomach. Though I can hear hers digesting something loudly, prepping the next load of food to become this disgusting stuff. It's more rancid than I've ever smelled, even at a distance shit is never meant to be sniffed. Yet here it's practically as close as it can get, smooshed into my nose, basically huffing feline farts. That's what all the additional noise is: gas byproducts from this gunk fermenting in her bowels.

It still carries a fishy stink—loaded with long processed dairy and grains. Methane mixed with sulphuric fumes, melded in leftover milk to make it so painfully sour. I only breathe because my body makes me, cursing at every exhale that I'm going to rip out the sensory modules the second I get the chance.

Walls compress as she sleeps, still out in the streets by the sounds outside. Probably nighttime, disgusted at being packed inside my stray cat for the entire day. I have to wait even longer, needing nature to take its ugly course. Wedged along with all her waste.

So I wait in agony, drifting in and out of consciousness and insanity the whole time. Bumped awake by my accursed earring to watch the putty grow thick and hard. Time feels so slow, peristalsis pulses to exacerbate the fact, rippling in long, sloppy curls that feels like minutes for every one. Compacted over and over, becoming more painfully aware of how creamy the center mass is around my body. It sits like hardening cement, spackling every follicle of hair I have in the most disgusting substance imaginable.

Schlurp! I suddenly slide for a moment, slithering through a twisted tunnel until sucking into a sloppy pouch. Her rectum. It stretches with waste, packing me inside with a log and a half. My earring spurts to the flex of her flesh, slurping to smack me in the chest. I try to push it away, but her muscles are slick in here, pushing it around like a wet marble. On top of that it's coated in crap, slimy with mucus, causing an absurd amount of atrocious, gooey noises in stagnant gas.

With a little more room, I press out, making her wake up to shit me out. It takes a few tries, feeling my fingers smoosh through dirt to indent her elastic flesh. So thick after being fermented and sucked dry, caking everywhere, filling every available wrinkle in some slimy paste.

The movement makes her rectum twitch, quiver, suck shit back up her pipe. Yet it does wake her up, feeling her begin to move. She walks, strutting like she has to go, which bounces me in her ass. Every additional second that passes let's more atrocious fetor fill the slimy sac, forcing me to huff in the toxic gas with gags.

Then she squats, flexing her anus to release me at last. It's slimy, gross, hearing the hole yawn over the lumps at the front. Crinkles of slime vacate with bubbles too small for ears outside to hear. Though it's deafening to me, listening to crap slither, flesh squelch, and gas release.

My earring squirts out, tearing part of the log like a loaf of bread, pinching the shriveled up sphincter. For a moment I think she's finished, leaving me in here like some sick joke. Then the sloppy hole pops open again, gripping my face, rolling over to evict me too. Hazy daylight greets me through my shit coated helmet, plopping down into a ghastly pile of filth. Another chunk slaps my back, burying me in feline waste, pressing me into the settling heap of dung.

Like nothing happened, she leaves, uncaring about the meaningless pollution left in her wake. So I crawl free, scrambling in shambles to catch a fresh breath. Still absolutely coated in crap, there's nothing fresh to inhale. Looking around, I have no idea where I am, scraping chunks off my helmet just to see the world through smudges.

It looks like an abandoned factory, outside of one at least. I think I know where I am, but I'm so far from home at this size. My nutrient serums will keep me going for near a month—yet I don't want to be this fucking small for another second.

I spot a large, leftover barrel tilted over, some water seeping from the inside. Rare to see liquid wasted on a planet running out of it, but I absolutely need to be clean. What would be a few feet feels like many more, but I manage to get up to it. The smell is a bit stagnant, definitely a couple chemicals in the water, but if the last day taught me anything, this suit works, so I don't care.

My modules are stuck on... There's no way of turning them off—I need to be clean. It takes a bit of scrubbing, but I manage the best I can without soap. Finally free of sludge, I step away to breathe the toxic air Zeta has, at least filtered by the suit to not burn my lungs this close to a factory. Smog all around, the malaise of my existence sets back in.

"So how the fuck am I going to get home..." I ask out loud. Of course there's no answer magically gifted to me. For the moment I just sit on the rust coated ground, pondering how I even got here. Yet my recyclers are so absolutely refreshing compared to the air I am used to.

I scoff at myself, building this suit—for what? Zenith doesn't care about Zeta, letting it burn, blocking outside transmissions. I don't want to work for them, not after they killed this planet. Viewed as nothing but tools, ones that'll be thrown away like a used tissue.

I have to get off this rock, find some way to flee. This suit is worth something to someone out there. I know for a fact there's a world outside of Zenith—other things exist, and they can't hide it from me. All I have to do is find the right person, smugglers or something to blast away from here... It sounds like a fairytale...