

Splash Zone Surprise

Splash Splosh! The majestic stage show orca jets half of her thick blubbery black and white body out of the water, slapping back down. Water rains from the act, pelting the macro crowd in the splash zone. You watch from afar. The splashing area is restricted so micros don't have any mishaps as a result of rushing water.

"Dare you to sneak over! It's boring as hell up here." The ditzzy micro dalmatian you came with barks in your ear. You know you shouldn't, but damn... is it tempting...

What's the worst that can happen? Getting wet? Slapping into a macro's foot? Maybe falling into a drain. Banned from the park? It would certainly be more invigorating than watching from this angle. The glass down there is translucent, so you'll actually see her through the water! Bored enough, you decide to say 'fuck it' rejecting the silly splash zone rules.

"Hell yeah!" Your friend incites the action when you drop down, others give you a curious look.

Being small has always had its advantage of being hard to see. Steps for macros are always a hassle, but much easier to go down than climb up. Given micros aren't meant to come down here, there is no alternative access route to make it simple. Yet eventually you make it down, almost being kicked by a few furry feet walking up and down.

Finally: *The Splash Zone*™. Wet cement, dripping water rolls down the translucent barricade to an ocean at your size. There's a musty, salty, and very fishy smell about the place, pretty unpleasant all things considered. Within the shifting sea is the rolling image of the darting, sapient orca. A floating blob that distorts with the panes, shimmering with light swirling around. It's mesmerizing seeing her this close, even if she's still far away. The show you've seen about five times got much better already, capable of truly looking at the orca underwater.

Though suddenly, a wet, furry paw snatches you off the ground! Curling fingers grip, lifting you up quick! The orange and white striped face of a macro ferret comes into view, staring with silver eyes. "Want a better view, little buddy? Don't worry, I won't tell." A little wink blinks, and he sets you down on top of the slippery blue splash mat.

The rubbery surface forces you to try and sit, cupped a little by orange paws to mask your presence. It's going much better than you could've ever thought! This ferret bro is going to let you enjoy the show. Now you can see the water's surface much more closely, watching the black dorsal fin skimming around. Though it disappears with the flapping slap of her fan of a tail, flinging water in your direction!

Slap! The salty water pelts, and slips you around the material, but furry hands act as a bumper to keep you steady. Now wet, feeling the adrenaline rush as an orca hurls water at you. The crowd cheers too, probably in part that when she goes under, she always shoots out. A showboat. Every time she flaunts her feral capacity to impress the audience.

You slip around to get a better view, and just in time too! **Splosh Smack!** Closer than the last time sends a massive wave towards you! The cupped hands move away in the split second it all happens, probably to brace for the impending slap of cool water. You take a big smack from it, hitting a lip, and the current suddenly sweeps you out over the barricade!

An ocean of deep water is under your swirling feet, feeling all the settling bubbles blub through your clothes. The depth of the place is paralyzing to look down, getting some stingy salt water in your eyes for doing so. Under the surface, sucked a bit deep after the orca caused a vortex with her leap.

Your first thought is that someone is going to see you, and you'll get into trouble for your actions. Though the strong shift of current snaps your more pressing matter. You're in the water with an orca. A big, powerful, oversized dolphin that's building an appetite from putting on a show. Panic sets in at the thought of being eaten by a feral intelligent orca, knowing those guts are definitely unpleasant, and absolutely not a place you want to see.

That decision stopped being yours the second you broke the rules, becoming just a fish in the enclosure. You spin to see it happen: very pale pink with a black few splotches at the top. A split open orca maw lined by conical teeth, thick tongue, and very big gullet. **Swish!** Swept inside, her rubbery flesh envelopes entirely, sealing you within the slippery mouth.

You kick, panic, pushing the plush tongue while water spits from between her lips. Instead of swallowing, she tastes, licking because she knows you're not just a fish. There's a moment you think she will spit you out, understanding you're a patron! Though the way she's lapping against your clothes draws too much enjoyment while she swims. Micros must be forbidden treats, kicking morsels that squirm the whole way through...

Still a watery mess, wet as can be, not near the slimy saliva texture you're used to. The marinade of salt water is lube enough to gulp you down, splotchy flesh is glistening with it all over. It rushes outside too, heard flowing over her lips, displacing while she swims. The tongue wastes little time pushing you around, squishing you into the black and pink palate then cupping you in a spongy curl. Residual waves of heating water slaps about with you, adding an extra slosh to every noise, wetting you further.

With it all wafts the awful stench of fish. A swallow rolls her throat to suck down warm water, keeping you tucked in her mouth. The passage to her lungs is separate, that gaping hole at the back exudes only a spine curling odor of digesting fish worse than breath could produce. A harrowing sound croaks from her gullet just after you hear the water gargling into her gut,

exchanging a thick bubble of caustic gas to blub out of her throat. It coughs out with a repugnant **blurk**, pelting you with noxious fumes and gunky slime.

It becomes quite clear she plans to punish you for swirling into her domain, locking her lips with a contained foamy burp. With it came some scales, a bit of gooey ooze, and the soul sundering stench of digestion. The goop settles in your fur, stuffing a scale or two into your clothes, getting you acquainted with the fish she's been gulping down during the performance. Your only hope is mercy, that this mouthy display is the most of your punishment.

Squelching mouth noises are everywhere, brushing your fur and clothes along her teeth, slipping and sliding up and down her tongue. She teases a swallow, but coughs you back up, giving the faintest grip of her gullet over your ankles. The show continues while she hums with her own, swimming around, flinging you inside her mouth. You're treated like a guilty pleasure, being mashed by her splotchy sponge of a tongue.

Grrble! Her stomach vibrates through blubber, wanting her to swallow the fuzzy morsel in her mouth. It doesn't come, instead, you feel her swim get cut, listening to a squeak and sudden loss of underwater weightlessness. You've seen the show, it's when she beaches for a fish to be fed by one of the divers. The classic plume of mist erupts from her blow hole in a loud exhalation, sucking air back in harshly enough to rattle you on her tongue. She's going to publicly humiliate you for this! Open up and have the talk show host pluck you out for shame!

Her maw splits, and you can see her lips give a smug curl. The blue eyes of the otter who is running the scene glare at you within her mouth. It's surreal to see the brown furred macro in his blue and white wetsuit staring at you through a cone of teeth. Her tongue undulates, shifting you towards the stretchy gullet at the back! Instead of help, the dude simply shakes his head in disapproval, yet it appears to be directed at you both. You plead unheard, sliding back, but he just raises a fish and tosses it in!

Schluck! It triggers the swallow when it rams into you, easily cramming you into her craw. The fish is of similar size, unmoving, but the collapsing walls of flesh treat you the same. Slick, gross, funneling in a harsh, tight squeeze towards a vibrantly churning stomach already working on other muck. Pressed up against a slimy, cold fish, feeling its rigid scales scrape while her hot throat effortlessly swallows with strong peristalsis.

Her heart throttles, both from the workout, and probable indulgence taken from you sliding towards her belly. The outside noise is completely muted by the insulating blubber, replacing a cheering crowd with awful fleshy squelching. With a throat so slippery, you're barreling into her, listening to scales rub your body, muscles constricting, and a gaseous groan lingering far too close.

Schlurp! You don't even get a second of reprieve. There's hardly any resistance with her stomach connected to a slippery chute, prey funnels in and isn't to come back out. Immediately despair comes with the slimy mash of fish stewing inside, pushing meaty scales into your fur

and clothes. The stench is abysmal as expected, but even expectations aren't enough to prepare your lungs for the fetor.

Already the walls constrict, grinding harshly to pulverize the newest additions. Gushing muck plumes with pale flesh curling, and you're a part of it all. Pressure squirts scales, muscles quiver, compressing with heavy force. More aggressive than any stomach so far, listening to all the squishy pulp churn around your ears. You curse with the woeful textures gumming your fur, feeling the sweltering sushi squash disgustingly in every crease you have to offer.

Squelch! The trapped air is laden with salty foam, adding even more sloshing sounds to erupt in grotesque, internal burps belting out. Oily meat rubs, her internal temperature is sweat worthy, and you're soaked in her meal. The initial churn seems to end as another is already starting. That fish you came in with is already disjointed, not nearly as hardy as you. Pressed again, you feel her shimmy back into the water, probably with an extra flaunt because her showboating mood just skyrocketed thanks to you.

You try your best to fight, but her stomach is far too strong. Pressing the walls slips your fingers in scrunched wrinkles, feet kick to displace hefty chunks of stomach-chewed sushi. It's far more cramped than you expected for a behemoth her size. Even the smell, while atrocious, isn't all that caustic. Her belly just churns roughly like acid isn't even needed to turn fish to paste, and it feels like it too while the muscles knead.

Her heavy swimming sloshes the stuff, and even more goopy noises slap deeper in her body. Gripped so tight, each up and down swish of her tail helps grind everything up, pushing you around the slimy sac. It adds extra squeezing pressures while another malicious rolling ring of peristalsis compresses hard, slathering even more scales up into your clothes, filling any pocket available with squishy fish meat. Then it all gets followed up by a gut-punching lunge as she shoots out of the water, slapping back down to make her blubber vibrate her insides.

By the time her next watery swallow comes, you're coated in enough scales and meat to look like the fish that hastily slides in. Her stomach wobbles to its entrance, spilling salty water in with it to moisten the already wet materials. Then a rough smooch of flesh makes an internal swallow, and a flow of chum slurps deeper into her body to make room. A gargling groan erupts right after that comes with her wiggling body retreating to the show tank.

Blubbing up from below burps a rancid bubble to the top. That caustic stench of digestion that's felt absent in the situation spews a gooey sheen with the expulsion. This is just her forestomach, the place designed to chew her food. Down that sickly valve is where digestion takes its true toll, and this sac is funneling gunk to feed the massive beast. The gas fills up your shirt, belching out the hole for your neck. Her pale flesh acts like a rolling pin to squeeze it all around, forming a vibration of slimy foam to form.

She holds the air in, continuing to slosh you around with her showboating swim. The walls expand with another caustic splurge from below, making another disgusting exchange.

You bat back and forth with a cushion of air making sheets of slime between you and the upper walls. Meaty smacks slap your back, toppling in a roll to reorient yourself inside her gut. Water splashes your face, fish grinds to your skin with your fur so woefully coated in scales.

Compressing muscles curl over to pin you into a tight ball when she finally vacates the air through her throat, making assorted clicking, high-frequency noises like a taunt right after. Then her flexing belly pinches up by your head, rolling you back towards the bottom. Particles squish with the powerful peristalsis, crushing the mess all over your clothes. Yet more pressing is the valve you feel curling over your feet, swallowing your ankles, yanking with a harsh sucking force!

Scglurch! Like being swallowed again, but the trip lasts less than a second as you're easily deposited into her main stomach. The gooey aspects of her marine meal becomes overwhelming with the gurgling materials pasting all over you. Mushy meat squelches with goopy digestive enzymes smearing from thick, rubbery walls. It feels worse than the other chamber just from how obscene the textures are, mixing freshly ground meat with stuff that's been simmering for hours.

The stench magnifies as well, stuffing your sense of smell with the ungodly miasma of orca vomit. Churned fish melts to its core components inside her main stomach, sloshing pungent digestive byproducts without reprieve. Salty as can be with the water she swallowed, yet simultaneously incredibly sour from her strong acids. The drip and dribble from slimy wrinkles crinkling with peristalsis, containing to mash and meld the sickly stew around you.

Thick gobs of goo never settle while she moves, squishing you up and down to the powerful muscular movements of her tail. Scrunched with every flex, pounded by her heart, then pressed intensely when she gives a heavy breath from her blowhole sucking down air. More slop funnels in with her forestomach audibly twisting meat, making you groan in disgust with sticky scales clinging under your clothes. When she goes to splash the crowd, you're splashed in a different way, getting slapped wall to wall with swallowed water and fish.

Fighting is useless even in the larger chamber. The walls undulate uncaring to your attempts, just using your chyme spackled arms to push you beneath the oily surface. Crammed again and again, her stomach rhythmically churns in relentless rolls. It's less violent than her forestomach, but still immensely oppressive. The pale flesh is almost rough despite being rubbery, squelching loudly with heavy, vibrating gurgles as her digesting meal sloshes with grimy squeezes.

Every second is filled with some grotesque squirt. The watery mess glorping in her gut endlessly mashes meat. Long, slimy whines bubble and spit with gastric air, burping and belching along the wrinkly walls. Groans litter the thick mush, rolling with her stomach muscles. Various suction come from her forestomach and intestines, working the meal through her putrid body. With how bumped around, spun, dunked, and churned you are, it's difficult to even tell

which valve is which that munches too close to your ears. The only indication is that one vomits chunks of fish into you, while the other slurps the sludgy mess away.

It feels like the outside world no longer exists, and she is all that does. Her thick blubber mutes everything that isn't contained in her black and white body. The cheers of a crowd are replaced by her heartbeat, clicking noises of her echoing language, and woeful gurgling belly. Even the noises of water flooding over her outer skin is blocked by the rambunctious slosh of the stuff she swallowed, listening to that slap the walls like crashing waves.

Though she slows down after another swallow, probably done with the show. With the last fish being kneaded by her powerful forestomach, her heart settles a bit, but flutters when you accidentally kick. She gives a few vibrating noises to acknowledge you exist in the churning vat of her gut, moving underwater in a way to slap you wall to wall. It sucks the excess gas into her upper valve, heard erupting in the less mashed mush until sucking up her throat. The compacting walls squeeze tight with the remaining foam left behind, leaving you squirming with less room to properly struggle.

It's not just her stomach walls that fully compress. The shear load of digesting chyme provides an awful cushion before her muscular flesh rolls your body head to toe. Slimy, sticky paste spits under your clothes, squishing along the outside to funnel it every which way possible. Froth tickles up your spine to spew out over your neck, also squashing down into your pants. Clenching your fist in disgust just slurps the sludgy materials between your fingers, and simultaneously unclenching at the feeling sloshes more around. The same goes for your feet, slushing goopy scales to stick between your toes, getting stuck at the bend of your knees and elbows as well.

As time goes on, the agonizing smell simply grows worse. Textures get foul in nature, becoming woefully slimy in a semi-solid sludge. No matter how much constantly squishes up and down your body, each time feels like a new experience with how organically her stomach wobbles. The gurgling sac grumbles in wet gargling of the drain sucking chyme, threatening to suck you along with that nasty stuff. When you tug your foot free from the sloppy valve, she gives a flaunting noise of what can only be pleasure to your squirms, adding another layer of dread to the whole situation.

That grinding gurgle continues deeper, and trying to get to grips you've got to let it take you the long way out is mind-numbing. It's going to get worse, though you can't quite comprehend how that's possible given the grotesque, sloppy environment churning. So you give in to the process, allowing the next wave of syrup slathered flesh to cram you to the back of her big belly. The quivering valve does its disgusting thing, opening like a quick moving mouth to slosh your feet inside.

Schmoch! It clamps on your waist, bending your lower half downwards in a gooey tunnel. Then the next swallow burps you through like a gunky cough, sucking you into the U shaped area. Expecting intestines gets you slapped with reality that she has three stomach

compartments, feeling a new battery of enzymes smear from the spongy walls. Rigid nubs further grind in rolling undulations, further smudging muck in your fur in another way. The scrunching sac ripples with grody gurgles, forcing you to endure the bent shape it crams you in.

You practically take up the entire place lengthwise. Your toes get pinched by the exit while the entrance belches over your face. Compacted over and over by the rough pale flesh causes raunchy groans to sift mush. With that awful muck is her syrupy enzymes that are thicker than her main stomach, seeming cloudy and capable of digesting scales. The threads of your shirt split too, not only battered by the rigid walls, but those bitter chemicals breaking down your clothing!

To be naked in this orca's body is embarrassing. Your shirt strips, pants degrade, and that gooey stuff is free to invade your body. Her muscles curl to squish chyme on your chest, smearing gloppy, digesting scales and meat across your unprotected fur. Blubs and blurbs of chunky gunk gropes places that were already touched, but now unabated by a barrier of cloth! Sticky mess gums up around your ass, painting your taint and groin with unsavory, hot goo. Her flesh itself rubs uncaringly to any action you try to do to prevent the obscene feelings, pressing your arms to your sides or chest, keeping your legs together while meat squirts around the bend of your waist.

She responds to your pathetic kicks with a flex and click, obviously enjoying your little squirms. It's demoralizing beyond any experience, crammed in some orca's belly. Even the show host knows you're there! He sent you into the organic dungeon without any extra thought, definitely not knowing how atrocious the experience would be. It's easy to guess how bad it can get, but swirling, sloshy dolphin vomit is nearly indescribable with words. How foul a stench digesting fish can produce, feel, and sound with fleshy walls scrubbing the chunky matter in your fur.

Bubbly slime sputters in the worst smooching sound conceivable. Her muscles clench to make it happen, grinding skin tight in a bout of peristalsis. It's somehow a more cramped feeling than her throat, compacting you in a spongy curl that hardens the bumpy walls. Goop slurps aggressively through your fur, stripping the remains of your clothes in the caustic brew. Gurgling cloth material acts like rags to spread the viscous chyme around, adding fibers to the awful textures entangling your body.

It feels like hours tick by at the pace of years, and the stuff never gets better. Digestion just makes everything worse with the exit gulping nutrient soup boiling around the bottom. When you think the tank above has to be empty by now, a steamy slosh of simmering acidic mush sucks over your head, hearing the grotesque vat groan. You can even feel it churning too, overlapping the sac you're in depending on how her muscles flex with her swimming. It adds to the peristaltic pulse gripping you already, compressing to the wet tune of multiple chambers at work.

Taunted a hundred times by the exit, each time it spits you back up the folded tube. The slick sickly suction of chyme spills between your toes while it clamps up to your knees into her small intestines. A curl always comes because it's a tight transition, sending you face first into the drooling valve to the other compartment. You try to pass along, going mad in the stagnant tunnel churning you over and over, slushing glue-like matter along your exposed fur. She responds with little flexes to your desperate kicks, enjoying the deep inner massage you give. It feels like you'll be trapped here forever.

Scat beyond this point!

Again, your legs get plowed into the exit, getting pulled through. Chyme blubs in a grotesque whine flooding over your feet, slushing frothy goop without you. However, this time her body bends, muscles clench hard, and suddenly you're pulled through to your belly! It locks in a tight grip below your ribs, flattening out to spread the pale flesh in an attempt to close. You get sucked on like candy, plunging in and out with sloshy goo. She makes some noises that can only translate to pleasure at the event, and all you can do is whine in disgust.

The snacking mouth finally loosens up again as a rolling wave of flesh hardens over your ears, pressing in a pinch to fully push you through. ***Grg!*** Immediately, you're swallowed up by her velvety, spongy intestinal walls. Harsh, uncaring villi assault your fur at every angle, stuffing into your assorted nooks and crannies. Disgusting bile slathers with every pulsating lick, smearing tart syrup to your skin. The little nubs tangle in your pelt, spreading your fur in uncomfortable angles to suckle your body.

It's tight. You can't so much as wiggle during peristalsis rolling through. The strong, chyme-smear flesh rolls circular waves that both plumes pasty mush, and thrusts you forward. It stuffs you downwards into a bend, forcing your body to conform to hers. All the while your personal space is nonexistent, sharing what little space there is with digesting fish. The abhorrent sludge topples in frothy creases, filling any ounce of space the walls may actually give you. So slimy, feeling it vibrate with every bubble bursting through writhing villi.

The smell that comes with each frothy intestinal burp is insidious. A mixture of caustic slop and alkaline goop clash as digestion shifts with bile. Cloudy ooze thick as syrup glazes her meal, spreading more of the foul stuff all over. It's unrelenting, constantly shifting in stench with the time driven process, not letting your senses settle for a moment. Gastric bubbles from breaking down fats and meats boil in your lungs, forcing closed-mouth gags when you begrudgingly suck the fetor down.

While you struggle it spreads a greasy smear of oily chyme. Chunks large and small give a nasty, similar squish. There's almost no telling where your fur begins with how coated you are in her processing meal, feeling the sweltering stew drool on every point of your body. Scales melted to your skin like chewed wads of gum, meat suction with the velvety villi squirming over your naked body. Bubbles spit harshly from oil and salty water in the grimy mixture, causing such egregiously wet noises to slap your ears.

Spasms from the floaty walls flush you along, cramming through tight corners and sudden sloppy dips in her small intestines. Each grows more gross with time dilating, noticing the subtle changes happening to her marine meal. Her wriggling villi have been ambiently absorbing the useful nutrients from the awful goop, which leaves behind the more rancid remains. Still sticky with surviving scales, sloppily churning thick paste that's growing uglier in color. It even produces a thicker, bubbly sound that crawls down your spine, forcing your ears to curl in disgust.

The harsh squelch of a gulping sphincter then audibly winders your soul. *Her bowels.* A heinous place, watching the syrupy, chunky paste unfolding with pale pink walls unfurling. **GlrsHP!** It shows the crud spackled entrance to the worst place possible. Her body fully intends to treat you as any other material deemed indigestible. Still a liquid mess all around, the velvety flesh works agonizingly slow to give a last few licks for good measure, rolling hard while shoveling slop through the nasty, frothing hole.

You plow snout first into the oily valve, feeling its powerful muscles clench. The process goes slow for you while the looser material sucks through in a squelchy drink. It slobber mucus over your head, rubbing ooze around your chin. Then her small intestine churns to slush the widening hole to suck over your shoulders, folding your body uncomfortably during the noisy transition. The view opens up to a ribbed, gross tube, covered in slimy bubbles and spackled in intestinal sludge. It gives a vibrating groan while your chest slides along the rigid, rubber feeling flesh, whining yourself as the sphincter grips your hips.

Schlurp! It vomits you into the larger pipe, spewing in a large portion of slushie goop too. The punching stench of the place hits you most immediately. What squirted through, and ambiently sits is still in a slow transition, but the smell slaps your nose. It's a sticky, pungent, avoidable miasma that stains the entire tube with what little lingers for far too long. Sour at its core with fermentation, flubbing blubs of gaseous pockets belching up and down her bloating colon. Meals both new and old have found their end in this tunnel, gargling rancid, sulphuric bubbles in the aftermath. It's meaty, fishy, and atrocious.

The walls crimp with less effort than the others, yet still contour your entire body with gripping peristalsis. It pools clumps and fluids sloshing with you into the cupping ribs sectioning the entire tube. With more room to actually move, you at least try to resist the squishy flesh constricting your body. What remains if scales clog your fur as you do, mushy in the gargling mess. You manage to press the rubbery walls, spreading your fingers against your will to the mucus squelching layers. She doesn't seem to react, swimming slowly, but it does make the flesh twitch, and her heart pounds just a touch harder. Her body works autonomously to compress you back into place, trudging you forward as rancid waste squeezes to yours.

Exhausted from being grinded in her forestomach, steeped in her true stomach, squished by the next one over, and then pressed bodily through her small intestines. Now getting rolling waves of paste spackled orca shit that's leftover from meals long since passed.

Your muscles ache a little bit from all the torment, peristalsis always takes a toll with stretching you out and scrunching you up. Her fishy meal is heavy too, plastering you to the bottom of her colon while piling on top, smudging greasy crap all up your naked back. Hot as hell too. Insulated by tons of blubber, feeling some semblance of buoyancy that helps that uneasy feeling tingle your gut. Yet at least one wish comes true as her bowels rumble with fermented gas, managing to thankfully pass out.

Firb! Your rest doesn't last long enough, shaking awake to a nightmare. Her not so fibrous diet makes shit sticky, wet, and semi-solid. Immediately you shake at the sensation of it all suctioned to your body like putty all around, feeling it in every crease you have. It jerks your gut in a heave, slushing wet clay up your chin and over your neck. The collection of gunk in your toes squelches with sweltering, greasy mucus, feeling froth gurgling between each digit. It happens to your fingers as well when you try to cover your face, and it only manages to smear a sheen of greenish brown goop on your snout.

You groan in disgust. It's everywhere and unavoidable. Especially when muscles roll through to churn the paste forward, dragging you over squishy lumps caught in sludgy pockets. It smells worse too, slamming tones of waste never experienced before. Concentrated orca shit simmers with gas bubbling about, holding a putrid miasma of what fish became. Sucked dry of usable water, stripped of useful nutrients, left to boil in her bowels. The gurgling gas burps about in goopy pockets that erupt from the passing pressure, ending in an underwater, puff of a release.

It would seem she's awake with the noises she's making. Plus she's swimming around more, going up and getting a manual, body shaking breath of fresh air. It's like a taunt when she does, breathing the horrendous odor of her bowels. Her stomach let's loose bubbling gurgles as well with another croaking meal undergoing what you went through, hearing her burp underwater a few more disgusting times. Yet what's worse is when her colon clenches, sending funneling fumes from her ass out in foul bursts. She does so carefree, and it rattles the fleshy pipe, jostling clumps of shit, and shuttles you closer to freedom.

However, freedom feels so foreign, especially the closer you get to it. Guttural groans gargle with frothy waste sputtering wetly. Grotesque whines pierce the claustrophobic tunnel that never seems to abate. By the time one ends, there's another four that begin at different distances and tones. Higher pitched squirts glorp to the tune of low sounding groans, each with a flood of some materials being mashed by rolling flesh. It pops in your ears, hearing vividly the feelings of crap scraping your back, begrudgingly listening to your fur get smeared in mush. The meaty slaps of flesh suctioning flesh swallows over your body to create the awful noises, using you as an additional instrument to the gastric orchestra.

After what feels like hours go by that'd likely just minutes, you detect something pungent filling the bowel air. It's a different stench, but equally as appalling. A sloshy sound comes with it just ahead, and before you even have a chance to figure out what's going on, her muscles compress! ***Sclursh!*** You get ejected face first into her vile cloaca; the real splash zone. The

awful stink was piss pooling for release, mixing and melding with the horrid slop you sloshed in with. Strong urine floods your fur, spewing from an additional valve leading to this hellish chamber. So uncomfortably hot, slimy, gross in every way.

She knows you arrived too, giving a happy sounding noise with a few clicks and a clench. Her muscles smash the substances over you over and over, dunking your head under the frothy surface of greenish brown solids that are soaking in a thick yellow. The flesh is softer than her colon, but not any less disgusting. Almost doughy, spongy, but woefully coated in crap. Despite the smothering, the mucus keeps the walls clean like the mess is butter, compacting over and over as more spurts in.

Drenched in orca piss, incapable of swimming, just being wrangled by manual clenches. Soggy smooches from gassy pockets makes for awful noises to occur, leaving you trapped with a trifecta of terrible smells to combine. You even detect the musky pheromones of her sex sharing this vent, cringing as some slobbery goo oozes from a far cleaner, but off-limits valve. She likes you there, taking pleasure in your solid form brushing her inner walls with your attempts at a struggle.

The whole time she's swimming. To where, you could never be aware. The sway of her tail is more noticeable as you're at its base. Up and down presses around to add to the messy chaos. Slurps, glurps, and sloppy spurts sputter while your face is smothered by the exit. Even some cold salt water rushes in when you get slammed into it, adding even more of a salty smell to the place. It warms up quickly, but is then mixed into the wretched sea of sludge building in her cloaca.

Her playing clenches then finally stops. Gas rumbles around, fumbling in liquids in terrible pops before bloating the flesh up around your head and neck. Then the sloppy valve bursts open, venting the putrid fumes in a vibrating release, sucking in some salt water in exchange. Though her muscles seem to relax right after, hopefully deciding you've suffered enough. The hole floods open again, and sticky waste gets ejected! You flow with it, getting licked by the hole before being spit out in a plume of shit. Cold suddenly hits with urine and scat are overwhelmed by the enclosure water, yet it feels better than anything so far.

This gulping suction perks your ears as the water suddenly pulls! It's like you're being flushed, and you can't see where she went. A vortex forms, sucking you away with the rest of her waste like some special type of toilet built for her. It pulls you into a filtration system, simultaneously clogging you with crap while also splashing you with clean water. Yet after almost a minute of being plastered to some dirty filter, the thing shuts off, and you feel yourself being pulled upwards.

Light breaches the darkness, showing the face of a not-very-happy looking otter. He's the show host, and probable friend of the orca too. A look of disgust crosses his lips, scrunching his nose, and it's obvious the only reason he has to do this is because of you. His gloved paw

collects you, prying you from the filter with a slimy, cold sound. Naked, tired, covered in things you never wish to think of, and now stared at from an arms length by a macro.

He squints, and by the look painting your face you can tell he knows getting eaten wasn't your intent. "Did you at least learn your lesson?" He starts to walk towards clean water to presumably scrub you over.

You nod. *No micros in the splash zone.*