

Draconic Laundromat

You finish logging which clothes are yours. The only reason for why must be because they get washed with other furs'. It would explain why it's so cheap, but it feels weird to think about. The clothes are always clean, smelling really nice, but at the same time, it has touched someone else's stuff, and that alone makes it feel a little dirty for some reason. Regardless, you don't complain. It's free after all. The only complaint you have is that it takes almost a whole day for the place to get it done, but at least everything is folded when you pick it up.

It's run by a dragon, which makes the building very large. You've seen him on occasion. Big and bright blue, always with a joyous smile on his lips. He isn't in the main room for drop-off today, meaning he's likely in the underground section for employees only. It's where the large machine he uses to wash all the clothes must be, industrial in scale if he's using it. That brings up the question of all the clothes being washed at once, but how does it take a whole day? You don't know.

Going to the chute, you notice the large sign that states: *Please be careful! A safety mechanism is under repair!* The door is open. You couldn't imagine falling down there. How embarrassing it would be to land in other furs' laundry at the bottom. A little gross. Dangerous too. You hope that the safety thing isn't related to if someone were to fall in. Regardless, you click the button like the instructions ask, seeing *Please Wait!* Pop up in red. After about thirty seconds, it shifts to green, reading: *Ready For Load!*

You do what you always do, preparing to dump your dirty load right into the chute, but this time, you slip! Like the safety feature being gone is some divine calling, this destiny to fall in now of all days rears its ugly head. You slide down with your clothes, fading into darkness when it slopes. Wet, sanitizing spray jets unseen, getting you sappy and soapy along the way. The metal is so slick and slippery that nothing can stick, increasing your speed while your mind screams! This might immediately go into the machine!

Schlap schglurk! Metal suddenly transitions to something wetter, hot, and slimy, still sliding you down. Tight too, rhythmically taking you along with your clothes, feeling the walls shift and stir. Being so slick, everything is soapy, and it smells nice if you weren't panicking. This must be the machine, immediately spilling out into a larger chamber, slapping soapy water and other people's obvious clothes.

The machine's inner workings are loud. Rushing sloshes as it's turning everything slowly, kneading inward with spongy walls. Squelching with soap, pushing you with clothes, absolutely bizarre to the touch. There's a steady thump bumping, roaring rumbles, and it's very squishy. Unlike any machine you've ever heard, nor one you could imagine feeling like this, expecting some metal thing that would toss and turn. Instead, the place slowly turns, churning, unseen.

You quickly pull out your phone, thankful that it's waterproof. Turning on the flashlight shines brightly in your trapped chamber, showing an absolutely otherworldly scene. Flesh. Dripping wet with suds, drooling watery detergent from foaming wrinkles, seeing socks, shirts, underwear, and all sorts of colored clothes scattered about. Your stuff is in the mix, clung to the pink surface, being kneaded with everyone else's. Shocked. Horrified. The thought hasn't even crossed your mind at what this place might be, kicking around to fling fabric, splashing soapy water.

"That was a dirty load!" Your world shakes, bobbing the entire chamber. It's muted, but omnipresent, and the dots connect. The thump is a heartbeat, roars are breaths—this is his stomach! You hear him smack his lips above, probably tasting the remnants of you, and it's embarrassing. Just off of work, he's analyzing your sweat, and that makes his comment flush your face.

Gurgle! You're soaking in stomach juices, sloshing inside of the dragon's gut! Splashing, slapping, he doesn't seem to feel a thing, humming to himself while you try to call out. It gets water in your mouth, and it tastes like soap. Stuck inside of him, he's not letting you out because he doesn't know you're there. Fear comes with that thought, sitting in a heap of clothes, wading with sudsy fluids dripping from the ceiling.

It smells nice. With how absolutely bizarre that is, you hardly believe the breaths you take. Lavender. It's how your clothes smell after the service, potent while you come to grips with this ordeal. He eats people's clothes. He is the washing machine. The digestive slime smearing over you is actually just soap. There's no acidic sting, harsh overly chemical burn, or anything inherently hostile aside from knowing where you are.

His stomach churns, rubbing soft flesh in soppy soapy waves. It topples the loads of laundry, smacking your face with used socks and underwear, some yours, but most belong to others. They still smell worn, which makes the place smell a little sweaty, getting musky undies and assorted clothing smothered on top of you. There's no escaping the wet garments, feeling them cling to your body, rubbing like sponges with all the soap soaking them.

Buried in clothes, you're basically just another pair of shirt and pants inside of his gut, treated like laundry. Bubbles squelch, flesh kneads, scrubbing you up and down over and over. It's a cleaning cycle in a way, sloppily slapping clothes with muscles, squeezing the dirty aspects out of them, grinding to smooch soap all over.

You keep your light shining, noting there's no service, simply staring at the insane scene. Pants of various colors are scrunched up, socks without their matches, underwear of different types, bras, assorted shirts, hoodies, and dresses. All of it is enclosed with flesh, churning dark pink muscle that has a soapy sheen with your light gleaming off it. Bubbles shine rainbows with it too, watching them pop as gurgles groan loudly. The place is quite full, from what you can tell, weighed down by clothes, sloshing when he steps or shifts, still idly working without a care.

Time passes, and each attempt at getting his attention doesn't work. At most, you get him to flex his gut, but he pays no mind. Sloshed, churned, pushed around, kneaded over and over. You watch the dirty water collecting random gunk, soot, and other daily collectibles off the clothes, looking semi-murky, but drenched in soap. Despite the clean feelings all over, you've never felt dirtier, soaking in laundry water that's inside of a dragon's stomach.

The level of water glugs with a sudden drain, gurgling messily down below. He wiggles a little as it happens, sighing slightly. "A little bit of an oversized load... should have just set up the bin, but oh well! Last swallow was a little heavy..." He rubs his stomach, helping drain the dirty water.

Glug glg! You shine your light to the sphincter, watching as a flood of new water douses over, filling up the chamber once more. It comes in hot, swirling clothes, drenching everything again. What can only be thought of as a drain cycle has occurred, purging the sweaty laundry water with 'fresh' 'clean' stuff. Then he goes back to humming, vibrating the mixture to sud it up, gurgling with foaming soap.

You struggle and squirm, but his stomach doesn't care, treating you like all the rest of its contents. At the very least, you can say it's safe. You have air, there's no acid, and it does smell pretty nice. Granted, it's gross. You're inside of a belly. It doesn't matter how clean the place is, you can't get that out of your mind. Slipping on slippery flesh, feeling spongy walls that contour your fighting fingers. Little kicks are swallowed with suds, squelching loudly when you lose the socks on your feet. Your shirt clings to your fur bubbles flub in your pants, and still, socks and underwear manage to stick to your snout.

Given time to think, there's nothing else to do but wait. You always knew it takes a long while, and now you understand why. He's digesting the dirt and sweat away, using his soapy gut to cleanse clothes of random grime. When the 'In Process' sign goes up, it means he's full, and that's why 'the machine' only runs once a day. It's so cheap because he's eating laundry, producing his own soap, and processing it with minimal effort on his end, just going about his day in the laundromat.

After another two 'rinse cycles', something changes. He shifts, and more water floods in. This time, you hear the deep, guttural glug chug in his intestinal entrance, engulfing cloths, flubbing grossly. It dawns. He sends them all the way through, expecting that he might just cough them up. You try to swim, but you are wadded up with clothes, dragged downward, sloshed through the mouthy hole.

Glrp! Laundry spills in with you, nearly dropping your phone, watching socks spit, spurt, and getting a bra to cover your eyes. Villi scrub immediately, scrunching with even more soap, lathering it around. His belly is just the first portion. This is where the deep clean comes in. There's an expectation that it would stink, given where you are, but again, all you smell is that really nice lavender you're used to on your clothes.

Churned even more. The intestines are tight, really kneading you with the laundry. Soapy and squelchy, gurgling and gargling, pushing you through his winding maze. It's exhausting. Villi deep cleans your skin, keeping a steady level of foamy water sloshing against your body. It's probably the cleanest you've ever been, yet you feel so dirty in his body, rubbing other people's clothes. They no longer stink of musk, sweat, or grime, but they are still mostly not yours, occasionally seeing your stuff squeezed by pink fleshy muscles. You don't really associate it as yours at the moment, watching the walls wiggle, scrubbing your underwear with little finger-like nubs.

Compressed. The spongy, velvety pink walls knead at their own rhythm, squashing the laundry with you all in it. A hiss of bubbles rubs out, squeezing the clothes, then letting them soak for an unsure amount of time before doing it all again. While things should be getting caught and lost in his intestines, you notice that everything is still there, leaving none behind. You recognize shirts over and over, tumbling in a sort of game to pass time, seeing polka-dot underwear, knee-high socks, lewd lingerie, and a thick blue hoodie. Your stuff too, trying not to think about how it's churning in a dragon's digestive system, yet you're here with it, soaking in soapy guts.

Villi smudges gooey soap in your fur, scrubbing all over your body. Water sloshes, washing it over and over, cleaning with the constant wave of flesh churning. You put your phone away to not lose it, hoping it was actually your pant pocket that you put it in and not someone else's. Darkness comes with soapy squelches, wringing flesh, and bodily groans. The thump of his heart, roars of his breaths, reminding you constantly you're inside of another being. Pushed without sight, sloughing the whole trip through a dragon's body, still baffled about the entire thing. It's been hours, that much you know, and you were tired before this whole incident even occurred. Completely exhausted, your will to fight or even wiggle has faded, letting his body do whatever it wants, eventually fading into a strange, somehow cozy slumber.

Squelch! You awaken to a fleshy squish, reminded that you weren't dreaming. The scent of lavender is intense, filling your lungs with clean-smelling air. Granted, you know you're inside a dragon's body, resting on different feeling flesh, almost baggier, littered with clothes. You begrudgingly pull your phone back out, flicking on the light, being blinded for a moment. However, sight comes back to look upon the bowels of the beast, sifting inside of his colon. You grumble, baffled that it doesn't stink, but still grossed out that you're touching the inner walls that lead to his ass.

Everything is dryer, but still moist. His bowels seem to be sucking the moisture out, completing the wash cycle. You're wet enough that his body can still push it all, wadding up the clothes in a larger tunnel, fumbling them forward with peristalsis. Kneaded differently, but with the same pattern, hearing fluids squeeze out of fabric, looking at pools of water in the divots of his rigid colon.

You expect it to be slimy, but it's all just slick. Not soapy anymore. Still, it smells good, and you almost hate that it does, looking at such a woeful scene. Flesh swallowing clothes.

Socks sloughing down the pink walls, pant legs spanning the width of his churning colon, some random items tied into knots. So used to the feeling of wet clothes clinging to your body, you don't bother knocking the panties off your snout, letting his spongy flesh do it for you in time. It's replaced with one of your socks, then someone else's, followed by a bra, and smothered by a shirt.

The only thing that sticks to the walls looks like lint, watching it slowly melt in some weird display. His body absorbs that random stuff, probably able to survive by just eating people's dirty clothes. The thought is strange, but he only ate the laundry, and there's no trace of anything else in his system. You're thankful for that, but you're still inside of his body. He's likely asleep, heart thumping slowly, breaths static and rhythmic. Sleeping on the job, yet still idly working.

Squelching along, slowly getting drier, yet remaining damp. It reminds you of how washing machines work. When you pull the clothes out, they aren't dry, which is what the dryer is for. What he uses for that, you don't know and don't really want to know. Though your thoughts snap back to being pulled out of a washing machine. He's going to shit the clothes out, and that is upsetting.

Schlurp! A shunt squishes in your ears, watching a slap of pants sucking through the tunnel, slurping the legs like a noodle. Your snout follows, pushed through a smooth section of flesh with a heap of clothes, spilling out into what can only be the dragon's rectum. The squishy pouch balls you up, collecting the conglomeration of 'washed' laundry. It flexes when you slip and stir, moving the mound of clothes that buries you in his ass.

A loud yawn belts out after a couple of minutes, feeling more laundry join you in his anal hamper. "My oh my, that was a heavier load than I expected... the hamper is quite full!" His anus flexes, pinching to weigh the amount settled inside the wet pouch.

He gets up, stretching, compressing you in his ass without a clue that you're there. The pressure squeezes a bit of water out of your clothes, but it settles back in like a sponge again. Then he takes a couple of steps, wobbling you back and forth with each one. The squat is telling. Followed by an undesirable, clammy sound of his anus spreading, hearing the first thump of laundry being unloaded.

Thwak splat! His rectum evicts clothes, pushing you towards the exit, both dreaming of being free, but also embarrassed beyond belief. Shit out of a dragon, having traveled through him with other people's dirty laundry, now clean in the dirtiest feeling way. Even more so when his asshole plugs with your snout, making him flex. Obviously, that's not normal, but he pushes a little harder. You're still lubed up and wet, so the shape of your body matches the hole, sliding you out with ease, dumping you onto the mound of laundry.

A couple of shirts, socks, and a pair of pants slap down onto your back with the final pinching of his anus, making sure nothing remains inside. Too tired to move, shocked with shame and embarrassment too. Laying in a pile of clothes, blinded by the fluorescent light of his

basement. His white ass has those familiar bright blue scales going along his sides, and it's the last thing you want to see. Him. The dragon that ate you, then shit you out on this table to dry.

He turns to look at his work, smelling the air to get that whiff of lavender. You try to bury yourself, hide, but it's far too obvious. His eyes snap, that ever-loving smile goes to shock with his big blue eyes widening. "Oh my..." It's all he says while bringing his head down low, staring at you trying to not be looked at. "I thought something was off. It's a good thing I wash people too!" He chuckles nervously. "Why did you jump down the chute! Don't you know that's dangerous?" He tries to flip it back on you, which is mostly your fault, but you imagine the safety system is meant to prevent something like this.

You toss off some clothes, not off the table, but off of you as he sternly watches you mess with his work. Too dumbfounded and tired to speak, you just look at him. He's back to smiling all happy, not mad that you took the trip. It's such a casual appearance about him that he truly doesn't care, almost happy just to know you're there. He looks like he can do no harm, and that he's done you a service, strangely feeling super clean despite where you just were.

"I'll get you all dry and proper! I Have a laundry list of things to do today, but it's no bother! Business has been very busy. Who knew so many people wore clothes!" He chuckles, naked, but naked is normal for a dragon. "Got a bit more energy today because of you! For that, I won't have you help fold some stuff. It's all free of charge!"

He starts shifting the laundry around, hanging it up to dry before opening his mouth, releasing a hot gust of wind that heats the room. Then he points it at you, feeling this dry heat evaporate water, puffing up your fur in not much time. Though while he does you stare into his mouth, looking at the soapy spit, smelling the lavender of his breath. You took a tumble down the chute at the back, finding out more than you'd ever want to know about the draconic laundromat.