

The jungle heaves to the dragon's bellow. Three kobolds stand before a myth given life, claws over face in awed silence. Resting upon the cracked stone of a forgotten ruin, a beast with four wings crackles with strings of electrified fire. His coat is clad with orange fur and feathers—richer in color than a field of poppies. He is a blend of every jungle creature: birds' wings, leopards' paws, even his tail likens to a prehensile, fuzzy snake. He lazes facing the lizards, orange eyes a colored garnet in his black sockets.

The pure power of its subsonic bass rumbles in the kobolds' chests. Their own chest becomes the heart of a drum: a resonant chamber where the bassy sound builds and builds until the kobolds are but rattles of flesh and scale.

It was a fart.

"So, yeah..." the dragon chatters, "today's... *that* day right? Oh-ho, damnable devils—this is all mightily awkward, yeah?"

"V-very!" a kobold—Wickle—stutters, looking the dragon right in his eyes. Deep green scales shine in the jungle's morning sunrise. Speckles of red scales pock the front of his muzzle, neck, and underbelly in random splotches. Wickle isn't afraid of the dragon. No, no, no! He has a blast playing Dragonshot—a contact sport the kobolds play: where a fruit is the ball and the goal is the dragon's mouth. The part that scares him—is *why* the dragon's farting.

You see, Wickle drew the short straw this morning. Everyone knows this. Wickle spouted a "DAMN IT" loud enough for rumors of a second jungle dragon to sprout.

Their big ol' featherball is a gentle soul... beneath the fire, fangs, and frightening presence. Every once in a while some rowdy adventurers stumble into the wild's sacred

heart. Most run away with their tails between their legs. They're annoying. And oddly tend to arrive on Wednesdays.

The mean-'n-brave-'n-stupid ones get ate. Only takes a bite! One. Big. Gulp.

And they're gone! Problem is, they don't go down naked. Steel and leather melt into ferrous goop. But magic items? Well—they survive the trip. And they tend to get stuck up in his—

“Be butt-brave, Wickle!” A black kobold sings. “First time for you, many time for me! Hard work. Stinky work. But make Master *very* happy!”

She pauses for a moment, letting silence take over before it's broken by a precision strike of a humorously-bright dragon toot. *Prft!*

“Master!” Another kobold hollers, yellow scales this time: Goldentail. Her claws scratch the underside of her pudgy chin as she leans to the side—looking around to the dragon's backside. “Question. Who you eat?”

The dragon's ears droop as his stomach grumbles, sounding like bubbles in a bog. “...A wizard.”

“Just one?” she asks, “he rich-looking, tell me?”

“Ah—hmm—no...” The dragon's claw claw falls to his bubbling belly as he reclines on his side, laying like a lazy cat. “He was... just the first. He had friends that were... quite upset. They came later. They—dranks some potions of bravery annnnd... didn't back down.”

“But rich though?”

“One of them had a gold—”

“Good enough!” Goldentail pipes, reaching for the two ‘bolds beside her. She ropes them into a hug, letting their shoulders crash in a great big mash of affection and yappy yelping. “We go in Master’s ass.”

“Noooo!” Wickle shouts, “Master’s ass is dirty!”

“Hey!” The dragon butts in, “you wash it inside-and-out every two months!”

“Not Wickle!” He cries, “*she!*”

Longtooth smiles. “‘Tis true!”

“Point is,” the dragon pops up, “my butt’s way cleaner than yours.”

Longtooth leans to Wickle and whispers, “not true. Master know not what giant boar do to the belly.”

And that is how the three kobolds came to be: heated by the fire drake’s warmth as they stand between his thighs. The dragon rests on his back, lounging against the smooth, greenery-draped turf of a gentle slope.

They stand beside his great tail. And the cream-colored, fur-fluffed line snakes upwards to crest in a fleecy wave where tail meets butt. Between the globes of carpeted assfat, every lizard spies the monster in the valley. A pale, pink wrinkled portal to smelly horror hides between slightly-parted globes of fuzzy fat. The fur dampened by condensation, the jungle heat bakes the dragon’s body—and most certainly bakes his insides.

The yellow Goldentail cringes and groans, turning her haughty head up and away—but leaves her eyes glued on the dragon’s crevice. The down sticks to its neighbors on the other cheek, splitting apart with subtle, sticky peelings as the dragon’s

arse shifts with his ambient movements. The sound is like wet hair smushing—and the dreadful sound knocks a wet gag from the sickly Wickle.

“Mmm, ah, so...” the trio feel their skeletons rattle from the dragon’s low voice: an awkward mumble. “Magic items. I ate ‘em. Stuck up there. But—I think you should know one weird one that’s stirring up a storm in the ol’ dragon cave...”

“You got storm shaman in butt?”

“Yes—I ate him yesterday. But it’s more his staff—”

“Hah!” Longtooth’s namesakes clack as she shuts her mouth after a cheery, bright outburst. “You have stick up butt. You like Paladin!”

The dragon’s black lips twist into a wavy line as his stomach burbles like boiling mud. “That isn’t, um, wrong. I did enjoy how he tasted.” His toeclaws curl—steady, in-and-out, in-and-out—as his gastric noises squeak and squirt along his filled bowel ways. Going from watery to airy—deadly gasses transition from murking in sludgy intestinal goop to squeezing towards the beast’s muck-stuffed rectum. Wickle’s shaky, darting eyes spot the dragon’s arse bulge a bit. Bubbles are knocking on his backdoor.

“I think I should really tell you—”

The moment arrives with a drop of Wickle’s stomach.

Fffffff-pt. A wheezy whisper of air escapes. And the air smells strangely like birthday cake.

“Well,” Goldentail spouts, finally able to look the dragon in his one, winking eye. “That not bad as thought.”

He groans, “not... done...”

Muscles' curved indents appear in the fuzz of the dragon's thighs. Belly flesh squashes as the dragon's paws, as if by life of their own, instinctively push down on his chubby sea of creamy fur. Guts squash as his flabby gut scrunches. And his tightly-shut tailhole opens to flood gates—and burps out a nauseating odor. The shocked dragonservants freeze as if affected by a gorgon's stare. Bawdy winds flow through the hairs on the underside of his tail, flattening his coat as if the gale was soothing over a field of wheat.

Kobolds—green, gold, and black—all groan as an invisible, cursed wind flows by. Putrid, eggy scent is spiced with the barest hint of vanilla icing—a scent that sticks out like a sore thumb. But it brings no pleasure. It dilates their nostrils—opening them up for steaming air to scour their nostrils with a terrible blend of meat-fart repugnance. The air's texture is palpable: stuffed with moist bowel air.

The butt bomb dies into a sputtering rumble. Three little hearts hammer as they each react to the stench. Longtooth cringes her face into a wrinkled mess, attempting to stay stalwart. Goldentail dainty pinches her nose and turns away. Wickle cries into his claws.

And the dragon's stomach gurgles once more.

“...Wand of Prestidigitatious Winds...” He groans. “Conjures winds imbued with special effects. Everything's been... birthday flavored. I'm thinking that shaman got eaten on her special day...”

Prrt. A puff of confetti shoots out. Colorful squares stick to their skin. Enough so, that it looks like the kobolds are going through a very smelly, gradual color transformation.

“*Urmpf!*” Goldentail squeaks, “beginning to think loot may not be worth it...”

“Stay river-calm, Goldentail,” the black kobold groans, “butt-air cannot kill.”

“You lieeee!” Wickle’s muffled voice wails. “Wickle knows when Wickle’s dying!”

“She talk to me,” Goldentail grimaces, her poise finally starting to crack. “But yes. She lie.”

“Do not!” Longtooth spits, “butt smell better once inside too.”

“Lie like rat!”

“Again—truth!” She exclaims, “you get used to smell.”

A cute *braap* pops from the dragon’s rear. It has a hint of putrid coconut.

Wickle’s frantic eyes dart from kobold to kobold. “Cannot get use to smell *if it change!*”

The air thick with stench, the kobolds’ claws crunch the dirt and undergrowth as they timidly approach. Goldentail keeps her nose pinched with a single claw as Longtooth solemnly bears it. Meanwhile, they both push Wickle. He’s digging his feet down. And his claws scratch at his muzzle, hiding his utterly disgusted face—pinched and twisted like he sucked on the world’s sourest treat.

“Wickle *noot* going in first!” His voice echoes in his hands, “first one in is last one out!”

Goldentail’s now nasally voice answers. “Put turtle between teeth, Wickle!” She pipes, “you get first dibs on all the good stuff.”

Whimpering kobold meets bubbling bowels as the green-scaled thing is pushed through the amorphous, heavy cloud of lingering dragon flatulence. Wickle squeaks as he’s thrown onto his master’s tail. His scales thump into a pliant beanbag of flesh,

carpeted with cushioning fur. His nose wrinkles as it's planted dangerously close to a wrinkled rim: a puckered pink that's deceitfully clean on the outside. Sour smell still sifts through—the invisible demon ravaging Wickle's pampered nose, so used to the sweet smells of jungle fruit and wild air.

Half-swallowed by the hairs of the dragon's tail, his statue-still body absorbs the sights of his unfortunate positioning. Thick sudor of dragon fluff and musk smooths the kobold's mind. The jungle sun, already dimmed by the thick canopy, is darkened further with Wickle being cloaked in the shadow of the dragon's balls. The drooping orbs hang like coconuts from a tree—the fur-covered sack seemingly melting from above like drooping dough.

The great dragon clears his throat as he looks down—his head framed by his legs from the kobold's view. “Err, thank you for helping out. ...You okay there, Wickle?”

“Wickle... soul... grates... feel grinded by rock.”

“Wickle greats'? Great!” The dragon smiles while the kobold pales. A claw flicks forth, pointing towards the two others. “Safe to shove him in!”

The 'bold's eyes widen as kobold claws grip his feet.

Instantly, his own guts revolt as his squeaky-clean snout mashes into a terribly greasy backdoor. Moistened due to constantly spewing out steamed-and-baked rancor from an angry GI, the dragon's arse is as wet as if it was licked. Slickened with its own anal lubricant, the mushy muscle gladly swallows the lizard's whimpering snout.

A disgusting *slorp* signals Wickle's entry. His nose thrusts into a steamy hell as his golden eyes stare at the alien muscle gnawing his nose's bridge. The draconic tailhole squishes forth an odd, discolored liquid, anal slime, as it wrings it forth from the

numerous wrinkles scribing its surface. Fetid, warm ooze trickling down Wickle's face—his own heart stops as he hears his master grunt. Muscles tens-of-thousands stronger than he use an ounce of their power to grip him just tight enough for his scaly body to pleasantly grind across the touchy flesh. The two others push him in—but the dragon's arse does most of the heavy lifting. He oozes right inside; high-pitched whining turns to warbling as he gets a faceful of the colon's festering remnant residents.

Wickle's chin slides along what would've been the roof of the dragon's rectum. But with his inverted, belly-up positioning—the dragon's inner world has been turned on its head. Shitty muck from a gut-softened meal smeared into the dragon's rectal roof after his morning shit. And now, Wickle feels the silt that's been left behind. Terribly creamy, the goo is a cruel parody of lotion. It cakes into his scales, tarring between the crevices. The wretched mortar is fiendishly hot.

And one hasn't even been described the smell.

Wickle's claws fling to his face as if launched by a catapult. They clap hard on his nose, smearing the gook on his chin as he hurriedly tries to stave off the stench. Buried in a cavern of pulsing, slimy flesh that twitters with Wickle's every movement—the 'bold squirms his footclaws, the only bit of him that remains outside.

Outside, two kobolds look to the frantically-wiggling claws while they cover their noses. Longtooth takes a wary step back at the warm cloud of stench spreads around her. Tail swishing nervously, he hefts her red eyes to the dragon's gold.

"I wonder... Master think Wickle okay?"

"...It certainly feels like he's enjoying himself." the dragon's paws softly set into his pillowy belly. Mere moments pass before his gut rumble with earthquakes, grisly

gastric *gwourps* and gurgles shoving their way through his lengthy sloppy pipings. His black gums twist. A snarl forms: a lovely expression that's a mix of relief and straining as his soft paws dig into his stomach. His gut squashes as gurgles grow louder. And his pale tailhole belches out a wheezing wail of confetti-flecked gas. A few ribbons stream out, tossing over his tail as Wickle ironically squelches inside—swallowed by a sudden muscular clamp.

Tiny eyes freeze. Stunned kobolds stare in silence.

The dragon pops a cramped grunt, a frantic kobold

“Urf,” he groans. “Smells like Davick.”

“...Davick?” Goldentail cocks her head. “Name not ring bell?”

“Mmm, he’s a barbarian. Ate him, I’m guessing. Got someone’s memory of his, like, stink...”

Wrinkles form on his brow as his wings lazily flap once.

“Geez, there’s *a lot* of memories of this guy. *Everyone* hated this guy.”

The beast’s belly gurgles. A dulled screaming is heard in anticipation.

“Your friend... sure is having fun in there...” The dragon shivers as a quiet crackle fills the air, his toe bones pleasantly popping when the dragon curls his digits. Feathers brush against his hide as a feathered wing conveniently hides his fuzzy privates from prying kobold eyes.

Goldentail shoots the dark-scaled kobold a worried glance rife with barely-suppressed disgust. But a slap fills the air as Longtooth’s claws smack her crossed arms—and she returns Goldentail’s look with a frown.

“No lollygagging. Goldentail next.”

She glares before briskly sticking out her tongue. But then—she pops awake. Wickle's in there first. *He'll* find the sparklies *first*. And *ruin* them with his grubby claws. That is... if he doesn't take him first.

Claws.

Gross... Wickle claws.

All over her stuff.

She locks into a sprint.

The dragon's eyes bug like a googly-eyed cat when a kobold rams into his arse with a running-jump headstart.

Slimy, oily flesh plasters its wet surface on the kobold's scales—drawing her in with a jaw-clenching ripple. Squishy tissue collapses around her upper body, her pudgy posterior hanging from the dragon's birthday-supply-sprinkled ass. His surprised clenchings smear disgusting flesh along Goldentail's face and chest, oiling her with a wretched coating of gooey grease. Wickle's scream sounds as he's swallowed deeper, emptying out in the dragon's rectum—where he finds the space to crawl. Perhaps, even kneel—if he doesn't mind pushing up against a ceiling that constantly drools smelly garbage juice.

Longtooth watches as Goldentail violently worms her way into the blushing dragon's tailhole. And when she's cleared, it's the black kobold's turn.

Longtooth takes a calculated approach. She walks on up and sticks an arm in. Then—the other. Slowly peeling apart the awful flesh, baking warmth blasts into her face—the sweltering internal air rushing out to beat the heat. Grotesque scents vomit violations to Longtooth's well-being, bathing her in swampy air that smells of a horrid

waste collection: the results of the shared garbage of a royal afterparty—rotten meats and spoiled sugary treats, the candied once-delights birthing from the lodged wand.

Not a second more is wasted before she squirms inside. The wise, great dragon sits with a silly flush in his face—feeling his belly rumble with gut-sloshing gurgles and Wickle’s bowel-trembling squeals.

“Ah shoot,” he puffs, “That’s, ah, errm... gonna be a big one. Oh man...”

Wobbling bowels swing as the lord of the jungle walks. Heavy steps send shuddering tremors through the jelly-like flesh, rattling the whining contents within.

“Get shitty claws away from Goldentail’s face!” The smushed mug of Goldentail becries, trying to worm her way past a wriggling Wickle.

“Get dragon shit away from *Wickle!*” He pushes against the sordid wall, avoiding a clump of peanut-butter mush that rubbed off and gummed to the wall after the dragon’s morning dump. “Make more room, Wickle *splat* into *that!* No room for you!”

Longtooth sighs, easing her way through the connecting bend that joins the dragon’s rectum and colon. “We in dragon butt. Quit being butt.”

To which Wickle responds with a gag. And Goldentail hits him with a snort. Then her claw. Because she pushes him aside.

SPLAT! He squishes into fetid, pulsing bowels as Goldentail soldiers forward—face a tad greener as the kobold weathers the intensifying stench of processed dragon shit.

“Aieeee!” He shrieks, mashing into sewage, feeling the substance pop and crawl up the scales he works to soap clean every morning.

“Quit being a baby.” Goldentail shoves forward. She isn’t a thin kobold. Her portly frame occupies much of the crawlspace, mashing the wirey Wickle in the stinky honey-dappled dreck. The walls no longer smooth, rubbery curves—like the insides of a waterskin—the ridged colon has indents where dragon dreck gathers. Not necessarily waste, the stuff is mostly grody bowel juices mixed with smidgens of trapped intestinal gunk. Basically—marsh mud. Globby, gooey, wet gunk that can’t decide if it’s solid or liquid... instead opting for a terrible inbetween that’s *delightfully* reminiscent of peanut butter.

Marching order changed, kobolds crawl as the dragon moses on with his day. Up first: a bath.

Dipping into the pooled waters poured from an idyllic jungle waterfall, he warms his bath with a careful burst of dragonflame. Kobold servants are called, carrying soap pilfered from supplies: dropped from fleeing adventurer’s and bought from exotic markets (one gaggle of three-kobolds-in-a-trench-coat looks suspicious. A group of five? Just a normal group of weirdos). The great orange beast dips into the water, humming as he feels the pleasant glow of the heated lake. Servants ride him like a float as he lazes out, letting his wet belly be warmed by the sun. A few kobolds baskets of fruit, feeding him a few at a time as they banter and laugh.

Inside the big lug? Not so pretty.

Guts rotate like a cement mixer as the lizards mush their way through filled bowels—stuffed with crap that hasn’t yet been mashed into shape by his rectum. They’re piles of sludge, shambling their ambling way through the crush-and-squeeze of the drake’s lazy tract.

Slop peels from the ceiling as Goldentail feels her stomach unleash a disgusted, sickened *gworp* into her throat. Up ahead, a wad of potato-shaped shit is sucked upon by pulsing bowels—thrumming with the dragon’s pleased hums. She senses the other kobolds atop his pudgy belly, hearing the sounds of his squished gut and feeling the occasional subtle indentation as a lizard passes overhead. Muted scrubs and chatterings break through his many layers of flesh, filling the wretched shitpipe with a sound other than grisly growls and blasts of gas. Servant hands knead the dragon’s guts, relaxing his bowels—dilating them just a bit to allow the mammothine shit to slide closer to the grossed-out kobold.

“Eww...” She groans, regrettably squashing herself into the wall, seeing if there was a way around the disgusting thing.Nope. Tuning out the constant whining of Wickle and the grumpy snaps of Longtooth, her eyes laser-focus upon the wad of crap when she sees wondrous, glittery sparkle.

Gold—somehow still *sparkling* despite the filthy environment. The circular rim is of the precious yellow metal. And the round thing seems to be covered in a shell of similar substance. A... locket? It sticks from the top of the muddy abomination: in the squalid crawlspace between bowel roof and the shitty-muck top of the beast’s BM.

Goldentail is simple. And, ohhh, aptly named. She’ll do anything for gold. And nothing’s too shameful if it gets her some tail. And dudes dig glittering sparklies.

Astoundingly revolted, Goldentail nevertheless crawls forward. Pressing through slopping glop dripping from the ceiling like spilled chocolate, she presses through the warm, coating stream of abhorrence while the dragon above relaxes. Enjoying himself, he rolls his belly—pumping a pulse through it from top to bottom. Kobolds either laugh

or squeal as they ride the wave of his flesh, feeling the gurgles warble through his shaking flesh. For Goldentail, she sees the roof collapse as the wave passes by—dappling her with gooey fudge as the kobold whines. Servants shift above her. She hears them scrubbing the exact area she must transverse. And she sees that section of his gut squish and flutter, pressed down by scaly claws. The oily ceiling kisses his shit's top, nuzzling the digested forest meats until the roof's browned with sloughed-off draconic drippy dung.

Stomach audibly protesting, Goldentail digs her claws into her master's shit. She hoists herself up, using her weak kobold arms to pull her up past the rounded tip of the misshapen heap. Her strength poor, she can't keep herself from dragging along the scummy surface—leaving her chest and belly streaked with warm, clumpy horribleness. Being so close to her master's refuse imparts horrible detail about his meals. She smells hints of the spices they used to season their meats; it stings her nose, leaving a terrible spicy aroma that mixes with the rotten spoils of the jungle. Lion meat mixes with its boar prey, gumming together to house the digested remains of a foolish, haughty knight. The barest of metal bits surviving digestion, Goldentail uses his molten pauldrons as a footrest to heave herself forward. Perfectly timed, the dragon's passage dilates—as if it's taken in a large breath. But the truth is soon revealed: sickening, shit-marinated air blows past with sprinkles of shit-specked confetti—the squares sticking to Goldentail's scales as the dragon's roof abruptly smashes down, smearing her into his gloppy waste. Breaking into a horrified gagging retch, the dragon's soured-cake farts blow past her—bashing into her compatriots before bubbling off into the spring. Goldentail, face smashed with crap, hears muted giggles from her coworkers

above—and is forced to hold onto the dragon’s toxic mud for dear life as her master decides to erupt into booming, body-rattling laughter. His jubilant uproar stirs her into a froth of slime and shit, conveniently digging her closer to the glittering prize she came here to seek.

Half-buried in the next log to leave station, Goldentail digs her claws through soft clay—choking the toxic aftermath before a sudden shove plunges her face into her freshly-dug hole.

On the dragon’s upturned belly, cheering kobolds rub his belly. Laughing and holding their noses, they playfully tease their dragon.

“C’mon!” An accented voice breaks through, unrefined but filled with energy. “Let it out, Master! Better out than in~”

His claws push on his lower belly... right where Goldentail is.

“Master looking chubbier than usual!” A fried voice laughs, “fat meals—or bloated gas!”

At first—the dragon is embarrassed. But quickly, he feeds on the energy of the crowd: his friends and servants. Excitement blooms in his heart. He’s lost in the show.

One kobold throws him a melon-like jungle fruit—which he crushes with a single chomp. Pinkish fruit pulp splatters over the lizard’s brownish scales.

“Haha! Seem Maca Melon good for stomach! Side effects, thooouugh!”

“Ooo!” A jade-scaled kobold shivers, swimming in the water to brush the dragon’s paw. “Water cold. Warming it up for us, Master?”

“Dragon roar from *both* sides!” A twinkling voice laughs.

“Fart.” A croaking kobold quacks.

Behind Goldentail, the two other kobolds blanche. The yellow kobold? Her cheeks puff as she nearly vomits. She sees the roof pulse, the ugly cavern squashing as her master intentionally begins to force out a fart. Each squash buries her a bit more. And she begins to panic.

She reaches for the locket as jubilant kobolds help their dragon work up a terrible butt belch. Pulling it from the muck, she quickly pries it open. Inside—a red button with a note embroidered above it in fancy text.

If in peril, suppress this button Davick.

Then below it in tacked-on plainscript.

Press this, idiot.

She presses it. Immediately, a few small black dots appear in the amulet's mirror-like sheen: nozzles. And a pink liquid squirts out into her face. Seeping into her scales, a strange sense befalls her. She can... taste it. Did it get in her mouth? It *certainly* wasn't open.

She remembers: potions. Even contact potions let you taste them. It's in the magic. Potions taste *terrible*. So, crafty wizards imbue them with an enchantment to override your sense of taste with something pleasing. This one tastes like... glue. ...Was this Davick's favorite flavor?

Stomach... floaty... She grouses in her mind. ...*What's going to happen to—*

In an instant, every nerve in her body alights all at the same time—telling her that she's *floating*. Falling and rising in a confusing conundrum of mixed, contradicting responses—Goldentail's remains sharp as ever. Whereas her body feels as if it's in the midst of that plummeting sensation before she sleeps. An ever-present weight lifts off

her shoulders. Namely, *her own*. Her wide eyes watch as her claws become smoke. Tendrils of kobold-colored fume sprawl into spirals that begin to leak between cracks of the dragon's scat.

It was a Potion of Gaseous Form. Invulnerable to damage, the greedy kobold has transmuted to a cloud of gas. And her now incorporeal belly drops like a hailstone when she hears an all-too-terrible gurgle.

Teases and cheers raise to a fever-pitch as the ginormous orange beast begins to flatten his tummy. A large thigh lifts from the waters, just slightly—prepping the proper position for a leg-raising booty brap.

His facial features twist in focused strain—and his stomach *rolls*. A visible wave of his muscle's peristalsis tumbles down his belly, filling his body with the slimy-squashy noises of his compressed guts. Longtooth and Wickle bunker down, taking in the sloppy mashings of his goopified stomach contents, mashing beneath two tons of muscular force. They hear flatulence whine in his small intestines, squeezing through a labyrinthine system of tunnels before peeling into the watery, semi-shit depths of his cecum. Soggy farts warble through his ascending colon, bloating his belly as they travel through the transverse—and the gaseous Goldentail squeals as she's hit with a stench thicker than she is.

Thick, fat bubbles brew beneath the dragon's bottom, bubbling to the top of the pool in smacking pops. The jungle dragon keeps at it for as long as he can, airing out his system in repeated thorough squashes of his gut. Each one pushes Goldentail closer to the exit. For gas is like a liquid—and the flow has knocked her aside. Trapped in an air pocket to the right of her master's anus, she feels herself slowly leak through

throughout the long process of the dragon's stinky joke. Formless body brushing along the filthy innards of his tract, she finally reaches his belching tail hole. Soggy from water, with a bit of it leaking inside—forming a slurry as disgusting as one would imagine—she's mashed into an abruptly-closed pucker. The jungle's master wriggles his toes. He flashes the crowd a look. And with a warble of his belly and a crushing wave, he clenches his cheeks and whistles out a whining performance-topper. Goldentail squeezes through soggy hairs, laden with the stink of passed gas and dragon musk—leaking into a stream of bubbles that blow into the pool. Sticking regrettably close to the dragon, her bubbles travel along the crevice of his inner thigh. She rides upwards until she hits his balls, her bubbly stream traveling along the curve of his right nut before popping to the surface.

She's... alive. No one's noticed her.

"Um, hey!" She tries to shout, but gaseous lips kinda suck. "I'm floating away...!"

"...This potion wears off, right?"

Blasted with gas and clumps of dreck, the exhausted Wickle and Longtooth take a break—too tired to move. Soon, their master rises from his soaking—quite a bit happier! And lighter. Thus, he trods off—meandering towards his next order of business: patrolling the forest's skies.

Cramped between a half-filled burrow of waste, Wickle's cheeks puff as steam leaks from his nose. Sounding like a deflating balloon, the pressure grows until he erupts into a clamor.

“Horrible!” He says, braced against a mushy clump of waste, too early in the intestine to be fully-formed. The kobold’s crawling across the horizontal part of the dragon’s colon: right beneath his belly button. He spots vanilla cake mushed with dragon fudge, twisting in a terrible slurry. All the while, party-themed winds bombard Wickle’s face with atrocious smells.

“Air! Need air!”

“Pipe down!” Longtooth cuts through his hysteria. “And go up Master’s pipe.”

Wickle’s eye flicks to its corner, peering over his shoulder. “Wickle *drowns* in meal-stench!”

“You can’t drown in air, idiot.”

“Then Wickle drown in *sorrow!*”

“Wickle will be *choking* on my foot—going up Wickle’s ass if he not keep moving!”

Prabpt! A pass of gas burbles down the smelly, greasy dragoncave. Slime spills off moist shit, noisily slapping on Wickle’s back—painting it horrifically muddy-yellow. A distraught gurgle rolls in his throat as he steams up once again, culminating in a caterwaul that signifies his anguish.

The tunnel ahead flutters with light cramps as softer gusts of wind push through. Soft grime rubs off with the intestinal wall’s touch, claying to the moistened surface before bits fly off with the dragon’s gas. Speckles fling back onto the wad of shit filling half the tunnel—less a log and more of a yet-to-be-shaped mudslide. Softer, mushier ooze rolls off, coating the filth as it were glazed. Moisture that’s yet to be absorbed, the hot, pulpy stuff pours like chunky cake mix—spilling over the crying Wickle preceding his immediate, sloppy burial.

Trapped beneath ooze that, if it were to *even reach* the end of the dragon's tract, would be little more than a squirt—Wickle flails his arms through the heavy stuff. However, the moment he flings the stuff away, more sludge plops in to fill its place. Ten seconds of frenzied struggling. His tail whips into something hard—like metal. And in a series of cumbersome movements, he's able to kick the item up towards his face. His scrabbling claws identify it as a bottle. Significantly—and quite curiously—the bottle is open... yet empty. No material of any kind.

So, Wickle does what Wickle do. He stuffs his sniffer right in there. The capsule of Bottled Breath slips right over his mouth and nose until it bonks up against the bony scales between his eyes. Claws scratch at the smooth surface, now clearly identifiable as a hard glass. And if he could see himself, he'd see his snout all smushed up inside the glass. His lips press against the smooth interior. His nostrils puff out air that fogs the inside.

Wickle takes a reluctant breath.

And finds nothing but clean air.

Wondrous freshness. Holy reprieve. It's the kiss of an angel: sent down by some merciful goddess. Even his snout becomes clean, cleansed by the holy bottle. Wickle feels ready to start a religion.

Just then—a voice breaks through the mushy avalanche.

"Wickle!" Longtooth's shout holds traces of a frustrated groan. Yet, it trails off with that distinct quality of someone who cares. Much like an annoyed sister, frustrated yet concerned her sibling got his tongue caught in a crab's claw. Too specific? Well, it's happened before. Wickle was curious. Longtooth was ecstatic she didn't truly share

blood with him. Otherwise, the stupidity might be hereditary. And currently latent. She'd just might wake up with a lighter head and half her brain MIA.

"Wickle fine!" He shouts, voice muffled. A wretched sound slops around as the kobold slowly unburies himself. A black claw reaches down, Longtooth intending to help. But her scales crawl the moment she touches the dreariness. And suspicious gurgling down the road prompts her to push up against the rubbery, filthy wall—taking preemptive cover. At least, as much as she can in the tight passageway.

Wickle breaks into the world like a monster rising from the swamp. Putrid squalor coating him from head to still-buried toe, he's the happiest he's ever been.

"Wickle found God."

"...C-capital 'G'?" Longtooth mutters, cheek smearing along the wall with the dragon's bouncing flight.

"Yes," Wickle says. "'G' is for glass."

Longtooth blinks.

"Wickle is invincible now! Germs make you sick by bad air. Wickle can not breathe bad air."

She shuts her eyes tight for three heartbeats. And though she desperately wants to facepalm, the current state of her claw would make it like pieing herself in the face.

Thoughts wiped, she spouts. "Find the dumb rod before both of us become nimrod."

And so they went—crawling over refuse that smears along the wobbly tract. Deep in his body, they both hardly hear the wind whipping his fur. His heartbeat dominates. But they catch the sound of other things as well. Organs slide with the

shifting of his body cavity, sliming over each other like greasy raw chicken rubbing together in a sandwich bag. His stomach glops with its viscous sludge, plopping in a constant spilling and spewing of chunky half-digested mixture. The fruits from earlier have reduced to pulpy mash—gradually trickling and burbling down into a gurgly line of villi-pocked pipes. And to Longtooth’s particular disgust, she hears his bladder sloshing—an alien sound totally invisible from the outside world. But without the coat of flesh and fur to block the noise, the soft spilling of his liquid waste spices the sickening soundtrack.

“Urf,” Wickle swallows, turning a corner in his master’s upper colon—a jiggly tube of filth-filled meat positioned right below the stomach. Softer sludge sits here, less processed than the chunky slop that crawls near the end of his tract.

“Wickle thinks this place is windy.”

“...” Longtooth clambers after her partner, the lizard now pushing aside a blob of sludge plopped right in the middle of the colonways.

“‘Windy’?” She asks.

Wickle starts to turn, but his nose gets caught in the shitblob. He yelps, but simply resigns himself to answer with his muzzle inside it. “Yes, windy.”

“Are you saying ‘windy’ or ‘windy’?”

“Windy.”

Longtooth growls. “Is Master’s tunnels ‘full of wind’? Or ‘full of winding turns’!?”

“Windy.” Wickle says, plain as day. “Hear me not? ‘Windy’ is say out loud differently than ‘windy.’ Only in pen does it sound same.”

“Wickle better hope he not winds up choking on pen.”

“...Wickle confused.” The kobold pipes, turning around as horrid ooze drips over him from the ceiling. “What about winds? How do winds make me choke on pen?”

Prbbt. The tunnels clench out a pert pass of flatulence, scrunching up the gook inside—causing the blob Longtooth is passing to nearly consume her. Keeping it at bay with raised claws, she glares at Wickle.

“I said *winds!* Like ‘end up’. Not even *said* the same as ‘wind’.” She groans, “you buffet me with stupid as much as Master buffet with fart.”

“Ew!” Wickle cries. “Master’s farts *not* tasty.”

“Not a ‘buffet’ you stupid—”

Longtooth sighs. “I refuse. Mouth shut. Will not engage.”

Wickle looks at Longtooth with sad eyes. “You not shit, Longtooth. You kobold.”

And without another word, Wickle turns back ahead—crawling through the dragon’s tube. Yet, her mind thinks...

I never want to hear “windy” again...

It’s a windy day in the jungle skies. Bright sunlight lends the dragon’s coat its brilliance. A gleaming sheen shines across his glossy feathers and brushed fur. The water from his sauna has long dried up. Yet, his coat retains its moisture—ever fed by the condensation of fluffy clouds and the jungle’s humidity.

All in all, he’s a picturesque rendering of the mythological guardian of the land. Magnificent, powerful, even frightening. Smoldering flames burn across his surface. Energy courses along his whipping tail. He chews the scenery. His presence swallows the sky—

—And something more.

“Hm?” The dragon tilts his head in curious thought. “Ah, nevermind. Funny air, it must’ve been.”

Goldentail is screaming.

Not that anyone could hear her of course.

Because as her gassy, greedy, little body floated high—it didn’t stop. It didn’t stop at the treeline. And it certainly didn’t stop once she cleared the canopy. Bobbing about in the air as an amorphous, slightly-yellow cloud of air—she was nearly invisible. Still is.

Which is why her heart sank when she noticed her master in the distance. Far away, growing larger. Growing closer. His great wings flinging off embers as he proudly glided right onto her position.

Master stop! She silently commands, making hardly a whistle. The sun and the clouds become dark as the dragon’s body robs the world of any color that isn’t burning orange.

That’s why her master is so kind. He opens his mouth to gulp down the sweet air. And he gives her a splash of pink and red to look at.

Oh... Goldentail trails. Oh no, no, n—

He hits like a tackling mountain. Her cloudy form zips past his lips and bashes into his tongue. She dissipates into swirls, still conscious as she tumbles through the confines of his maw. Blurry colors and vicious heat assail as she’s sucked her into a pulsing passage of flesh

Up ahead, the dreck clogs the jungle beast's sewer pipe in layers of monstrously-gooey slop. Now Longtooth's time to turn green and feel every nerve in her body begging her to run, the veteran kobold clears her throat with a gagging cough—choking on the muggy, evil fumes. Wickle, meanwhile, inspects the blockage readily. Shit piles high, shaped into a clumpy mess. A thin gap rests near the fluctuating ceiling, just about wide enough to slip a kobold's head into—but no more. The brown mass appears stiffer on the inside. But... it's slathered in melty goo: moisture glopping from behind it. Anal slime and intestinal slurry slop with the gentle peristaltic push of their dragon's colon. It spills forth from the top and sides of the pile like a low-powered stream burbling from a brook-fed waterfall. It dries up like clockwork—then gushes forth after the dragon's guts bubble, and nastily-wet burbles of gas vomit out nasty mud. Pooling at its base, the lizards watch in real time as the thirsty colon surfaces absorb the liquid into its greasy folds. A slow process—but it keeps the ground from becoming too much of a soup.

From where they are, Longtooth deduces they must be at the last turn in the dragon's colon. Once they pass *this*, they'd just bonk into the swampy passage that leads into the cecum, then the small intestines. Though, given that this thing smells *vaguely* of birthday cake—the rod is probably lodged somewhere in the middle of it all.

“Orrrr,” Wickle rattles, seemingly thinking exactly what is bouncing about in Longtooth's mind. “It is at start of dragon bum; make everything smell like cake. *Because* cake is in crap.”

“Wickle,” Longtooth groans as she steadies herself on a grime-dripping wall, “scout ahead.”

“Aye.” His voice pops. His body slithers into the shitty grime like a crocodile. Claws clamp onto the giant globule, pulling the kobold up as an airy silent-but-deadly whistles through with a new carrying of grime. Braving through, indubitably stained, Wickle wedges into the crawl space as the dragon’s flight slows.

A soft landing, yet the heave of his massive body still throws Longtooth forward. The instinctual tightening of his guts keeps the dragon’s sloppy payloads from moving much. And, by extension, Wickle halts too. Grinded into the oily rind as the draconic colon’s wobbliness settles, the walls boom with his heavy foot trots as he pounds the grasses below. A slight tilt, he balances on three legs—one raised. Longtooth scrabbles at the walls before flattening against the left side. Swampy juices and solid balls of mud roll to join her—splatting, pinning her to the wall as she feels the rubbery colon relax. An odd pulse travels by She hears the squish of tightened guts. Moments later, a spattering on the ground. Like—a hose. It sprinkles on bark and digs rivets in the ground. Warm embarrassment flushes up her face as she weakly bats at the swallowing sludge.

Her master is... pissing.

A few grunts pop from his rich chest as the stream flows on, becoming a trickle after eternal seconds of the dragon’s colon grinding her into his feces. Finished, seemingly relieved, he gives his cock a few cleansing wobbles by shifting his thigh to flick off the rest—and stomps back to his regular posture.

All the while, Wickle ambles through a rock and a soft place—and Longtooth has her claws clamped over her face, trying to not throw-up.

Goldentail has been in a blur. Not, like, a literal patch of blurry air. Because she is. *Was*.

The kobold's gone through quite the transformation.

She doesn't remember much after being sucked down the dragon's gullet. But eventually, consciousness creeps back. Feeling is restored. Her mind reawakens, groggy as the regretful morning after an all-nighter.

"Uuuuaaagh..." She grimaces, voice phlegmy and wet. "Today not good day."

Splrrsh! A spritz of what feels to be warm water whips into her warm pool. Her magical sight still fuzzy, she can't make out where she is. And in lieu of looking, she decides to give her other senses a try. Hearing—feeling—the kobold's ears are dominated by paired thunder. One beat, followed by another. They pound the air in tandem. Then, take a break—only to return.

Squishing. Splashing. Wet flesh crinkling. And some small distance away, a splashing. Stretching. Trickling and flowing.

Goldentail reaches out with her airy claws.

...Only to find she doesn't have them.

Instead, dusty-gold digits spread from a wobbling pool of golden liquid. They're just as watery as the rest of the cramped chamber: barely big enough to hold her now-fluidic form.

"What!?" She barks, opening her eyes just as the world starts to tilt. But besides splashing and roiling like an upturned cup of water—she does not move. She stays in this cramped chamber as flesh beyond the pink walls smears and contracts. Her

master's brief grunt sloshes her with its sound waves alone. And his relieved sigh massages her surface with its rumbly bass.

Fluid audibly jets out a long passage, spritzing out at high force onto the soft soil below. Pattering, percussive snares—that's the sound of the dragon's piss droplets. The sounds go from sharp and higher-pitched, to a lower, wetter sound as the soil is beaten into mud. Eventually, the stream loses its steam. The dragon's guts squish and roll as he pushes out the last droplets. The force of his compression stirs up his gassy guts, leaving Goldentail with an eerily-accurate 3D soundscape of his digestive path. Tinny squirts of gas and sludge slapshot through his intestines, splurting out greasy sphincters—splashing two miserable kobolds in their faces.

Goldentail hears their comical screams, of course. Although she's a greedy, unintelligent little being—she's an expert in two things: glitteries, and eating. She knows what a full bladder feels like. It's in one's crotch! Their screams are coming from below. Which means...

Goldentail isn't joining them. Worse, she isn't even finished processing. As the walls of the kidney's renal medulla collapse, Goldentail is flushed into the ureter. Swirling into the final stage, bit by bit, more of her is drained towards the dragon's bladder.

"No!" She burbles. "Goldentail no want to become golden streeeeaaam!"

"Wickle!" A strained, commanding voice shouts. "See anything?"

A rather wretched squelching slops up from just out of sight.

“Wickle found source of all woe!” A triumphant cry bounds through the dragon’s bowels, muted by his... *helmet*. “Stick of cake farts in remains of Davick the Destroyer!”

The dark kobold suddenly glows with growing exhilaration, but it’s soon eclipsed by confusion. “Davick? The... smelly barbarian Master ate?”

“Yes!”

“How do you know it’s him?”

A short pause stretches the conversation. The silence is filled with bubbling of the beyond. And screaming that sounds suspiciously like Goldentail’s. It’s far too watery to be real, however.

“...Wickle knows it’s Davick because it is only smell strong enough to break through helmet.”

Great. Longtooth sighs. “I’m coming down there! Grab that staff!”

“Wickle does not want to touch.”

“What? Why!?”

Another silence. Another garble.

“Wickle fears Davick. Davick stench pierce through glass. Wickle does not want to know what else angry shit can do.”

From behind the bottle-capped kobold, squishing and splashing of muddy proto-shits slosh. Incoming with a trickle of fudgy matter, Longtooth inches in the scene. Finally passed the final bend, she stares at what Wickle has seen.

The entrance to their master’s cecum is a portal to hell, risen from the swamp. Blobby poo sticks to its pudgy surface. Stray bits wobble in the milky filth, rubbing up against the kobolds—and gluing a particular staff to the sphincter’s lips.

“Ewww...” Wickle says. “It looks like—”

“Don’t finish your sentence.” Longtooth races to interject. “Whatever word you say will be associated with Master’s ass and be ruined forever.”

“—Melty brownies.”

“Godsdamnit, Wickle!”

The jungle bending beneath his feet, the dragon steps along his path. No road is there to follow. But he’s memorized every acre of the land, cultivated through hundreds of lives. And so, he holds his fluffy orange head high. He ducks beneath vines, pushes past trees, and tramples weeds beneath his paw.

Wickle found rod! Wickle lay claim to any words Wickle wants!

You’re ruining the entire Draconic language for me!

A lion-like sigh rumbles the majestic beast’s throat. “Still arguing, I see.”

He turns his head to the side, taking survey of the land. “At least the walk seems to be getting things loosey-goosey down there. Feels like everything’s shifting and—*hnng!*”

His tail lifts abruptly, two paired ears pull back. His belly tenses as it pushes out, squishing his guts as a particularly troublesome bubble of natural gas splurts out from his tangled bowels—directly into the kobolds.

Wickle has rod!

It’s-on-my-face! It’s-on-my-face!

The dragon harumps, sheepishly clearing his throat. “Sorry...”

Blazing orange eyes roll down to the ground. “Seems they got it though. They’ll be out in no time—”

Wickle push button to make-stop!

WICKLE! THAT’S NOT THE OFF SWITCH!

“Hm!” The dragon suddenly pipes with surprise. “Something’s... different.”

Err, no worry. Wickle will turn off now. ...Why not working?

Gods, Wickle! Did you break it!?

Not sure. Lot confetti. I make it ‘passive’ for easy bowel movement.

P-passive? So instead of big bursts, it’s gonna blow until it—

Fzzzrrt! Hissing air snakes through dragon bowels, releasing steadily between his furred cheeks. His many wings try to fan it away, smelling deathly of soiled birthday cake. All the while, he senses a particular bloating in his guts.

“Guys?” He looks concerned towards his belly, bendings his neck way down.

“Um, are you okay? What did you, uh, do exactly?”

Goldentail sloshes in a growing pandemonium.

She was one of the first to be dripped into the dragon’s freshly-voided bladder. And as she pooled in the center of the smooth sack, she saw the effects of the dragon’s growing nervousness firsthand. Valves that once dripped now leak near-constantly. Foul and acrid fluids dribble to the pit’s bottom. Meanwhile, Goldentail shudders as she hears teh effects of the dragon’s bloating guts. Wet, slodgy ichor kicks out from the dragon’s deepest reaches, fudging up the flailing kobolds whilst they’re swamped in melty bowel

batter. Wickle and Longtooth's hollerings and arguments rebound through his system, echoing all the way to Goldentail.

Her housing organ leaps as another wave of his guts pass by, pushing out the burgeoning winds with a wild release. Fat, heavy smog exits his rear in a trombone toot—going from low to high, pinching off with a gaseous warble. Guts growl in response. And Goldentail squawks as the dragon promptly picks up his pace.

“Where he going!?” Her words shout out, lost in the chaotic grumbling of his overburdened digestive tract. Whatever's gotten his (metaphorical) pants in a twist... clearly adds a pinch of anxiety. Piss is flowing into his bladder at an alarming rate. The elastic surfaces stretch as the chamber grows heavy. The weight resists the dragon's swaying momentum. Now when his legs kick back, Wickle doesn't simply sway. She lags behind, tossed too-and-fro like a pendulum before he transitions into a bit of a half-gallop, mostly-waddle.

“Sorry everyone!” He booms. “I'm scooting over to a lake now! If I dump you in the middle of the woods, you'll be—”

Frt-PLURPBT!

“...Well, to put it this way, there isn't a place to wash up for at least a mile! Back there, I mean.”

Another twitch of his bladder. The organ is close to full. And Goldentail is getting worried he'll... relieve himself before he gets there.

“Please don't, please don't, please don't—”

“Urgh, sorry!” Her master's words freeze her molecules solid. “Quick bathroom break! Number one, not number two. Don't worry!”

The seemingly ever-present release of his gas plugs shut. The kobolds' master squeezes his rear tight—unaware he just trapped his rear-stuck friends in a hotbox. He tilts to the side; Goldentail goes screaming. And with a body-shuddering hum, he loosens up his lower valve.

"Master! You nincompoop!" Goldentail screeches as the chamber squishes and squelches. Compressing top to bottom, aided by a subtle push from its sides, a surge of piss streams into a just-opened orifice at the organ's bottom.

Writhing in the tide, fighting with all her might, the concentrated essence of Goldentail fails to escape the rush.

She feels herself swirl, nearly scramble, then put back together again. Shoved into a tight tube, the flesh around pulses. Hot meat shoves her through the length of the dragon's dick. Blended with the rest of his urine, she soon is thrust into the approaching glow—and basked in the light of the jungle.

Gravity gripping her immediately, she doesn't have time for her ghostly vision to focus before splattering in a puddle of strong-stenched piss. And now in the open, the magic's safety features deactivate. Her gaseous atoms unbind with the fluid. And a very wet kobold forms from the puddle. Predictably, the big dolt has yet to notice. So he hoses her with the rest of his refuse, the greedy yellow 'bold below whimpering with restrained frustration.

But she doesn't escape his notice for long.

"G-goldentail?"

She simply glares.

“Oh! W-well, my bad! I’m—*urk!* Gods, gas! Hurry on! Grab my tail and we’ll take our friends to the river!”

Her eyes drift to drift to his long tail.

Then to his flatulent rear.

“Thanks, bu—.”

“You’re welcome!” A long, orange, and fuzzy snake curls its tip around the ‘bold, and the dragon’s powerful legs leap forward.

Nooooo... Longtooth grouses in her mind. Carried in a hefty loaf of dragon shit, the ultimate mass of everything congealing in his tract gathers around them, bit by bit. Their position is well-anchored in the giant’s guts. But even then, they feel the leaps and landings of their master’s hurried pace. Awkward shambling, frequent butt bugling.

Stuck in the gooey, gloppy center—Wickle and Longtooth are baked into one log. Nearly hugging, the unfathomable weight of tons of shit compresses them deep. The brown gluck around them is constantly shifting due to its softness, allowing for ample opportunity for the reeking wind to leak inside.

It’s like cake batter. Wickle’s accursed synonyms leaking into her mind.

Half-baked. Porous. Gooey strands stretching with lil’ pockets opening up inside...

Amidst it all, there’s no escape from his horrid gas. It shoots past them with noisy clenchings of the behemoth’s colon. Muddy poop smacks together as burning air belts out. Bubbling farts are ever on the move, squishing past them as they pop and the mud burbles.

Good news: all this gastric action is really speeding things along. The dragon's feces is cooked well enough to be excreted smoothly, heavily, and gluey enough to stick together in fat chunks. But its accelerated passage leaves it stinky and wet, malleable—and sticky.

“Oh man!” They hear the dragon spout. His tail rushes between his haunches as his pace slows. Guts garble like a witch's cauldron. And his hind rocks back-and-forth as he struggles to hold it all in. “We're here! Get off, Goldentail! I gotta goooo!”

Goldentail the fart-tortured kobold rolls off and away, gulping fresh jungle air. At once, the kobold inside feel their world pitch. The dragon stoops his hind low. His tail raises, whipping cat-like whilst his back arches. His fierce and powerful face softens. Taking on more vulnerable qualities, an instinctual bashfulness takes over. Using the bathroom is often when an animal is most vulnerable.

That expression soon melts into relief as his haunches spread. His bowels surge. And the first of the mudslide within makes its raucous release.

Frrrpt! A streamer and silly horn pops from his tailhole.

“Hmph!” Throaty and deep, he grunts with a deep punch of his gut. His act conducts a trumpeting release. Fat, buzzing flatulence blares from his bottom, rolling across the dew-licked grass as a toxic cloud. Creeping out from his flapping tailhole, a girthy slab of shit. Packed well, it's a mass of a dozen rounded balls of gunk—smashed together by unskilled hands of his tract, broiled in ass gas and shiny with bowel juice. Most peculiarly, it's weaved with confetti and ribbon: like a present stomped in mud.

Oozing forth, it bends towards the ground. Coiling as it grows long, a sudden *blrbt!* snaps it off and spits out the rest. Its grody remains cooling on the jungle soil, the dragon sighs, regathers, and pushes once more.

Inside the garbage compactor, the kobolds grind. Truly awful winds blast past every second, pulling apart the walls as their only reprieve from the crushening. Wickle, the only one able to talk, chatters away.

“Almost free!” He says, watching the sloppy ichor paste against his bottle.

“Almost, almost!”

Between the chaos of muscle and feces, Longtooth spies their destination. Or, at least, their general direction. Too clogged with waste to be noticed, the dragon’s anus is busy kneading forth a log. Her ears wither as she hears the subtle crackle and pops of the two surfaces smearing together. Small bouts of air fizzle past, blowing around candles and confetti that sink into shit’s hide.

A particularly wet ass blast marks the exit of their master’s second log. All of the dragon’s internals working in tandem, it glides free. His tailhole oozed up, the glutinous mass crinkles on its descent. Now, the kobolds are next in line. And they see the true face of the giant’s anus.

Marked with wet shit, crumbs of his waste gather at its edges. Disgusting and pulsing, it suckles itself like fat lips smacking—belint open to burp out additional party fumes. With another crumple of his gut, the lizards crawl towards that slobbery exit. And it kisses them with its slippery skin.

Mushed into the waste once more, they feel the sphincter work past them. Pressure marks their progress. Starting subtle, then becoming tighter. Eventually, it dissipates to almost nothing—and they feel the gentle swing of their shitlog, wobbling in the wind.

Dumped out with little fanfare, they splat into the pile. Pressure groans in their master's abdomen, a fact they know due to his stomach's ferocious growls.

One more surge of dung slops out out his shitpipe, oozing around the kobolds, clawing to the surface. And just as they survive the onslaught—pushing from the pile and setting the staff in his shit like a flag—they're met with the dragon's ass. His tailhole bulges.

A spray of sprinkles and cheerful confetti celebrate their survival...!

After this, the frame of his wide ass wipes away, replaced with the embarrassed, relieved face of the hulking beast.

“Ah, hm...”

He blows a small jet of flame, lighting up the staff like a candle.

“Happy birthday?”