

“H-Hey, what’s the big idea!? Bugs shouldn’t treat fellow bugs like this!!” Stew punched the giant fluffy fingers pinning her in place, but all that managed to do was make an already miffed Lamp even more annoyed. The yellow space flea inspected the tiny mosquito between his finger and thumb, noting that she was as adorable as she was feisty. Stew’s aggressive attempts to wrestle out of Lamp’s grip were admittedly more cute than bothersome to him, though that did nothing to excuse the stunt she tried to pull mere moments ago.

“You think I didn’t see you tryna’ stab me with your little needle mouth of yours? I understand you gotta feed, but I find it pretty insulting you followed me into the cookie jar just to bite me... a flea... a flea you’re smaller than.”

“W-Well, you’re the only blood bag around! And I can’t exactly ask to just bite someone-”

“Nono, you could’ve just asked me! No need to be sneaky about it...”

Stew stopped struggling for a moment, surprised by Lamp’s genuine response. “Oh, really!? That... well, thank you! ...That mean you’re gonna let me go now?”

“Nnnnot exactly. You still tried to sneak up on me, and you made me drop a *really* good cookie crumb which I was about to enjoy. Can’t just let you go unpunished after something as egregious as that.” Stew got right back to fighting his grip upon hearing those smug words, her redoubled efforts only managing to tickle the flea marginally more than before.

“Seriously!? You’re using a *crumb* as an excuse to keep messing with me? Let me go right now for I’ll-”

“Could you stop trying to wiggle out? Can’t focus on finding more crumbs when you’re... actually, you know what? Here!” Lamp released Stew, the sudden

freedom taking her by surprise. Before she could take advantage of the moment and fly off, she fell with a thud right in between the two toes of Lamp's foot. Stew had only a moment to comprehend the tall yellow walls to each side of her, before they quickly snapped together and sandwiched the mosquito between them.

"I'll figure out what to do with you later! Right now, I gotta finish my snacking..." Stew couldn't spit out a retort even if she wanted to; the flea's toes were clamped tightly upon her, keeping her immobilized. Lamp was just gentle enough to keep Stew from going pop, though all the ungrateful Stew could think about was how uncomfortable the experience was. The flea paid her little heed, continuing to chow down on cookie crumbs, and occasionally grinding his toes together whenever he started to feel a wiggle from Stew. To Stew's credit however, her will to fight never left her, and even with the constant grinding and compression from the walls of fluff around her she managed to slowly slide her way back out. Lamp, too preoccupied with a snack, unconsciously relaxed his toes the tiniest bit. Stew made sure not to waste this opportunity, and with a burst of feisty strength she pulled herself up and out from the flea toe grip.

"You absolute jerk! Last thing i needed today was to be stuck between your stupid toes! I'll get back at you, just you wait-" Stew quickly flew up, towards the top of the cookie jar, and nearly zipped by Lamp's surprised face. Unfortunately, Stew's speed wasn't enough to escape the flea's clutches. In a panicked yet quick reaction, Lamp brought his legs up and deftly snatched Stew out of the air, sandwiching her against the soles of his feet.

"Wo-oah! Youh nearly gob away, I'm impressed..." Lamp didn't even take the time to finish with the mouthful of cookie crumbs in his beak, muffling a giggle as Stew's angry buzzing tickled his feet. He swallowed his food with a hearty gulp

and leered at the tiny mosquito between his soles. “Guessing my toes weren’t comfortable enough for you. Got some good news though! I just figured out what to do with you, and it involves you going to a much more comfy place~!” Lamp twisted his feet together, squeezing the remaining fight out of Stew with his soft fuzzy soles. Even she, feisty mosquito as she was, had an upper limit to her strength, and Lamp’s feet had finally bested her.

“You gonna try and fly away again?” Stew, too tired and sore to continue fighting the soles sandwiching her, couldn’t even answer with another frustrated struggle. “Great~! Now I can actually do what I wanna do with you! Mlaaaaaah~” Lamp effortlessly parted his feet, releasing the otherwise unyielding pressure upon Stew in an instant. This time however she lacked the strength to even flutter, and the mosquito fell straight down... into Lamp’s open beak. Stew went splat upon the flea’s soft tongue, immediately getting soaked by a puddle of goopy, cookie-infused spit.

“Augh! W-What are you doing!?! You already stuffed your stupid beak with cookies, and I’m not a friggin cookie!” Stew tried to stand up, but with all the slime weighing her down there wasn’t much she could do other than slip back onto Lamp’s tongue. She lifted her head from the squishy surface and beheld her surroundings with dread. Lamp’s beak was still parted, the jagged edges allowing light to seep in and fill the space with an eerie light. Strands of saliva draped from the flea’s palette, tiny bits of cookie dotted the surface of Lamp’s tongue and slowly dissolved in pools of slimy spit, and in the the back of the beak Stew beheld the flea’s cavernous gullet. It was a shadowy place where no doubt countless snacks vanished into, never to return from the sugar craving depths it led to, and Stew feared she was about to end up meeting that fate if she didn’t do something.

“Well, thanks for the... awful experience, but I’d rather *not* go where your food goes. Now would you be so kind as to spit me out...?” Lamp only gave a wistful sigh in response, buffeting Stew’s face with hot and muggy cookie breath, and making her avert her gaze from his gullet with disgust. “Bleh! Yeah, no thanks, I’m done with your joking, taking my leave now!” Stew turned around, away from the flea’s dreadful throat, only to behold a handful of cookie crumbs heading straight towards her. “Oh you’ve *got* to be kidding-” were the last words Stew could sputter out before Lamp chomped down on the cookie, the resulting piece knocking Stew down under it.

The light went out as Lamp closed his beak and eagerly tossed his mouthful around with his tongue, Stew alongside it. For the flea it was a pleasant experience, tasting an especially flavorful mouthful of cookie, but for the mosquito it was a nightmare. She would be effortlessly tossed around by Lamp’s tongue alongside a hailstorm of crumbling cookie: Swirled around in a pool of frothy spit, bounced by pieces of soaked crumbs, occasionally hugged by Lamp’s tongue or carelessly pressed against the top of his beak, all the while his murmurs of delight echoing amidst the chaos, Stew was left dazed beyond belief once Lamp was done with his lazy chewing. Weighed down by heavy spit, Stew’s struggles amidst the pulverized mouthful of cookies went unnoticed by the flea. With a hearty “GLK!” she was sent down his gullet, his body treating the formerly feisty bug as just a tiny cookie crumb to process.

“Ahhh~! That was an *especially* delightful snack, thank you for that Stew!” Lamp could barely feel the cookies, and Stew, fell down his throat, before vanishing into his body. He patted his fluffy yellow belly, taking some amusement in the fact that she was now trapped within a *flea* of all things. “Try not to make

too much of a fuss in there please! Doubt I'd feel it anyway... Well, try and last longer than the cookies at least!" Lamp sat back against the wall of the jar and idly rubbed his belly, imagining the tiny mosquito within the confines of his gut. It was there that he had a realization: "...Dangit, now I'm jealous of you! Hmph... you *better* have fun in there!"

Stew was definitely not having fun in there. After being unceremoniously shot into the flea's stomach alongside crumbled cookie bits, it was a constant fight to not sink into the mire of semi-digested cookies and pale yellow stomach acid filling the convulsing chamber. The hot, humid environment along with the aroma of stale cookies was definitely not helping matters, all of this combining to sap the remaining strength of the mosquito. She would grab onto a floating bit of cookie, hurl angry insults at the uncaring stomach walls, and be sucked back into the enzyme rich soup in a churning cycle. Lamp's stomach was built for destroying sweet things, and unfortunately for Stew she counted as an especially exotic sweet.

To the mosquito's credit, she managed to mostly outlast the unfortunate cookies sharing the caustic space with her, but she wouldn't escape their fate for long. The churning of the walls were too strong, the digestive juices too harsh, and all of this did a number on Stew's body. She tried to slam on one of the stomach walls, but her hands seemed to just melt against the soft muscle... in fact, they seemed to be melting outright!

"No no no! I am *not* ending up as your stupid snack! Let me out of here! Let me-" Stew yelped as a swirling cookie bit slammed into her. She grabbed onto it, but her grip quickly started to slip. She noticed then that her strength wasn't there anymore. Her hands were too soft to hold onto the bit of food, her body was

starting to soften too. Stew was beginning to lose form, her body slowly melting into a goo not too similar to the cookie paste adorning the space. Like it or not, Stew *was* Lamp's snack now. The flea's belly was simply too strong for her or her body to handle, and the mosquito slipped into the pool of chyme as her form melted away. She thrashed in the midst of the slimy pool, trying to resist the tingling all her body, the urge to fall asleep, but before she knew it her fight was over. She was soon a glob of goo vaguely in the shape of her body, then just a glob of goo breaking up and mixing with whatever was left of Lamp's ingested cookies.

This whole ordeal went mostly unnoticed by Lamp, except for the occasional rumbles of his belly. "Hope you enjoyed yourself in there Stew, even if only a little bit! And whatever's happening to you in there, once you're back and looking for payback, you really oughta subject me to the same~"