It was a normal day for the pelican, like any other for the matter. Gliding through the sky, watching fish jump from the ocean below with a hungry glint in his eyes. He’d scoop down and grab mouthfuls of the slimy things, swallowing them down seconds later and feeling them rest in his stomach. By noon, he’s resting on the shore, letting his small snack digest away in his stomach.

Across the beach from him, a wizard practices magic. Nothing out of the ordinary for the bird, who just watches on with slight fascination but hardly anything else. It’s all lights and flashes in his eyes, and it isn’t until he spies the wizard taking a lunch break that he even cares about him. Suddenly, there’s the smell of salted meat in the air, wafting up and emanating from the wizard’s open hand basket. Slyly, the bird formulates a plan: steal the wizard’s lunch!

Waddling over as inconspicuous as he can manage, the pelican eventually finds himself standing next to the wizard, who after a few seconds notices the bird. His large gray beard hides his mouth, pointed hat and vibrant robes cover his body. Thin arms shoot from his sleeves, gripping together a homemade sandwich of sourdough, fresh vegetables and thinly sliced cold cut beef. The bird sees the sandwich, the wizard sees the bird eyeing his sandwich, then all hell breaks loose.

In a flash, the pelican lunges forward, darting for the wizard’s lunch who only barely manages to keep the bird at bay. Screams dance across the beach as the two struggle, man and beast locked in conflict as neither one truly has the upper hand. Their battle ends with neither victorious, and the sandwich spilled across the sands, ruined in every aspect of the word. The wizard scolds the bird, standing up and pacing back and forth, cursing the pelican who simply doesn’t give a damn. Then the bird notices something else amidst lying on the ground, a golden medallion poking free from the sand. It must be the wizards and had fallen off his body during the scuffle. No longer caring about the sandwich, the pelican chooses chaos and scoops up the amulet.

It takes a second before the wizard realizes what’s happened, until he spots the gold chain of his medallion hanging from the mouth of the bird. His heart races and he lurches forward to grab it, but the pelican, as if purposefully trying to ruin the wizard’s day, rears his head back and swallows it whole.

Twisting his face with shock, the wizard stumbles back, very quickly losing all interest in the bird and darting away, and not a moment too soon. The pelican feels nothing at first, but then suddenly there’s a warmth in his stomach where the medallion rests. Then he starts to grow. Surprised even himself, he squeaks and flaps his wings, dancing around as he watches the ground grow further away. He keeps growing until he’s nearly 3 meters tall, thrice his size only moments ago! His moment of shock passes and he starts to test his new size. Stomping the ground, flapping his wings and kicking up sand under his impressive gusts. In a matter of seconds, he goes from bewilderment, to sheer exuberance, jumping around with joy at his newfound size.

Then his stomach rumbles, disappointed that his meal didn’t grow with him. He feels hungrier now more than ever, like no amount of food in the world could ever sate his new appetite. Looking around, he sees the wizard darting off across the beach. A coy idea comes when he considers hunting him down and swallowing him whole, all for no reason whatsoever aside from the fact that maybe he could. But the wizard is too lanky and bony, no good meat on him. Also, he is probably too big to actually swallow whole. No, he needs something smaller, but big enough that it’ll fill him up pretty good.

Taking off to flight, the pelican whips up a storm of sand beneath his wings, taking to the skies and soaring like an elegant menace to society. He’s hungry, and he’s about to make that someone else's problem.

Meanwhile, Vehn is kicking back and enjoying the sun. Unaware that just down the beach a giant pelican is on the loose. He’s come here to soak up the sun, laying on a beach towel in nothing but his pride and letting the soft rays of sun warm his scales. Gray from head to two, with wings folded up behind his back and horns curling out of his skull. A thick tail with triangular bits running down the back of it. About 2’9'' and coming in close to 50 lbs.

Come to the beach by himself to bask in the glorious glow of the sun, nearly drifting off under the beautiful glow of mid afternoon. He’s completely alone on this side of the beach, which is rare considering how beautiful it is. He half expected this place to be bustling with people, especially considering the heat ransacking the lands lately, but it’s almost as if fate prevented it, letting the kobold enjoy some quiet solitude and bask in the nude without the prying eyes of strangers.

Well, he’s not as alone as he thinks he is. High up in the sky, watching his still form lying on the beach, is the pelican from before. Still just as ravenous as ever, the glint of hunger graces his eyes as he watches the kobold down below. Doing some mental math to try and make out whether or not it’s worth it to try and eat that thing alive or not. To the pelican, Vehn’s nothing more than easy pickings, devoid of anything like clothes or jewelry or even the knowledge that a giant bird is currently stalking him. Eventually, the pelican’s hunger becomes too much, and he swoops down to his awaiting prey.

The ground shakes slightly as he lands only mere feet away from Vehn. Feeling the quake, Vehn peels his eyelids open, squinting at the sun for a second before a shadowy figure comes into frame. His vision adjusts, and he sees the bird before him. Standing 4 times taller than he is, the pelican eyes his prey, huffing through his closed beak as a strand of drool escapes his maw.

“Uhh,” is all Vehn manages to get out before the pelican launches forward. Too dumbstruck with what he’s seeing to even conjure up any defenses, he’s pulled from the ground in a matter of seconds and flung into the air. Twirling once, then twice before he starts to fall, and right into the awaiting jaws of his feathery predator. Too disorientated to take flight, he just falls back down. A flash of yellow as the bird’s beak creaks open, then pink flesh consumes his eyes, plunging him into the pelican’s leathery pouch. It sags with his weight, holding him close to the front of it before its natural slope starts to drag him down.

Saliva coats his scales, providing him no purchase whatsoever as he finally starts to struggle. Squirming around, he pushes against the walls of the pouch, stopping his descent for a second and quickly flips around. Standing up, he launches himself out of the beak, aiming for the sandy beach but is stopped short of escape when the bird clamps down hard. Fear grips his chest a moment later when he feels the pelican's head swing up, pointing both him and it to the sky. Gravity tugs on Vehn’s legs, and a moment later he’s falling down into the maw of the pelican.

Flesh clenches at his feet, slathering him in slimy saliva to hasten his ingestion. The bowl-shaped mouth funnels Vehn down to the throat, which yawns open as the bird sighs up and down his legs. Stinky fish breath seals around him, nearly suffocating the poor kobold in it’s tepid grip. Light filters through the translucent hide of the pelican’s pouch, outlining his squirming body to any onlookers. There aren’t any, save for a few other jealous pelicans watching from a very far distance.

Feeling his feet press into the bird’s throat, Vehn struggles once again but is quickly stopped when the bird flexes its beak. Thrown upwards and with a tug, it drags the kobold down his throat. The wet sounds of gulping fill the pouch, quickly hastening as the pelican rapidly starts to devour the kobold. Still bewildered with what’s happening, and maybe a little cooked from laying under the sun all day, Vehn doesn't exactly know what to do.

“**Gllp!**” Up to his thighs in seconds, and quickly traveling further up his body. Wings are pressed against his back as his tail is pushed upwards. He claws at the pouch for grip but finds nothing but slime. There’s nothing to hold onto, the pelican’s mouth is specifically designed to not let things escape it.

Throwing his head up and down faster and faster, the pelican keeps gulping poor Vehn down. Over his waist now, sealing him down his throat where the gruelly touch of peristalsis licks his heels. It tugs him a bit deeper, pulling him from the pouch and into the slimy tunnel that is the pelican’s throat. Saliva swallows down after him, coating his body in thick drool that hastens his devourment. Pretty soon, he’s covered head to toe in it, pressed down on and urged deeper by the cruel touch of gravity.

When Vehn feels his torso start to enter the throat, he remembers to keep struggling. He’s a big kobold, there’s no way a pelican should be able to gulp him down like this! Also, why is this pelican so big? No time for confusion, Vehn has to keep fighting! Struggling hand over hand, kicking against the slimy flesh and trying to dig his claws in for grip but coming up empty. He can’t get free, and after a while he realizes that all his struggles have been good for sinking him deeper.

The last few rays of sunlight peak through the crack in the Pelican’s beak. Just enough for Vehn to watch as the outside world starts to fade away before he slips down entirely within the throat. Hot flesh presses in on all sides, sealing him away in a horrible slimy tomb of muscles and spit. Bird breath ceases blasting up his body, but the stagnant smell of fish plagues the pelican’s gullet. Each clench drags him a bit deeper, slowly but surely firing his still wiggling body towards the bird’s gut.

The muscles continue to flex, drawing Vehn’s wiggling form downwards at an alarming rate. Feet first, slipping through the gullet of the titanic pelican's body. Slime gushes all around, following each consecutive wet gulp the bird sends off, struggling to devour the kobold whole. His wriggling bulge perfectly outlines his form slowly sinking down the bird’s neck, tucked down as the pelican lowers his body and shakes from side to side, urging him to just drop a little lower.

Progress almost seems to halt in the birds neck, hovering just before the brink of complete devourment. It’s clear the bird is struggling to get his meal down, and Vehn can’t really do a thing about it other than to wait and see what happens. But with every clench, every smacking gulp that ripples the throat walls against his scales, it becomes more and more clear that there’s really no escaping from this.

Head shooting to the sky, raising once then crashing back down. The pelican swallows again, using the aid of gravity to tug the squirming morsel down. It plunges him deeper into the pelican’s core, slipping down against slimy flesh, falling feet first into his blazing core. His bulge starts to sink down below the bird's neck, finally sealing away within his chest. A final gulp forces him down the final stretch, pressing him against a soft ring which after a few seconds spreads open over his feet.

Sucked down in a matter of seconds and meaty gulps, Vehn spills out in the bird’s crop. Muscly walls squeeze down once he settles in, smothering him in a drooly hug as they stretch to accommodate his form. Sagging down, his bulge presses out underneath the pelican, nearly grazing the ground. It’s slimy all over, smelling a little acidic and like fish, but undoubtedly warm to the touch. Finally able to move more than a wiggle, Vehn tries to spread out. The walls stretch as he presses into them, but quickly snap-back when the pelican clenches. It leaves the kobold an ingested mess of scales, wiggly limbs and smelly goo.

Muggy air, too humid to be properly breathable, sits heavy in Vehn’s lungs. Walls squeeze all around, trying to adjust to the pelican's oversized meal. His newfound size has been a boon, but a struggle to comprehend. Successfully devouring the kobold was an accomplishment, and it leaves the bird feeling more sated now than he has ever felt in his life. Waddling around, he sways a little with each step, kept off balance by the nearly 50 pound kobold. Quite a large meal, and not something the pelican is used to yet.

After a few steps, it becomes quite clear that the bird is over encumbered with his meal. Panting hard, both from the exertion of swallowing Vehn whole, and now trying to walk around with all this added weight. The bird eventually just squats down, laying on his tummy and on pressing the squirming kobold. Every little struggle, every tiny wiggle Vehn manages against the tight crop walls sends waves of pleasure through the pelican’s core. Live prey is always better than not. But the bird is used to eating nothing but fish, so something as lively as an actual living, breathing kobold is a real treat.

Eyes closed, beak resting down against his chest, the pelican starts to rest, recovering his energy and enjoying the increased struggles happening from inside his body. For now, he’ll let the kobold squirm within his crop, safe from actual harm save for the tight squishes. He’ll be fine, but the pelican is hungry after all, and he can’t wait to feel Vehn thrash around inside his main gut as well.

“This can’t be happening!” Vehn speaks to himself, blinking a few times as his eyes adjust to the darkness. Soft pink walls envelop him all around, squeezing gently and smothering him in thick goo. He flexes his fingers, running a hand along the wrinkled walls out of half curiosity, half fear. Not a stranger to being eaten alive, but it’s always been under better circumstances. This bird literally swept down from the sky and swallowed him whole without a second thought! Not really an ideal situation to be in, especially when you’re very much food-sized.

“Ugh! I’m not a fish you dumb bird! Let me out!” Kicking now, struggling to find his way back up to the entrance he slipped in through. But the walls only groan, croaking under his wiggles and abrupt attempt to get free as air rumbles all around. Vehn feels the bird tense up a little, squeezing him tight with the crop walls until he can barely even breathe.

“**Borrap!**” Air lurches from his slimy prison, firing up the pelican's neck in a startling roar. It catches them both by surprise, the bird especially having never burped so loudly in his life. Hearing the thundering air released in such a crude manner, Vehn blushes at the sound. Even facing intimate danger and possible digestion, he can’t help but feel a little excited over a good burp. Because that’s all he is to the bird, nothing but a belch now. Food, the word comes across the kobold’s mind, forcing him to realize in detail what exactly that entails.

The walls relent after a few moments, giving the slimy kobold some breathing room but still refusing much movement save for wiggling. Still not enough to stretch his folded up wings, but it’s better than what he had before. It would be impossible to try and get free now, the bird wouldn’t let him up and Vehn knows it. Not with all the pleased murrs and chirps the pelican gives off everytime Vehn wiggles against the walls, pressing his hands into the wrinkled flesh and feeling it bounce back into place a moment later. Not the stomach, so there’s no enzymes dripping from the walls, but the gurgling gut cries out just below him, calling his name as if he were a meal like any other.

Feeling so meek and powerless, Vehn slumps against the walls, wrapped up in a slimy cocoon of flesh and saliva while he waits for the inevitable. He’s been eaten before on several occasions, so he knows what to expect. Churning, lots of slime and enzymes that will coat his body. But this is different, a survival situation. Every other time he would be released eventually, or passed through whole. But not this time, this is a hungry beast that shows no intention of letting him go.

However bad the peril might seem, the little kobold can’t seem to ignore his excitement. His heart beating faster in his chest, lungs inflating with every humid breath he manages and yelping softly when the walls press down on him. Dominated in every sense of the word, devoured whole and alive like it’s nothing at all. The Kobold’s pleas were ignored by the feathery overlord imprisoning him within his crop, and teased relentlessly by the thundering gurgles and groans emanating just a few inches of flesh beneath him.

But then there’s the other side of it. Hugged so tight by the warm walls that Vehn almost starts to relax. Pleasant thoughts of how much he enjoys being eaten, eventually winning over his fear. Everything then takes on a new touch, every clench chewing him into the walls, slipping goo under his tail and all parts of his naked body. Nothing hurts, and he can breathe just fine. After a few seconds, he hardly even notices how humid and warm the air is, and it’s just like any other gut. Even though he should be looking for a way out, Vehn lets himself sink against the walls, giving in slightly with every press.

Outside, the pelican gets up and looks down at his sagging gut. Gone still entirely, and just when his meal was getting lively in there. He tries clenching again, but all he manages to do is stir the kobold a little, and not for long. Huffing, he clenches again, but gets the same results. His disappointment is present, but with it comes his growling hunger, crying out in the form of his gurgling gut. It’s been dying to have at the kobold, and the pelican has only been able to hold off because of how good Vehn was squirming. But now that his meal has gone still, the Pelican sees no reason why he should delay his hunger any longer.

Everything shifts around Vehn, smothering him against the walls quickly and abruptly. He realizes it’s just the pelican clenching down on him, probably enjoying just how full he’s feeling. Vehn is long past the point of caring that much, instead lolling back into the walls and letting the bird have his way with him. But the clench doesn’t end like the others did before. It’s strong, almost crushing the poor guy, urging the kobold down deeper into the gut until he feels a ring against his feet. “I guess this is it, he’s really going to do it,”

Half excited, but still somewhat worried. The bird is quick to clench him down, spreading the cardiac ring over his feet as the kobold starts to drop down into the main gut. Slime squishes between his toes, surging up his legs and waist as the tightness of being swallowed encompasses him yet again. The fishy smell is stronger here, and laced with the acrid stench of digestion. Enzymes trickle from the walls, mixing in with the slight bath of acids and digested goop in the bottom of the gut. Vehn joins the mix, legs first and sinking deeper.

Quivering from beak to tail, the pelican struggles to get him down. It’s almost as hard and taxing as swallowing the kobold whole, but he knows it will feel wonderful once his meal is packed away in his gut. Maybe he’ll start to squirm a bit more once he realizes where he is, stuffed deep in the digestive compartment of a bird that previously struggled to eat meals a quarter of his size. Air disrupts as his belly bloats, filling back up into his crop in a half hiss. It's pushed back inside as Vehn sinks deeper, powering a belch the kobold can practically feel on his scales.

Sticky with enzymes, feeling the thick slime wedge under his scales. Thankfully protected from them, for the time being at least. Scales like his make excellent insulation from stomach acids, plus he has experience dabbling in this sort of thing already. Where someone might be freaking out that they’re being swallowed alive, Vehn is far from it. Still unsure about how he’s going to get out, but not quite ruling it out as a possibility either. He’s crafty, and this bird is inexperienced. Not to mention his inherent magic, maybe he can use a spell and make the bird spit him back out… after he’s had his fun of course!

Wet goop sucks him down, rolling up and over his lap as he drops below the tide. Not much more than nutrient soup at this point, vaguely smelling like fish but mostly covered in the veil of a pelican’s stomach. Acrid notes singe the air, plus the vaguely digestive reek that envelops the kobold as a whole. Not a good smell at all, but that’s just what a stomach smells like.

A final clench shoots the kobold down, splashing him into the more open, but more deadly gut. Walls groan and sag, dipping deeper until Vehn’s bugle touches the sandy shores of the beach. So close to freedom, only sealed within the fleshy tomb of a giant pelican’s stomach. Walls jiggle, bloated with air that peels the pink hues apart. What little darkvision the kobold possesses is enough to make out the coarser details of the gut, like the thick globs of slime seeping in through the walls, dripping down on him and smearing in good.

“**Brruap!**” A triumphant cry, this time worn on display by the humongous bird. In mere moments, his hunger is quenched, depleted to nothing as the kobold fills his gut. Dizzy from the stress of gulping him down, now tired as his stomach powers on with bewilderment, unsure how to go about dealing with such a large meal. Groaning, he gets up a final time, looking for a place to rest his eyes while his gut does its thing. Some trees over in the shade look as good a spot as any.

It takes great difficulty to lift his feet, struggling to shuffle along the sandy beach while the kobold sits heavy in his stomach. Dragging his bulging belly along the ground, he accomplishes his goal and manages to stir the kobold within once again. Heavenly struggles perfectly display exactly what’s going on within his gut, showing the odd bulge of a hand pushing against the walls as Vehn inside struggles for room. Far less hospitable than the crop was, the main gut is actually trying to digest him. Walls churn and press, bringing with them a new level of fury and digestive grief. It’s hard to keep focussed, especially as the heat increases with the swelling membrane all around.

The wet smacking of flesh against his scales sends ripples throughout the cavern. Goop drips from the ceiling, splatting down on Vehn’s face and making him blush. His toes curl up, legs shifting to hide his sudden excitement, “not now!” he urges his emotions, sensing his arousal stirring at the utmost of annoying times. He keeps his growling lust at bay, but it’s clear it’s gonna be an uphill battle. Especially with all the grinding clenches and loud gurgles that echo across the fleshy landscape.

Deep red flushes in the walls, turning them shades of anger as more enzymes start to pool in. Digestion has started so quickly, Vehn hardly even realized it at first. But there’s no mistaking churning for clenches, it’s more rhythmic and focussed, designed to fold meals in on themselves and coat them thoroughly in acids. Speaking of which, the shallow pool around Vehn’s waist is increasing in size as more acids pool in, flooding up to his curled up calves and back with new enzymes.

Worry once again reaches the kobold, who for a second lets himself forget about the pleasantries. “Guess I should be thinking of an escape,” spoken with a mild sense of annoyance, but almost adoration for what he must go through. A challenge of sorts, like all the time he’s spent inside of stomachs is finally paying off. He looks up, craning his head to the slight sphincter up above him, “closed tight,” there’s no escaping from up there. That leaves one other option, deeper within. Not a journey for the faint of heart, and actually impossible for Vehn at his current size.

“Hrmm, if only I was smaller… Wait, I’m a sorcerer! I can shrink myself down!” Once again, his expertise in getting eaten pays off. Especially when you want to try and get eaten by smaller things, which unless you're Vehn you probably don’t. Wiggling around, the kobold tests the stomach for casting room. He’ll have to wave his hands around a bit to cast the spell efficiently, and it’ll already be hard enough since he doesn’t have his wand. What little room exists within the belly of the bird is small, but just barely enough to wave his hands around. It’ll be tough, but he’s certain he can pull it off.

Mats of slime drip from every crevice of the stomach, slapping down in thick droves that practically pin the kobold to the stomach walls. It’s adhered to his face, drooling over his lips to the point where he has to spit it out every few seconds or risk ingesting it. The slight tingle of active acids grace his nostrils, further reminding him of the danger of prolonged exposure. He knows his limits, but those have always been in controlled environments. This is the real deal, a true test of his determination and expert knowledge in the arcane arts.

*Fwomp!* The bird lays down, flattening his gut on the sandy beach and smothering Vehn within. In a split second, any free space Vehn has is shunted out the window, slipping free with a hiss of air as the pelican lets out another earth shattering belch. **Braap!** Sucked free and in only moments, tasting slightly like the kobold in his stomach. He yawns, nuzzles his beak against his chest to prod his meal within, flaps his wings then starts to settle down. As expected, his morsel starts to struggle by itself all over again, but only in the minute space allowed. To the bird, nothing could feel better than the sheer satedness he’s feeling. Quickly learning that this species goes down easy and puts up a fight. Just the right size to fill his belly and cause a ruckus once inside.

Digestion ramps up in the coming moments, churning the walls quicker and faster as the heat increases drastically. Even with the bird in the shade, the stomach turns into an inferno of slime and enzymes. Panting hard, the kobold struggles to focus, his eyes blurring with water and slime as the walls keep pressing in on him. Held down under the pelican’s weight, which at its current size might as well be the same as a horse’s! There’s nowhere to move, let alone try and cast a spell. Realizing the bird is seriously trying to digest him.

Wrapped in layers of slime and digested muck, nothing to listen to but the sounds of digestion happening all around and the birds bated breath. Every now and then, the bird clenches down on Vehn, making him squirm once more. The stomach is slowly taxing his energy. He’s tired, dizzy, unable to keep his head focussed as he occasionally starts to nod off. The air is growing thinner, less enriched by actual oxygen as it starts to pollute with Vehn’s exhales. Not to mention the smell, curdling the air in a shower of acid, bringing with it the sheer stench of digested fish and whatever else the pelican can scoop its jaws around.

Then Vehn hears it, snores. Or at least the bird equivalent to one. The Pelican’s breathing has slowed and steadied, and he’s not squishing Vehn down as much. Must’ve finally fallen asleep, too tired to stay awake and now that he’s out cold his stomach is going to ramp up even more. Vehn doesn’t know how much more of this he can take, but he’s also not sure if he can even cast the shrinking spell at this point. His mind isn’t clear, instead it’s filled with all the wet noises of flesh smacking together and the bubbling of acids against his scales. His claws feel a bit softer, working down by the acids that surround him entirely. By now the liquid is nearly up to his chest, but it’s probably just because he takes up most of the stomach, displacing acids and slime up around him.

Groaning, he tries to roll around, moving his arms out in front of him and hugging his knees, there’s just enough room to do that, but it’s quickly stolen from Vehn in a rude clench. Churned over, the walls struggle to push him back into his previous position, and even though he’s still alive and conscious, he can’t fight them off. He’s completely at the mercy of the walls, unable to do much more than groan and hold on just a bit longer.

Sour air saps him of his strength with each reused breath, drooping his eyes just a little bit further than the last. If he doesn’t do something about that quickly, he’s a goner. Forcing himself to stay awake, he finally tries a remedy. Not as intricate as a shrinking spell, but something simple to hopefully rejuvenate him. His fingers flex forward, twirling around as he focuses with every ounce of strength he has left. Light glows from his finger tip for a second, and his spell goes off a moment later. Air inflates the gut around him, bubbling out and pressing against the walls. It bloats the stomach for a second before it pops. Excess air drains up into the crop, slipping out the pelican’s beak in a mumbled burp. It doesn’t wake the bird up either, who’s far too focussed on being asleep to notice.

With a deep breath, Vehn finally feels some relief, even if it is only temporary. That air bubble will buy him some time, but he still has to figure out how to cast the shrinking spell after all. The gut seems angry at the sudden outburst of air, and clamps down hard. Gushes of slime kiss Vehn’s snout, smothering his face in their wrinkled hold to the point where he can’t even breathe. He bends his head down, peeling away from the walls with a gasp. Clarity resumes in his brain, filling him with all sorts of thoughts one might get within a stomach. Namely: fear and horniness.

Scared that he might not be able to pull this stunt off, Vehn gulps to calm his nerves. But starting to become very excited due to the same reasons. He has to act while he has the air to do so, before he just becomes a layer of bird pudge! His hand twirls between his folded up legs, followed quickly by his other. Using every ounce of mental fortitude he can muster, the kobold concentrates on the shrinking spell, bringing it to form in the shape of glowing light at his fingertips. A few moments later, there’s a flash and he feels his body shrinking!

The walls peel away, removing their slimy kiss from his body as he sinks down into the muck. Walls vibrate confusedly, unsure what to think of what’s just happened. Vehn continues to shrink, watching the walls and gut grow immensely in size. If he didn’t know better he might think the pelican is growing! It isn’t until he’s forced to stand up that the shrinking stops either, placing him at only a few inches tall!

The slimy floor beneath his bare feet gives out from under him, rumbling around as the pelican stirs in his sleep. It doesn’t last long, and soon Vehn once again hears the bird return to slumber. Still in a food coma, now more of a pseudo food coma since Vehn’s not really a big meal anymore! Staring up at the walls around him, watching monolithic globs of slime drip down and crash into the yellowish pool of goop around him, he laughs with joy! He did it, he actually did it!

His excitement is cut short when the stomach rumbles again, clenching up and ceasing over his tiny form. He’s pressed and squeezed between the wrinkled folds of flesh, squishing enzymes up his tail at an alarming rate. He yelps, but soon after his voice is stolen when the air from his lungs is pressed out. Now that he’s micro sized, he’s much easier for the stomach to handle!

This stark realization fills the little kobold with fear, and a small amount of pleasure. It’s hard to deny that he likes it when the walls dominate his every move, restricting him down to minute yelps and thrashes within the dark and muggy confines of the pelican’s gut. Stirring feelings down in his groin as his pink member starts to push itself free. He’s unable to restrain it anymore either, it’s all too much for him to handle. Thick enzymes roll across his body, thoroughly trying to mix him into the batch of chyme surrounding his entire form. Every clench drags him further into the mixture, grinding him down without remorse.

Scrambling to keep above the surface, he fights the walls and kicks to stay above water. It’s like trying to swim in a wave pool filled with syrup. However, he manages, straining every step of the way as he desperately looks for his exit. He spots the fleshy cardiac sphincter on the ceiling of the gut, and looks in the opposite direction to find the pylorus. There, sitting half submerged in pelican stomach enzymes and slime is the fleshy hole, pinched shut and taunting Vehn with the churning of the gut. A trip not meant for the faint of heart, and anyone else in Vehn’s position might prefer to just give into the pelican’s stomach rather than to slide through those slimy pipes.

Wading across the liquid, fighting the constantly churning tide of slime and wrinkled walls that crash down in what can only be described as stomach turbulence. It’s a slog just to keep moving and not slip and fall. Even then, Vehn can’t prevent himself from slipping and going completely under, breaching with thick veils of slime drooling off his head and face. He wipes clean and keeps moving, eventually reaching his goal in mind.

Sparing no time, he’s already weakened from the stomach’s relentless onslaught of digestive fury. Enzymes have dulled his claws, made his scales feel softer to the touch. Even as resistant as he may be to stomach acids, he’s not immune. Hands first, he practically dives into the hole, stretching the ring up and over his shoulders as he wiggles through. Slime pours in after him, but is corked off once his chest is inside. The red hue the stomach walls boast fades slightly into softer pinks, the intestines must not be as active as the main gut. Breaching head first into the muggy tunnel, Vehn notes the vaguely musky air, stinking slightly of acids and fish, but also something else. Realizing where this place leads only seems to excite the kobold, especially considering he’ll be safe from digestion once he’s inside. It’ll just be a long trip and an eventual release.

The gut clenches up behind him as walls in front compact down. It seems the bird’s guts aren’t ready to let Vehn slip through just yet. They try to push him back, working in rude schlorps that crawl down his back and push on his head. Kicking against them, Vehn manages to win over, slipping forward inch by inch until the stomach's natural peristalsis reverses and pushes him through the rest of the way. By the time his legs are through, he’s grown nearly fully erect. The fear, the thrill of nearly being digested and everything leading up to now is all mounting in a blaring arousal, making the kobold moan as the walls cram him into the tight tunnel.

The sphincter closes up behind him, kissing the soles of his feet once before he’s fully in, safe from the stomach and whatever fate had awaited him back there. Clamped down on all sides, pressed forward slowly and deliberately, it’s gonna be a long trip before he ever gets out. There’s practically no room to move yet again, as the pelican’s intestines are much smaller than his throat. Even at his shrunken size, it’s nearly impossible to try and crawl on his own. Peristalsis will be his ally here, regardless of how long it’ll take.

Minutes tick by and Vehn’s situation has only improved. Now getting into things, the wrapping of gut walls around him, and by extension his cock loses all sense of hostility and just becomes an all over hug. Wet kisses tickle his crotch, rubbing down his thighs in gentle but slimy caresses that leave the kobold wiggling with glee. His wings are practically packed into his back, tail held straight against his legs and every inch of him is coated in a thick slime. Numerous little nubs of villi tickle and prod over him as he passes, trying to treat him like they would the digested remains of the pelican’s meal, not realizing that Vehn’s still whole and very much not absorbable. It doesn’t stop them from trying, even if all they accomplish is servicing the kobold even more.

Corners curve over his head and arms, jamming Vehn down tight angles that test his flexibility. Every inch stretches the intestines over him, fitting him snuggly in a cocoon of slime and squishes. Endless groans fill the slight pipes, drawn out every time Vehn passes through a marginally tighter portion of the guts, sounding off in tangent with the ‘bolds own minute cries. The pelican still sleeps, which seems impossible considering what’s going on inside his body. But maybe his food coma just proved to be too much for him to handle, and practically nothing will stir the beast now.

Time becomes irrelevant to the ingested kobold, who relishes in the languishing stretches of guts that seem to drag on forever. Huffing the stale air, tasting the intricate notes of what is slowly becoming a very familiar stink. Just a few more shrunken kobold equivalent meters before he’s down in the next compartment over, and that’s where the real fun can begin. Musky air and goo, stinking like the inside of a pelican’s ass surely must. What more could Vehn hope for?

Wet smooches of flesh plow him forward, shuffling his head through mounds of engorged slime. If anything, the pelican’s guts seem keen on making sure Vehn’s lubricated enough. It all comes down in layers of the stuff, saliva coating the innermost and being the first he’s come in contact with. It’s light and slippery, but doesn’t do much else than coat his descent down the gullet. Then there’s the mucous found in the gut, thick and abiding, it adheres to his skin in globs and refuses to give up. Designed more to keep him down while digestion occurs. Finally, there’s the slime coating the inside of the bird’s bowels, it neutralizes acids on contact and is used to transport his body through the small intestine. Smelling much stronger of musk than acids as well.

All of it coats the kobold in layers, mixing into one another but all refusing to give up. It’s everywhere, down into the most hidden and tiny cracks in his scales. His toes flex with webs of slime, his hands as well. Horns glisten in the stuff as strings of it connect from their spiraling form to his face. It’s practically impossible to keep his vision from blurring up as well, the air itself isn’t the freshest and leaves the kobold feeling dizzy. Faintly recognizing the path before him opening up and pushing him through, with the blasting sounds of guts powering around him filling his ears.

He shudders, feeling his dick wedge into the walls, sliding forward at just the right pace to keep him up. Perfect folds of flesh caress his shaft, squishing and clenching over him with every pass, milking him softly as splurts of pre shoot out. The endless flexing of the tunnel opening up before him draws him forward, dragging his hard cock against the walls and following the natural grooves. Villi nubs lick out and touch him, further stimulating his libido in the lewdest grasp imaginable. It doesn’t take long before he’s gasping and moaning, squirming against the walls with his jaw agape. Losing himself to the walls one clench at a time.

Face first, he collides with a wall. His blurry vision struggles to focus in the dim lighting before he makes out a ring. It purses once, then opens shortly after before he’s shunted right through. Musky air invades his nostrils, practically slapping him in the face with their strong scents. It’s an ass alright, or at least a colon. No denying the feelings it spurs in his loins as he lurches forward, throbbing hard against the walls as he’s practically swallowed all over again.

The colon proves to be less of a tight fit than the small intestine, allowing Vehn just enough wiggle room to roll around. He lies on his belly, sluffing into the wrinkled walls and drinking the air down in thick gasps. Heat assaults him from every side as fresh layers of mucus drip from all over. The pheromone-like stenches the bowels produce intoxicate the kobold within seconds, nearly making him forget everything that’s led him up to this point. His battle with the bird’s guts just hours before and how he nearly didn’t escape, now sealing him in a long and slimy prison that flexes all around him. Lost in the sauce and loving every second of it.

His body twitches as the last of it is pushed forward, sliding him from one slimy tunnel into another. Clenches fire off in rapid succession once he’s fully inside, pressing him forward one small stretch at a time. Dominated from every angle, squished and teased by powerful walls that could squeeze the life out of him. Forced to breathe an air found only in the deepest part of any living being while slowly being dragged through the slimy depths. To the kobold, it’s nothing but heaven. Rolling into the clenches, thrusting his hips forward to ride out each suppressing contraction. He knows his time in here is limited, but that thought is deep below all the layers of horny he’s exhibiting. Biting his lip, squeezing his eyes shut as he moans in tangent with the gross sounds of colonic peristalsis. Slime dribbles from every corner of the tunnel, slipping up under his tail and caressing his pucker, squelching over his face and refusing to stop.

Time isn’t even a concept to him now, he could’ve been in here for minutes or it could be weeks. Getting out isn’t even his priority, as getting off trumps everything else, and judging by his lewd kobold noises, that shouldn’t be too hard to accomplish. Banishing his embarrassment in a matter of strokes against the wall, every sense of shame disappearing in a fury of pumps. Vehn has gone from being a tiny, slime covered kobold meekly trying to survive being eaten alive, to a moaning mess of scales and humps. Cooing into the walls, feeling their soft press envelop his head, rolling down his neck and spine like a gentle caress. Wings splattered with colonic drool, tail flapping from side to side out of excitement.

Growling clenches keep pushing him forward at a steady pace, but it’s disturbingly slow. Only inches at a time relative to his size, urging him further along the pungent pipes. A curl of the guts bends him downwards, trickling his head and neck through a soft tunnel before it flattens out once again. Flipping him over in the process, rolling him onto his back while he thrusts up against the walls. Building his orgasm quickly, each thrust driving his libido sky high as the wrinkled walls encase his slimy dick. Dripping head to toe in whatever goo these walls produce, huffing the stagnant musk like it’s a fine aged wine and loving every second of it.

Walls clamp abruptly, sealing the wiggling kobold down. His cock jolts, quivering before finally erupting with a splash of cum. Vehn cries out sweet words of ecstasy, shuddering with rolls of pleasure that shoot through his entire body. His scales become incredibly sensitive, picking up every intricate little squish and poke of the gigantic bird’s digestive tract. Seed splatters up against his belly, mixing in with the abundant layers of slime caking his form and leaking off to the sides. Throbbing with lust, his climax rises to its fullest, making him squirm even more in the tight confines. Walls squeeze down harder, trying to hamper his movements but only really setting him off more. His moans fill the damp tunnel, nearly overtaking the already earth shattering cacophony of bodily noises.

His come down hits him like a sack of bricks, his dick throbbing a few more times before it stops entirely, falling limp to his belly and slowly retreating back inside. Fatigue grips his bones, the afterglow after his cataclysmic climax plaguing his bones to the point where he doesn’t even feel like he could move if he wanted to. Everything else seems to calm down as well, the walls stop squeezing so much as the insistent crying out from everything happening around him quiets down. Soon, he’s just floating backwards, letting the soft colon walls gently push him forward without a care in the world.

Eyes droop closed just a little, nearly sending the kobold off to sleep if it weren’t for his predicament. It takes great effort not to give into his needs, the kobold forcing himself to stay awake and focussed. He’s had his little fun, but he still needs to think of a plan once he gets out of here. The bird probably won’t take kindly to Vehn surviving his guts, and will likely just gulp him down as soon as he’s set free.

A corner splatters Vehn in the face with a mouthful of drool. The musky stuff sits heavy on his tongue, and he spits it out instantly. Arching down again, the corner folds into a ring, which after a moment of pause opens up to accept Vehn. He spills out into the compartment down below, the cloaca judging by the size and smell of it. Vehn blinks a few times to clear his vision of the haze that’s infected him the entire time he’s been down here, and quickly spots the bird’s fleshy pucker just below him. Quivering slightly, probably recognizing the heavy weight sitting atop it. It won’t be long before the signals get sent up to the pelican himself, waking him finally from his eternal slumber to the call of nature.

Until then, the walls clench down. It’s abrupt and slimy, smothering the kobold who’s almost completely upside in their foul hold. Gross trickles of slime follow him down from the tunnel, splashing against the base of his tail with an oddly erotic touch. Vehn bites his lip, not letting himself get turned on by the crass and horrifically erotic feel of everything touching him all over, and keeps focussed on escape. Not soon after, he feels the pelican start to stir.

Wings flap as the giant bird stretches its body. Stiff from having practically fallen asleep where he stood, he gets up after a little difficulty feeling marginally better rested than before. He looks down, noticing that his belly has shrunk significantly in size, and up to the sky seeing that the moon is out and shining brightly across the calm sea. He must’ve slept for nearly half a day!

There’s a familiar presence in his rear, food begging to be released after its long journey through his guts. He remembers the kobold, and how good they felt squirming in his guts. However, to the bird it felt as though he hardly satiated his hunger at all! He’s ravenous still, practically drooling just at the thought of eating another one of them again! He’d go looking for one as soon as he’s done with his business, it’s like his newfound size demands exponentially more food to properly manage. No problem, the pelican would delight in getting to eat much more.

Vehn keeps still within the bird’s rear, not wanting to let on that he’s still alive. However, something catches his attention. Off to the side, he spots something glowing in the crass folds of the cloaca. It’s small and glowing, shrouded in slime and practically stuffed into the wrinkles of the walls. He blinks a few more times, gathering its details and wondering just what it is. Gold chains attached to a large medallion with a glowing gemstone in the center? He doesn’t have to examine it much more to realize it’s magical, the light is enough to give that away. Reaching out, he touches the jeweled talismon, feeling the energy it gives off radiating through his finger tips. It seems the pelican somehow got a magical artifact stuck up his ass, or maybe he just ate it and it passed through him normally. This might explain why he’s so big to begin with.

He reaches forward and grabs one of the chains, looping it around his arm to take it out with him. If it is some kind of growth amulet, then it will immediately revert the pelican back to its normal size once removed! If not, then he’s got a cool new trinket to play around with when he gets back home.

The walls quiver as the pelican squats, pushing and squeezing on poor Vehn compacted in his bowels without much realization. The kobold starts to shift forward, sliding towards the bird’s pucker with the chain still in his hands. It spreads open over his face, smearing slime and musk into his scales before he even starts to breach through. A second later, it opens up and he’s greeted to the sight of the sandy beach where he had been eaten hours ago. The pelican keeps pushing, slowly slipping the oversized lump in his ass out, crawling his pucker down and over Vehn’s shoulders with a slight squawk. As soon as he’s over them, it’s nothing but a strong shove before Vehn is shot out entirely.

Clinging to the chain, it tugs on the medallion behind him, pulling it free from the pelican’s ass instantly. With a plop of slime, he falls to the ground, heaving his lungs with fresh seaside air and looking at his surroundings. He’s free! He actually made it out! Allotting a few seconds to celebrate, he quickly remembers that he’s not yet out of danger. The bird is still very big, and he’s still very snack sized. Quickly, he casts a spell to revert his size back to normal, no longer distracted by the crass cries of slimy stomach walls surrounding him. There’s a flash of light, then suddenly he’s back to normal, and just in time for the pelican to whip around.

Astonishment graces the feathery menace’s face, still towering over the slimy kobold with a glint of amazement and anger in his eyes. The drool from his cracked beak speaks the bird’s intentions for him, letting Vehn know exactly what’s about to happen to him. In an instant, the pelican has Vehn in his pouch again, scooping the slimy and musky kobold off the ground and flicking him up into the air. He lands back down with a splat, sliding right into the bird’s hungry mouth a few moments later. But something is different, he doesn’t fit entirely within the pelican’s beak anymore. His arms and legs hang out of the edges of the bird’s beak, and his face is practically the size of the throat in front of him. On top of that, it feels like the pelican is getting smaller.

Then he realizes the pelican *is* getting smaller! Shrinking around his head, soon unable to even hold Vehn up as his beak plops to the ground. Vehn crawls out without any difficulty, standing up to watch as the bird before him shrinks back to normal size. It all happens within a few seconds, and ends with Vehn standing just as tall as the bird. They look at eachother, the glints of anger and hunger in the pelican’s eyes replaced with confusion and soon dread. His head droops a little, but it doesn’t take long before his malice returns. He might not be the big bird he once was, but that’s not going to stop him from trying to eat Vehn again!

His beak pecks, snapping at Vehn’s arms and legs whenever he can, squawking and flapping his wings angrily. He spots the medallion in the kobolds hands, recognizing it from before and suddenly he has a new target. Aiming for the golden amulet, realizing its energy and desiring its power. He must have it, he has to!

Vehn flicks his hand once, sending a cast of light towards the bird who stops instantly after. Pacified in an instant, soon followed by a drowsiness that knows no bounds. He flops over onto his side, passing out instantly. Vehn sighs with relief, looking down at the sleeping bird and remembering in excruciating detail just what it had been like inside of him. Still dripping with slime, now covered in sand where he touched the ground. He shakes off, sniffing himself a little and recoiling in mild disgust. Still smelling like he crawled through a bird’s guts as well. Good thing the ocean is right there!

He spends some time washing off, glad that he was not only right next to his little beach setup where the pelican first scooped him up, but that he remembered to bring soap for some reason as well! The cool ocean waters lap over his scales, rubbing off slime and musk quickly but not entirely. He’ll probably smell like intestines for a while, but people that know Vehn have come to expect this. He gives a little chuckle, reminiscing over the bird and everything else he brought with him. Giving a quick look over his shoulder, he spots him sleeping under the moon, looking oddly peaceful under the brilliant glow. White feathers rustle in the wind, and his stomach grumbles somewhat hungrily. After all that he’s been through, he didn’t even get to keep his meal in the end. But, he did also try to digest Vehn, so he can’t feel all that bad for him. The bird will be fine when he wakes up, hungry and angry, but fine.

Packing up, Vehn realizes that Razza must be concerned about his long absence. Good thing he’s got a great story to tell the protean when he gets home! Passing by the pelican, he spots some of his loose feathers stuck into the sand. They must’ve come loose in their little scuffle. Curiously, Vehn squats and picks one up, remembering exactly how much he ended up enjoying his little spelunking escapade. He ends up pocketing the feather, keeping it as a reminder and sort of trophy for conquering the odds. Also, a summoning aid, so he can conjure the pelican to him should he want to do so again. After all, he figures the pelican might want another try at eating him.

The End!