

One of the largest drawbacks to using magic is how finicky it is, especially relating to teleportation.

Even skilled users could easily phase into a wall and become entirely immobile, fail to displace the air around them to cause self-implosion, or even get the positioning wrong due to the earth's rotation and fling into space. No, if you want teleportation to work, you need to remain completely in place, instead conjuring up whatever item comes to mind from someplace else.

And as much as Kass wanted the ability to travel the world in an instant to discover all it has to offer, he rationalized that the journey far surpassed whatever destination he would have taken himself to. Alongside this, simply being able to bring parts of the world to him was delight enough. Particularly the cuisines that come with it.

The Rito used this to his advantage, being sure to sample food from all over the world, be it rich pancakes and eggs for breakfast, Beef Paprikash for lunch, or delicious Apple Strudel for dessert. He was admittedly not much of a foodie, but even the sight of the foods excited the rito much more than the taste.

Apart from getting a free meal, one of the major benefits to this practice was no longer having the need to cook for himself, previously wasted time that he would rather spend on musical studies and exploration, today having found a nice river to enjoy his lunch by.

Speaking of his studies, that's actually how he was able to perform his magic. While some tend to use more focused enchantments through a wand or ring, Kass' teacher was able to train him using his more natural talents. His voice. Making sure to have a juicy burger stored in his mind's eye, Kass prepared the song that he knew to heart, and began his incantation.

b Search for an item bountiful and sweet.

Scour this plain for a wonderful little treat.

Something full of flavor and taste.

Let it appear in my grasp post haste. b

While the act technically was theft, Kass was sure that whoever he was taking from didn't mind his sampling. Nobody complained to him about missing a single meal, after all! Not that they had the ability to complain, Kass' teleportation spell having one deadly flaw, completely unnoticed by the Rito...

For you it was an otherwise normal day, having spent the last hour or so preparing tonight's meal in celebration of last week's promotion. Not having anyone to share it with, you decided not to splurge too hard, still collecting a fair amount of wagyu beef from the groceries.

Being sure to season it with mustard, salt and pepper, you placed the patty onto the grill, flipping it over at intervals to get it just right. Finally it was seared to perfection, and you used your spatula to retrieve the meat before it became too well done. Grilled onions followed to add that extra flavor, and you placed the near-completed burger on the bottom bun.

However, just before you reached for its top counterpart, a massive wave of nausea overwhelmed you, forcing you to tightly grip your head and clamp your eyes shut in an effort to

stop the pain. But just as quickly as it began, the sensation ceased. Slowly you reopened your eyes, and as you readjusted to the light, what you saw made you no less blind.

No longer were you in your home backyard, despite feeling like you had not moved a single inch in the second that you were left disabled. Instead of the familiarity of grass beneath your feet, you found yourself atop a massive flat surface, its surface warming your feet, yet not uncomfortably so. You were clearly still outside, the sun shining brightly above you despite being in a different position, but something about this seemed... wrong.

In the distance you were able to see a river, with grass and trees visible just past it, but the perspective seemed off, almost as if everything was larger than it should be. But as you turned to your side to get a better look, you realized that the opposite was true. Because blocking your path was a massive brown object, flakes that seemed to have fallen off it littering the ground nearby.

You've read enough size smut in the past to instantly realize what had happened. You had somehow shrunk to a microscopic size, and the object in front of you was the massive bottom bun of your burger. The 'ground' surrounding you was nothing more than a single plank of a red picnic table, and the river truly was that far away. From your point of view it was likely more than a day's trek especially with the grass you would have to traverse on your way there.

Not that you would ever get the chance. Lost in elation at your realization, both the thought of why you had up here, and what could possibly have the ability to shrink you to such a small size eluded your mind, at least until *he* came into view.

It was at first a vast shadow that fell across both you and the burger, causing your attention to once again return to the world around you. That was when you laid your eyes upon *him*. He was wearing a brown leather chestplate, draped in scarfs and fabrics both red and white in hue. Looking further upwards, you were nearly blinded by dazzling shades of brilliant blue and yellow dotting his skin.

Wait no, this wasn't skin. These were feathers. As further confirmation, looking to his immense visage you were able to notice a black beak along with a plumage dotting his head. This was a bird, and one who was thousands of times your size. Your mouth was agape at his beautiful nature, wondering both why and how he had conjured you here, and at such a miniscule size. However as the seconds passed, he made no acknowledgement towards your meager form, his glimmering yellow eyes instead focusing on the massive burger which was directly to your side.

Your mind quickly came to a horrifying conclusion. The avian wasn't here for you, but for your burger. Whatever he had done to transport it to him must have accidentally taken you with it, shrinking your unplanned form down to the size of a crumb in the process. Terrified at the thought of being left alone in the wilderness at your current size, you made sure to do everything you could to be discovered by the rito, waving your arms high while jumping up and down.

Without even stopping to notice an unusually moving speck on his picnic table, Kass simply waved his winged hand over your location as if conducting an invisible orchestra. You wondered what the purpose of this action could be, until an impossible to describe sensation rushed over you.

Apart from the constant tingling warmth overwhelming your body, one thing you noticed was that you could no longer feel the ground between your feet. Assuming that your lower half had been paralyzed, you looked down only to discover that in fact it was instead lifted from the table entirely, yourself now floating weightlessly up through the air.

Able to at least adjust your body in his direction through spinning in place, you noticed that Kass still wasn't acknowledging you, instead focusing on the top bun of the burger, likewise drifting through the air. Any attempts to swim to safety ended in failure, being pulled by this unknown force towards the immense brown patty that was still on the table.

If not for the assumption that Kass had no idea you were teleported in, you would have considered the slow motion to be cruel. Instead your torment was by no means intentional, the avian likely just generalizing all 'ingredients' to be combined, the teleportation mishap accidentally registering you as one.

Within seconds, you were brought over to the brown landscape of wagyu beef. Having just been grilled by yourself a few minutes before, steam was still rushing upwards past your form, scented heavily of cooked meat.

As you continued your descent through the clouds of vapor, you were already starting to feel the heat blast through your body. Tiny indents became rolling hills as you approached, and finally you landed onto the boiling patty, the top half of the bun following you to seal you inside your own meal.

Trapped in darkness, you were finally back on your two feet to stumble around within the burger. The heat of the patty left you with a great deal of discomfort, while luckily not being scolding

enough to burn your feet. The scent was magnified at your height, perfectly cooked wagyu invading your nostrils to make your mouth water. This burger was enough to last you a thousand lifetimes of gourmet dining, or at least should have been.

Because it was no longer yours, but instead now belonged to the massive avian who was most likely going to devour it with an unwilling extra piece of protein included. Knowing you had little time left before he took a bite out of your prison to seal your fate, you stumbled through pitch blackness to find a way out of this delicious swamp.

Under a canopy of dampening brioche a few inches above your head, the only light available to you was faintly shining in the distance. The floor was damp and spongy with the burger's juices, forming large puddles you didn't have the visibility to prevent yourself from dashing into. Grilled onion was a thick jungle of slices that you had no way of moving even with all of your strength, forcing you to find your way around them to lengthen your trek.

Eventually you came across a small pile of boulders that blocked your path. Without much time to spare, you quickly began to clamber over the pile, curiosity getting the better of you as you tasted it. Immediately you retched at the taste, having swallowed a mouthful of concentrated salt. It was only then that you realized how miniscule you truly were to the outside world, smaller than a single flake of seasoning.

You didn't have time to ponder however, quickly getting back to your rush towards the edge of the burger. The light that was once a pinprick grew to take up more of your field of vision as you approached the exit, until finally you were forced to stop as you stumbled onto the ledge of the patty, finally at least partially free.

And not a moment too soon, as by now the burger found itself directly in front of the rito's immense visage, consuming your entire view. More so than from the skewed angle you first observed Kass from, you were subject to his majesty in full detail. Vivid colors of blue, white and yellow popped out at you, capped by a red feather accessorizing his plumage.

Your admiration was quickly interrupted by a massive earthquake-like roar emanating far below your location. While heavily bassy and distorted through the size difference, you instantly knew exactly what this sound could mean. Kass' stomach, impatiently calling for its meal. In response, the rito slowly began to open his massive beak.

The sight was almost hypnotic, a vast cavern slowly unfurling before you. Being a beak, the chamber lacked any teeth that would have inhibited a full view into its depths. The massive red tongue was the largest object of note, rhythmically swaying much like waves on an ocean. A layer of saliva several feet deep was forming on its surface, a glimmer visibly shining as Kass anticipated his feast. And at the back, you could barely glimpse his throat, an undulating black pit that if you entered, you would likely not return from in one piece.

For a second you almost accepted your fate, thinking it an honor to add yourself to this god of a bird, but you quickly were able to snap out of the trance. Your thoughts then immediately moved to how to get out of this situation, but as the burger jolted back into motion towards the chasm, you realized that any escape was impossible.

Honestly, you should have known there was no escape as soon as you were dropped within the burger. Even at increased durability due to your reduction, there was no way you could survive diving off the burger onto the ground below, even if your fall would slightly be cushioned through

a jungle of grass. As the burger was hovering in midair instead of being held by the rito, there were no exits you could use to safely reach the ground either.

And so you could do nothing but wait for the inevitable as the burger slowly drifted forwards into Kass' endless void of a beak. As it entered the maw was still fully agape, light able to shine into it to illuminate your surroundings in terrifying detail. Upon the rhythmically flexing tongue, you were able to see individual taste buds as well as further back into the throat, still unable to see fully down its length.

Despite the burger already producing a great deal of humidity, the gale of Kass' breath was that much stronger, an overwhelming aroma of hours old breakfast and bile giving you a preview at what lay past that endless pit you seemed destined to end up in. Light was already becoming sparse as the burger you were trapped on passed through the entrance to the rito's beak, painfully slow as though he was teasing you, before finally becoming enveloped completely.

But just as the mouthful reached its final position within the maw, the endless walls of keratin surrounding you suddenly clamped shut to envelop its catch. Unprepared for the swiftness of the action as well as the sudden elimination of light, you quickly lost your balance from upon the patty you were at the edge of, and tumbled out of the burger much like an errant crumb.

Unlike when the platform was hovering in midair, your fall was short enough for you to at least survive the drop. You already knew what the squishy pink surface that you landed on was, the tongue not even noticing you as the whale of an organ casually motioned around to taste the burger.

At the base of the mountain you once rested on, you expected Kass to begin chewing his meal, especially as he pushed his mouthful up towards the roof of his beak with his tongue. However, whether due to lack of teeth or wishing to just eat it as quickly as possible, he just compressed the burger between those two surfaces, juices of water and fat spilling out from the patty directly onto your body.

You barely had time to prepare yourself as you were swept up in a goopy mixture of both said juices and saliva, the current taking you dangerously close to a one way trip down the giant's esophagus. The only thing that stopped you from spilling over the edge was a chance grab onto a single one of Kass' taste buds, close to your own size.

Unwilling to even look up into the maw, your view was focused downwards into the flesh ocean as it aimlessly prodded. You tightened your grip to brace for the inevitable, and Kass finally swallowed his beakful. The burger was dragged across the tongue as the motion took it into the throat, rolling over you with all its mass. And before you were even able to look up, it was gone, a gulp echoing through the chamber as the burger disappeared down the throat.

Miraculously you were able to make it through the deluge of food and saliva, and once all motion ceased, you gathered the courage to let go of your life preserver and get back to your feet. You were once again afforded light as the immense maw once again opened, allowing you to observe the carnage you had barely survived through.

Surrounding you were the remnants of what was once supposed to be your lunch. Boulders of crumbs and puddles of steak sauce littered the organic wasteland, along with a mist of the remnants of its scent that obscured Kass' own stale breath. It was still hard to believe that you were almost swallowed with the rest, your quick thinking preventing a digestive end.

Your curiosity and common sense were in heated battle as you pondered your next action within the chamber, however the former eventually won out as you turned around to face where you were almost dragged down.

Even this close to the endless chasm of Kass' throat, any light that entered it receded from view far before the bottom would become visible. Your legs bucked at its enormity and you could do nothing but collapse to your knees in shock. From the light that was visible at the entrance to Kass' internal dungeon, you were able to see organic walls rippling with muscles that could rival highways at your size.

Before you even had time to fully process the events of the past minute, the light that you were graciously given quickly ceased, this time by a winged hand covering the maw. Kass was preparing for something, and it took a loud rumbling from the abyss below to confirm just what was in store for your meager form.

Being so close to the throat's edge, the foreshocks were motion enough to once again knock you from your position, this time with no tongue to catch you from your fall. As if to announce your consumption, a hurricane-like gust of hot air blasted through your form as you fell down the throat alongside an eardrum shattering roar.

The monstrous belch, while powerful enough to allow you to hover in place for its duration, wasn't enough to blast you out from the throat. After all it had claimed its meal, one that Kass' body didn't want to let go of. Not that the rito knew of course, having obscured his belch to nobody in particular with a wing. The only acknowledgement he ever made of his action, and of his entire meal in general, was a meek "*Urp. Scuse me.*"

And with that, he never gave the burger another thought.

Tumbling down the endless esophagus, you almost regretted not joining the burger. At least within the unchewed bolus there would have been something to soften your fall, along with undulations of throat muscles helping to slow any descent into the avian predator. But instead you were left in freefall, occasionally crashing and bouncing into the throat walls in impacts that would have easily killed you at normal height.

Knowing that it was a bird who swallowed you, the seconds you spent in temporary limbo were focused on figuring a way you could possibly survive the digestive system. From the stories you read on FA and what little biology knowledge you held, you knew that avians had crops, which tended to act as food storage before meals were sent into the gizzard for full digestion.

If by some way you were able to escape from the crop back into the throat, you could make it out of the rito unharmed. There was no way to test this theory before you entered the crop however, so there was nothing you could do but wait for the inevitable, plummeting past Kass' chest as any indication that you ever existed to the outside world vanished completely.

By now the burger had long since been swallowed, leaving the sphincter connecting the throat to the rest of the digestive system clamped shut. Alongside this, your microscopic size was not nearly enough to reactivate the throat's gag reflex, disabling said sphincter from reopening. And so, you simply tumbled gracelessly into the entrance, becoming stuck within the center of the closed mass of muscles.

Landing face first into the valve, you were unable to move an inch with your hands clamped tightly to your sides. Perhaps to make up for not having teeth, the muscular walls chewed at you endlessly. It wasn't enough to cause you any harm, but you felt like a sausage in a meat grinder with how it mindlessly undulated and processed what it didn't even register as a crumb.

This couldn't last forever though, and eventually the ambient pulses were able to force you downwards the couple dozen relative feet needed to squeeze through the muscle and pop out into the open air below. Once again you were in freefall, with no throat walls this time to at least mitigate your fall. The chamber was entirely dark with the sphincter closing back up after spewing you down to make your fate final.

If it was anything other than flesh to break your fall, you would have died from the impact, however due to both its soft texture and your small size, you simply bounced upon splattering. The wind still utterly knocked out of you, it took a few seconds to get back to your feet, not helped by a layer of liquid a few feet deep having completely drenched both yourself and your clothing.

You had no idea how large the gut you were trapped in was, the darkness disallowing you to even see your own hands in front of you, let alone the undulating walls that were likely miles away from your perspective. Knowing that stumbling around in the dark would quickly lead to your death, you rummaged around your sides to find your pants pocket, having left your mobile phone in there and praying that it still worked.

While not being certified for acid resistance, the phone was somehow able to survive from within your pocket. As you brought it out and turned on the screen, you were finally able to get at least some light to survey your situation.

Before switching on the flashlight however, you noticed that you weren't getting any signal. You weren't sure if this was due to radio waves not traveling as far from the phones shrunken size, the stomach lining being too thick to allow anything through or if you were simply isekai'd to a world without internet. Unfortunately, this was a mystery you were unlikely to find any answers to.

One mystery which was far more pressing to your survival however was searching for anywhere in this organic chamber that was free from danger. The small lake you found yourself in was starting to rise the longer you stayed here, and if you did nothing survival would be unlikely. Turning your phone's flashlight on, the light still wasn't enough to completely light up the chamber, but it certainly helped.

The pulsing red walls barely being visible in the distance, you attempted to find any landmark or safe haven to orient yourself, as while you assumed you were in the bird's crop, you were still in a digestive system hell bent on turning you into nutrients. It didn't take long to find a landmark however, as after a few seconds of searching you quickly found a monument towering hundreds of feet tall.

The burger that you were once a part of, somehow still intact within Kass' gut.

For a few seconds you almost forgot your own precarious situation simply to take offense at the rito. You put good money into that burger after all, so to see it simply swallowed whole without

the care taken to chew or taste it was a complete waste of good wagyu. Even so, the predator clearly seemed to enjoy it, the loud thuds of him patting his stomach from the outside caused the chamber to shake and churn, snapping you out of this distractive thought.

Travel towards the burger was difficult, the acidic waves attempting to drag you away from safety, and any floor your feet touched tried to drag you under into a web of muscles wrinkled in on themselves. In any case, within a minute you arrived at the base of the burger, its bottom bun already damp and soggy from both saliva and digestive fluids.

You weren't much of a climber, but a mixture of adrenaline and determination pushed you to scale hundreds of feet in a matter of minutes. Digestion still hadn't kicked fully into gear as you continued your ascent, a godsend as you didn't have to endure the chaotic churning and acid storms that would come with a more active gut.

Eventually you were able to reach the summit of this burger mountain, and not a moment too soon, as by now the stomach had fully recognized that a juicy meal had entered it. And now that you had a few seconds to decompress and fully take in your situation, you thought of that word again.

Stomach.

From what you knew about avian anatomy, this shouldn't be here, or at least so soon in its digestive system. Birds were supposed to have crops to assist with food storage, with a proper stomach and gizzard directly afterwards. There shouldn't be acids or wrinkled walls. Either you had somehow passed through the crop unnoticed, or your devourer had an anatomy entirely foreign to any other avian.

One silver lining to this was that if the stomach was similar to that of most anthros, at the very least you wouldn't have to deal with a gizzard. Your mind shuddered at the thought of spiky muscular walls grinding you into a fine paste. Not that being digested alive was any better a thought, but at least there was a larger chance of getting out of this in one piece with only one stomach chamber to deal with instead of three.

Although stomachs aren't exactly designed to let food come out unprocessed, especially live meals. Even if you could somehow climb back up the walls to the entrance, even a single square inch of throat muscle could overpower a hundred of you without notice. The only way you could see yourself escaping would have to be through... the rear exit.

The thought was gross for sure, and likely still perilous even if you made it out from the stomach. Who knows, maybe the gizzard did actually exist past this stomach and you were in fact planning on walking straight into another death trap. But you knew that either you were heading through the bottom sphincter in one piece, or as a digested mush. And honestly, you greatly would much prefer the former to be your fate.

Perhaps you were overconfident, having read way too many full tour fics in the past, but you knew that somehow, you would find a way out of this. The duodenum wasn't visible even with your phone's light shining upon the ocean of acid, but you were sure it was down there somewhere. Despite your eagerness to escape, you weren't yet suicidal enough to attempt diving into the acids to check personally, so all you could do was wait for it to make itself known, hoping that you wouldn't be digested first.

It took until you were suddenly woken up by a massive jolt to even realize you had even fallen asleep. Instantly aware, you internally kicked yourself for losing consciousness in such a deadly environment, at a loss to how you even survived your heat exhaustion induced nap.

The stomach had by now kicked into full gear, acids continuously secreted from the walls to create an ocean of churning fluid. Switching your phone's flashlight back on, you observed your surroundings only to find that your safe haven was growing less stable by the minute.

No longer was the burger in any recognizable state, but instead had become a mountain of uniformly brown mush. The fact that you hadn't been digested with it was nothing short of a miracle, and one that you didn't intend on taking for granted. For whatever reason, despite having sunk into the ocean somewhat, the now unsavory hill somehow seemed larger than before. Did Kass eat again during your nap?

Making sure to not fall into any crevices eroded into what was once a burger, you made your way across its surface to the edge, and overlooked the acidic sea trying to find any escape from this hellish chamber. And that's when you saw it. Through some stroke of luck only a few hundred feet away from the cliff you were standing on were bubbles of gas larger than yourself, clearly visible popping out from the sea.

You knew that it was now or never, and any delays could cause your platform to deteriorate further, which could cause you to fall into pockets of digestive liquid embedded in the burger to finish you off. You were going back into the acid one way or another, and you needed to spend as little time there as possible if you wanted to survive. And so you left off into the churning ocean below.

The boiling heat of the acids was so overwhelming compared to even the rest of the organic sauna that as soon as you submerged under the surface, you thought you were already being digested. You were just lucid enough however to continue your voyage downwards, knowing that any hesitation from the tingling would ensure your demise.

Diving further down to find wherever the bubbles were emerging from, it took seconds before disaster struck. A massive churn caused the currents of the stomach to shift course, ripping you away from your trajectory towards the duodenum and erasing any progress made. Still, you held your breath after resurfacing just to dive under the waves one final time, knowing that this was now your last chance.

Swimming appeared harder this time, the churning liquid somehow both feeling thicker and stronger than in your last attempt, almost as though you were simply swimming in place. Your lungs were burning for air, and with you by now too deep to swim back to the surface, you realized that this was it, sure that the stomach was about to claim you for good.

Just before you could drown however, the sphincter beneath you jolted open to belch out air into the stomach, the motion causing a whirlpool to quickly form. The force of the suction forced your near-lifeless body in with a small amount of digestive fluids before sealing up, leaving the stomach once again completely void of life.

Puked out into a smaller chamber, you splattered into the soft surface of the intestinal walls. It took a while to get back onto your feet, having been drained completely of your energy as you gagged up fluid from your acidlogged lungs. And that didn't appear to be the only thing that was

drained during your short stay in the stomach, the cylindrical chamber seeming much larger than should have been possible, even at your crumb-like size.

Given that the lack of a crop already threw all your assumptions of anatomy out of the window, could the rito's digestive fluids shrink its food instead of digesting? No, if that were the case the burger would have shrunk alongside you...

For everything you had survived today, from surviving the boiling heat of a freshly grilled burger and tumbling miles through a massive bird's throat, to stewing for hours in his stomach with no marks apart from your reduced size, your continued existence could no longer be due to luck. Was it possible that Kass wasn't as unaware of your existence as he put on, teleporting you in on purpose for a full tour of his body?

You were quick to dismiss the thought, more direct concerns more pressing on your mind. For obvious reasons this was bad. At least if you went into the intestine with the burger sludge you could have been able to ride the pile through the chamber, but unassisted the trek would take weeks. You would starve far before then, if not fully processed by one of the millions of gut bacteria you now seemed to be the size of.

It was only then that you realized where you truly were. Not on the floor of the intestine, but stuck to the surface of an immense wiggling finger, one among millions within the chamber. Kass' villi. I would say by that point it was too late for you to pull out your phone, but your fate was already sealed the moment you entered Kass' intestine.

Detecting even the slightest bit of nutrition adhered to it, the skyscraper sized feeler was quick to pull you into one of the microscopic crevices. Absorbed fully into its form, your role as food

was now complete as you were devoured for the second time today. Not even a parasite within Kass' guts, you may as well have been digested as the only purpose you now served was to be a single germ to add to and be lost within his massive form.

Forever.

By now, you were less of a human and moreso a bundle of neurons capable of broadcasting the most basic of sensations. Directions, warmth and claustrophobia were expressed only in single words. Left. Up. Hot. Down. Fast.

Blood.

Of course, somewhere deep within your being you knew both exactly what was happening and where you were. But the speeds at which you were whizzing around the titan's veins did not give those thoughts opportunity to fully manifest in your brain apart from those slight glimpses at lucidity. You didn't have room to ask how you were breathing in the liquid, why the bird's immune system wasn't attacking you, or how much longer you would have to endure this torture for.

The ambient sounds of blood rushing through Kass' body overwhelmed your entire body through bassy thuds, the rush of flowing liquid and elongated groans coming from the stomach aching for more food. One particular sound however was growing louder by the second. One that you were barely able to recognize before you were sucked through a massive valve into Kass' city block sized heart.

Your short stay at the core of your predator gave you an instant to attempt regaining your thoughts, the half-second being in stasis before the next beat almost a mercy. But that freedom was snatched from you too soon to be useful, the following pulse ejecting you just as quickly as you entered. And so you were fated to this endless cycle of being pumped through Kass's body, at least until it figured out what to do with you.

Both time and direction were meaningless within the bloodstream, you not knowing whether you had been trapped here for minutes or weeks. Eventually though chance however, your host was able to detect your pitiful form, and cast judgment upon how to process this loose undigested calorie. And as the verdict came in, you were branded as a toxin, nothing but a useless speck to be tossed away and disposed of.

And that's exactly what Kass' body autonomously did.

Your meager form was quickly whisked through the bloodstream in an effort to flush you out, and eventually you found yourself traveling through a new chamber unlike any before. The plasma you were previously immersed in was slowly filtered out as you now were in company of other toxins, alongside a blend of water and urea.

Finally slowed from your prior torment, the time given to think of your situation allowed you to quickly realize exactly where you were headed, both elation and horror filling your mind. While of course you knew that this would be your only method of escaping the rito, the process itself was its own breed of hell. And while you admitted to being into many kinks, bladder vore certainly wasn't one of them.

Still, there was nothing you could do to prevent yourself from being filtered through the kidneys, and you once again found yourself dumped into a pitch black chamber, this time caught in a waterfall of sterile piss. The bladder was already mostly filled, and while that meant you were closer to being released than if it were empty, it also meant that you couldn't force your way through early, the exit sphincter submerged under miles of urine.

Despite being the size of a single bacterium, the urine was still easily able to easily stick to you, leaving you marked with a scent that a thousand showers couldn't wash off. If you had actually eaten the burger that was stolen by the bird, you certainly would have vomited it out by now as the liquid found its way into your mouth.

One thing you didn't need to worry about was drowning, somehow being buoyant enough to float on top of the casually churning ocean's surface tension as Kass rested to unknowingly keep the waves less active.

After a half hour or so of floating in the dark you quickly became bored, motioning to your pocket to grab your phone. Only to find that you no longer had a pocket. Or any clothing on at all for that matter. Either digested away by the acids or torn off as you shot through the bloodstream, you were now completely exposed, as well as without any entertainment to keep yourself occupied with as you drifted in wait.

You were quickly knocked out of your trance as the rito awakened from his slumber. The motion caused a massive jolt within the sack, tidal waves that could easily dwarf buildings crashing all around your puny form. Lost in the tsunami, you knew you didn't have much time until your release, the waves almost crashing against the roof of the bladder with how full it was now.

And that time eventually came, as the massive chamber plunged into chaos, a whirlpool beginning to form close to the center. Eager to finally escape from this hell, you allowed yourself to be sucked in, swirling around the ring before being plunged through the depths.

Much like within the bloodstream, the immense forces that you were subject to made any coherent thoughts impossible. You knew that you were being shot through Kass' member, but any idea of what your plan afterwards could possibly be entirely eluded you.

Assuming that Kass had finished his picnic by now, if he had access to electricity or at least functional plumbing, you knew you were likely destined for a one way trip to the sewers. Even if you survived being flushed, the waste treatment plant was designed exactly for exterminating contaminatory germs such as yourself.

But your destination was not a toilet, for when you finally emerged out of Kass' cavernous cock slit, open air was all that greeted you and the stream of urine. Having been trapped in complete darkness for at least an entire day, the sudden transition into brightness rendered proper sight impossible for the duration of your travel to the ground.

Not that your trip lasted that long, as within the space of a second the torrent of urine punched through the ground below, with you as a part of its initial droplets. The volley caused some of the soil itself to rise from the ground in an impact crater, one that was invisible to the one causing it yet monumental to you.

If not for your buoyancy allowing you to stay close to the surface of this ocean, you would have quickly been dragged under as the soil hungrily absorbed the urine which was spreading upon

it. But as the deluge slowed to a crawl and Kass finished his release, the field capacity was quickly met, any excess piss flooded into a large lake for you to float upon aimlessly.

Your time inside Kass' body didn't allow you full perspective to your true size, and now looking upwards towards the immense member that you had just shot out of, your brain broke once again. The cockhead alone was the size of a moon, with the rest of his body celestial in stature. Branches and leaves slightly obscured your view, having realized that you had been pissed into a bush. It was somewhat of an undignified method of disposal, but if he was still out in the wilderness you still were thankful to have not been released into a river instead.

A mite's mite, you weren't even sure if Kass would have been able to grow you back if he was aware of your situation. Kass wasn't one to admire his own excretion, so after shaking off town sized excess droplets to splatter around you, he simply turned around and walked away to continue his trek.

Your fate was sealed at that moment, your last chance at being saved erased. Even if someone else managed to come across the bush you were under, who the hell would analyze a puddle of evaporating piss for a germ sized human that they have no reason to believe exists? You were erased to the outside world, your best case scenario being some curious wild animal inhaling you out of the ocean before you become truly lost amongst the soil.

Your final sight of Kass was the behemoth exiting through the trees. Given a full view of his backside and tail for the first time, you might at one point have been lost in its magnitude as you had previously at his front. But after being given a full tour of the rito's body, you no longer could bring yourself to find him appealing. And honestly, you doubted you were into vore now either.