

The sun was just beginning its lazy descent across the horizon, staining the clouds a hue of burnt orange and lavender, when I found myself gazing up at a legend. Kass, the bard of the Rito—towering, broad-shouldered, his magnificent blue and white feathers catching the wind as he hummed a wistful tune into the dusk. I'd admired him from afar for months, always careful to stay hidden beneath the foliage or cracks in the rocks. I was a micro—no taller than his clawed toe—so staying unseen was more than a habit; it was survival.

But today... something smelled too good.

He stood beside a roaring campfire, thick with the scent of sizzling meat and warm bread. A cooking pot bubbled beside him, and on a large wooden slab rested a towering, overstuffed burger. The moment my eyes met that thing, my mouth began to water. A roasted hunk of gourmet meat, thick-sliced sunfruit glistening with glaze, a smear of creamy sauce over toasted halves of freshly baked bread, and just the right amount of crisp greens to add freshness. Kass had crafted a masterpiece, and I—gods help me—I got too close.

I scurried up the edge of his cooking station, hiding behind a pouch of spices larger than my body. He was distracted, plucking at his accordion with gentle grace. The breeze of each feathered movement sent tremors through the earth below me.

My stomach growled. Louder than I meant. One trembling step back—and I slipped.

Right into the lettuce.

The bun above me hadn't dropped yet. I scrambled, crawling over the meat, hands sinking into the sauce-slicked terrain. But then came a shadow—broad, blue, and final.

Kass gently pressed the top bun onto the burger. I was trapped. I pressed upward with all my might, but to him, it must've felt no different than a tomato seed.

His hum turned to a pleased little chuckle.

"Mmm... looks perfect."

Then everything shifted.

The burger rose, slowly at first. I tumbled backward, sinking slightly into a melted strip of cheese, gripping the meat patty as my world tilted and tilted until I was staring *directly at him*.

And that's when I saw it.

His beak.

I had always seen it from afar—elegant and proud, part of his noble face. But now, it loomed before me like a temple gate, enormous and ancient, made not of stone but of living keratin and glistening gold. The upper beak shone in the light, smooth but ridged with faint, natural

striations. Like the surface of a river-polished stone, yet sharper near the edges where the curves narrowed into fine, slicing points. His lower beak flexed, soft beneath the surface, lined subtly with faint rubbery ridges for gripping food—faint lines running from tip to base, like a natural conveyor of meals.

The moment his beak opened, everything changed.

First, a warm gust of air washed over the burger—and me. It smelled of roasted fruit, smoky meat, and something else... something distinctly *avian*. A breath laced with song and instinct. I blinked against the moist, golden haze pouring from his open maw.

Then, I saw deeper.

His inner beak was breathtaking.

The roof was textured like polished onyx, yet slightly translucent, with glowing hints of warm yellow light that must've come from deeper within his body. Fine veins and delicate striations ran across the palate like natural calligraphy, a feathered pattern sculpted by nature. Tiny glistening droplets of moisture clung to the surfaces, forming shining beads that caught the last light of the sun. It looked like liquid gold had been misted inside him.

And below—his tongue.

It moved slowly, undulating in anticipation, broad and glossy, a deep rose hue edged with softer, paler ridges. Its surface was sleek, almost glassy with saliva, and every inch of it rippled with gentle muscle beneath its soft coating. Even the way it rested—arched upward, curved just slightly—reminded me of a bridge built for food. The center was slightly indented, a natural cradle designed to cup his meals before the swallow. I saw the way it flexed slightly with every soft note he hummed.

And still—*still*—he hadn't taken a bite.

I was staring into a tunnel of warmth, scent, sound, and color, as his beak hovered open, waiting. Waiting for the perfect bite. Waiting for me.

The pressure shifted. The burger tipped forward.

I screamed—but it was buried beneath the sigh of wind and the low, resonant hum coming from deep in Kass's chest. It echoed through his beak like a flute, vibrating the walls of that gilded cavern. My body slid forward, pulled inexorably toward the glowing throat ahead.

I felt the air grow thicker. Moisture kissed my face. The temperature rose, a soft humidity brushing against my skin. I could hear his beak creak faintly at the hinges, the way a door sounds just before it closes, that deep *click* of anatomy preparing to seal.

I stared down into his throat.

Not a void, not a black hole—but a tunnel of amber light, pulsing gently, alive with the rhythm of a songbird’s breath. The entrance to his gullet quivered just slightly, slick and glistening, ringed with muscle that flexed like petals on a hidden flower. It was open—*welcoming*.

And just before the burger passed the threshold, Kass whispered to himself with a smile, his voice deep and soft:

“...Mmm. Nothing like a hearty bite before the next verse.”

And then... darkness began to fall as his beak finally closed.

Warmth closed in around me, sealing me into the grand chamber of Kass’s beak. My senses were immediately overwhelmed—first by the heat. It was a radiant, living heat, rising from the floor of his tongue and the ridged ceiling above. The air was thick with humidity, a soft mist of avian breath and the aroma of roasted meat, fruit, and melted cheese. It clung to my skin like a blanket, comforting in a strange, terrifying way.

His beak didn’t just close—it *sealed*, creating a near-perfect chamber of golden keratin and silken flesh.

Everything became a symphony of movement.

Kass’s tongue, once a smooth cradle, began to stir beneath me. At first it shifted subtly, like a great, sleeping serpent rolling in its den. The muscles beneath its sleek coating undulated gently, testing the meal. Then the motion grew stronger—rising in waves that pushed and rolled the food against the ridged roof of his mouth.

The first chew began.

*SCHHRK—MMMPH*

The sound was indescribable. A mix of wet pressure, low grinds, and smothered gulps, echoing through the chamber with fleshy resonance. It was a chew not of force, but of thorough appreciation. Kass chewed like a master savoring his craft, slowly, patiently, letting every ounce of flavor bloom across his tongue.

I was flung forward, the burger shifting beneath me like a collapsing cliff. My limbs sank into a mess of sauce-slicked meat and bun, and then—

*PRESSURE.*

The roof of his beak descended. Not hard, not crushing, but firm—unyielding. The ridged upper palate met his tongue with a slow, deliberate compression. Everything squished together in a warm, meaty cushion. I was pinned between layers of chewed food, surrounded on all sides by pulsing flesh and the dense weight of the meal being mulched around me.

The roof of his beak wasn't hard bone—not inside. It was padded, subtly rubbery, patterned with natural ridges like concentric waves in amber glass. I could feel each one press down against me as his tongue kneaded the burger upward, pressing it flat, mashing flavor into those textured grooves.

*Krrnchh—hnnnggh—schhkk.*

Every movement brought new shifts in pressure. His tongue would curl beneath me—*flex, ripple, push*—dragging the food against the roof, then retract, then rise again in a new angle. The floor was alive. It trembled beneath me with the sheer power of muscle, so much strength contained in so soft a bed.

And the *sounds*.

Wet, intimate, resonant. Fleishy smacks as meat pressed into palate. Squishes and churns as sauces mixed and burst around me. Soft hums vibrated the air, deep and pleasant, muffled through the walls of his beak. It was like being inside a song that had melted into flesh—a bard's melody translated into motion, vibration, and breath.

I tried to scream. All that came out was a pitiful gasp, lost beneath a rising *mmmph* from Kass as he savored the meal.

His tongue swirled again, curling like a massive red wave, folding the burger inward. I was dragged along with it, coated now in a mixture of cheese and fruit glaze. The slickness allowed me to slide over the silken surface of his tongue, past tastebuds the size of pebbles, each one soft and spongy, pressing and shifting as they soaked up flavor.

Then came another chew—slower this time, firmer.

*MMRRRRMPH—GLRRSHH—tsk*

The upper beak descended again, rubbing the food—*rubbing me*—into the plush ceiling above. My body was pressed flat against it, squished in a warm embrace that wasn't violent, but thorough. His tongue didn't stop. It pushed and rolled in small waves, grinding me gently back and forth. The sensation was... hypnotic.

In the brief space between chews, I could hear him breathing. Deep, calm, humming ever so faintly as he chewed.

*“Mmm... rich, sweet... oh, that sauce...”*

He didn't know.

Didn't feel the squirming, the twitching limbs trapped among the food. To him, I was a spice—an unnoticed extra in the dish.

I began to lose track of direction. Up and down no longer existed. Just waves of soft muscle, pressing and curling, warmth and wetness, gliding over slick walls and ridged ceilings.

Every few seconds, he'd pause his chew—let the food rest on his tongue—then shift it again. He was savoring it.

I was soaked in flavor. The lettuce was crushed to a paste. The meat began to fall apart around me in tender fibers. A thick glob of sauce slid across my back. I could feel the tiny pores of his tongue open and close beneath me, drinking in every nuance of his meal.

I wasn't sure how long I had been in there. A minute? Two? Time melted in the warmth.

But I knew something was coming.

The food was becoming smaller. More compact. The chamber less roomy. Each chew folded it in tighter, brought the pieces closer together.

And soon—very soon—I would be moved again.

Downward.

But for now... I remained in the world of the beak.

Pressed against the plush, humid ceiling of a creature made of song, wrapped in warmth and flavor, a single, unnoticed morsel in the mouth of a bard.

Everything stopped.

No more rolling waves of tongue. No more pressure from the plush roof of his beak. No chewing, no shifting—only stillness. The silence inside Kass's mouth was soft and dense, like the quiet inside a blanket fort after a long day. His tongue rested, warm and slightly curved, cradling the chewed food—and me—at its center. The chamber of his beak had become a sanctuary of heat, scent, and breath.

I lay still.

At first, I didn't know what had changed. Had he paused to enjoy the flavor? Had something distracted him? I could feel the gentle rhythm of his breath rise through the base of his tongue and pulse across the walls of his beak. They swelled slightly with every exhale, relaxing, then drawing in again like the quiet tides of a warm sea.

The heat was steady now. Not the frantic warmth of motion, but a stable, radiant humidity that clung to me like the inside of a greenhouse. A slow bead of moisture slid down the back of my neck—saliva or steam, I couldn't tell. The air was so thick with flavor it was like trying to breathe through a stew.

And the smell.

Oh gods, the *smell*.

It was a bouquet of roasted meat, scorched herbs, buttery bread, and a unique, avian musk I had no words for. The tang of spices still clung to the air—peppery and sweet—and was joined by the rich scent of Kass himself. His natural aroma was unlike anything I'd known: the earthy, feathery scent of an intelligent predator, mixed with the smoky perfume of campfire and long journeys. It was primal, intimate, and oddly comforting.

There was a faint fruity sharpness from the sunfruit glaze—its sugars now caramelized and blended with his saliva—and I could smell the faint acidic tinge of monster mayo laced with hints of garlic and some other exotic spice, one that made my nose tingle with every breath.

Beneath it all... Kass.

His breath was warm, slow, and smelled of aged parchment, polished wood, and the faintest trace of wind-carried flowers—notes of places he'd been. His scent told stories.

I shifted slightly, trying not to disturb anything. The tongue was soft beneath me—yielding, sponge-like. Not sticky, but slick in a way that made every movement feel like sliding across silk soaked in honeyed wine. The texture wasn't flat either—his tongue had structure. Faint ridges ran in waves from front to back, almost like the natural grooves in a sand dune. I could feel them beneath me, rising and falling ever so gently, the borders between his tastebuds.

They weren't rough—they were like warm velvet. Gentle domes of sensation that twitched ever so faintly as they tasted me, tasted the sauce, tasted every crumb.

Above me, the roof of his beak remained close, not crushing but ever-present. It pulsed gently with his breath. Its surface was no longer grinding—just resting—slick and ridged, like warm carved ivory bathed in heat. A few glistening droplets still clung to it, hanging in delicate strings that swayed slightly with every breath from Kass's lungs.

It was dim in here, but not pitch black. Faint golden light seemed to leak in from somewhere deeper—his throat, perhaps—casting a dappled, amber hue across the inner walls. Everything shimmered softly, like sunlight through honey.

I listened.

The world beyond the beak was muffled. I could hear the faint creak of his accordion being adjusted, the flap of a wing, and far-off birdsong. But in here... it was breath and heartbeat. His pulse was a steady thrum, felt more than heard, echoing faintly through the base of his tongue like a slow drum. His breath washed over me in timed waves—*in... out... in... out*—a lullaby sung by lungs the size of homes.

I realized he was... savoring.

He wasn't chewing anymore. He was *tasting*.

Letting the food linger. Letting it soak into him. The faintest movements of his tongue told me he was aware of the flavor still blooming on his palate. The sauces. The meat. The fruit. The hint of something extra he couldn't quite place. Me. He had no idea.

No clue that tucked inside his beak, curled up in the mulch of his meal, was a tiny human clinging to the base of his tongue, breathing in the scent of him, bathing in the heat of a bard's unknowable inner world.

I closed my eyes. Despite everything... I felt safe. If this was where I ended up... inside the cavernous beak of a living legend, wrapped in his scent and warmth... maybe it wasn't such a bad place to be. The moment of peace shattered—not with violence, but with motion.

Kass's head tilted slightly. His tongue shifted beneath me, not enough to throw me off, but just enough to ripple the platform I lay on. Then came the unmistakable *click* of ceramic on beak. A cup. A mug. A drink.

The space around me suddenly expanded. The roof of his beak began to rise—slowly, deliberately, peeling away from the tongue like the lid of a golden cavern being lifted. Light burst in—not blinding, but sharp compared to the glowing dimness I'd adjusted to. The amber warmth of his breath was joined by the crisp scent of the open world: wind, woodsmoke, and the ever-present notes of Hyrule's wild. I blinked up, momentarily dazzled. And then—I *saw it*.

The edge of the cup. Tilted forward. Glinting in the light, its ceramic rim kissed the tip of Kass's upper beak as he brought it to his mouth. A trail of liquid slid forward, clinging to the rim, trembling like a curtain before a stage opens. A single drop fell. It splashed into the center of his tongue—just ahead of me. And in that instant, I understood how *massive* this drink truly was.

The drop alone struck with the force of a waterfall. It sent a warm mist washing over me, even from a short distance. His tongue flinched reflexively beneath me, its soft cushion undulating in reaction, causing the chewed burger and my tiny frame to bounce in place. My hands scrambled to grip onto a soggy shred of bun. Then came the *wave*.

A deep, gurgling *gulp* of liquid surged over the edge of the mug. The smell hit first—sweet and fruity, laced with warmth and a faint fizz. Berry tea? Something with a hint of fermented spice and honeyed herbs. It was pleasant... intoxicating... and completely overwhelming. The stream entered his beak like a river breaching a dam.

It hit the front of his tongue with a soft, thunderous *splash*, instantly spreading, curling around the chewed food, soaking it anew. The sound was immense—a rush of fluid against flesh, like being inside a living tidal cave during a storm. The tea slid forward in a thick wave, guided by gravity and the gentle downward slope of his beak. And I was directly in its path. I screamed, barely audible over the roar.

The liquid surged into me like a living current. It wasn't cold—quite the opposite. It was warm, like bathwater laced with herbs. But it *moved*. Fast. I was slammed backward into the curve of his tongue, the soft surface rising up to catch me just before I could be dragged completely

away. My entire body was instantly soaked. My lungs filled with the scent of berries and Kass's own taste. Every breath became misted tea and bird musk.

Chunks of burger shifted with me. Shredded greens and meat fibers swirled in the wave, all pulled by the current of tea as it washed over the mound of food. The chew was undone, scattered across his tongue by the rising tide.

Kass, meanwhile, let out a satisfied *hmmnngh* as he swished the drink around in his beak. That sound—the deep, resonant hum—rippled through the chamber like a gong. His tongue moved again, broader this time, flexing side to side, lifting the food—and me—into the rising pool.

The floor tilted. Everything tilted. I felt myself being *lifted*, not by hands, not by force—but by a living tongue rising like a platform into the wave.

The tea swirled around me now, forming a shallow pool in the bowl of his tongue. Warm, golden, and sweet. His beak had become a teacup. A place where meat and liquid merged. Where I—small, soaked, overwhelmed—floated among crumbs and sauce, carried by the swaying motion of a bird savoring his sip. The back of his beak tilted slightly. The tea began to roll backward. Deeper. Toward the throat. I clung to a lump of soaked bread, panting, dripping, trembling. Kass gave a slow, satisfied *gulp*. Not yet... but soon.

The wave was drawing back. The tongue shifted, guiding the tea toward his gullet in slow, deliberate currents. Each movement of his throat was a prelude. A warm breath spilled from his lungs, vibrating the chamber, mixing steam with the fruity mist that hung around me. I knew what was coming.

But for now—just now—I floated inside a bard's beak, on a tide of berry tea and burger, staring toward the glowing tunnel of his throat as it pulsed once, twice... waiting.

It began with a breath. Not mine—*his*.

A slow inhale filled the vast, feathered lungs somewhere above me, and with it, the walls of Kass's beak subtly flexed. The gentle, golden chamber that had briefly become my strange sanctuary now shivered with intent. The muscles behind it readied. The hum that had so softly echoed around me faded into stillness.

Then, everything moved.

*GLLMPH.*

The swallow began.

Not with a jolt. Not with violence. It was *graceful*—but unstoppable. The world beneath me—his tongue—came alive with purpose. No longer passive, no longer a soft cradle of taste. It rose,



rising in a long, smooth arc, its powerful muscles shifting beneath that slick velvet skin, tilting the soggy food—and me—upward and back.

I had just enough time to gasp as the rear of his tongue loomed. A wall of pulsing pink, lined with tiny grooves that glistened with tea and saliva. My soaked form clung to the mess of burger for dear life, but the strength of his swallow was a force of nature—beautiful and terrifying.

The tongue *pushed*. Upward. Backward.

A wet, audible shift echoed through the beak as the bolus of food—the chewed mass I was part of—was pressed to the back of his throat. I was carried with it, slipping deeper onto the tongue's back end. It narrowed here, arched like a drawbridge descending toward a glowing abyss.

Then, I saw it. The entrance. His throat.

A pulsing ring of glistening flesh, waiting—*timed*. It flexed once. Twice. Anticipating the signal from above. I could see the muscles contract around it, a living halo of pink and gold. Veins shimmered beneath thin layers of mucosal tissue. The whole thing *quivered* with readiness.

And then—*it opened*.

*CHRRLP—GLLLK—*

I was *sucked in*.

The ring of muscle accepted the food with a slick, intimate pull. The pressure around me changed instantly—air pushed upward past me as the chamber ahead drew me down. I felt my body press through the narrow throat entrance, the soft walls folding around me like hot, damp velvet.

I was inside him now. Truly, deeply inside.

The esophagus closed behind me with a kiss of muscle—tight, warm, rhythmic. A perfect seal that locked away light and air. The slick tunnel began to ripple, guiding me downward in soft, wet waves. Each pulse of Kass's swallow pressed me along—*huummmpf—grrrk—shllph*—the sounds intimate, primal, echoing faintly through his chest as though his own body were humming approval.

The texture around me was exquisite. Not smooth, not rough—just endless folds of moist, living silk. The walls caressed everything they touched. The food, the remnants of the burger, the tea—and me. It wasn't crushing. It *moved* me. *Guided* me. A series of undulating contractions, each one gentle, firm, and final.

I could hear it now. His heartbeat.

A slow, resonant thump-thump-thump just outside the walls of the throat. The sound of a titan at rest, unaware that a micro traveler was being ferried past the drumbeat of his life.

Down, down, down.

The deeper I went, the warmer it became. Tea-soaked crumbs slid with me, the air growing wetter, the tunnel tightening slightly. Saliva and flavor pooled in tiny dips along the esophageal walls, slickening everything. The scents from his beak—fruit, meat, fire—lingered in the humid air like ghostly perfume.

Each contraction pressed me deeper.

*Glrrk—huump—sklrrp*

Then I felt it. A moment of suspension. The last ripple. The end of the tunnel. And the opening below.

A sphincter—another living ring of warmth—opened slowly beneath me. A moist kiss of flesh parting, the gateway to Kass's belly. I slid through without resistance, carried by the pressure of his final swallow.

Then—

*pllk*

I landed with a wet, muffled *thmmpf*—like dropping into a thick, warm cushion soaked in tea.

The air here was thicker. Still warm, but heavier. The scent changed subtly—more herbal, like wet moss mixed with fruit and roasted meat. The walls around me were plush, soft, and shifting—alive with motion, alive with life.

I was no longer in his mouth, no longer inside his beak. I was *inside Kass*.

The world around me shifted softly, like a living hammock cradling its contents with gentle motion. No walls. No floor. Just flesh—layered, undulating, alive. The rhythmic gurgle of his body surrounded me, subtle at first, then swelling into a rich chorus of glorp and glrk and soft *bluuurp* as his stomach began to work.

But it wasn't hostile.

It wasn't harsh.

It was... *comforting*.

The inside of Kass's belly was like no place I'd ever known. It was dim—almost completely dark—but not suffocating. A faint bioluminescence shimmered from the walls, casting the space in soft amber light. I could just make out the shapes of crushed lettuce, softened bread, fruit glaze dissolving into warmth. All of it gently swaying with the motion of his breathing.

The chamber pulsed around me—not tight, but close, like a massive feathered nest made of warmth and sound. The lining was plush and slick, like living velvet soaked in steam. Every surface was softly textured with small ridges and natural folds, designed not for violence but for *gentle breakdown*. Yet I was unharmed—spared by scale, too small to register as more than a sliver of spice or a pocket of air.

The air itself was warm and rich, layered with the aroma of his meal: roasted meat, monster mayo, berry tea, sunfruit... and the deeper, muskier scent of Kass himself. It was earthy, wind-worn, *bardic*—like paper soaked in tea and feather oils. It filled my lungs with every breath, every heartbeat of his chest above.

And those heartbeats.

*Whumpf... whumpf... whumpf...*

They were distant but powerful. Each one a soft bass thud echoing from somewhere high above, pulsing through the fluid and tissue like the steady beat of a drum. I could *feel* them in the walls, like invisible hands keeping time.

Kass was walking.

I could sense it—the gentle sway of his steps rocked his belly in a subtle cradle-motion, and the contents within, myself included, shifted with every step. There was no jostling, no violence. Only calm movement, a lullaby written in muscle and warmth.

I lay back against a half-dissolved slice of fruit, the sugars clinging to my back like syrup. My fingers brushed the soft inner wall beside me. It pulsed beneath my hand—alive, slow, unhurried. It wasn't attacking me. It was *holding* me. The way the world might hold a secret it never realized it carried.

Outside, I could faintly hear it. Kass's voice. Humming.

His song had returned, this time more serene. A low tune carried through his chest, the notes vibrating down into the space around me. His belly responded with subtle flutters of motion, like his body was dancing in slow rhythm to his melody.

I couldn't understand the words. But I felt them.

Each note passed through me like a whisper through a cave. Deep, resonant, *safe*. Kass was pleased. Satisfied. Full.

And I was part of that fullness.

Inside his belly, I was weightless, floating in the hush between breaths, nestled among the remains of a feast, wrapped in heat, scent, and song.

He didn't know I was here. And part of me didn't want him to.