

Spinosaurus's Sphere

By Vivid Lucidity

Female prey, human prey, non-fatal, spinosaurus predator, sphere, size difference, macro, micro, full tour, disposal ending

Alt Ending 1:

paw, paw smothering, sweat, musk, mind break

Alt Ending 2:

insertion, unbirthing

Stretching out across the world and reaching up to the blue sky, a verdant, luscious rainforest laid untouched by man. The noon sun shone down bright, casting deep shadows from the trees and leaves and making every drop of water glisten. It was a humid, hot place, with beads clinging to every surface following a recent rainstorm. But for now, the sky was clear and blue, with the odd cloud drifting across in serene silence.

It was a vast place that stretched as far as the eye could see, a thick, green blanket carpeting the world. A thick, constricting canopy of green with only the tallest of trees breaking through. It cast the thick undergrowth below in eternal dusk, leaving its creatures in its own world. Through it all rivers, mountain ranges, hills, valleys and canyons carved through it all in a pattern understood only by nature itself.

Yet not all was as constricting as the rainforest, with some areas more spaced out, feeling more like forests than a jungle. Wide open spaces filled with luscious green grass and bushes. Yet it was no open space, standing in the shadow of great woods that loomed tall. Massive organic spires of wood that had a grandiose and longevity than man could only imitate. They, and the rest of the jungle, were giant.

The creatures that filled these lands however were no less grand than the rainforest itself.

For walking in the shadow of giant trees were giants of their own right: dinosaurs. Lumbering, reptilian behemoths, grazing and hunting in the beautiful world. Some were massive, ground-shaking giants, while others were tiny little creatures that weaved between their legs. Rich fields of green grass were grazed by lumbering stegosaurus, creatures the size of cars and with a line of spikes running down their spine. Trailing behind them, catching the shoots the giants did not, were smaller Pachysaurus. With thick, round skulls and a height of just a metre tall, they were diminutive, yet no less majestic. Reaching up to the highest branches were awe-inspiring brachiosaurus, giants that cared little for the world beneath their feet. They were gentle giants, munching wistfully, only stepping where it needed to, and never out of anger.

Sharing the space were carnivorous dinosaurs, hunting out of instinct for food. Packs of raptors sprinted through the undergrowth, nipping at the heels of the smaller herbivores. Picking apart the herbivore packs one by one, dragging them down with a flurry of teeth and claws. Stomping through the wider spaces loomed larger carnivores, eyes peeled for any meal to sate their never-ending hunger.

A world of dinosaurs and nature, of primal law reigning king, not man. A world of giant creatures, sating their giant, neverending hunger.

And in the shadow of these giant trees and dinosaurs, was a tiny little ball. A strange object of glass and steel, rolling through one of the passageways of the large forests. It was tiny to everything around it, being smaller than a single paw of the herbivores. And inside it was an even tinier human.

Julia watched the whole world roll by air-conditioned comfort, all the danger, all the ferocity and teeth secured away behind armoured glass. She was a short, petite girl, with red hair and freckles across her cheeks. She looked to be in her early 20's. Not the kind of person you'd expect to find in such a place all by herself.

She might've looked tiny in comparison to the rest of the world, yet in reality, she was the normal sized one here. Everything else was just vast and giant. She rolled along a gravelly depression in the shadow of vast trees. The trees stretched up to the sky and blotted out the sun, while mere bushes were the size of buildings. Yet she didn't roll amongst gravel that rivalled her in size, with it being the size you'd expect relative to her.

For not everything was giant in this strange world. Near the bases of the great trees were palms and oaks at regular size, now competing with the bushes for space. Blades of grass reached up past her head, yet regular sized shoots filled the space in between them. And lumbering across the world were vast dinosaurs, at massive, beastly scales far beyond what reality would dictate them to be. They all looked about twelve times as big as they should've been in reality, along with all the other colossal plant life. She looked out across the world with all of its dinosaurs in slight awe and wonderment, amazed at how close they were. She'd seen them in textbooks and on screen, but never up close like this.

In the modern day that Julia resided in, such creatures should not exist in the world, having been rendered extinct millennia ago. And they didn't. Rather, they existed in some *other* worlds. The world of Earth is not the only one out there, and the Universe is not the only one either. Multiple realities stacked on top of each other, with movement between them impossible. Well, almost impossible. Across Earth were tiny little gaps, small folds in reality that lead to somewhere else. Portalways a bit bigger than a man hidden in the deserts, oceans and forests of the world. Nearly impossible to see for they shine right through to a world that is mostly similar to Earth. No glimmering edges, no glow, no ethereal hum, just a fold in space that you could step through without even noticing it. You'd have to look closely to spot it, and when you do step through, you'd find yourself somewhere else entirely.

Only in the last few years were these folds discovered and tentative exploration had begun. Expeditions to see just what was different in these many alternative Earths. But they were always there, allowing bacteria, flora and other creatures to slowly trickle through, bringing about a somewhat homogenous ecosystem. And while dinosaurs had gone extinct millenia ago on the Earth we know, they were always on places other than Earth. The folds in reality had decayed in size to be too small for them to fit, and were so rare, they never managed to come back.

As for the colossal size? While nobody was quite sure, over millions of years, some drift in size of a reality wouldn't be that hard to believe. Yet through the shimmer came other, normal plant life to fill the spaces in between the giants.

The world, drolly known as XE-7, was one of the more recent finds. It had been discovered a few months ago in southern Poland, near the border with Slovakia. Despite everything, in comparison to some of the other worlds, it was deemed relatively low interest. The rather recent discovery also reduced numbers since many research teams hadn't gotten funding/planning to study it. The base camp on the XE-7 side of the portalway was nothing more than a few prefab buildings and a skeleton crew. The only major presence was a single German research team, studying military artefacts found near the base camp. Because of this, Julia had no trouble in organising a weekend expedition through her university. She figured it would be useful to study dinosaurs in some other form than just fossils.

She was far from the base camp, far from paths, support, or even radio reception. She was the only human around, in the midst of an uncountable number of dinosaurs. Creatures that could

kill her without effort, or even realising it. But she didn't even have a drop of sweat upon her brow.

Why would she be, being in an armoured vehicle designed for this very purpose? She rode in comfort in a sphere with walls 20 centimetres (8 inches) thick, using materials developed from XE-6. There were few obstructions in her view of the world around her, letting her see it all in perfect clarity. It was about two metres (eight feet) in diameter; relative to the world around her though she was half the size of a basketball. Two metal bands wrapped around it on either side of the vertical centre line. These rotated to let it move, while the sphere itself was levelled gyroscopically. Inside was a chair against the back, with a set of batteries and gear kept beneath. The right armrest held a control stick, the other a display panel showing droll readouts she couldn't care for.

She was safe, secure, and best of all, in air-conditioned comfort. She reclined in her chair as she watched the world glide past, completely isolated from her. She felt as if she wasn't really there, but a mere spectre, invisible, untouchable, and completely above reproach. So long as she didn't do anything stupid with it like ram a dinosaur or get in their way, she'd be completely fine.

As she tapped away on the panel, trying to pick which pop song to play next, a small notification popped up in the top right corner. It was the seismic sensor. Designed not for detecting earthquakes, but the footfalls of the dinosaurs. She opened up the screen to show a radar like display, with her vessel at the middle of it. Dotted around her were a few small blips, showing smaller herbivores and carnivores. But a few kilometres away was a single, bright blip, much larger than the rest. She opened it up and her eyebrows raised. While there were only a few footsteps recorded, it was larger than anything she had seen before. Undoubtedly, the creature would be larger than anything she had seen before.

Instinctive fear of creatures larger than oneself held her back, but only for a moment before she happily changed course towards it. It might've been big, but in her sphere of safety, she had nothing to worry about. Cresting over a small rise, she headed down a gentle slope, weaving between the great wood trees. A faint, misty fog filled the air, giving it all an ethereal and serene quality. Reaching down, she turned a small lever beneath the seat to switch over the sealed oxygen supply to let her drink it in. And when she shut her eyes and breathed deeply, letting the cool, crisp air fill her lungs, she wasn't disappointed.

An unbroken carpet of green turned into silty sand interspersed with tufts of grass. The ground was broken into downwards running furrows, like streams almost, with a tiny amount of water running down them. On either side of them were tall, thick bushes, making it difficult to see far. She seemed to be heading towards a river, an observation backed by the screen's map.

"Perhaps the specimen is drinking?" she muttered to herself with a heavy Polish accent. Considering her isolation, she had no qualms with speaking her thoughts out loud. She checked back to the seismic scanner; there were no signals. Whatever it was had stopped moving, and no other dinosaurs dared to come close. But she gave it nary a thought as she approached, the only excitement in her heart being in anticipation of what she might see. Yet she wasn't giddy, but calm and reserved, feeling nothing more than curiosity for what she was about to see. She might've been a young biologist, but she felt like nothing could shock her.

Coming across a large tree, she went around it, closely hugging the trunk. As she moved forwards, she began to see the river itself. A riverbed with sandy, silty beaches that stretched out wide, tiny trickles of blue feeding into it. Next, she saw the river itself, a calm stream of water snaking down nature's path. As she slowly rounded the tree, her eyes followed the water, and a tiny branch swept up in the currents. Only for her eyes to track it to an area covered in shadow. Then she saw something big. As she rounded the corner, her eyes trailed upwards as she struggled to take it all in. Higher and higher her gaze climbed while her jaw dropped lower and lower. She couldn't think, she couldn't breathe, all she could do was stare. When she rounded the tree fully and took in all of its bulk, an instinctive fear of the giant gripped her tight and sent her scurrying backwards. When her heart finally settled, she inched forwards again. And stared in awe at the majesty before her.

Before her was none other than a king of the jungle, the Spinosaurus. One of the apex predators in the prehistoric kingdom. A bipedal dinosaur, similar in shape to a Tyrannosaurus Rex, except with a longer neck and a frill running down its back. Its light grey scales glinted in the afternoon sun as it drank from the river, along with the razor sharp black claws. But that wasn't what took her breath away. Its mind boggling height of 80 metres (240 feet) did. It was colossal. It wasn't just a mere dinosaur to her, but a beast, a mythical creature seen only in film. It was as tall as an office building!

Taking a moment to get over the shock, Julia then rolled forwards, right towards it. For something as vast as this, she didn't want to miss a single detail of it. She rolled forward unbidden towards the vast creature, any inklings of fear buried beneath safety and awe. She didn't stop until she was just in front of it on the opposite side of the river, letting her see all of its power. Its eyes were shut as it drank so it didn't notice her.

Up close, she could see just how *tiny* she was in the shadow of such a beast. Its jaw was low and pressed against the dirt, but her orb didn't even reach up to its nostrils. A row of sharp, white and blood-strained teeth loomed large at the front, long enough to skewer her orb with ease. Lower down its body laid its two fore-arms, resting by its side as it drank away. Julia had always thought that fore-arms look a little silly and vestigial on dinosaurs like this. But on a beast like this, being easily big enough to squeeze any human to paste and with long, sharp claws to match, she disagreed.

Her eyes drifted lower still, settling upon its two, giant, stomping paws. They were digitigrade and three toed, with chasms looming large between the massive digits. Up close, she realised that they were taller than *her* at this point. Even if she reached up she wouldn't be able to reach the top of the beast's paw. At such size and close distance, she could see the softer underside stretch out taut against the ground to spread the weight. A black, slightly plush looking padding on the bottom. Even then it sunk slightly into the sand. A terrible thing to see last in one's life, a black sky cascading down to effortlessly flatten them into oblivion. An entire car could fit underneath one of the paws. Sharper, deadlier claws stretched out far to the front, each curling in a slight hook.

The water downstream of its maw was noticeably lower, its thirst so vast it put a dent in the river's flow. She could hear every swallow, every gulp as it sent another bulge of water down its long neck. It was no dainty, airy swallow, but a thick, heavy gulp that was loud enough for even her to hear. A noise befitting a creature of its size.

As her eyes traced the bulges slipping down its neck a realisation gripped her. Her sphere, her orb ... it was no bigger than the bulge in its neck. An easy swallow. It struck her on an instinctual level, making her palms clammy. She gulped but couldn't even hear it over just one of its powerful swallows. Yet it passed her in an instant; not even raptors wanted to make a meal out of her, so why would it? In her orb, she was nothing more than a bland stone, nothing more...

The fear abated, she looked back up to the dinosaur. It had finished drinking, swallowing one last gulp of water. Its forked red tongue poked out between its lips and dragged across them with a deluge of saliva and water. Content that it had finished drinking, Julia looked back down at her control panel. Already she began tapping away to title the video recording of the beast. She tapped her cheek as she tapped the panel, putting all of her thought and attention into the name. The dinosaur just outside her sphere was completely forgotten.

As her finger reached to press one last button, a sudden shadow fell over her. She didn't even give it a shrug, thinking it to be merely a cloud. But it was too dark to be a cloud. Her finger stopped, hovering above the screen. Eyes widening, her heart pounded for a few moments, before she slowly turned her head to meet it.

And her jaw dropped for the second time that day, for right in front of her orb of safety was its snout. Her whole vision was taken up by its head, right in front of her, with its saurian eyes focused straight on her. She was the object of this massive creature's attention. Not even the forest could be seen, everything was just it. Its snout laid mere metres in front of the protective glass. Its jaw was pressed against the dirt, yet its head was so big, she had to crane her neck upwards to look into its eyes. Two massive eyes, seemingly just as big as her. She never thought she'd see them so close. Cauldrons of swirling orange and yellow like magma, all around black slits that swallowed up all light. Despite the size and everything, it almost looked curious. Its eyes weren't burning in anger, but slightly wide, almost looking at her to try and figure out what she was.

Julia stared, and only when she felt a burning pain in her lungs did she remember to breathe. She let out a shaking, almost laughing cough as she expelled it all out and took another deep breath.

"Oh ... okay... no need to get angry there, big guy..." she muttered. "Don't mind me, don't mind me..."

The moment of instinctive fear passed her, before rationality returned with a sense of shaky calm. "*It can't get me... it can't.*" She reasoned. "*It just thinks I'm a dumb rock since it can't smell me...*"

She exhaled again with slightly more poise and calm, only for it to do the same. She saw its nostrils flare slightly before a wave of hot air blasted across her sphere, striking her like a hurricane. It forced the sphere back slightly; if she was outside it, she would've been sent flying! From it came a thick and heavy wave of condensation across the front, droplets beading on it, while a sea of steam built between the drops. The air inside went from air-conditioned chill to hot and humid in an instant. And with it came a new smell, an acrid scent of digesting meat, straight from its gut.

She coughed on the sudden smell before stopping dead. If she could smell it, then it could smell her. She had forgotten to engage the sealed oxygen supply. She stumbled in a frantic dash to turn the lever, gripping it hard and turning it all the way, but it was too late. The slits of its eyes narrowed upon her as it realised what she was: food. It licked its lips, the forked tip pushing out with a deluge of saliva. Julia froze as she heard the wet 'slap' of the tip smacking against the lips. Hunched over in her seat in an awkward position, turned oxygen valve in hand, she watched the tongue drag across its lips. She could watch every drop of saliva drip to the ground in gooey staliticies. Every bared tooth it passed was covered in

glistening spit that gave a deadly shine. Reaching the end of the maw, it flicked off to the side with flourish before slipping back into the maw with a slurp.

The mouth opened, the lips audibly popping as hot air inside rushed out into the cool world, spraying across her sphere. Julia could only watch in shell shocked silence as the jaws spread wide to reveal it all. The first thing that struck her was the size. It was simply cavernous. But there was no stone, but red flesh that dripped with gooey saliva. It was simply everywhere, taking upon a faint red hue from just all the red. Like rivers it ran down towards the centre, into the valley that contained a serpent of a tongue. Up close she could see just how broad it was, wider than her orb, and almost as thick too. The top surface was curved, while the underside tapered down to a point with ridges running along it. A carpet of thick, warty tastebuds covered the top, saliva running between them like rain upon a cobblestone road. It snaked between them to run down the tip, pouring over the edge and dripping into the crevasse below like a waterfall of slime.

Glistening white teeth ringed the maw, each sharp to a point, and about as tall as Julia. But she knew it wouldn't need them. For at the back was its gullet, a massive black pit yawned wide and looming large. It, like the rest of the mouth, was never still, constantly slithering and shifting, bringing about wet squelches of spit as it went. It drew her eye. It was as if the maw hungered, drawing in her gaze like any other piece of meat.

"Why can't I look away? Oh ... oh my ... that thing could swallow me up!"

Its tongue surged forwards to wetly slap against the orb's front. The entire orb jostled and shook, knocking her to the ground with a scream as it rolled back a few inches. Picking herself up, she gasped once more at the sight of the colossal tongue smeared hard against the front. It was so massive it took up all her vision, blocking out the dinosaur itself while the fork neatly cradled the orb. An ocean of saliva was smeared across the front, dribbling between the tastebuds, dripping down to the ground.

"Not good, not good!" Julia wailed as she struggled into her seat. The tongue tried to lick upwards and over, yet the sticky saliva wedged it in place. The orb merely was pushed back as it tried to push upwards, carving furrows in the dirt. Julia sat down and did up her seatbelt. She stared at a wall of pink pressed hard against the front of her orb, while she was being lurched backwards. Yet she was not afraid.

"Okay, I didn't want to do this big guy!" She yelled in faux-bravado. "But you've left me no choice!"

Flicking up a safety cover, Julia revealed the trigger for the electro-discharge plates. Several thousand volts bristling in high density capacitors, ready to be released. Gripping the rest hard, she slammed her thumb forward and pushed it down. The lights dimmed, her hair stood on end, and a low humming whine built to a crescendo as she scrunched her eyes and looked away...

fiz-splch

Before end with a weak fizzle. Julia's eyes went wide, before drifting down to the flashing panel. An error box, complete with a red cross-mark, stood in the centre with one message.

Error 23: Electro-Discharge Plates Fault

Uh-oh!

It looks like your predator protection plates have stopped working! Please avoid any xeno-fauna, head back to base camp and contact your nearest licensed EnviroSphere Technician for a free service (if under warranty). Have a nice, safe day!

She looked back up to the tongue enveloping her vision, gating off her world, consuming her mind totally.

“Oh crap...”

And every drop of safety and security fell away from her in a moment, leaving her feeling as vulnerable as if she was standing naked.

She yanked the control stick. The ball lurched backwards, climbing out of the small furrow it had been forced into with difficulty, before pulling back at full speed. The tongue stuck on, as if the dinosaur was trying to hold onto its meal, before popping off like a thousand suction cups. A waterfall of saliva dribbled down the front yet was quickly turned into thin smears as the entire orb rolled.

But her fate was already sealed.

She barely moved back a metre before the curious dinosaur licked again. The tongue smacked into her front even harder, roughly jostling her back. It should've helped her escape, if not for it coming from more from the tip. It squelched and pushed her down into the soft mud. The tongue, spit and mud stopped her roll in an instant. All her attempts to escape erased in a second. She tried to pull away from it, but it was pushing down and forwards, pushing her into the dirt so she couldn't move. All she could do was watch with a heaving breath ... as the tongue slipped lower. The tongue straightened out and dipped low, it was scooping her up!

“No no no no no!” she wailed, as a sickening lurch rocked through her world as the tongue surged forwards. She held up a hand as if to ward it off, but it was for naught. But all she could do was watch as the pink carpet of the tongue slithered underneath, every inch gained clear as crystal through the glass. The dirt beneath her was quickly replaced with fleshy pink in less than a second.

She couldn't just sit around and watch, she had to get out through the escape hatch, now! She undid her belt and leapt upwards, only to be yanked back down again by a lurching motion upwards that made her gut drop out of her body. The meal nestled soundly on the tongue, the dinosaur pulled its tongue up, straightening it out. The wall of pink pulled away from the front, every tastebud popping off like a suction cup, giving her a straight look down into the gullet. The tongue led to it like a road, a faint dip downwards, a rise, before a precipitous drop straight down into the throat. But she barely had time to notice, with everything rushing by fast, her sphere taken in just a few seconds. Immediately she felt it start to shift forwards towards the gullet...

Flailing wildly, she grabbed the stick and pulled. The electromagnetic drive whined as it struggled for grip on the slimy, sticky surface. The outer surface shuddered and rolled in

spurts as it lost traction, squelching saliva before regaining it once more. After a few seconds of freewheeling, it caught itself and slowly began to pull backwards. Hope surged in her body, before a soft splat came from behind, and her retreat lurched to a stop. She whipped her head back only to see the tongue's fork curled back to stop her dead. Her eyes widened as any semblance of hope was shattered. Just behind the wall of the fork she could glimpse the outside world, yellow light streaming through. The lips began to close, coming together, swallowing up the light.

"No!" One final scream, a reach out to the light, before the lips slammed together with enough force to shake her. Sealing her in the hot, saliva filled darkness of the maw.

Detecting the darkness, the sphere automatically turned its light bar on, bright white illumination shooting out in a beam and illuminating a narrow passage. The gums on either side were trapped in eternal gloom, only the glistening of the spit visible, while the tongue was fully illuminated. Every tastebud, every bead of spit glistening in the harsh, artificial light, past where the natural light from before reached. At the very end of the tongue the pit of the throat loomed, the quivering walls shown in perfect detail. The sight of them, far closer than she ever dreamed ... it made a part of her wish to stay in the darkness.

The tongue immediately surged to life, rising upwards in a long, rolling wave. Her gut dropped out of her body and she was lurched down into her chair, head snapping upwards just in time to see the rapidly approaching upper palate. With a 'SMACK!' that jostled her entire world as she slammed into it. The upper palate held firm, while the tongue curved underneath her, squelching more saliva into the glass. The saliva dribbled all over the orb like thick rain, blurring her vision. The tongue cupped her, going a quarter of the way up and surrounding her with pink flesh. But she could barely see any of it, the light eclipsed with saliva, leaving everything in half-glimpsed shadow. Before she had time to take a panicked breath, the tongue dipped to the left and jammed her hard against the right side of its maw. The closed teeth, taller than her orb, sent bone rattling clicks through her body as the tongue dragged it across.

It was tasting her, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

All she could do was scream and flounder as the horror unfolded around her. Her seatbelt was undone, forcing her to grip the armrests with white knuckles lest she be flung against the walls. She clung onto anything she could and tried to hold on as the sphere was dragged around its mouth. Up, down, from side to side, the tongue assaulting it from all angles. The sphere had no hope of staying level, instead twisting and turning with every squeeze, rocking her from side to side. It felt like a wild carnival ride with no end as she was tossed like a ragdoll in a washing machine.

Outside of her sphere of safety, the world was nothing more than saliva, pink and red glimpsed through ever fleeting light. Not that she could see much of it through the screen of saliva smeared across the exterior. Every press, every smack of the tongue, gums or other parts of flesh sent deep reverberations through her, and another wet smack. All she could hear was her heaving breath, pounding heart, and the maw. For her, the maw was everything. A constant cacophony of wet slurps, licks, squelches of saliva that assaulted her ears. It was like she was trapped in a mint being *slowly* sucked of its flavour. She screamed, her terror

begging to be expressed in the only way it could, but she could barely hear herself. There was nothing she could do but scream and watch the horrific display unfold before her eyes.

Past the nausea of the twisting torment, she knew there were three ways this could end. Either being spat out, chewed to a pulp, or going down ... *there*. Unable to act, forced to watch, she could only scream breathlessly while her heart pounded in her ears. The panic was so absolute and all-consuming she felt like she was going to pass out. She knew she had to do something, but there was nothing she could do!

After a final slam against the right side of the mouth, the tongue curled underneath her and flicked her to the centre. Her body lurched to the right once more before settling. She looked up to see the tongue dipped low, with the throat stretched wide open. A hot breath wafted out of the dark pit, splattering fresh spit and fog across the glass. And with it, the tongue raised, pinning the sphere against the upper palate ... and sending it directly towards the throat.

“Nie, nie, no kurwa nie!” Julia gibbered as she watched the throat lurch closer. She ripped the control stick back in instinct. The drive whined as it slid and slipped across the slick ground yet it did nothing to slow her down. All she could do was watch her own devourment, all illuminated with the light bar. Rippling presses of the tongue carried her across the maw in mere seconds. The tastebuds became thicker, bumpier, while the saliva turned into thick, sludgy glue. With a final press she was brought to the very edge of the tongue.

Time seemed to slow down upon the precipice, everything going distant and silent. Wedged between tongue and palate, she glimpsed over the edge, down into the throat. Illuminated by lights, she saw the dark, red flesh glisten with spit and convulse with the natural motions of the beast’s body. It stretched down for a few metres before being closed off with a tight sphincter.

Faced with instinctive fear, Julia scrambled backwards, pushing away...
...and her gut lurched out of her body as the sphere tipped over the edge.

The tongue dipped low then heaved upwards, squeezing the sphere forward and tipping it over the edge. Her gut lurched and she screamed as she plummeted forwards into the throat, feeling like she was cresting over a hill in a rollercoaster. She screamed as the orb slammed into the squeezed tight sphincter. It quivered quiver and stretched to accommodate her. The very back of its tongue loomed behind her, while tight flesh squeezed her in on all sides. With her eyes darting she looked for salvation, anything, but only found slick flesh.

“Don’t swallow, please don’t swallow!”

GLK!

With a body wracking gulp the tight flesh squeezed the entire sphere tight and forced it down. The tiny bit of open space above her disappeared as the flesh slithered over her, dragging her wholly into the throat with a quick, forceful clench of flesh. Her gut lurched out of her body, suddenly in freefall, before crashing back down as the swallow ended. A moment of her breath fogging against the glass before it gulped again.

GULP!

Another swallow, another lurch downwards, another moment of freefall before slamming back down. Her small sphere was an awkward morsel, forcing it to swallow again and again. While the first was an awkward, sharp swallow, this one was a slower, rolling swallow that washed over her and dragged her down. Every swallow dragged her a little bit more down the constricting throat. After a few body shaking gulps, the throat widened out slightly, with the natural motion of peristalsis taking hold. She had slipped past the toughest part and was now heading straight for the stomach.

The smooth walls and their coating of saliva rippled and contracted with every wave of motion, right outside the glass. She was being treated to a front row seat to a spinosaurus swallowing. Any other biologist would've appreciated the experience. But for Julia who was now living it, she could only gibber and gasp at the torturously slow sight. She could take in just how much it dominated her. Not only in sight, but in sound, with the organic cacophony of its body ringing out around her. The powerful gush of its lungs, sounding like an entire typhoon rippling through a forest. Drawing and releasing breath, the throat contracting and expanding with every passage. Its powerful, lumbering heart thrummed away, trembling her with every motion. And all of it was getting louder and louder as she descended towards the belly of the beast.

After half a minute of a torturously slow descent, the dark red flesh suddenly turned into a tight, pink sphincter. Rubbery and muscular, it gated away the throat with the sphere awkwardly pressing against it. For Julia, it was beneath and in front of her at her a diagonal. She could see the flesh quiver against the cool glass, the throat's walls trying to push it down. She had a faint hope she wouldn't fit and be regurgitated, but it was just a fantasy.

With a shove that knocked her forwards, the sphere slipped halfway through the tight ring. She got the first glimpse of the deep, dark cave within...

Until with a final shove, the sphincter slithered over her with a 'SCHLERP', and she was sent plummeting. Screaming as the world spun around her, she felt weightless in free fall for a few seconds.

SPLASH!

Hot chyme broke her fall, the liquid slamming into her like a hammer and flinging her against the bottom of the orb. When she hit the glass, the first she noticed was just how warm it all was. Pulling herself up she looked around to see herself completely immerse in an opaque, yellow soup of chyme. Bubbles from the impact streamed from all around them, with tiny chunks of half digested food swirling around them. It almost felt like a submarine. The light barely illuminated a foot into the murky gloom. After a second or two of sinking, the sphere began to uneasily rise, rocking from side to side.

With a rush of bubbles and a splash of chyme it breached the surface, floating halfway up. It rocked from side to side like a ship awash in the ocean. For the first moment ever since this crazy ordeal started, Julia caught her breath. Taking a few deep breaths of air, she got up and looked around.

And what a sight it was to behold.

The stomach was simply cavernous, looking more like a cave than any organic object. It was a roughly cylindrical shape with a slanted ceiling that came down at a diagonal. It looked at least twenty metres long and five or so high. It was so vast she couldn't even touch the ceiling! All she could see was the narrow beam of light to her front, the rest of the stomach consumed in inky darkness. She couldn't even see the sphincter she entered through. The yellowish green chyme filled it halfway, leaving the sphere just a metre or so beneath the very top. The chyme itself stretched out like a pond. It was a pale, almost clear yellow, heavily diluted with water. Yet still it faintly bubbled with thick, noxious gasses rising like steam to add to the mire swirling around her. Floating in the chyme were large chunks of red meat and several bones, already dissolving away with bubbles sizzling across the surface.

The stomach walls themselves were a purplish pink, with a faint green tinge from the stomach mucus. They were thick, plush and folded, with them pressed against each other tight. Dripping like stalactites were clear lines of fresh acid which worked down into the chyme like rain upon a window. But the amount was tiny ... for now.

Julia watched on with equal awe and horror at the sheer size and power before her. The heart of the beast's hunger, capable of rending away flesh and bone ... and she was right at the middle of it. It was so overpowering she couldn't even think at first.

A sudden tremble rippled through the gut, before the entire surface lurched upwards like a rollercoaster. Everything in the stomach lifted up slightly before settling back down again with a pound that jostled the stomach's contents. Pound after pound rippled through the chyme, twisting the sphere and sending it floating towards one of the walls. In an instant she realised it was walking.

As the dinosaur walked to places unknown, Julia herself lurched from side to side. Grabbing the armrest, she pulled herself up into her seat. Shaking hands went to do up her. While her whole body continued to lurch as if she was in an amusement park ride, at least she wasn't flung against the ground.

The orb was now nestled against the stomach walls, the folds slightly enveloping it. Her back was against it with the lights shooting across the rest of the stomach. While the dinosaur continued to walk, making the stomach shake and sway, Julia was at least in a position to bear it. For the first time since this crazy, crazy journey started, her heart rate started to settle. She could catch her breath.

And wonder what in the world she was going to do now.

Immediately, she tapped away at the control panel, hoping she'd find something to help her out. Her fingers shook while her breath came hard as she scrolled through numerous menus. Reaching the communications page, she let out a dejected sigh when she saw that she was out of communications range. Always was, even from outside the stomach, but it was still a cruel fact to be reminded of. Even if *it* did wander into comms range, she doubted she'd get a signal out of here. She enabled her distress beacon but knew nobody would find it. She knew the others would come searching for her as soon as she didn't return in a few hours. But then it would be night, and they wouldn't dare to enter the jungle until morning. And even if they did come all the way out here and find the dinosaur, what then? Tranquillise a dinosaur the size of a football stadium and spelunk down its throat? Unlikely was a weak word, nigh impossible was a better one. Rescue was impossible.

Escape was impossible. She always knew it, but now, it struck her proper. If she got out the escape hatch, she'd be awash in a stomach filled with diluted acids, yet acids all the same. If she managed to avoid being dissolved alive, she'd have to climb up the stomach walls to reach the oesophagus. And if she climbed the throat without getting gulped, she'd still have to escape the cavernous mouth. That wasn't an option. And going the *other* way ... she didn't even want to think about that.

But, despite everything, her shelter seemed to be intact. Her eyes ran across it and couldn't find any cracks, the worst being a few scratches from the teeth. Looking back down at the panel she went to the status page. Everything was still working just fine, and the batteries and oxygen tanks were mostly full. Some half forgotten chemistry knowledge told her that glass was very resistant to acids. So, the sphere would probably survive this, and with it, her.

But she knew what surviving it would entail. She knew how the digestive system operated. She knew what all food turned into. The thought was disgusting, and she wished there was any other way ... but she knew there wasn't. Swallowing hard, she closed out of the panel, and looked out at the stomach.

She undid her belt and dropped to the bottom of the sphere, clutching either side to steady herself. Turning around awkwardly in the cramped, uneasy space, she faced a small supply locker underneath the chair and opened it. She figured she might as well take stock of her supplies for her most unusual journey, it would take her mind off things at least. Exercise books, pencils, generic survival supplies, a flare-gun, some sample jars, and a hand-held radio. Jammed against the back was a wetsuit, some goggles, a spare set of clothes, and she couldn't help but chuckle at the sight. Before she set off on her expedition she entertained the thought of getting out to go for a swim. Just one look at the vast dinosaurs of the world banished that thought, and made herself cringe at her own foolishness. She just hoped she wouldn't have to do any swimming in the gut.

Getting back to the supplies, there was also a knife, which she took out of its sheath and glanced at the wall. As if on instinct, she thought of cutting herself out, before realising the walls would be far too thick. Dejectedly, she slipped it back inside and stowed it away. Two bottles of water and a few condensed energy bars would be her sustenance. All in all, enough to last her for the trip. She went through it once, twice, still hoping for some miracle tool, before closing the locker and getting back into her chair.

Now, all she could do was wait. Her fate was out of her hands now, and always was ever since it laid eyes on her. But barely a few seconds in and the dinosaur lurched to a stop, the sphere sliding forwards across the chyme as the crashing pound of its walk stopped. Her gut then lurched as the stomach sank down, the dinosaur lowering its body. Julia looked around.

"Weird ... what happened?" she muttered.

She then realised everything had gone quieter. Not only with the lack of walking, but the formerly gushing lungs just outside her prison weren't as loud anymore. It was quieter, slower, yet no less deep. Even the pounding heart seemed slower and more gentle. A few seconds were spent in that relative silence, focusing to try and hear anything, but it took a step. A lurching upwards as it raised its paw, before it went back down again. It didn't crash against the ground, but was a gentler press, Julia able to feel all the bulk be pressed onto the

ground. She could even feel the last few inches sink into the dirt. A few more seconds, and another powerful, graceful step. Then another. A slow walk followed for a few steps, before suddenly pausing, and resuming once more.

For Julia, the loudest part was its breath. She knew that it was focused and careful, but she didn't know why. For several minutes she listened keenly to its slow, methodical step, as focused as the dinosaur was. Like before, everything went still ... before the silence was shattered with an ear-splitting roar that echoed through the stomach itself. And everything devolved into chaos.

The entire beast began sprinting, jostling the stomach around with every pound of its paws. Julia could only yelp and hold on as the sphere was knocked from side to side in the stomach like a grim carnival ride. The initial burst of speed knocked her hard against the stomach's back wall, before a turn slid her across to the right side. The stomach's waves turned into that of a storm, knocking her free of the folds grip and sending her spiralling across the surface. Chunks of meat slapped against the sphere as she went, smearing more goo and acids across the surface.

The motion became more intense and the crush and crunch of plants underfoot joined the noise, before it all went silent with a horrible crunch. The stomach then dropped like never before, everything floating upwards with freefall before slamming back down with a chorus of crashing waves. Momentum dragged Julia beneath the waves. When she surfaced, she found herself in the centre of a now still stomach. The lights now faced the entrance, letting her see the pink, tight sphincter from the inside for the first time. Everything was now tilted, so the dinosaur must've been leaning forwards. A long, pink piece of rapidly dissolving meat laid against the orb's side. Silence reigned, spare the natural cacophony of gurgling and bodily functions echoing all around her. So not very silent at all.

"What the heck is going on?" Julia muttered. She kept quiet and waited ... before hearing a new sound of slithering from above. The sphincter then bulged, before a bloody chunk of meat slid through. It was large, being twice the size of her orb, and made a powerful splash as it fell down into the stomach. Fresh waves rocked her up and down and sent her careening through the stomach.

"It's feeding!" Julia gasped. She was probably the first to see a *spinosaurus* feeding from the *inside* ... and she wasn't sure to feel honoured or disgusted at such a milestone. Another mouthful of meat slid through and splashed into the stomach again. She could start to see the peak of the meat mountain surface through the waves. The stomach sloshed and churned more vigorously from side to side. She had no control of the course; she was at mercy of the waves. A strong wave gripped her and sent her sideways, before she slammed to a stop against the wall. Shaking her head, she looked around, before gazing skywards and seeing the sphincter right above her. It started to bulge open...

"Oh crap."

And another piece of meat sloshed through. The first few drops of saliva and blood splashed against the top of the sphere before the meat fell. It was massive, easily the size of a car. She got a moment to see it before it slapped down on top of her and pushed her beneath the waves. Red meat and yellowish chyme consumed her vision as the meat dragged her beneath the waves. It had fully draped across her, smeared against the surface and consuming her

vision. Down, down, down she went before shuddering to a stop against the bottom of the stomach in the valley of two folds. She was now trapped in a pocket of flesh.

Beneath her were the pink, folded walls of the stomach. She had fallen into a small valley of sorts, with the stomach folds coming up to her waist. Above that was the red of the fresh meat draped across her like a wet blanket. Just in front of her was a small opening out to the chyme of the rest of the stomach. She saw swirls of blood and tiny meat chunks pass her by in her tight, claustrophobic little pocket.

Until the window was abruptly sealed with another body shaking slap of meat. She was now completely trapped in the tiny pocket of her sanctum. The wet sounds of swallowing and new meat sloshing inside echoed around her but she couldn't see it. Julia wasn't a claustrophobic girl ...but she couldn't deny that her heart was racing a bit more. With every fresh swallow the prison squeezed tighter and tighter with all the extra meat. Her senses were dominated with the wet sloshes and slaps of more meat being packed away into her prison. The stomach was now churning, sloshing from side to side, lurching Julia's tiny sanctum with it.

Two minutes had passed and it had shown no sign of slowing. The fear of death having passed, Julia was left wondering how she felt about it at all. It was disgusting, no doubt about that. Chewing and eating was also somewhat repulsive, and to see so close and in such detail, that was a bit much. And yet ... she couldn't help but feel wonderment at all. Curiosity, intrigue, and so much more. She was a biologist after all, and while the situation was unconventional, research could still be done.

Reaching beneath her chair, she went to the locker and pulled out her pencil and exercise book. She flicked across pages of notes and idle scribbles (mostly of dinosaurs, pegasuses, and dreams of what the other worlds may be like) before coming to an empty page. She had used it to record observations from outside the beast ... no reason she couldn't take some inside too. She started writing it all down. Summarising everything that had happened so far, she started detailing the stomach itself.

"...said meat appears to be tightly packed within the stomach; perhaps it has strong stomach muscles? Digestion method appears similar to standard stomachs. Does not appear to use stones to help churn up food. Thankfully."

Several minutes later, and she had fully consumed herself in taking notes. She started to forget *where* she was, focusing more on the academic nature of it. Staring out through the reinforced glass at the stomach around her, and taking as many notes as she could. It was a trove of data and research, and she was slightly sad that all she could do was write and record. So much more could be learnt from such a beast. She glanced longingly at the stomach wall pinned beneath her, and the faint green glimpse of its stomach mucus. The properties and compounds of such a fluid to protect such a gut...

But she couldn't. So, she kept writing. At this point the dinosaur had finally finished eating. With a final swallow the stomach fell still, before tilting backwards once more. The book slipped from Julia's hands while the meat shifted and turned, threatening to knock her free, but she stayed where she was. The dinosaur kept walking. Pinned at the bottom without the cushioning embrace of the chyme, every step was much more violent for her. A constant, lurching ride like a roller-coaster, making it exceptionally difficult to keep her pen to the

page. With the alternative being just waiting though, she kept trying. At the very least, it'd distract her from how she was going to get out of the stomach...

Minutes dragged by as the stomach slowly got to work. More acids started to seep into the chyme; she could see it in how the meat was slowly starting to bubble and break. Tiny bubbles pressed against the glass and ran upwards, some bursting into even smaller ones. She was at the very centre of digestion. The gas from digestion slowly swelled the stomach, stretching out the walls beneath her, shifting the slabs of meat.

Before it was all released with a long, trembling belch. It sounded like a deep, powerful growl than anything else. Everything trembled as the entire stomach squeezed out the excess gas which shot up the throat. It lasted less than a second, being nothing more than an 'urp' to the beast, but to Julia it was awe-inspiring. The chunks of meat shifted ever so slightly, and with a lurch of the gut, she was knocked free.

A chorus of wet slaps rang out around her as she ascended, being squeezed through the seams between the chunks of food. She had no control of her direction as the sphere just followed the path of least resistance. Meat and blood swirled around her, only glimpsed through the tiny pockets of light present. After a few seconds of twisting and turning she breached the surface once more.

What was once a cavernous stomach was now a tighter place, with the entire gut filled with meat. She was now at the top of the stomach in a small air-pocket. The sphere's top laid just beneath the curved ceiling, long tendrils of acid and slime drooping down. The stomach's curved wall stretched out and downwards, eventually disappearing beneath the stomach contents. Beneath her was a sea of tightly packed meat, while the chyme on top came halfway up the sphere. It reminded her of a pond almost, with the meat as sediment and the chyme as water. Julia had to shake her head just to remind herself that this was a *creature*, not a landscape.

Just above the sphere was the twitching, quivering sphincter. Tendrils of spit and slime dangled and smeared across the already filthy sphere's surface. For but a moment, she thought again of escaping up the throat, before cold reality tampered it down. An instinctive urge to flee, but a dangerous one at that. The meat and water might've diluted the acids, but the surface continued to bubble. It was like a pool of carbonated water bubbles bursting and the entire surface fizzling. But she knew it wasn't as benign as bubbling water. Oozing from the esophagus's sphincter was a steady trickle of thick saliva. It was like slime oozing out of a tap and splashing into the chyme in rolling waves.

So, she just sat back down in her chair, and lost herself once more in note-taking.

"...as for feeding habits, as expected, specimen gorges self on all meat when available. Average size of swallows appears to be..." Julia pulled her pencil away from the page and looked back over the chunks of meat surrounding her. *"...one metre wide and three metres long. As expected for a creature of this size."*

Acids are secreted evenly throughout the stomach, with no particular glands noted. Chemical composition of said acids are currently unknown. Exiting the 'observation vehicle' to take a sample would be too risky."

She looked out across the stomach again, gazing at the far wall. Fresh mucus continued to drip, a wealth of knowledge just beyond her fingertips.

“Too dangerous with current motion, risk of being swept into acids. But perhaps viable if specimen is calmer? However, the colour appears similar to...”

A sudden outburst of wet dripping interrupted her; she looked up to see fresh tendrils of slime splatter against the top, dripping from the twitching sphincter. She had just enough time to form a quizzical expression before it opened and dumped a bolus of slimy green mass on top of her. It splattered against the top like a wad of mud and completely covered the surface. Sighing in exasperation, she went back down to her notes.

“Note: Specimen appears to be omnivorous.”

A wet slither and dull thud signalled another bolus of food dumping right on top of her. Another swallow, another load of green gunk dumped on top of her. Three more swallows smeared more and more green across the glass, blotting out the stomach walls and making her feel like she was being buried alive. She could barely see out past the green, and the lights were simply blocked by it entirely. She had no hope of researching the stomach right now, but she tried to make the most of it. Peering in close, she looked for what was in its meal and wrote it down.

“Plant diet seems to consist primarily of leaves: most likely feeds from upper branches of plants. Logical, considering its size. Large chunks of wood can be found, probably consumed on accident with little care. Considering the size of its teeth such wood would serve as little obstacle to it, and provide extra fibre to its diet.”

The day slowly ticked by for Julia, hour after hour whittled away inside the dinosaur’s gut. It continued to lurch and lumber through the world, to places unknown for Julia. She couldn’t even get a navigation signal in the gut, leaving her truly in the dark. A part of her was worried, fearful it could be taking her even further from salvation. But another part felt somewhat *humbled* to be taken on such a journey. Ever since she started researching these prehistoric species she always wanted to ride a dinosaur. The bigger, the better. And here she was, riding such a wild beast, just not in the way she originally planned.

At least it wasn’t feeding anymore. Fresh globs of acid and slime dripped from the ceiling and smeared across the plant matter, soaking in and loosening it up. Large chunks sloughed away like sand, and in just a few minutes she could see the stomach again. The plant matter laid at the top of the stomach, a thin, floating layer that wormed between the chunks of meat. The meat itself shifted across the surface with every churn of the stomach and ground shaking step. As the minutes ticked by, more acid seeped into the gut, raising the stomach contents ever so slightly. Yet the effect was most pronounced on the meat itself. Fizzing, frothing masses of acids built at the very edges of the meat that was dunked in the chyme. Some of the fresher chunks looked mostly untouched, but the older pieces were slowly breaking apart. Particularly large bubbles of churned acid would swell until popping, splattering sickly yellow chyme across the surrounding meat. She could even see the fumes wafting up. And when a large chunk slapped against the orb’s side, sticking there for a few seconds before sliding away, she even heard it. A low fizzing, like soft drink freshly poured into a cup. She definitely didn’t want to think about what it would smell like.

The green sludge on top quickly broke down. Soaked with acids it violently bubbled and frothed. In less than half an hour, it was indistinguishable from the chyme it laid in. By that point the meat started to falter. Smaller pieces sunk down into the chyme, leaving the larger chunks bobbing on top, with a sea of bubbling acids between them.

The lurching pounds of the giant's footsteps slowed, lurching Julia forwards, before coming to a stop entirely. Mid-sentence, she looked around, confused by the sudden stop, before it all dropped out from under her. She watched as the stomach's contents floated up into the air like freefall, the pencil and paper in her hand floating out of her grip, before a crash brought it all back down again. The sphere slipped beneath the waves before popping up again, a few small chunks of dissolving meat stuck to the surface.

Julia waited, thinking it was just leaning down to grab something and would be up before long, yet it didn't budge. She then noticed the breathing and heartbeat began to settle. What was once a powerful gush and thunderous beat were still strong, but now muted and slowing. Deep, slow breaths in and out, each one causing a rhythmic expansion and contraction of the gut. It had gone to sleep, leaving Julia to wait out it all out in the heat of its gut.

She checked the control panel and saw it was 9PM. The thought of going to sleep herself crossed her mind, with no pounding footfalls to keep her up. But there was still so much of her book to fill, she couldn't sleep now! After quickly writing down the time as a note on the dinosaur's sleeping habits, she looked around to see what she could write next. The stomach was calmer now. Chunks of meat idly drifted across the surface like wreckage after a shipwreck. She could even see a chunk of log bob between two pieces of meat. A buried idea quickly resurfaced.

"Calm ... probably the calmest time there is... digestion will only get stronger..." she mused, peering at the far wall. She was near the centre of the stomach with the curved stomach wall a few meters away. Chunks of meat and bone dotted the space in-between like an obstacle course. A set of tiny islands to hop between.

"No, too dangerous." She said, stopping the train of thought with a scrunch of her eyes. "What about the ceiling?" She glanced upwards at the stomach wall just above her. If she crouched on the top of the sphere she could reach it. Yet the glistening green of the mucus wasn't there, it must've been all concentrated on the side walls, the walls separated with a few short hops .

"Not much acids right now..." Against the far wall she could see the glistening green mucus. A treasure trove of research, data and unknown chemicals. A once in a lifetime opportunity.

All she had to do was cover a miniature ocean of acids to get it.

Pros and cons battled in her mind for a few moments before she quickly got out of her chair and opened up the locker. She figured that every second spent thinking was another second to let the acids grow stronger. It was now or never.

Immediately, she turned off the oxygen supply and began to strip. She figured there was no reason in keeping the oxygen fresh if it was going to get all flushed out anyway. First she pulled her shirt off and threw it as a scrunched up ball in the corner. No reason to get all of her other clothes soaked as well. Her bare skin poked free along with her plain white bra. Her

fingers danced across the clip on the back in hesitation for a few moments, before she tugged it off.

“Don’t want to get my bra wet...” she muttered, pulling it off to let her small pair of breasts fall free.

With a set of awkward scrunches, turns and twists, she managed to unclothe herself in the tight confines of the sphere. She was just down to her underwear now. She could feel the heat baking through the sphere underneath her step. With no shame, for there was no-one to see her, she bent over and grabbed the wetsuit out. The tight fitting suit of black rubber wouldn’t be ideal ... but it would do as an impromptu hazmat suit. It seemed to cover her hands and feet at least, leaving only her head bare.

She quickly slipped it on and sealed it up tight. She then grabbed her shirt and tied it around her mouth and nose to act as an impromptu gas mask. Woefully underprepared, but it was the best she could do as an impromptu stomach explorer. Already her heart began to pound and her mind raced as she awkwardly mantled the chair to grab at the escape hatch.

“This is madness! I’m going to be dissolved!” Her mind screamed at her as she grabbed the handle. Above and in front of her was the panel in question. A rectangular, curved section of glass bordered with thick metal. A large pull and turn handle, like one you’d see on an airliner door, was at the centre. Beside it was a small guarded switch to trigger the explosive bolts. She definitely didn’t want to trigger that. As she held the handle, eyes darting from side to side, stress and anxiety boiled up inside her at a level not felt since she did her Thesis. So much was screaming at her to pull back. Her fingers began to shake.

“No, I can do this.” She said, halting the thoughts in their tracks. “It’s just one stomach, how bad can it be...?” She said with a wavering voice.

Before grabbing the handle, turning it once, and pulling with all her force. With a pop and rush of air, the panel hinged open.

And a wave of boiling, rancid air rushed in like water into a sinking ship.

It was instant. Everything became boiling hot to her, as if she had been dunked in hot water. But it was only part of it. With it came a horrible stench of acid, vomit and bile that shot up her nose and made her eyes water. She flinched as if struck and breathed in deep, filling her lungs with the putrid air. They felt alight and began to tingle. Already she began to cough, wishing to close the panel, but she knew it was too late.

She had to keep going.

Grasping the edge of the hole she pulled herself out of the sphere and crouched down on the very top. Now out of the sphere she could feel the wind kicked up by the motions of digestion blast across her body. It was raw, hot, and unbelievably humid. It had been only ten seconds and already sweat was blossoming across her body. Through the tears she saw a large chunk of meat right in front of the sphere. She leapt off and slammed into it.

Her bare feet sunk into it with a squelch, feeling like hot, firm mud between her toes. A greasy film of chyme splashed up against her calves. The small island of meat rocked

uneasily as she righted herself, threatening to topple her over and send her into the boiling acids. Her weight made it sink down slightly with a wave of acids surging up, sizzling at fresh meat. She even felt the bubbles bursting against her toes. A faint, hot tingling broke out across her foot.

“Gotta ... gotta move!” She gasped with another cough. There was another chunk ahead of her. She leapt forwards and splashed down on it again, before jumping forwards. She leapfrogged from piece to piece like stones on a river. But with every step she felt the chyme squelch underneath her, the acids swirl around her, the heat dive into her body. The air was thin with oxygen, with a faint dizziness already seeping in. In the desperation, fear, and addled haze of oxygen deprivation, she grimly realised something.

“Must’ve played at least one platformer like this when I was kid...” she mused, noticing heavy droplets of acid dripping from the ceiling.

Leaping off onto a log, she ran across it before finally reaching the far wall. The sloped surface curved upwards and was folded, looking almost like coral. Pink, slimy, squishy coral glistening with acids across the tips. Between the folds were heavy rolls of mucus slowly rolling down. The last chunk of meat was a meter away, so she leapt off and slammed into the surface, gripping the folded walls hard. The entire surface jostled and shook like rubber while acids and mucus splashed up. She slowly eased down and desperately scrabbled, trying to keep her feet out of the chyme, yet stopped just in time. After staring at the sizzling liquids just beneath her toes for a few moments while catching her breath, she focused on her task at hand. The mucus. A thick, oozing layer of green slime just in front of her, in between the crevices.

But then a sudden shock hit her.

“I ... I forgot the container!” She yelped, desperately running her hands over her body, trying to find it. Fresh fear blossomed in her chest; she didn’t want to go back for it again! As she desperately groped she touched something hard near her waist, hard and round. She reached down and grabbed it: the sample jar. She did remember to bring it after all. Taking it off the buckle on her belt, she popped off the lid and pushed her fingers into the slime to scoop it out.

It felt hot, rancid and thick. Fresh disgust welled in her throat as she scooped it out. Throughout all of her career as a biologist, this was the most disgusting substance she ever dealt with. All the while the stomach walls underneath her continued their organic heaving, pulsating and churning motion. The folded walls squeezed and retracted while the whole stomach surface shifted and moved. It wasn’t violent, but with how precarious her position was, it almost threw her off. After ten seconds she filled the jar up to the brim. Screwing the lid on, she turned around and prepared for the journey back.

The stomach surface was even rougher now, heaving like a churning ocean. Fresh new chunks drifted and bobbed across the surface, her only path back to the sphere in the centre. Waiting for a chunk to come especially close, she pushed off with her whole body, landed, and started leapfrogging. The stomach had worn on her now. Her head was tingling, her lungs were burning, while every motion was slightly sluggish. The stream of tears continued to wash down her cheeks from her burning eyes yet she kept going. Every step, every leap brought her closer to her goal.

But the stomach was fighting her. The roar of the crashing waves of chyme rung out around her while the ‘islands’ jostled from side to side. Several times she tipped over and face planted into the meat, chyme splashing across her cheeks and making them tingle. A few moments to catch her breath before she pulled herself up and kept going.

She was almost there, just a few more hops to the sphere. Floating in between her and her shelter was the largest piece of meat yet. It was an island to her, about the size of a car with several rises and falls. An easy path. Leaping on she felt some gratitude for the relative security and safety of its bulk. Cresting the small rise at the top, she sprinted for the sphere.

Only for her next step to sink deep into the meat, before the acid lashed surface gave way beneath her. It tore like a piece of cloth under her weight, revealing a large sink hole filled with acids. Her arms pinwheeled and a fresh scream built on her lips before her body slammed into the surface on the other side and gripped on tight. While her lower half splashed directly down into the ocean of chyme.

Heat, boiling heat like that of an oven coated her body, along with a growing, tingling burn. It lashed her body like the acids it were. She let out a gasping scream before furiously dragging herself forwards. Every second the pain increased as the acids lashed her body. She kicked to try and pull herself forwards, swirling fresh acids across her legs. After five seconds of gasping, grunting and screaming, she pulled her sodden legs out of the mire and onto the chunk. She could still feel them burn and swore she could hear them sizzling away. It felt like being sunburnt.

But she kept going. Seeing she was right before the sphere, she leapt up and grasped onto the top, gripping the edge of the open hatch. She pulled herself up into it but she was struggling. Her head swam, her muscled burned, while her legs still hurt. The stomach was claiming her. After a valiant roar of exertion she pulled herself into the sphere and came down upon the chair. With a swirling head she closed the hatch and turned the oxygen back on.

Slowly, sweet, cool air filled her lungs once more after a seeming eternity of muggy, rancid gas. Immediately she began to strip away her acid soaked wetsuit.

“Fuck ... never doing that again...” she grunted.

Peeling off her wetsuit, she finally looked at her assaulted legs. The skin was red and raw, yet wasn’t bleeding. It would heal before long. Taking her wetsuit off, she dried herself with her towel before taking some soothing cream from the first aid kit to her wounds. By the time she was finished she was clean, dressed in her old clothes, and with sweet, cool air filling her lungs. The only whiff of the unmentionable scent was from sodden wetsuit and towels wedged in the corner.

The thought of throwing it out and letting the acids claim it crossed her mind. Could be an opportunity to see how the acids reacted to synthetic materials. She stopped herself though; she wasn’t going to put this creature through gastro-intestinal distress.

And so, she sunk back down into the chair, let her heart rate finally settle, and watched the stomach around her. Now from the comfort and safety of *inside* the sphere.

It seemed that her little 'expedition' didn't come a moment too soon, as when the dinosaur's body shut down for sleep, its digestion kicked into overdrive. Mere minutes later the walls began to glisten anew with rivulets of acid. The formerly calm surface of chyme was whipped up. To her, it was always an ocean, and now it had waves like one too. Drops of acid splashing across the top formed the rain in the twisting sphere.

It steadily worsened over the next half hour. Running down the walls between the folds of flesh were rivers of acid. The stomach churned, squeezing the walls and sliding them back and forth to work the meat down to mush. Julia was swept up along with it, sliding across the walls and stomach contents as she went. She was able to see all the meat break away and dissolve, the tiny scraps stuck to the sphere quickly washed away. One thing was for certain, Julia was glad to be *inside* the sphere for the violent digestion.

The chyme and its layer of meat heaved, chunks pushed up by the stomach before rolling over and slamming back down again. It exposed fresh meat to the surface to be broken down, with visible plumes of fume adding to the mix. She could even see the walls start to expand ever so slightly, giving her a little bit more room.

That is, until a gush of wind rocked the stomach as the oesophagus opened, the dinosaur belching as it slept. Just an airy burp not even it felt, but to her, the gas whipped up a fresh storm. In the middle of the stomach she saw chunks of meat and acid splatter across the glass, while she was dragged towards the open oesophagus. She could see the flesh quiver and shake from the wind rushing through it, and for a moment, she thought she might get sucked in. But after a few seconds it closed again, leaving her to slam against the flesh folds just beneath it. The mucus coated walls were spread wide in the motion of its churn, forming a neat pocket for her to slide into it, before it clenched once more. With the sticky, gooey mucus leaving long strands from the glass; she was stuck. Rocking back and forwards with every wave crashing against her but stuck all the same.

But, a fortunate twist before the impact faced the lights towards the stomach, so she was still able to see it all take place. Like sticky gum on a stomach wall, she was able to watch it all happen.

Over the next hour, she watched as it was all broken down to a thin liquid. The acids tore into the meat and bubbled it away, rendering the chyme more like liquid. The stomach heaved like a tumultuous seas' waves, and as it more liquidlike, the waves became larger and crashed all the harder. Entire waves would run across from one surface to the other and crash against the far wall. The direction was ever changing and even hit her. A massive wave of churned meat slamming into with full force and splattering against the glass in a plume of spray, before it was sucked back into the stomach only to start again.

After an hour of tumultuous digestion, the stomach settled. The crashing waves became a gentler churning motion, merely keeping the chyme mixed. As the stomach settled, Julia gasped at just how well it had all churned down, the swamp of meat nothing more than a liquid. It had all been ruthlessly churned away. The only remnants were a few scales and bones bobbing on the surface, like driftwood after a shipwreck.

But of particular importance was the fact that the chyme level was now lower. What was once halfway up the sphere was now skirting the very bottom of it. A faint gurgling filled the

stomach as the chyme was sucked away down into the oesophagus. The food was moving onto the next stage of its journey, and Julia was going along with it.

The force of buoyancy no longer holding her, the orb slipped from the unsteady perch of mucus and stomach folds and splashed into the chyme. The stomach was starting to drain faster, the suction pulling her to the centre with a tiny whirlpool forming. She was sucked towards it with a grim collection of bones and scales, floating like refuse, stuck to her outside.

As she watched the upper stomach fall away, she couldn't help but feel a bit sad to see it go. Granted, she was glad to be moving along, to be one step closer to the end of this terrible, terrible ride. But she couldn't deny that watching such power as it effortlessly churned it all away was exhilarating. And she also couldn't deny that she wasn't happy for what came next...

Ten minutes later, and the stomach had mostly drained. The bottom surface of the stomach was now visible like a rocky shore revealed by a receding tide. Trickle of chyme ran down the folded surface, while murky piles of undigested bones and scales added to the muck of mucus and other gunk. With a rough bump and wet splat the sphere touched down on the very bottom, still rolling forwards as the chyme receded. Bringing her closer and closer to the large, open sphincter at the very bottom. The slow gurgle of chyme was now a rushing waterfall as it poured into the black pit right in front of her. She stared at the open pit that looked just a little bit smaller than her sphere, but she knew it was going to accept her.

With a final tug of the currents, the sphere rolled forwards and landed directly in its fleshy embrace. The last few drops of chyme rushed around her as she sat down in its grip. She took one last look at the now empty stomach, the cavern of quivering flesh.

Before the sphincter yawned wide and she was forced through, before it sealed up behind her. Leaving the stomach an empty place.

It felt like being swallowed all over again, but thankfully less violent. Gravity pulled her downwards while the sphincter gaped wide over her unyielding sphere. It wasn't meant for something as large as her. The headlights illuminated a foot of pink, smooth glistening walls sloping downwards, before ending in the muddy surface of the chyme.

She had only a few moments to look before the pliable flesh stretched over the widest part and yanked her inside with its elasticity. Her head whipped back as it jerked her forwards before slamming into the muddy chyme. Her body strained against the restraints as she plunged into the thick liquid in a rush of bubbles. When they finally cleared and she looked around, she found herself completely submerged in the contents of its stomach, with the sphincter pushing down on her from above.

The small intestines were exactly that, small, a tight tunnel that barely fit her sphere. Which admittedly, wasn't that tight at all, except in comparison to the cavernous stomach of course. The strangeness of having her idea of big being redefined by a *stomach* definitely wasn't lost on her. She took a moment to blankly stare, reflecting on the insanity of what her life had become, before she was ripped out of it by a jolt forward. The sphincter behind her had 'caught up' and was now slowly dragging her forwards through the intestines in a wave of peristalsis. The pocket was about ten metres long, with the squeezed tight walls ahead of her just at the edge of the headlights. It was so slow, she barely noticed it at first, creeping forwards at a snail's pace. Her own personal tour of a spinosaurus's small intestine.

Fleshy pink walls slid past her, dragging across the glass sphere. After a few metres the smooth walls began to be covered in villae. Tiny, fleshy fingers the length of her hand, coating the surface.

"Looks ... looks like coral..." she muttered, watching them drag past. Every single one pressed against her sphere in turn, sliding and dragging across it. She could hear a faint noise of it dragging across, like fingers smudging across glass. Yet it was mostly drowned out by the cacophony of digestion echoing all around her. Beyond the thrum of its heart or the gush of its lungs, were the liquid bubbles and groans of the intestines all around her. They were deep and echoing, like booming noises down a cave. Bubbling and groaning in constant noise.

Taking out her notebook, she made sure to write down every detail, even sketching it down. All around her, tiny specks began to precipitate out of the liquid near the villae, as it sucked away the nutrients and left only waste behind. Tiny bubbles also formed from chemical reactions, building near the top. Every shifting, ever moving, it slowly swelled larger and larger. Julia knew what they were, and was definitely glad to be *inside* the sphere, in relative comfort.

She knew what it was, what the specks would accumulate to be, and what would be waiting for her at the end of this ride. She just pushed it out of her head, willing to deal with it when it finally arrived.

After several minutes of slow travel forwards, the sphere crested a bend. The intestines curved upwards, and after moving around the bend the sphere floated to the top and smacked against the sphincter. The fleshy surface quivered and stretched slightly, letting a few bubbles free. She thought she might pass into the next sphincter, only for it to hold her tight.

Calm then descended upon her, with nothing more than a gentle rocking motion, and the low gurgling of digestion all around her. As the excitement of discovery left her, she was left simply exhausted. A whole day of motion and movement that stretched long into the night. She checked the time: it was about 11PM.

“Might as well conserve my energy ... got a long day ahead of me ... a long day...” she muttered. Stowing her notebooks, she reached over and turned off the lights, plunging her into absolute darkness. Snuggling up against the chair as best as she could she leaned back and closed her eyes. Rocked from side to side with its motion, lulled by the gentle, almost hypnotic bubbling of its chyme, she quickly fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

As she blissfully slept, the digestion continued around her unabated. The villa continued to slurp, the bubbles continued to build and burst, while the chyme steadily thickened. The tiny, one man exploration mission continued to worm its way through the gut. Lurching motions threatened to wake her, bringing her to the edge of waking in half-sleep delirium, before she quickly passed out again.

As for the dinosaur itself? It slept soundly, the vastness of its body lying mostly still as the jungle, its domain, continued to move around it. There was no way for it to feel the tiny marble of a human worming its way through its vast guts. It had even forgotten about it entirely by now.

A sudden jolt roused Julia from her slumber. Blinking her eyes open she looked around in a stupor, before reaching for the lights switch and turning them on. Brilliant bright light seared her eyes, as if she'd turned on the light switch while getting a midnight snack.

Through blurred vision she saw the fleshy walls of the intestine holding her tight, while a thickening slurry of chyme clung to the sphere. Just in front of her was a large, petal like sphincter that undulated open and closed. It stretched wider before shoving her inside with another jolt. The walls were further apart, while the previously smooth, bright pink was a darker shade of greenish purple. The villa was shorter now while the walls were much more folded.

"Must ... must be the large intestine..." she slurred, some shred of intelligence poking through the haze of sleep. The moment of waking passed her; she quickly turned the lights back off before passing out again.

Another jolt followed by a wet *squish* awoke Julia once more. Opening her eyes to darkness, she stretched her arms above her and yawned, feeling much more refreshed. Only to stop as she realised just how hot it all was. The temperature inside was simply *sweltering*, with fresh beads of sweat growing across her skin. The air smelt slightly staler too.

Coughing on the hot air, she tapped at the panel, hoping to get some response, only for it to stay dark. Out of power. No lights, and worst of all, no air conditioning. Leaving her to sweat in the oppressive, cloying heat of the dinosaur's body. Looking away she wiped the sweat from her brow only to feel fresh beads replenish what she wiped away. Fumbling in the darkness, she opened up the last of bottle of water. As she started to drink, grateful for the tiny amount of cool, she looked down at her watch. 5:30AM. Not long now until dawn.

"Ugh, it can't be much longer now, can it?" She muttered, slumping back into her chair. Her shirt and jeans began to stick to her body. The thought of stripping off crossed her mind, not like there'd be anyone to see her, but she decided against it. She would have to put them back on again anyway, when it came time to ... exit...

"Wait, where am I anyway?" She muttered. The constant forwards motion of peristalsis had stopped, leaving her rocking with the motion of the sleeping titan's body. Thick squelches rang out around her with every sway. Squelches that sounded like ... mud.

In that instant, Julia knew where she was. Packed in the colon, along with all of the dinosaur's waste. The thought of using a torch to look outside crossed her mind ... before she buried it just as fast. Slumping back into the chair, she sweltered and thought through every biology fact she had learned, all in the desperate hope to think about anything but where she was right now.

Minutes dragged on for seemingly hours in the heat. There was no airflow, no breeze, leaving her to swelter in place. Her clothes quickly became stuck to her body while her hair was matted to her scalp. She constantly checked her watch again and again, the minutes dragging by at a painfully slow pace.

"Ugh, come on, hurry up! I can't believe I'm waiting for a dino to take a shit..."

As if the Universe had heard her pleas, the world trembled. A jolt of motion, accompanied by the quickening pace of the heart and lungs, followed by a long, lurching motion upwards that made her clench her stomach. A thousand groans and gurgles rang out around her as the might creature arose from its slumber, its guts squeezing and clenching. She could feel the power and strength behind it waking up.

The lurching rise upwards was followed with a brief moment of weightlessness as it stood up proper. A moments pause was granted, before the world began to lurch as it walked off to places unknown. Every lurching step shifted her and the mounds of waste she shared the rectum with. After a set of steps it came to a stop, before Julia felt its body drop slightly.

It seems like it wanted the waste out of its body as much as Julia did. Taking one final swallow, she readied herself to experience a spinosaurus defecating from the *inside*.

She didn't have to wait long. The felt the walls clench, squeezing the mud closer to her, before a sudden lurch downwards. She saw a flicker of light ahead and below her, a tiny flash

that painted a scene of brown stretching out beneath her. She was at the top of the pile. The flash then disappeared, before being followed by a muffled, heavy *squelch* as the first log hit the ground. The walls pulsed and undulated before another was squeezed out. Another flash of light, another lurch downwards, and another sickening *squelch* from outside the beast. Julia couldn't tear her eyes away from the exit as it grew closer with every squeeze. She started to see the smooth walls, the faint wrinkles in the ring, its clenching motion as it opened and shut.

In less than a minute, there was no more left, with the sphere coming to an abrupt stop against the sphincter. The wrinkled pucker pressed against the glass and smeared slime all across it. It was never still, constantly shifting and moving as the walls squeezed down on her and tried to force her out. Until the sphincter gaped wide, and with a thrust, she was shoved out into the light she was hidden for so long. Blinding light seared her vision, and she caught a glimpse of blurred green before her gut dropped out underneath her.

The last thing she saw before she slammed into the ground was a mass of brown.

The sphere slammed into it with a wet splat, jostling her forwards and straining the restraints. Picking herself up, she looked around to find her sphere wedged into a massive, steaming pile of dinosaur waste. It stretched out around her in a small pile, with the slime coated sphere at the very top and tilted at an angle. The waste came halfway up; thankfully, the hatch was at the *top* of the sphere. The sphere itself was coated in thick slime and smeared waste all across it. Condensation started to form on the exterior as the heated glass hit the relatively cool, humid air of the jungle.

The mass was amorphous, with little remaining after the ruthless digestive tract. A few chunks of bone here, some piles of undigested scales there. Beyond the pile was a clearing, with tall trees bordering her on either side.

Shaking her head, she looked behind her to see the massive dinosaur start to stomp off. She caught a glimpse of its rear, a flash of pink tucked in a parting of scales, before it walked away. As she watched the majestic creature leave, Julia couldn't help but feel a bit sad to see it go.

"Bye, my friend..." She muttered, giving a weak wave. "I hope I can see you again ... just in better circumstances, yeesh..."

The spinosaurus rounded a tree and disappeared behind a hill, leaving her completely alone. Unclipping herself from her chair, she grabbed a bag from the cabinet, stuffed it with all the supplies she could get, and slung it over her shoulder. She made sure to remove the data drives from the computer console and stash them away. Might as well take some recordings of it all, for research, naturally. Grabbing a cloth she wrapped it around her face; hopefully it would provide some protection from the chair. Awkwardly mantling the chair, she reached up to the hatch and grabbed the handle. One twist and a shove, it would open, and she'd be ... free. A delightful, yet horrifying concept, considering what she was escaping into.

Psyching herself up for a few seconds and taking a deep as a breath she could, she twisted it and shoved. The hatch popped open, and a wave of hot air rushed inside. She held her breath yet the acrid stench made her eyes water. Squinting and blinking away the tears, she gripped the hatch and pulled herself, kicking madly to gain a grip. Pulling herself onto the hot,

slippery surface, she crouched in the open hatch before leaping off. Just managing to clear the pile she rolled onto the ground and didn't stop running until she was a dozen metres away. Ripping the cloth away, she took a deep breath of the first fresh air in an eon. It felt good. She panted as she stood to her full height, looking back over the pile with equal part curiosity and dismay. A lone and empty sphere wedged in a massive pile of dung.

She then set off on her long journey back to the base camp. Judging by the map it didn't seem too far away, thankfully. As she slowly trudged her way back to civilisation, a bag of data across her back, one thing was for certain.

She DEFINITELY wasn't going to tell anyone about this soon.

Alternative Ending 1: Under A Lot Of Pressure

From Page 5...

The fear abated, she looked back up to the dinosaur. It had finished drinking, swallowing one last gulp of water. Its forked red tongue poked out between its lips and dragged across them with a deluge of saliva and water before standing up. Julia's eyes followed the immense beast as it rose to full height, mouth wide as she took in the sheer size and *power* of the vast creature. It was just so big! It was like standing at the base of a great tower, but one made of scales and flesh instead of steel and glass. Standing tall at the height of the great trees that surrounded it, Julia was cast in its shadow.

"Wow..." she muttered, watching as the great creature turned its head from side to side, no doubt wondering what to do next. The tiny girl in the tiny glass rock was beneath its gaze, being nothing more than an invisible voyeur.

The vast head tilted towards her direction, yet didn't look down, and when its entire body tensed she knew it had made its decision. Being as massive as it was let her see every tiny detail. She saw the scales of its right leg ripple and the ground underpaw heave before it lifted into the air. Tendrils of dirt and sand cascaded down in massive clumps while Julia glimpsed a layer of mud smeared across the underside. She could see it in greater detail, noticing the webbing connecting the paw's digits near the base. She watched in awe as it raised up, overjoyed to be able to see such a vast creature walk.

With grace unexpected of a creature that size the paw rose high into the air. In just one second it reached the peak of its arc and began its descent. Julia then realised it was heading straight for *her*. Her eyes boggled wide as she watched the mud coated surface head straight towards her.

"The glass will keep me safe..." She thought in blissful naivety, too stunned to think. But it lasted a mere millisecond before her world darkened and globs of mud splattered around her. She realised her mistake. Screaming, she shut her eyes and threw her hands up in instinctive fear as the paw came crashing down...

SLAM!

Julia's whole world shook and thundered like a bomb had gone off all around her, every iota of her form being upheaved in violent force. And yet, as she cracked her eyes open, she was surprised to find herself not dead. Through the ringing in her ears and the blur of her vision, she saw that the world was a lot, lot darker. Only a tiny crack of light came in through the top, while two dark, greycliff faces pinned her in on either side. Cliff faces of scales, clutching and rubbing at the sphere's glass. In front of her was the base of its digits, with a small flap of skin for webbing in front of her.

The paw's digits had landed directly on top of her, pinning her in a crevice between two of them. The scales of its paw squeezed down on the sphere from all sides. But before she even had a chance to gasp or admire her luck, another pound rang out from its other paw stepping down, and she lurched into the air. The paw ascended, bringing her with it, rocketing her up like she was on a rollercoaster. A brief moment of weightlessness greeted her at the apex of its step before she was tugging upwards against the restraint as it came back down again.

SLAM!

Before slamming into the dirt once more, mud splattering to cake the underside of the sphere. It wasn't a sudden stop as if it was stone crashing upon stone; she wouldn't been pulverized by the force if it was. But she could feel the padding of the sole sink into the mud for a few moments before the full weight settled upon the earth with a shaking slam.

A moment of respite, the prepared Julia having handled it *slightly* better, before it raised into the air once more, with Julia screaming in shock the whole way. She watched the muddy ground peel away from her as if she was on a thrill ride, reaching a peak above the world before slamming right back down onto a grassy field. The dinosaur was walking, with a tiny sphere stuck in its paw unaware. She was just a pebble to it, nothing more!

SLAM!

As the paw landed she saw the paw clench, squeezing the sphere tighter and making it bend ever so slightly. The scaly flesh stretched out underneath her as its full weight rested upon the grass, while pushing down hard and carving a deep crater into the world. The paw tensed before rising once more...

CRACK!

And a long, hairline fracture shot across the glass right in front of her, like a lightning bolt running from the top to bottom.

Through all the confusion and chaos, fresh fear shot into her heart.

"I need to get out of here, NOW!" She wailed as the paw shot upwards, forcing her down into the chair. As she reached the peak her eyes shot around madly, before settling on the escape hatch right above her. It was her only shot! She reached for the control panel.

SLAM!

Her fingers slipped as it slammed back down again, hitting some random buttons. With a long *creeeeeeak* the digits flexed around the sphere once more like a stressball. The crack rippled across the glass, the noise echoing all around her. Her finger slammed into the massive red "EJECT" button at the top right. With a boom that paled in comparison to the slams of the dinosaur's paw, explosive bolts blasted the panel clean off, sending it spiralling away to the front of the paw. The paw rocketed up again. Fresh air from outside was forced through the open hatch, now rippling her cheeks and hair. Yet the air wasn't entirely fresh, tinged with the faint saltiness of its sweaty, musky paws.

She wasn't thinking about that though, knowing she had no hope of getting up through the hatch while raising. It would be like trying to do a pullup on a launching rocket. Instead she unclipped her belt and watched the hatch as the peak approached. Familiar weightlessness gripped her...

She leapt. Kicking off with her hands and feet she leapt towards the open hatch right above her. Time seemed to slow as she approached, feeling weightless in the moment. Only for gravity to seemingly reverse as the paw came down once more, the hatch now racing towards her! She slammed into the lip and held on tight, holding it to her chest as acceleration

threatened to rip her away and send her spiralling to her death. She watched the ground approach and gritted her teeth...

SLAM!

The shock ripped her down and she desperately clung on, all of progress almost erased in an instant. She wailed. She could feel the glass crack this time, a high pitched shudder that existed on another plane to the pounding stomp. Not much longer now. Using the brief moment of grace she welled all of her strength and hoisted herself on top of the sphere. She crouched down, facing the base of the paw while her hands reached behind her with an iron grip on the sphere's edge. Now in the valley of the digits, she had a moment to take in the sheer size of it all. On top of the two metre wide sphere she was just above the top of the paws.

The sides of the digits were mostly vertical, a cliff face of scales that stretched up a metre or two above the sphere's top. Behind her was the outside world, in front, the cliff faces came together to a point, overlapping and pressing at each other. A collapsed crevice almost, one that shifted with every motion. It all looked much softer than the armoured hide of the body, flexing and shifting, while the scales themselves were smooth and soft. As if they'd all been moisturised. But there was little doubt as to what did it: the sweat. Beads of sweat dotted the surface around her, choking the air was its strong, musky aroma. Under calmer situations, she would've noted the strangeness of a dinosaur sweating, but couldn't think of it now. Even through all the panic and adrenaline she couldn't deny it, she couldn't ignore it as it dove down to her lungs and made her head swim. No, not now.

The paw rose again. Gripping on tight she let out a primal, guttural grunt of exertion...

SLAM!

...before a scream of pain as it slammed back down again. Long cracks now covered the entire surface of the sphere, there was no time left! Without another thought, she leapt to her right, reaching out for the scales...

...her hands slammed into the surface and she held on tight, clinging onto the crest of the digit. Her feet and hands quickly found handholds in the scales, small fissures and cracks in the vast plain that she could fit into. It felt strange, soft and hard at the same time, yet smooth. The edges of the scales didn't cut her hands but felt more like clam shells. Rolls of sweat pooled under her hands and body, soaking into her clothes, smothering her with more of its sweat.

But she didn't have any time to ponder, as in less than a second her hasty grip was tested as the paw rose into the air before coming back down again.

SLAM!

The paw slammed down again, the entire sphere now flexing inwards from the spiderweb of cracks across it. She had a moment to feel gratitude and safety before the paw rose and fell again, nearly throwing her off it.

SLAM!

CRUNCH!

The digits squeezed together and crumpled it like a tin can, breaking it into chunks of glass that fell to the ground. Not a single cut could be seen across the scales with all the glass falling down into the dirt. There was no doubt that she wouldn't have survived it. She started scrambling up the surface to try and get on top. Luckily the dinosaur had stopped for something, perhaps looking for food. It gave her just enough time to get on top before it rose again. She laid down on her stomach and bear hugged the surface in a desperate attempt to hold on. More drops of sweat stuck to her form, soaking her clothes and even getting into her hair. But she couldn't think about that, not now. From her desperate position she saw that in her haste to escape she had gone in the wrong direction. She was on the centre digit, with two digits on either side of her. Beyond that was the blurred green of the forest whipping past her; making out individual details was difficult.

SLAM!

Clutching the digit tight, Julia was hit with the strongest pound yet, all the force slamming into her as if she'd been punched. Yet no gut wrenching ascension followed. With great effort she pulled her head up and saw the spinosaurus's vast, distant face scan across the world. It had stopped and was searching for something. Now was her chance! A quick glance behind her told her that she was too far from the paw's tip, and the risk of being crushed underpaw was too great. She had to escape through the side.

Getting up on all fours, she scrambled forwards towards the base of the paw. She expected the paw to lift up beneath her yet it laid still, spare the natural grinds and groans of the spire of flesh and bone in its natural undulations. She figured her best bet was near the base of the paw where the gap was the shortest. The spire of the foot looked too sweaty to climb across and staying between the digits was far too dangerous; she'd have to jump. A short gap, but with the slick and uneasy 'ground', it wouldn't be easy. Getting up to her feet she sprinted forwards. Sweat splashed beneath her shoes. She turned to her left at the last second and leapt across the chasm.

Arms pinwheeling, she sailed across the sweaty chasm towards the top of the large, inner digit. She was going to make it! That is, until the dinosaur leaned forwards, putting extra weight on the paw and splaying it out. And so, seemingly in slow motion to her adrenaline fuelled mind, she watched the digit slide away from her.

Her lips pursed to scream out a curse before she slammed into the side of the digit, just below the top, kicking up a splash of sweat. Immediately she scrambled for grip. But there was none. All she could do was watch, scramble and scream as she watched sweet safety slide away from her. Whipping her head around she saw the chasm of the digit, two walls close together with a web along the bottom, quickly approach.

She screamed before sliding into the bottom of the chasm. At the very base of the paw, the cliff faces of the paw rose on either side of her, while the leg itself loomed large behind her. The sweat and musk was at its strongest here. She could almost see it, and even through the fear, she coughed on the foul scent. Knowing there was no way to get back up, she got to her feet and started running towards the front of the paw.

Only for the dinosaur to lean back again. The ground underneath her trembled from the force while the digits dragged across the dirt as they came together. Julia watched as the walls came closing in on her.

“No!” A final scream and a thrust of her arm out to the light, before the digits eclipsed her and pinned her in darkness.

Darkness, sweat, and crushing pressure. Those were the first things that struck her as she was sealed away in the humidity of the paw. The digits had some give to them, some looser skin, merely smothering her instead of crushing her outright. Yet she was still pinned on all sides, held in the standing position with the web beneath her. Immediately she began to push and shove against the walls. But they only yielded a few inches, just one of the beast’s digits stronger than she could ever hope to be. Slick, sweat softened scales squeezed her like a snake’s coils, leaving her only a tiny pocket of air to breathe.

A pocket that was quickly filled with the scent of its sweat and musk. It was everywhere, and unavoidable. A salty, earthy scent that filled her lungs and would’ve been visible, if not for the total darkness. With a deep, choking breath she breathed through her mouth and spared her nose, yet it was no better. She could feel it diving down into her lungs.

“Need ... need to move ... need to ... ahhh!” Her mutterings through gritted teeth quickly turned into a scream as the paw ripped off the ground, dragging her into the air with powerful force. The walls squeezed down on her even tighter as they clenched, squeezing the air out of her lungs before giving her sweet relief moments later. A moment of weightlessness, before the all too familiar freefall. Julia gritted her teeth...

SLAM!

The blow was even worse, forced into her from all angles. Wedded to the paw, she felt the tiny amount of padding underneath press and expand as it settled upon the dirt. Before being followed with a body wracking pound that ripped into her from all angles and left her reeling. Her ears rung and her entire body felt tenderised. She wasn’t sure which way was up anymore. Until the paw rocketed into the air once more, giving her just enough clarity and thinking ability to dread it coming right back down again.

SLAM!

Step after step the spinosaurus took, taking her to places unknown, and wearing her down with every single one. Time quickly blurred together, her very concept of time defined by the pawfalls. How many had there been so far? Dozens? Hundreds? Thousands? Julia couldn’t tell. She couldn’t think of a time before the paw ruled every aspect of her life. Yet she, as many humans do, adapted to her new position. The pawfalls and crashes became softer, letting her think and act. She thought anyway, for all she knew, it could’ve just been walking softer.

Yet where one pain left her, another took its place. For as the beast walked through the jungle sweat quickly grew across its paws. It perspired out of the walls around her and trickled down from the tip. Running across her skin, soaking into her clothes, stealing the air from her, defining the very reality she knew. She crinkled her nose and cringed away, but to where? All around her was the paw, and all around her was its musky sweat. What started as a light

sheen quickly turned into a full body drenching. She might as well have just been underwater, well, undersweat that is. It matted her hair, and even slithered across her lips, her best attempts to move away fruitless, for there was nowhere to move through. The sweat was everywhere.

It even got into her lungs. The choking scent dove down through her mouth and into her lungs, making them tingle and burn from the scent. There was no escaping it.

The lack of oxygen quickly halted her struggles, leaving her just cringing and gritting her teeth in the tight prison. Unable to speak, barely capable of thought, only whimpering. Not a person anymore, but just a scrap caught in a colossal beast's paws.

Yet as she laid there in her prison, one thing was clear. She was definitely in for a long, *long* day.

Night had fallen over the jungle, the heat of the sun replaced with a cool, quiet breeze. In a large clearing of flattened grass laid the colossal spinosaurus. Laying on its left side it slumbered, its entire body rising and falling with its breath. Its two nostrils flared with each strong breath, fluttering the leaves of several trees in front of it. It slept openly and without fear, knowing that nothing would be able to harm it, even while it slept.

Its two paws stretched out beside it, sideways against the ground. They merely quivered with its breath, allowed to rest after a long day carrying its vast weight. Each digit laid against each other, leaving only tiny creases and gaps between them.

But suddenly, on the right paw, the gap between the digits started to shake. Between the largest inner paw, the one against the ground and the centre one, it start to shift. Something was pressing out from it, something from the inside...

With a final shove and gasp for air, Julia finally shoved her way out between the two digits. Her lungs took in their first gasp of fresh, cool air, even if it was tainted with the musk and sweat radiating off the paws. With her lower half pinned between the two digits she laid there, panting hard.

“Freedom ... sweet freedom ... finally...” she muttered slurred, before shoving and wriggling forwards.

With a ‘slurp’ her lower body slid out of the tight, sweat coated embrace and she flopped forwards. After a brief fall she fell down and slammed into the muddy paw crater underneath.

She barely felt it at first. No wonder why, considering that she was an absolute *mess*. Her entire body was simply coated in sweat. Her clothes were soaked, her hair was matted to her scalp, while her shoes sloshed with the foul liquid. Even her skin had wrinkled up from being soaked and bathed in it for so long. She took a deep breath before devolving into a coughing fit as she hacked up sweat out of her nostrils and mouth. Even her eyelids were stuck together. She couldn’t even stand.

Wiping the sweat out of her eyes, she looked around. She was in a crater from its paw, the grass crushed and replaced with muddy dirt. Small streams of sweat trickled down from the paw behind her and went to the bottom of the crater, forming a small pool. After a full day walking, there was quite a lot of sweat to get rid of. She looked up to the paw looming up behind her that was the size of a building.

In the faint moonlight she saw it was simply *filthy*, coated in mud, grass and crushed branches. She could barely see any of the black underside of the paw. Gingerly, she reached out and touched it. She had to push her whole hand in before she could feel the warm, soft underside beneath the filth. Shivers ran up her spine before she pulled away.

She was in the shadow of the paw in every sense of the word. A strong heat radiated off it, making her own sweat glands perspire, if not the layer of saurian sweat already caking her. The scent filled the air too, diving into her lungs weaker, yet still clear as day. Looking up, she swore she could actually see it, faint rolls of fog tumbling down from the digits and falling around her. But she knew that it was just as likely her imagination. Several seconds she spent staring at it and its sheer size before she stopped herself and looked away.

She had to escape. After so long, she had to. Getting to her feet, she carefully walked along the paw's edge of the crater before taking her first step outside of the paw's shadow. Her foot came down onto clean, pure grass, and after so long, fresh, pure air free of its scent washed over her. She took a deep breath, filling her lungs with pureness after so long sweltering.

It felt good.

Or at least, she wished it did.

She expected sweet relief to cascade through her but felt nothing of the sort. The fresh air felt freezing cold on her skin, goosebumps quickly forming. The air that dove down her lungs didn't feel pure, but sterile, as if her core was being leached out of her with every exhale. It just felt wrong. Immediately she felt a compulsion to turn back...

No, she told herself. She knew it was just her addled mind talking, she had to get away from it and get back to the safety. She took another step forwards away from the paw.

The exhaustion slammed into her next. After so long being ground away by the scales, every muscle was weary and begged for rest. She tried to take another step forwards only to crumple on her front. Curling up into her ball her whole body started to shiver from the cold.

Looking up, she saw a dark jungle beyond the clearing, no doubt filled with predators. A part of her, a rational part of her, told her that she wouldn't survive if she went out at night.

"Shelter ... safety ... rest ..." she thought, and when looked behind her, back at the paw, she felt like she had found it. No. Another dissonant thought and she clenched her eyes, halting her now longing gaze. She couldn't let herself become a slave to a dinosaur's paw, her mind broken.

And yet ... and yet...

"Safe from predators there..." she thought. Biting her lip and looking from side to side in unease, she slowly got up and trudged back to the paw.

"I'm only going there because it's safe..." she told herself. When she stepped back into the crater and was bathed in the heat and sweat, she felt like a part of herself was made whole again.

"I'm only going there because it's warm..." she told herself as she laid down before it, getting in close to the mud coated surface. Still, she felt uneasy. She felt like she needed to get a bit closer...

"I'll only get closer just so I'm not sleeping on a slope..." she told herself as she scraped away the mud from the paw, revealing more of the black underside. She couldn't help but feel joy from seeing it, that she was cleaning the paw she so loved...

"No ... I'm just making my sleeping spot clean, that's all..." she told herself. Pulling the last of it away she pushed herself up close and nestled against the soft, warm underside of the paw. The heat radiated into her like a warm blanket.

“This is just shelter ... just shelter ... that’s all...” she told herself, before exhaustion robbed her ability to think. Sleep soon followed.
And she slumbered peacefully, with a small smile on her face.

Alternative Ending 2: The Feminine Touch

From Page 5...

The fear abated, she looked back up to the dinosaur. It had finished drinking, swallowing one last gulp of water. Its forked red tongue poked out between its lips and dragged across them with a deluge of saliva and water. Content that it had finished drinking, Julia looked back down at her control panel. Already she began tapping away to title the video recording of the beast. She tapped her cheek as she tapped the panel, putting all of her thought and attention into the name. The dinosaur just outside her sphere was completely forgotten.

As her finger reached to press one last button, a sudden shadow fell over her. She didn't even give it a shrug, thinking it to be merely a cloud, before a millisecond later she realised it was too dark for a mere cloud. Her finger stopped, hovering above the screen. Eyes widening, her heart pounded for a few moments, before she slowly turned her head to meet it.

And her jaw dropped for the second time that day, for right in front of her orb of safety was its snout. Her whole vision was taken up by its head, right in front of her, with its saurian eyes focused straight on her. She was the object of this massive creature's attention. Not even the forest could be seen, everything was just it. Its snout laid mere metres in front of the protective glass. Its chin pressed against the dirt, yet its head was so big, she had to crane her neck upwards to look into its eyes. Two massive eyes, seemingly just as big as her. She never thought she'd see them so close. Cauldrons of swirling orange and yellow like magma, all around black slits that swallowed up all light.

But they weren't burning in anger, or slightly wide in curiosity like she expected, but were something *else*. The corners of the eyes were raised slightly, while the rest was squinting, right at her. It was focusing at her. And those lips, the ends were curved slightly upwards as if it was playfully smiling. Was ... was it smirking? After a few seconds of confused staring she realised where she had seen such an expression before. Desire. Hunger, but not of a physical kind, but another form...

Immediately she started to sweat, her palms becoming clammy. An itch built across her skin while a knot twisted in her stomach. She felt like she was looking in on something private, somewhere she shouldn't belong.

Mrrrrrrr....

Julia's embarrassment merely grew as the dinosaur let out a light, pleased growl. Not dark and menacing, but higher pitched and possessive, as if the dinosaur was claiming her.

"I'll ... I'll just be going now..." Julia muttered as she slowly backed her sphere away, unable to break her gaze with the dinosaur...

But the dinosaur had other ideas. Its lips curled up and it snorted, a wave of hot air washing over the sphere and building fog across the outside. It then pulled up and away as it stood up to full height. In an instant Julia was frozen in awe from the sheer strength on display, yet felt persistent unease as the dinosaur maintained its gaze and smirk with her. At its full height, it then turned around with a few stomps of its paws. Looking over its shoulder down at her, the dinosaur then raised its tail.

Giving Julia a view of something she *never* thought she'd see in her life.

“It’s ... it’s female!” She spurted as her eyes went wide at the sight before her.

Right between its, pardon, *her* legs, in a parting of grey scales, was a dripping, spread wide pussy right there for Julia to see. The first thing that struck her was the size. Her feminine depths was as long and wide as a truck, several times the size of her own sphere. It wasn’t just a delicate set of lower lips, but a valley of pink flesh in a parting of grey scales. A light, feminine pink with folds running along the walls. It curved downwards to a quivering point where the flesh pressed against each other. Near the top, buried just below the scales, was a firmer point of pink. The clitoris. The whole surface was rolling, oozing and dripping thick nectar that fell down in a waterfall of desire. Long, gooey strands building and falling from the warm depths to splash against the ground and soak it with her liquid desire. A faint whiff of feminine scent filled the air but she barely noticed, transfixed by the sight.

She wasn’t thinking about scientific accuracy, or *why* she was being flashed by a spinosaurus, but only on that dripping pair of lower lips. It was so forbidden, so strange, yet so vast it stirred a primal reaction. A blush grew across her cheeks, half from embarrassment, half from desire. And as soon as she felt an all too familiar moisture build across her lower lips, she wasn’t sure what to think.

“I’m ... I’m getting off to a dinosaur?! What the fuck!” she screamed.

The female dinosaur herself didn’t notice however. Looking back over her shoulder she continued to smirk, as if adoring the attention. Some part of Julia, a rational shred buried beneath layers of confusion and shock, figured that perhaps it was lonely? The thought lasted for only a second before she tossed it away in disgust. The dinosaress swayed her hips, clenching and releasing her lower lips with her strong, powerful muscles while ropes of nectar splashed against the ground. Julia’s eyes remained locked with it as it swayed from side to side.

Until she brought them crashing down. Like a toppling skyscraper a mountain of saurian hips came falling down towards her, dripping pink screaming down to take up all of her vision. She had a moment to idly note the strands of femcum splashing up against the dinosaur’s flanks before she managed to get out a word.

“What” She muttered, skin being taken by a pink hue, moments before it hit.

SLSSPLLRRCH!

The pink folds slammed into the sphere, forcing a few inches into the dirt, with a thick wet splat. Julia was knocked down, and when she looked up, she saw a sky of pink, nothing else. The dinosaur was grinding her lower lips *hard* against her, sliding it up and down. Like a tongue on a windscreen, just magnified to an incredible scale, everything sloshed and slurped as it moved up and down. She could see the individual folds pressing against the sphere. She ground her hips hard down against it. A pink nub the size of Julia’s head slapped against the tip with every thrust. The only firm part of her lower lips, it made a loud thud with every smack.

A quarter of the orb was smothered and squeezed by the walls, and with every grind, it got deeper and deeper! The light bar of the sphere detected the darkness and shone bright, casting

light into the feminine walls spread wide across her front. Every frothy drop of cum smeared across the glass glistened.

Darkness slowly crept over Julia as the space between the scales above and the dirt below shrunk away, like she was slowly being crushed. But there was no such pressure, as while it creaked and groaned, the sphere held strong. It spread the folds wide with little difficulty. Tighter patches of the dinosaur's vast lips would stick together, halting her ascent for a few moments before a strong thrust would spread them wide, as if breaking the glue. With it a fresh rush of nectar splattered across the front. All around her was this thick, gooey substance, dripping down the sides like caramel drizzled on a toffee apple.

In just a few seconds she was halfway inside. The air started to grow hot, whether it was Julia's own arousal from the unabashedly lewd and strange scene, she didn't know. All around her rang out the splatters and squelches of the vast cave above her. And the unmistakeably *pleased* growls and murrurs of the dinosaur it all belonged to.

Said dinosaur licked her lips as she sultrily thrust her hips down across the tiny sphere. Her legs spread wide and knees bent deep to feel the nub press into her body. It was only a small thing to her, but she found bliss all the same. She let out playful, warbled growls of pleasure. Getting halfway deep she began to rock her whole body back and forth in long strokes, rolling the sphere beneath her like a marble under a fingertip. Dragging the sphere back and forth, carving deep furrows in the dirt while pressing her clitoris just right against it. Shutting her eyes she let out her deepest growl yet...

...before raising up her thick, broad tail, and slamming her hips down hard against the dirt.

SCHHHHHLLLLLURP!

Julia could only watch wide eyed as the pink sky fell onto her and swallowed her up. The walls spread effortlessly for her, cresting over the wide midpoint to race down the sides and consume her whole. To her back, sex-soaked dirt, and to her front spread wide pink walls that quivered against the glass. The dinosaur then raised her hips. Bringing Julia with it. Gut lurching out of her body she watched dirt peel away as the dinosaur rose to her full height, with a ten story drop behind her.

Having passed the threshold she was now tucked inside, only a quarter of her sphere exposed to the outside world. A curtain of labia lips ringed her prison on her left and right, slapping against her with every rocking motion. Above was the clit, bouncing and slamming against her with wet slaps, leaving trails of ooze as it went. Right below it was the dark hole of her urethra, splayed wide as it dragged across the glass like an octopuses' sucker. And everywhere else was the same smooth, pink flesh that smeared her with more cum. She glanced back; everything was coated in that thick nectar, she couldn't see anything outside anymore.

As the walls squeezed and grinded against her with a chorus of wet squelches it felt like being assaulted on all sides. Affronted with pure sexuality, all at a scale and graphicness that was impossible to comprehend. It was lewd on a scale she didn't think possible, and it left her silent and hyperventilating.

The dinosaur arched her back and bit her lip slightly as she stood, feeling the sphere lodged inside her. She panted hard, fog perspiring out of her breaths before letting out another low murr. With a single step she moved away from the river and into a wider, grassy area, before rolling down onto her side. The heavy pounds of her body lowering to the ground trembled it, yet before long she was lying on her back. Legs straight up in the air, tail splayed out far, and her neck curved back. She could just see the glint of the orb trapped between her legs. Tilting her head back she grinded her hips together to squirt out some more pleasure and ropes of femcum. But she wanted more...

As the dinosaur laid down, Julia's world was turned upside down. A moment of weightlessness that made her hair fly up, a twisting roll as she turned over, before a jolt as her hips settled on the dirt with a crash. Her body pulled against the restraints hard enough to hurt as it settled to a stop. Momentum carried her a few inches deeper with a loud slurp of the walls being spread apart.

With a devious smirk, the dinosaur curled its tail up and around with some effort. It brought it up until the tapered tip was poised directly in front of her lower lips. An old trick for her, but one made all the hotter by what was inside. She paused for a few moments, grinding her hips together in trepidation, before rearing her tail back and plunging it inside.

As soon as the tip slipped inside she threw her muzzle back and roared. She let out a murring roar of bliss as it slipped a quarter of the way inside with just one thrust. Shoving the orb deeper and deeper. The tiny screams inside were far beyond her as she paused for a moment only to shove deeper with another roar. Torrents of cum squelched out with every press, she was close. She continued to push and shove, pounding in the tiny orb deeper and deeper. Shoving it deeper before pausing for a second, only to shove it in deeper again.

For the tiny girl in the orb she screamed as she watched the tail approach before being shoved forwards with a pound that rocked her entire body. Her body strained against the seatbelt as she was thrust forwards with a strong slurp of the walls around her. To her front was glistening pink that came to an abrupt darkness. Behind was the grey of her tail shoving and forcing her in. Pound after pound ripped through her like multiple car crashes in rapid succession, before she glimpsed a lighter pink ahead and abruptly slammed to a stop.

The pounding forwards stopped, leaving onto the grinding, turning twisting of the walls around her and the tail on her back. Slowly, she picked her head up, and gasped. For right in front of her, looming up like a gateway, was a tight, pink ring. Her cervix. The pale, tight ring was nestled against the front of the orb, the cusp of it pressing slightly into the crater. With a low creak all around her, the tail continued to press. Slowly, with a low slurp, the cervix began to spread wide...

Giving one more smirk, the dinosaur pulled her tail back slightly, before shoving it in all the way. She threw back her head and roared as she hilted her tail, thrusting the tip right into her cervix. With a tiny 'pop' she felt the sphere slip inside, but she barely noticed. She just roared and twisted her body in bliss as a torrent of cum shot of her lower lips. The thick, clear liquid

bubbled through the tight pairing between her tail and stretched tight lower lips, before spurting out in thick, sticky waves. After a few seconds of blissful roars she collapsed back onto the grass and let the waves rush over.

A few seconds of panting before she slowly dragged her tail out. Every scale rubbing against her stretched wide passage elicited another growl and spurt of pleasure. Slowly, her slickened tail was revealed before it finally popped out with a splattering of juices. The entire tail was soaked. And the sphere was nowhere in sight. Taking a few more moments to catch her breath, the spinosaurus slowly rolled over and stood up on shaky feet. After flicking her tail across the grass a few times to dry it off she slowly lumbered away. Flicking her tail from side to side, shaking her hips with every step, and a clear smile plastered across her face.

For Julia, it was like being squeezed through a toothpaste tube. With a chorus of squelches the sphere was slowly squeezed through the cervix. As she passed the midpoint of the tight ring she saw glimpses of a dark cave up ahead before being thrust into it with a final shove of the tail. Everything turned and twisted as jostled around the tight cavern of dark pink walls. Everything was smooth and glistening with femcum, yet was all chaotic as she was shoved from side to side.

It was barely big enough to fit her, the walls coming down across the sphere and gluing it in place. She looked back over her shoulder just in time to see the tail slip out and seal her in there. After a few more moments of twisting roars everything fell mostly silent.

Leaving her alone, in a dinosaur's womb.

"Kurwa." She said as it all hit her at once, leaving her slumped down in her chair. It was all so bizarre she didn't know what to think anymore.

When the dinosaur rolled over and stood back up, she yelped before settling down into the lurching rhythm of the dinosaur's walk. The slick walls kept smearing and grinding all over her; she was held firmly in place.

"Well ... at least one of us is enjoying this..." she muttered dryly, preparing herself for a *very* long day ahead.

Even in the dangerous, gigantic world, everything becomes peaceful around night-time. In a wide clearing the spinosaurus slumbered. She laid upon her right side, her tail slightly curled inwards along with her paws, as if she trying to curl up in a ball. Her chest rose and fell as she breathed, wind shooting out of her nostrils to ruffle the grass in front. She was deep asleep, yet her jaws were curled ever so slightly in a smile.

Lower down her body, between the base of her thick, powerful legs, was the small parting in the scales. As she was resting it was almost impossible to see, just a small seam along the scales, with a hint of pink between them illuminated in the moonlight. Her firmer pearl could only be glimpsed underneath the scaly curtain of her lower lips. Suddenly, the lower lips bulged out ever so slightly, while they started to wriggle from side to side...

For Julia, her last hour of existence was anything but peaceful. The human girl was crawling along her gut, squeezed painfully tight on all sides by the dinosaur's slick flesh. It was everywhere, squeezing on her, pinning her, smothering her in the thick, gamey fluid she shared the space with. It poured out all over and filled up most of the space, forcing her to conserve her breath. And the few breaths she could take were choked in that overpowering feminine scent. It was strong enough to make her nose burn and her head swim. Then again, the overwhelming body heat didn't help matters, leaving her simply sweltering.

Her clothes were matted to her body and were simply soaked beyond belief. Her shoes were lost far, far back in the tight tunnel by the crushing pressure. Clenched between her teeth were a small torch, her only source of light. It only shined a few inches in front of her before being gated off the passageway coming together.

For the last hour she had been slowly dragged her way forwards through the dinosaur's sodden lower lips. The walls were so tight and slippery to call her journey a snail's pace would be generous. She had no traction to work with, so she had to spread her legs wide and push with all her might to shove the walls up and give her passage. If they'd let her. From the natural motions of the dinosaur's body as she slept the walls would squeeze together from time to time, squeezing her like a grape. Progress was impossible, and breathing much the same. She had lost count of how many times she had to swallow the overpowering femcum around her just to breathe.

She was exhausted, overheated, thirsty, hungry, and above all humiliated from having to crawl through a dinosaur's vagina. But as she felt the firmness of the scales brush against her fingertips, she knew it was all worth it. With a ragged grunt of exertion she shoved her hands forwards, wriggling them like a worm from side to side before they pushed through. With a spray of cum and nectar her fingers burst out into the night. Goosebumps immediately formed across her fingers from the relatively freezing air. After a moment to rest she the planted them down on the scales and began to pull and push.

Inch by inch more of her hands slurped out of the tight cave ... until her upper body burst out of the prison into the freezing night air. As her upper torso was exposed she arched her back and took the first deep, clean breath of what felt like an eon, before coughing up all the sweat and nectar. The last of her energy leaving her she slumped down against the scales, drooling.

"Freedom ... sweet freedom ... finally..." she muttered. Taking another heaving breath, she pushed her torso back up to try and pull herself out...

...only to freeze as she saw the saw the dinosaur's tailtip poised right in front of her.

"Oh crap." She muttered, before screaming and holding up her hands as the tail surged for her, and shoved her right back in.

The dinosaur let out a pleased growl as she shoved her little 'passenger' back inside her. The feeling of the human escaping woke her up, and she smirked as she pushed them back in. Small growls escaped her lips as she felt them push and press against her still sensitive inner walls. After shoving them nice and deep, she pulled her tail out again and wiped it along the grass. She could still feel them, but much deeper within her body, and greatly weakened. She let out a pleased snort, before squeezing her legs together, eliciting a muffled yelp from deep inside.

Rolling over and making sure to block her lower lips with her leg, she quickly dozed back to sleep. With her lips curled ever so slightly in a smile.