

The warmth of a body, slick and pulsing, pulls me greedily further and further down. My naked flesh tenses as the last few inches of throat squeeze around me, sending me fully into the stomach anticipating me below. I begin, on instinct, to fight against the walls around me sealing me inside a soft prison of flesh. I am able to soothe the anxiety so vital to life as I settle into dark, warm pocket of space just beneath the skin, fat and flesh of my devourer. I am exactly where I want to be. This hot slimy pit some would call death, some would call a grave, a place never truly escaped from. I sigh with relief. I belong here, and in providing for another they will in turn provide for me. The oozing, bitter juices that cover everything slowly coat my being and I can feel tingling in my skin. Like an electric pulse, the buzzing, burning, blistering feeling grows slowly more intense. I close my eyes as I twitch uncomfortably, jerking a bit as my more sensitive areas become inflamed. This is always the most difficult part. Difficult to control myself. Difficult to stop the heavy, hissing breathing. The whimpering and tears. Surface nerves react and vinegar in a paper cut always hurts more than peroxide in a flesh wound.

I cannot stop the strained and pathetic sounds as my skin begins to turn red and open up to shallow tissue beneath. I push and kick and fight, not to escape, but as my body panics and tries to stop the thick mucus from breaking it down.

Though the pain persists, escalates even, I am able to regroup my thoughts more coherently as I feel myself becoming slippery, blood is now evident among the acid and the tears. I begin to touch things, the walls, my face, my body. With trembling hands and hitching breath I take off my glasses, no need to bend or break them on accident.

I start at my face, my eyes are still clenched closed though I know I will lose most feeling before I am forced to open them again. My cheeks, puffy and hot, hotter than the body around me, my lips swollen and grimacing as my body and mind are now at odds between pain and pleasure, and yet mingling.

My neck tense and moving with each breath labored and gasping. My chest heaving and with the skin nearly gone my heart beats painfully fast. I can hardly exhale the air so my sides shiver and my stomach normally so soft and smooth now clenches and writhes.

Lower still, through trial and error and fulfillment of needs long fantasized, I feel the full and ironic arousal stiff and prickling. I don't touch it, I don't want to. I want to feel the edge as the flesh sore and stinging crumbles slowly. I will not cum until I'm ready, and that is yet a ways off.

Time moves slowly and yet rapidly and after what seems like hours, suddenly the biting pain that made me squirm and cry out has mellowed into a low and constant ache as the nerves become too deep. There is now a pool beneath me, rising slowly as the skin is gone and the meat is beginning to melt into the pool becoming sludgy.

My breathing slows as I know I need not push myself past the necessity. The tension fades

and I relax, slumping back into the growing mire of muddy flesh and blood and other less mentionable things. I rest comfortably in this hazy warmth and groaning walls churning around me, my heated arousal maintained though I still resist to touch, the smoldering need remaining firmly rooted to the floor of my hips even when in my barely lucid state I lose track of the member itself. My hands, fingers mostly down to the bone, explore and knead and help separate my insides as they are exposed.

I hum and groan again, no longer panicked and pained, as the surreal sensation of my guts tugging gently at each other as I untangle them and the bubble of warm desire low in my hips grows fuller and more desperate. I jump suddenly as through the opaque pool of sludge, my hands managed to dig deep enough to feel the raw bones of my fingers graze the still slightly fleshy joint of my spine. I let my body vibrate as I purr, the pain is now all but gone and only the sweet persistent pleasure remains.

I begin to touch more delicately, more deliberately, arching my back and rolling my hips as now I can barely feel my clouded eyes above the water line. I know how please myself without the conventional means to do so, I've practiced enough and it's almost akin to teaching yourself to peek hands free. With one hand situated in my pelvis and the other gripped to just the right spot on the false ribs I tense and press my face into the soft flesh in front of me, eyes rolling back as my head goes under and my soul seems to leave my body for a second and yet an eternity.

Slowly I return curling up inside the murky soup as I feel relieved, pacified, and complete. This death was not in fact small, but most likely hours maybe days in the making, and I am content. I drift into a gentle sleep, comfortable in the confined yet infinite darkness, as the bitter sweet warmth finishes picking the meat from my bones.

I know that when I wake this small lake of my mortal form will have drained and I will be left here still interned in another's body, but much more at ease, my power no longer weighed down by blood and bile and flesh, and I may leave when I wish in time. The only problem is remembering to find my glasses.