

Cr-Shhhhhhh...

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You slowly begin to awaken, A subtle breeze blows over your body, tickling your bare skin. This stands out as odd to you - you were wearing boxers when you had gone to sleep. Now, however, your flaccid cock is hanging freely.

Your eyes slowly drift open. Abrasive light floods your vision. It is intense enough that you can't help but flinch backwards, closing your eyes as the brightness overwhelms your senses

Why is it so bright? Did I forget to turn off the light when I went to sleep? you think to yourself. You take a deep breath, actually preparing yourself this time. Slowly, you began to crack your eyes open again. The light fills your eyes, but this time you are ready. You adjust slowly as the blurry bright image gradually sharpens and straightens itself.

The surface above your head is not the white ceiling of your room. Instead, you find yourself staring up at a vibrant blue sky. Out of the corner of your eye you spot a bright yellow ball far up in the sky - the sun, presumably. The top left corner of your vision is concealed by a bright green surface of some kind. You feel your chest rise and fall in time with the waving of the green surface, your mind slowly waking up in an effort to figure the situation out.

I'm... outside? But why? How did I fall asleep here? you think to yourself. You tilt your head to the left, allowing more of the green surface to fill your vision. The surface - a leaf, you realize - is connected to a brown tower, with two similar leaves sticking out away from you.

A palm tree...? I wasn't on a beach... and why is it so big?

Already you're beginning to piece together your situation. Still, you decide to look around some more before jumping to conclusions. You press your palms against the ground, letting out a grunt as you rise into a standing position. Your legs are a little shaky, but pretty soon you're on your own two feet, staring at the giant palm tree. Your eyes go down the brown ridged trunk, ultimately revealing a vast tan surface. The base of the tree is extremely far away - it would take a solid couple of minutes for you to walk all the way there. Despite this, it's massive enough that you can still see it clearly.

Disregarding that, you look at the surface you're standing on. It appears to be some kind of tarp around the size of a football field. The surface is rough and clothlike. The surface is a vibrant white color with green stripes along its length. Staring at the stripes, you notice each one is around as wide as you are tall. If that wasn't confusing enough, there are small beige rocks scattered around on the surface. You lift one, estimating it to be around the size of a baseball. Glancing down, you notice that the other rocks are of different sizes. Some are roughly golf ball-sized, while others could rival a cantaloupe.

Why would these rocks be on this kind of tarp? Is it even a tarp? Maybe this isn't even a rock in the first place... Could it be a grain of sand? By that logic, the thing I'm standing on is... a towel?

You close your eyes as you take a deep breath. Taking all of the information into consideration, there are only two possibilities that make any sense. The less likely option is that someone kidnapped you and, for whatever reason, decided to store you in a gargantuan beach-themed environment. That didn't make much sense though. This kind of elaborate setup simply wouldn't make sense for a kidnapping.

Then again, the second option doesn't make much more sense... you continue mentally. If you assume setting up an environment like this isn't possible, then that only leaves one option. You yourself must have been shrunk down to a miniscule size, then been kidnapped and taken to a beach for... some reason. You still can't imagine why someone would do this.

You scan your surroundings some more, spotting something very interesting. In the distance, you can see what looks like a massive grey table. A central metal pillar holds up a round metal tabletop. Near the bottom of said pillar, it splits into four distinct flat sheets, each extending in one of the four directions. Near the end each one curls up and around itself in such a way that forms a spiral shape. You notice a single unoccupied chair next to the table, clearly created in the same style as the table. Over to the side, you see a metal pole that is skewered into the ground, rising high into the air before blossoming out into a vast pink umbrella, drenching the area in shade. All this makes it seem like an ordinary fancy table, the kind you would expect to see in a fancy mansion. The only difference is that every aspect of it looms over you, seeming like a distant castle on the horizon.

But why is it here? And... are those plates on top of it?

You squint, unable to clearly see what's on top of the table. From your point of view, it certainly looks like someone has a meal set up for themselves on the table.

What kind of person eats a full meal on the beach? Even disregarding the size, that on its own is weird enough...

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The ever-present white noise reminds you of the reason you had initially awoken. Quickly, you turn around, focusing on the sight behind you. There's more sand, but over in the distance you can see deep blue water. Waves rise up and crash into the shore, their spray nearly able to reach your tarp. Or rather, your *towel* if you really have been shrunken. Putting that aside, you stare at the waves, watching as they ebb and flow rhythmically...

Biblbiblbiblbiblb...

You hear a strange bubbling sound coming from the water. In addition to that, you can barely make out a patch of frothing water, air bubbles rising to the surface and bursting, occasionally interrupted by a wave crashing over it.

BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLB...

The bubbles only grow in intensity. It seems like something big is about to surface. The real question is... what? You gulp, hands shivering as sweat forms on the back of your neck. You aren't sure why, but you feel like whatever is about to surface and whatever brought you here are the same being. Anticipation fills your soul as you watch the waves carefully, muscles tight with tension.

SSSS-PPPPSSHHHHHHHHH

The water in front of you explodes. The shock and intensity of the sound assaulting your ears forces you to scramble back, almost losing your footing on the uneven fabric towel. You continue to watch in disbelief as the massive splash of water reaches its apex and droplets begin to crash and scatter down back to the ocean. As the water clears out of your line of vision, the sight that appears before you is beyond belief.

A gargantuan beast was the cause of the splash - a sea serpent of sorts. Its body is a sleek white color, similar to that of the foam of the waves. You focus on the head of the serpent. It is coated in a jet of rushing water that wraps itself around the head of the massive white body, narrowing out into a snout. The water remains attached to the serpent, defying gravity as more of the white tail flies out of the ocean, the beast rising into the sky. It's already immense - nothing short of a leviathan, but it only continues to grow, seeming endless.

I watch the water dragon in awe for a few moments. Soon, the draconic beast exits the ocean entirely, its tail forming another point. The body of the dragon is largely nondescript - just a long white snake. The serpent curls and uncurls itself as it slithers through the air in a godlike display of speed and power. You can't help but hold your breath as you watch it soar through the air, goliath drops of water falling off of it and smashing into the sandy ground.

Your blood runs cold when the dragon faces towards you, its eyes locking on instantly despite the immense size difference. It stares at you for a moment, seemingly sizing you up. Without warning the dragon curves itself downwards and begins to fly downwards, straight at you.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!" You scream, ducking and covering against the ground in absolute terror.

...
...

"How long will you cower? Your king commands you to stand, subject!"

An echoing female voice shakes your body to the core. You force yourself to rise, legs shaking in fear as you stare down. Slowly, your eyes begin to crawl up the beach towel as you gradually raise your head, terrified to anger the source of the strange voice. Your gaze rises up such that you're facing directly forwards, but the sight before your eyes is beyond belief.

The dragon you had seen before was gone. Instead, all you can see when you look forward are two bare huge caramel feet sinking into the sand. You stare at the brown monoliths, watching as the gargantuan toes fidget in place, rising up and slamming down onto the sand. A single toe is nearly as big as your entire body. Unable to truly process this, you begin to step backwards as you follow the creamy brown legs up the

giant body. They seem to go up forever, each the height of a fully grown tree. As your eyes continue to scroll up, the legs widen and spread out, growing visibly softer and wider. Your eyes are naturally drawn to the azure bikini bottoms. They cling to her form, tightly hugging her wide hips and large butt.

Your cheeks burn as you tear your eyes away from the wide hips, continuing your visual journey up the giantess's form. Her stomach has noticeable amounts of pudgy fat that hangs over the blue bottoms ever so slightly. You watch as a droplet of water runs down the smooth creamy skin before reaching the edge and falling down onto the fabric below.

"Grgrrrrrgllll..."

You gulp as the stomach lets out an unsettling growl, filling your mind with the terrifying possibilities of what that could mean. You tilt your head even further back, getting to the point where you need to step backwards to allow more of the giant woman's body to enter your frame of view. Her bikini-clad breasts are sizable to say the least, only seeming bigger as a result of her crossed arms holding them up. The breasts block your vision almost entirely. You're forced to backpedal further in order to get a glimpse of the massive woman's face.

The face is naturally the same shade of brown as the rest of her body. Her long hair is a vibrant pink, reminding you of bubblegum. It flows down her back, swaying in the wind. Her mouth is curled up into a smug smirk, eyes half-lidded as she stares down at you. Her burning gaze sends a tremor up your spine. The urge to flee is overwhelming, yet your feet remain locked in place by sheer terror. You try to speak, but when you open your mouth you only manage to let out a pitiful squeak of fear.

"Questions, right? You humans always seem to have those~" the terrifying woman says, voice filled with mirth. "My name is Regalecus and I am the king of this world."

"T-this world...? King...?"

"Currently, you are in the realm of dreams. I am what is known as a Dream Demon. This is my realm - my 'Yard'. In here, I am King. As for why you're here, there's really

no particular reason. Your dream projection just so happened to fly close to my Yard and being the generous Dream Demon I am, I decided to give you the privilege of being my servant~” She says with exasperation in her voice. It’s clear she’s explained this many times before.

“Alright, let’s assume I do believe you, despite how insane that sounds... Why would you pick me of all people?” You ask, the sheer insanity of this situation dulling your fear.

“Oh, no particular reason. You just looked cute - that’s all~”

“I-uh-wh... what?” You stammer as burning heat floods your face, “Why the hell should I serve you in the first place...? This doesn’t make any sense...”

“You’re free to refuse, of course. Just know that comes with unique... consequences~” Regalecus said, casually waving her hand.

You watch in confusion as drops of water begin to fly around you. They are erratic in their course, but they seem to all share the same destination. Slowly, they begin to merge together as they come to a stop around a foot away from your head. The droplets form an orb of water - it’s small right now, but it is rapidly growing as more water enters it. Within moments the sphere finishes growing. It’s large - clearly big enough that you could fit your entire body into it with room to spare.

“If you’d rather I bring you to the brink of drowning repeatedly, pushing your weak human body to the absolute limit, I’d be fine with that! Torturing disobedient humans is certainly something I enjoy, so feel free to refuse!”

Your blood ran cold at her words. The way she so casually and callously threatened to torture you is nothing short of horrifying.

Bloooooop

The orb moves downwards without waiting for a response, easily enveloping your body. The submersion is sudden and shocking. The sound of the outside world is instantly muffled as the water rushes into your ears. Your body begins to float in the center of the orb. You start trying to swim out of it, desperately rushing to escape the watery prison. When you reach the wall of the bubble, your hopes are quickly dashed. The bubble's edge forms a solid barrier - no matter how much you pound your fist against it, it refuses to budge.

Will I... die here? you think as you feel your lungs beginning to burn. If you weren't in a sphere of liquid, you would probably cry. You felt your lungs begin to burn, black spots starting to appear in your vision...

Blluuuup

The watery prison lifts off of your head just before you pass out. You sink to your knees, taking in a deep breath of the air you've been denied. Panic is filling your body, but you ignore it.

"I-I'll worship! I'll do whatever you want just d-don't do that again..." You don't want to be this psycho's slave, but you don't have a choice. Besides, this is a dream. If you just hang on for long enough, you'll wake up and be free of her. You just have to play along until that happens.

"Ah, good! I'm glad to see you've come to your senses~"

Regalecus says teasingly.

You lift your head and watch as the monolithic body begins to move, caramel-colored feet flying over your head like a low flying airplane. You grit your teeth and hold your ground, the simple act of her stepping over your body nearly tearing your feet off the ground.

"Hope you don't mind if I take a seat~" she says.

You barely have time to process this before her body starts to descend. You swiftly spin around, watching as Regalecus dramatically tilts her body backwards. She holds her balance on her heels for a moment before her body slams into the ground with the force

of a meteor, sand flying everywhere. A gust sweeps you off your feet this time, sending your body tumbling backwards. You shut your eyes, fearing for your life yet again.

When the world finally stabilizes, you open your eyes again. In front of you are the soles of Regalecus's gargantuan feet. They are close enough for you to see every detail - every wrinkle, every droplet, every aspect of the supersized soles that fill your vision. Between the feet you are able to see the rest of her body, face looming in the distance.

“Your first mission is to climb my body up to my stomach. Get to it, subject!”

The giant woman's right foot flattens itself onto the ground, creating an impromptu ramp. You step forward, and climb up onto her big toe, expecting the ramp to remain stable. As the foot begins to move, you realize that's not going to happen.

You hug Regalecus's big toe, hanging onto the soft digit for dear life. The wind sweeps through your hair as your body is lurched upwards, carrying you high into the air at. You clench your eyes shut, unable to do anything but wait for it to stop.

A moment later, Regalecus's foot comes to a stop. You open your eyes, noting that her foot is back in an upright position, resting on its heel. Your body is still latching onto her big toe - you glance downwards. It's a long way down. You decide sliding down the foot would be too dangerous. It would be way too easy to slip a little too far and fall off the foot entirely. You don't want to think about what Regalecus might do to you if that happens...

“Well? What's with the delay? Get on with it, servant!” She calls, leaving you no choice but to act and hope for the best.

You let go of the toe to carefully navigate your way down the foot and towards her ankle. Once you finish clambering down the sharp decline, the path ahead becomes relatively simple. First off, you climb over the ankle. Your feet sink into the soft spongy flesh, but the solid bone allows some stability. Regalecus's body occasionally shifts- a simple action for her but one that nearly resets your progress entirely. With a little luck, you retain your balance as you reach her leg.

The length of Regalecus's leg is significant - it takes a couple minutes of careful walking before you finally reach the hill of her kneecap. Using the wrinkled folds of skin as handholds, you are able to clear the small curve relatively easily, reaching her soft,

pudgy thigh. It had been hard to walk already, but with how squishy the thigh is, you don't have a choice but to crawl on your hands and knees.

“Ahahahaha! Do you like my thighs so much that you’re crawling on them? I can’t blame you - I doubt a commoner like you has ever touched royalty!”

You mutter under your breath. “You do know I have a girlfriend, right? I’m just doing this because I don’t want to die...” You feel a little guilty about literally crawling over another girl’s thighs, but you figure she’d understand - this is a matter of life or death after all...

“Heh, doesn’t matter - a normal human could never compare to me~” She taunts, somehow having heard you.

You consider snapping back at her, but you decide it’s best to remain silent. Instead, you focus on making your way up the thigh, your hands and knees sinking into the flesh.

The flesh beneath you is about as far from solid as it gets. Every motion makes you feel like you’re about to fall off, losing all of your progress. You try to creep forwards as carefully as you possibly can, but the fear remains. You look forward, gauging how much further you have to go. Your eyes lock onto her blue bikini bottoms and you start to formulate a plan...

The fabric isn’t all that far away. You know that the longer you spend carefully crawling over there, the greater the odds Regalecus decides to interfere. If you just manage to dash over the stretch of thigh and grab onto the panties, it’d make your life a lot easier...

I just have to try... You think, bringing yourself to your feet. You take in a deep inhale, salty seaside air filling your nostrils. Determination and hope fill your soul as you step forwards, picking up speed as you break into a run.

Shockingly, running seems to almost make things easier. You still feel liable to fall off, but you retain your balance step after step. It doesn’t take long at all for you to come close to the blue fabric. It’s just a few feet away - you’re almost there...

Without warning, the ground beneath you jolts to the side. The sudden motion eliminates any semblance of balance, sending you into a stumble. Just as you’re about to fall off the thigh, it jerks back to its original position.

The change in momentum applies to your body as well. Instead of stumbling off of the steep slope of the outer thigh, you're sent flying in the opposite direction. You try to correct your course but it's hopeless - everything is moving so quickly that your mind can barely keep up. You reach out for the blue fabric but your hand falls short as you fall into the gap between Regalecus's thighs.

“Oops, it looks like you fell! Guess you’ll have to make your way back up, won’t you?”

“I only fell because you couldn't hold still!” You yell up at her as you raise your head. You find yourself lying on your stomach. The rough fabric of the towel scratches against your bare stomach as you press your palms down to the ground, pushing yourself up.

You instinctively look straight ahead, soon regretting that decision. You avert your eyes instantly, but the image remains etched in your mind. Right in front of you stood the sheer wall of Regalecus's bikini bottoms. From this close up you couldn't help but notice more details. The blue fabric clutched onto the folds of her nethers in a display of pure immodesty.

“Awwwwwwwww, did the lil perv sneak a peek? Don't worry, I don't mind! You can look at my body all you want, hehehe~!” Regalecus said. Her smug voice only caused your cheeks to heat up further. You attempt to ignore the humiliation in favor of observing your surroundings...

You find yourself flanked on both sides by the gargantuan fleshy mountains that are Regalecus's thighs. You briefly consider climbing them before swiftly disregarding that. Even ignoring the total lack of handholds, the intense curvature made climbing them a total impossibility.

You take in a deep breath, trying to calm your racing heart. Doing so only caused Regalecus's intense musk to flow into your nose. You hadn't noticed it until now, but a distinct smell is radiating from Regalecus's pussy. The scent is that of pure sex - a sensual, powerful odor that fills your mind with a hazy fog. You don't know if it's intensified by this being a dream or if Regalecus is just *that* aroused, but the stench is beyond potent. You groan as you feel your bare dick stiffen itself. You may hate the situation, but nobody could resist their natural urges in this scenario.

“Well? What are you waiting for? I gave you a task, did I not?” Regalecus asked, clear impatience in her tone.

“And how the hell do you expect me to do *that*? Can you give me a lift or something...?”

*“Oh, come on! Are you **that** useless of a servant? You’ve got a wall of fabric in front of you - at least **try** to climb it!”*

“Y-you can’t be serious! I’m not going to climb your goddamn pussy!”

“If you’d like me to drown you again, I can fulfil that wish! I was under the impression you didn’t want that, but it seems like I was wrong.”

You know Regalecus isn’t bluffing here. The ultimatum is clear - she isn’t giving you a choice in the matter. With a deep breath, you step forwards, forcing yourself to stare directly at the blue panties. Thankfully, the climb itself seems like it should be relatively easy - at your current size, grabbing onto each individual thread is a feasible task...

After taking a moment to compose yourself, you begin to climb. The moment your hands touch the panties you instinctively jerk back - they’re positively drenched in slick juices.

This bitch is seriously getting off to this? You think to yourself. This only serves as a temporary deterrent. You know you’re going to have to start climbing sooner or later and you don’t see any reason not to get it over with now. Grabbing onto the wet threads firmly, you begin the climb.

Progress up the panties is excruciatingly slow. You’ve been climbing for a few minutes at this point and you aren’t particularly far off of the ground yet. Still, you keep going. It’s slow, but at least you feel secure - the fabric might be wet, but it’s easy to grab and retain a grip on. You’ll make it... eventually

After what felt like an eternity of slow climbing, you’ve finally made it to the top of the panties. You hoist your body up onto her crotch. You’re exhausted, but the destination is right in front of you. You force yourself to your feet as you begin to walk forwards, approaching her stomach.

Her skin is still hard to walk on, but it's much better than before. On top of that, the stomach offers a lot more room for error - even if you were to fall, you'd probably be alright. With that in mind, you make your way forward, ultimately stopping right before the sinkhole of her bellybutton. The rise and fall of her stomach is disorienting, but you can handle it.

"So... what do you want from me now?" You question, hoping for something easy.

"Mmmm, I made the unfortunate mistake of swimming after eating. As a result, I've had to deal with some unfortunate cramps. Be a good subject and give your king a massage, will you?" She says, clearly not giving you an actual choice in the matter. The sentiment is clear - you do this or she continuously drowns you. The choice you have to make is clear.

You get down onto your hands and knees, taking a deep breath. Trepidation fills your body as you begin to press down firmly

Gorgrrrrr-gll~

The stomach responds to you with a loud growl, shaking the squishy surface of the stomach.

"Mmmmh, yessss! More like that~" she encourages, pleasure in her tone.

You don't like obeying her, but it's the only reasonable option right now. You begin to crawl around on her stomach, pressing your hands and knees into it constantly. The flesh moulds to your hands with every press. The creamy softness is undeniable - clearly, Regalecus cares for her skin greatly. Experimentally, you push down harder, attempting to gauge the proper pressure she wants.

GOR-GRIIII

The stomach growls loudly in response to this. The vibrations climb up your arms, shaking your body to the core. The sound surprises you - it's so visceral and loud... Her previous stomach gurgles couldn't compare. You figure that's a good sign, deciding to maintain that level of pressure. You crawl forwards while continuing to press down, circling around the sinkhole that is her navel. You make sure to keep your distance - you really don't want to fall in there...

Grrrrrrrrrgrrrrrrllll~

Blroprllll....

Grrrrrgrrggrrrrlllllorp~

Now that you're focusing on the noises of her stomach, you notice a world of sounds you hadn't noticed before. Gurgles, blorps, growls, and so much more erupt from beneath you. The intimidation is intense - you can't help but imagine how terrifying it would be to be inside...

GRGRRIIIIIIILLLLL

After what felt like an eternity of massaging, the stomach lets out a particularly strong groan. It's intense enough to actively knock you off balance as the smooth skin shifts about. Regalecus inhales briefly before letting out a deep unladylike-

BUUrrrrrr-AAAAAAAARRRRRP~

The sound of her belch is intense, catching you off guard. It's beyond intense - you can't help but cringe as the noise overwhelms you. You're about to continue to massage when the giantess speaks, stopping you in your tracks.

“Mmmmm, I think I'm satisfied for now! You cleared up some space, so we can continue~”

“Cont-” you begin to question, but you're quickly cut off when the belly below you begins to move. You briefly assume that this is simply another growl, but you're wrong. The stomach continues to move, quickly changing from a flat surface to a steep incline. You expect the motion to stop any moment, but it doesn't - Regalecus is standing up with no regard for your well being. Just before you slide down, you manage to grab onto her navel, clutching onto the sweaty handhold with all your might. You look down, seeing as the ground grows further and further away while Regalecus rises to her full height.

“W-What the hell are you doing?” you ask, not receiving a response. You hang on for as long as you can, but the slick skin is challenging to retain a hold on. Despite your best efforts, your grip gives way to gravity, sending your body hurtling toward the towel. You close your eyes, bracing yourself for the impact from the long fall. From this high up, you’ll probably die instantly. If you’re lucky, you might just break a few bones...

Phoom~

You open your eyes. You’ve landed on the towel but... you’re unharmed. For a moment, you wonder how this could be. Then, you remember the giant woman’s words - this is a dream. More specifically, she had called this her ‘yard’ - a corner of the dream world she commands. It makes sense that you wouldn’t be particularly harmed by the fall. Still, if Regalecus has control over this realm, that means that she *could* make this painful if she wanted to...

Shaking your head, you turn your attention over to Regalecus. She’s begun walking away from you, towards the large metal table. You watch her massive bikini-covered ass sway from side to side as she approaches the single chair, sitting down onto it without hesitation. She taps the metal side of the table twice.

“Oh seeervant? Come here, will you?” She calls out.

Does she mean... me? How does she expect me to make it all the way there! It’s so far... You think, but your assumption is quickly proven wrong as a swirling purple vortex forms next to the table. Another giant woman steps out. She’s dressed in a traditional maid outfit, head bowed in respect. The most notable thing about her is what she is carrying. In her hands you see a large three tier serving plate, seemingly prepared ahead of time. You watch in confusion as the maid places the plate in the center of the table before turning to Regalecus.

“Is that all, King Regalecus?”

“Yes, that will do.”

Bowing again, the maid retreats into the vortex. It soon disappears without a trace, but your immense confusion remains. Regalecus is silent for a moment, but soon a realization appears to strike her.

“Ah yes, I forgot about you! You are too pathetically weak to be able to make it here on your own, aren’t you? Don’t worry - I can help~” She smugly taunts.

Did she actually forget, or is she fucking with me...? You think to yourself. You don’t have much time to contemplate as Regalecus raises her hand into the air and snaps her fingers.

Just like before, water congregates above you, forming a similar sphere to last time. As soon as you figure out what’s going on, you break into a sprint, dashing towards the edge of the towel. Maybe if you bury yourself in the sand, the sphere won’t be able to catch you. It follows, and easily overtakes your pace. Still, you manage to retain some kind of lead. You reach the edge of the towel and jump, diving toward the sand.

Unfortunately, the sphere of water catches up just as you leap into the air. In an instant, your hopes for escape are dashed as you’re enveloped in cold wetness. Just like last time, the walls are impenetrable - their surface tension alone is enough to block your struggles. You try anyway, desperately attempting to break out as the sphere rises and floats toward Regalecus.

Your head begins to feel fuzzy as the lack of oxygen takes its toll. You look down and see that you’re hanging over Regalecus’s table. You can see the uppermost metallic plate of the serving tray - it seems to have an assortment of shrimp on it. Without warning, the bubble around you bursts, throwing you into a sudden free fall before you crash down onto the metal plate.

Surprisingly, you’re unharmed. Last time, you might have been able to attribute it to the softness of the towel, but this time, you landed on sheer metal. If this wasn’t a dream, that would have killed you for sure, but all you feel is a slight dizziness.

You take in a deep breath, desperate for air after being nearly drowned. The breath catches in your throat, an intense odor filling your sinuses. You can’t help but cough, caught off guard by the unexpected intensity. The area around you reeks of seafood - it would likely smell strongly at a normal size, but from your current tiny size it’s absolutely overpowering. You raise your head, looking around you. You were dropped onto the center of the table, surrounded by shrimp on all sides. Each one is fairly large - around the size of your own body if you were to curl into a fetal position.

You walk over to the nearest one and lay a hand on it cautiously. Quickly, you jolt back. The shrimp had been cold to the touch - you hadn't expected it, but it did make sense in hindsight. You placed your hand back onto the shrimp, shivering as the cold temperature filled your body. The surface of the shrimp is soft - it had already had its shell removed. Following the shrimp's body you found the tail was still intact - an orange shell around the base of the crustacean. The cold began to intensify - it seemed just being in the presence of these shrimp made you cold. You shiver, covering your bare chest with your arms.

“Awwwwwh, is the cold getting to you? Ehehe, I guess it makes sense someone as tiny as you would be sensitive to temperature changes~” Regalecus teases from behind you, drawing your attention. You turn to look at her, seeing that her face is level with the tray.

“Now, your current task is to feed me these shrimp. You know what'll happen if you refuse, don't you?”

Clearly, refusing her request would be a bad idea. You aren't sure exactly how you'll feed her, but knowing Regalecus she'll give you an answer soon enough.

“Mmmmyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh~” She lets out a long, drawling yawn as she opens her mouth. An overwhelming stench rushes out, her hot breath actively making you gag as you stagger backwards. The humid air strikes you head on with a cacophony of overwhelming smells. So many different meals have mixed themselves into this rancid air. The combination is indescribably putrid, making you want to fall to your knees and cry. Still, you know that'll be a one way trip back into her torturous water sphere. You don't know how much longer you'll be stuck here, but you just have to keep playing along. Steeling yourself and trying your hardest to minimally inhale, you place both of your palms against the nearest shrimp and begin to push it towards Regalecus's waiting maw.

A drop of sweat rolls down your brow as you push. The shrimp is heavy, around the weight of a person. The slick metallic surface of the platter mixed with the softness of the shrimp allows you to make some progress, but every push requires significant effort. The hot breath of her maw doesn't help, contrasting the coldness of the clammy shrimp. Every step feels harder than the last, mugged down by the humid moisture of her breath. The stench continues to worsen as you approach, every breath giving you a

brand new noseful of Regalecus's disgusting past few meals. Still, you force yourself to continue on. Stopping now isn't an option.

You look up, noticing you're just about there. In front of you is the edge of the metal plate. Regalecus's lower lip is pressed up against its edge. Her upper lip is around level with your head, twitching slightly. The inside of the maw is bright red, with ridges and fleshy indents everywhere. Most notable is the large pink tongue at the floor of the maw, occasionally moving around a little. With quivering hands, you push the shrimp again, forcing it onto Regalecus's lower lip. She raises her tongue and you push one last time, placing the shrimp on the tip of her tongue.

Without warning, the lips slam shut, nearly catching your hands. You stare at the slick, plump lips in awe. Her head quickly tilts back, preparing to swallow...

GU-LURKH

The sound of the swallow causes you to flinch, not expecting it to be as loud as it was. You watch as her throat ever so slightly bulges out as the shrimp descends, following it down with your eyes until it goes past your plate and out of sight. Presumably, it went down to her stomach where...

You shudder, not wanting to even think about that. With how rancid her breath had been, the mere thought of her stomach sends a primal fear through your body. You won't be given much time to think about that as Regalecus's lips return to your tray, her mouth opening and assaulting you with a warm smelly sigh, this time interspersed with a slight shrimpy odor that makes it all worse.

"That was deliiiiicious~ Do give me another, servant." She commandingly taunts.

"This time, push it further in! There's no excuse for indolence. You do want to be a good servant, don't you~?"

...Bitch... you think to yourself, making sure to remain silent. The last thing you want is to go any deeper into that hell, but she doesn't seem to be presenting you with a choice. With a sigh, you prepare yourself to push the second shrimp as Regalecus's mouth cranes open, hot heavy breath covering you yet again.

You're able to push the shrimp over to her mouth quicker this time, getting used to shoving the fleshy crustacean along the metal plate. Before long, you reach her maw again, shoving the shrimp onto her lower lip. This time, however, you take a deep inhale before shutting your mouth. The air here is already rancid - you'd rather avoid breathing the air inside her mouth if you can. Trying not to breathe, you get down onto your hands and knees, shoving the shrimp off of the lip and onto the waiting tongue.

Carefully, you place your hands on the jiggling lower lip. You aren't sure how far Regalecus wants you to push it, so you pull your body forward, hands grasping onto the tongue's slick flesh. You're forced to go prone, laying your stomach down on her slick wet lower lip. Not wanting to waste any more time, you shove the shrimp with all of your might. With great effort, you manage to get it around halfway over her tongue. Pushing it any further would require you to actually enter the mouth, and you figure Regalecus would've specified if she had wanted that. You prepare to pull yourself out, but a warm heavy pressure forms on your back as the light around you vanishes, plunging you into darkness.

"Wh-What the fuck?" You yell, forgetting about holding your breath. The scent strikes you a moment later, causing you to nearly vomit on the spot. It's so much worse now - you can barely believe it. You kick your legs with all your might, toes slamming painfully against the metal plate as you push against the tongue, trying to free yourself. It doesn't work - Regalecus's lips have you thoroughly and completely pinned in place. Sweat drips off of your forehead as you panic, continuing to try in vain to escape her hellish maw.

GG-LRRRRRRRRK

The swallow is louder this time, your ears pop in response. A strong suction rips your body forwards, forcing your chest and upper legs to slide onto the slimy wet tongue. Your head just happens to make contact with a leftover shrimp bit, filling your mouth with its overwhelming taste. You spit and stammer, disgusted by everything going on. Thankfully, she appears to be done playing with you. Her lip lifts off of your inner knee, allowing light back into her cavernous maw. The shrimp that had previously been in the center of her tongue is completely gone, sucked into the deep black hole of her throat without a trace.

Just like I will be if I don't get the hell out of here! You think to yourself, preparing to turn around and crawl out of the maw. Your hopes are shattered when you feel the lip return to your knee, pressing down and blocking the light out yet again.

No... No! God damn it! You think, growling as you pound your fists against the tongue. The possibilities of just what Regalecus might do fly through your mind. It would be effortless for her to suck you just a bit further, enveloping you entirely in her maw. From there, a single swallow would be all it would take to seal your fate. You aren't sure what would happen if you were eaten in a dream, but you **really** don't want to find out.

Gr-grrrrrrgl

A sound comes up from deep within Regalecus's gut, reaching your ears. A gurgle - similar to those her stomach had let out when you had massaged it earlier... You squirm even harder, realizing the terrible implications of this.

Gr-GRRgrrrrrrgllll...

The growl gets louder, your struggles completely ineffective. Then suddenly, without warning, they stop. You do as well, wondering just what might be going on.

Light floods the cavernous maw as Regalecus opens her lips again, light shining in and accentuating her glistening throat. You're about to make a move to crawl out, but as always, Regalecus is a step ahead of you.

BR-UURAAAAAUAUUUUURRP

The chunky belch comes out of nowhere and slams into you, your head spinning from how loud it is. The throat arch jiggles as her uvula swings violently like a pendulum. Specks of white shrimp meat strike your body and face, the disgusting slimy white fish-meat covering your body along with her smelly saliva. The stench is unbelievable, the stale odor sending your sinuses into a panic. Tears slip out of your eyes as you gag and cough, pushed back by the wind of the gargantuan belch. You feel like you're about to die, killed by just a burp..

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the belch comes to an end. You flop down, limp and lightheaded. A pressure closes around your ankles, but frankly, you can't bring yourself to care. Your body remains numb as she drags you out of her maw, your head still reeling. None of this feels real. Are you even alive? Is this a hallucination? Maybe this is hell?

Your body comes into contact with the cold metal plate, the chilly jolt shocking your body awake. You shiver as your mental faculties begin to function again, feeling like a

computer that's just been rebooted. Regalecus still has you grabbed by the ankles, but she's at least giving you time to recover on the cold metal before she does whatever she has planned next.

Regalecus raises you, leaving you to dangle down headfirst. Blood rushes to your head, giving you a piercing headache along with all the other recent suffering. Your vision is slightly blurry - as it clears, you find that you're looking at Regalecus's gargantuan upside down face. For the first time you notice her pupils - they're shaped like an omega symbol. You don't get much time to think about this odd fact before she speaks, her voice dominating you.

“Well? Are you having fun with your new job? You’re lucky to be serving a king like me~”

“...some fucking king.” You spit out, furious. “You sure do act more like a slob...”

“Hehehehehehehe~” she laughs.

The pressure around your ankles vanishes as you go into free fall and slam into the metallic plate. It hurts more than before, disorienting your mind even more with the headfirst impact. It certainly isn't as bad as it would be in reality - you'd certainly have brain damage if it was, but you definitely aren't feeling very good. You groan as you stare at the sky, your body sore and tingly all over.

“Now, feed me another one! This time I expect you to push it all the way back~” Regalecus's cruel taunting voice washes over you.

How the hell are you supposed to do *that* without getting eaten? You aren't sure, but you'll have to come up with something...

Your body screams at you to stop as you force yourself to your feet. Your legs are unstable, preventing you from getting a solid sense of balance. Unfortunately, stopping isn't an option. You approach another shrimp, pressing your shaky arms up against it. With a groan, you begin to push, approaching the reeking maw for the third time. At this point your nose isn't even functioning properly - the overwhelming scent has left you totally numb. With a grunt you push the shrimp up onto her lip, preparing to enter the terrifying maw.

You get down onto your hands and knees, pushing the shrimp forward as hard as you can. It slides off of Regalecus's lip and lands on the tip of her tongue. Regalecus has been salivating pretty hard while waiting - you watch as the shrimp slides down the tongue all on its own, propelled by the force of your shove. Still, you know this won't be enough for her. You begin to crawl onto the lip, your hands almost slipping off of the slick flesh. You stretch your arms over the small gap between her lip and tongue, shuffling forwards as you place your palms on the salivating surface. Your stomach lies on her lip, and your legs are barely able to touch the metal plate. You use the little remaining leverage your legs have to propel yourself, sliding your body forwards. Your hands scramble to grab something, but you aren't able to find any handholds. The taste buds are simply too small for your hands to clutch onto. Your chest is on the tongue now, while your legs are lying on the lower lip. You stretch, grabbing onto the sides of the tongue. It's hard, but you manage to get a somewhat solid grasp. It isn't much, but it's enough to pull your legs onto the tongue.

Her tongue has a slight downwards incline that causes you to slide deeper, but you manage to stop that by pressing your legs into the small space between the tip of her tongue and the hard incisors. When you look up, you find the shrimp has stopped around three fourths of the way down the tongue. One more push should be enough to send it careening into her hungry throat. You bend your legs and kick off the teeth with a grunt, sending your body sliding towards the shrimp. The speed is more than you expected and your head collides with the food. Thankfully, it's enough - you watch as the shrimp slides down into Regalecus's throat. You expect a deafening gulp, but Regalecus defies your expectations as usual.

Your stomach lurches as the ground beneath you goes up in much the same way an elevator would. It doesn't take long for your body to slam into the roof of the mouth, sandwiched between the thick tongue and the solid palate. You cough, the sheer pressure of the impact knocking the wind out of you. The squeeze is intense - every part of your body is pressed into the warm wet tongue, creating a body-shaped indentation. Your attempts to breathe don't go much of anywhere, only managing to occasionally choke out a sharp inhale, causing stale, smelly air to fill your mouth.

The wet tongue begins to subtly shift itself back and forth. It's nearly unnoticeable, but the effect this has on your penis is undeniable - you feel yourself stiffen as your arousal builds. Your cock is being slid back and forth in the warm wet trough of her tongue. The rough taste buds only intensify the pleasure. You can't help but moan softly as warmth builds in both of your heads...

Despite being sandwiched between the two surfaces, you feel a subtle tug on your body. It starts off weak, getting stronger and stronger as time goes on. It doesn't quite manage to pull you out of the tight grasp, but it certainly feels like it will. You groan in pain, feeling like your body is about to be ripped in half. The mixture of pain and pleasure is beyond disorienting. Just when you feel like you can't take any more, a deafening sound fills the monarch's maw.

G-LRKK~

The pull quickly weakens as the swallow ends, offering you sweet relief. The tongue slowly descends, pressure lifting off of your body. You pant, not even caring about the staleness or odor of the air. You're just glad to be able to breathe properly again. Light fills your surroundings - evidently Regalecus has decided to open her mouth again. You wonder whether she'll grab you by your ankles and pull you out this time. The blood rushing to your head had been uncomfortable, but you really just want to get out of this mouth.

As if to respond to your inner thoughts, the tongue beneath you bucks, sending your body flying into the air. Your vision blurs as you tumble, head spinning uncontrollably. The dizziness remains when you land back on the tongue. It takes a moment for you to be able to spatially reorient yourself. You're facing the opposite direction you had been previously - instead of staring down Regalecus's dark gullet, your eyes are trained on the sunny light of the outside. The mouth remains open - she probably wants you to crawl your way out. With a grunt, you force yourself back into a crawling position, carefully making your way forward one step at a time.

You take a deep breath once you manage to get your upper body out of the maw. It can't be understated how much better the relatively fresh air of the outside world is. Sure, it's still contaminated by Regalecus's fish breath, but it's a whole lot better than the air inside her mouth. You push yourself a bit further onto the metallic plate, leaving only your lower legs and feet in her mouth. Just when you're about to make the final push, a pressure closes around your legs.

"W-what?" You yell, turning your head. It's hard to get a good view considering it's behind you, but you can see that Regalecus's lips have closed, trapping your legs in the process. You try to yank your way out but the lips are unyielding- despite how slick they are, you can't slide your way out.

"Let me go already...!" You yell, getting really fed up with Rega

“Mhmhmm, mmmm-mmmmmm~” Regalecus taunts without saying a word. You feel a suction around your legs, weak at first but gradually getting stronger...

“Oh for the love of god...” You mutter, trying to stop yourself from getting sucked back, but the metal plate offers no handholds for you to grasp. You try simply pressing your hands against it and using the friction to slow yourself, but your body is drenched in Regalecus’s saliva. You continue to claw at the plate anyway as your body is pulled back, your torso yanked between her lips.

“I did what you wanted, didn’t I? Why are you doing this!” You yell, desperately trying to get her to stop.

She doesn’t even acknowledge your outbursts, just continuing to suck you in like a noodle. Your desperate attempts to grasp at the plate only intensify as you violently kick your legs. Nothing works. You just keep getting pulled back further and further. First your stomach is engulfed, then your chest followed by your neck.

“Please st-” You try to protest before your head is placed between the two soft pillowy lips. They create a tight seal around you, blocking everything out. You can’t breathe, hear, see, smell, move... you can’t do much of anything. Your hands make one final attempt to grope around her lips, desperate for anything to grab onto. All you can feel is wet lip flesh - nothing substantial enough to prevent her from sucking you in completely.

A loud wet *pop* heralds your demise as your arms and head join the rest of your body back in the maw. You begin assaulting her tongue with all of your might. You know it’s probably meaningless, but if there’s even a chance of hurting her enough to make her spit you out, it’s worth a try. As expected, your efforts are completely ignored as her tongue tilts up, sending your body sliding further back. You kick and grasp and struggle, but you can’t stop your descent.

You only stop when your legs make contact with the back of her throat, finally offering you some way to stop yourself. You know it’s a temporary solution at best. Even the weakest gulp would be enough to break your fragile foothold and send you tumbling down into the throat. The mouth in front of you opens up, light streaming in and giving you a look at the blue sky of the outside world. You can see just how far back you are - the throat beneath you is pulsating in anticipation and excitement. You try to crawl up the sloped tongue and reach the gate of her mouth, but it’s meaningless. The only acknowledgement she gives you is a cheeky peace sign flashed in front of her maw. You stare at the two slim fingers. They alone are enough to shut down any hopes of

escape. A simple motion, but one that indicates the horrifying reality - this isn't a game. Regalecus is about to swallow you and there is nothing you could do about it.

The tongue surges upwards, blocking your view of the outside world. You scream out in fury and fear, not even able to make your pleas coherent as you slide into her esophagus. It clenches around your feet tightly, feeling like it'll break your ankles with ease.

"LET ME GOOO!" You cry out, your plea overwhelmed by a booming powerful

GUU-LRRRK~

The muscles around you clench. Your legs are forcefully bent, unable to resist Regalecus's throat. It all happens in a moment - you desperately reach out for the swinging uvula and barely manage to grab onto it. Your fingers dig into the soft wet flesh, desperately trying to hang on. Your legs have been engulfed by the tight opening to Regalecus's throat, but the rest of your body is free. You just need to pull yourself up...

You strain, hanging on for dear life, but you're exhausted after everything you've been through. You squint your eyes shut as you try to pull yourself up, muscles straining with effort. With the uvula being as slick and saliva drenched as it is, you know this isn't sustainable. The throat beneath you twitches and clenches.

"Oh, please don't..." you mutter to yourself, but Regalecus doesn't hear you. Even if she did, you doubt she'd care. The throat beneath you is unrepentant as it lets out another meaty thick-

G-LLLLUURK!

The force drags your body down. The gulp was simply too powerful, grabbing your body and dragging it down. The wet uvula flies out of your hands in an instant. You desperately try to grab again, but it's hopeless - your body is engulfed in the gullet before you can.

"Gah no!" you yell, punching and kicking at the walls that surround you. You can't see a thing - all around you is flesh. It's slimy and sticky with occasional shrimp bits mixed in. It hugs your body tightly, ignoring your squirms and continuing to pull you downwards.

Bdmp, Bdmp, Bdmp...

A booming sound rings out, shaking the world around you. It takes a moment, but you soon realize just what's going on - the sound you're hearing must be Regalecus's heartbeat.

BDMP, BDMP, BDMP...

The sound grows louder as your body is pulled downward. The flesh around you follows a constant rhythm. First it presses in, tightening around your body like a vice. A moment later the area around your lower body loosens up while the area surrounding your upper body tightens to a painful degree. Just when it feels like you can't take any more, your body is squeezed out of the tight area. This cycle repeats itself time and time again, gradually pulling you further and further down...

BDMP, BDMP, BDMP...

The sound reaches its apex. its vibrations shaking you to your core. You yell, unable to bear it. Thankfully, it starts to get quieter as you continue to descend. You must have passed by the beating heart just now.

And that means... I'm getting closer to her stomach... you think to yourself. From below, you hear a distinct sound crawl up from beneath you.

Grgrrrrrrgl... Grgrrrrrrlllll...

Loud gurgles rise up to meet your ears, sending jolts of fear down your spine. You're well aware of how hopeless it is, but you continue to struggle as hard as you can. The sound continues to assault your ears as you kick and scream, desperate for escape.

GgrGRgllllllrlllllGRoWRLLLLGlll...

You feel your feet strike the bottom of the esophagus, then get squeezed through the tight fleshy ring. You kick your feet back and forth, swinging through the muggy air. The esophagus tightens around you one final time, clenching you until you feel like you're about to burst before the splinter beneath you opens up, pushing your body all the way through. You fall for a moment before landing with a wet, loud...

Plop!

The very first thing you notice is the stench. You had been convinced you'd suffered the worst before, but the scent of Regalecus's breath absolutely pales in comparison to the intense odor that circulates her stomach. You gag, unable to notice anything else. It is a combination of so many different awful odors all mashed together into one disgusting nightmarish abomination, seemingly designed to cause you as much pain and suffering as possible. The sound doesn't make you feel any better - you are surrounded by **blorps, schlorps, blups, grrrrrrls**, and so many more piercing noises. Your naked body is coated in filth - your initial fall had landed you straight into a pool of viscous goop. It sticks to your body like a wetsuit, covering every inch of you. A few bits of shrimp cling to your body along with the stomach gunk, making you feel even slimier and more humiliated. You really feel like you've been dropped straight into hell, and you can tell things aren't going to get any better.

“Heheheheh-uw-OORRRRRRRRRRP”

Regalecus begins to giggle, quickly interrupted by a disgusting belch. The liquid around you splashes about, going everywhere as air is expelled outwards like a typhoon. The sound is ear piercing - it combines with the growls surrounding you to form a maelstrom of noise. Your hands fly up to your ears in a desperate attempt to block it out. You manage to muffle it, but you can still hear it clearly. A few moments later the sound begins to fade away. Once it appears to be entirely gone, you begin to cautiously lower your hands. The growls and gurgles of the stomach are still present, but thankfully the burp appears to have reached its end.

“Aaaaaah, you were **delicious~!** So much potent dream energy... mmmgh, you humans are simply in-credible!”

Dream energy...? The fuck is she talking about? You wonder to yourself. You can't imagine a human being would taste particularly good, but you've never tried one yourself, so you can't really say...

“Mmmmgh, your external belly rub was very pleasant... Why don't you continue your work **from the inside?**”

“Why would I do *anything* you say!? You've already *swallowed* me, and it's not like you can drown me when I'm in here!” You yell to the sky, seeing red from anger.

*“Mmmm, you’re not wrong... I guess I’ll just have to digest you then, won’t I? Remember, you’re in **my** yard - this only remains safe as long as I want it to be! If I decide you aren’t going to wake up, **you won’t wake up~**”* Regalecus says mockingly. The threat is clear, made even more so when you feel the liquid on you begin to tingle.

So, I’m still at her mercy...? God damn this is awful... you think to yourself. “...Fine, fine! I’ll... I’ll do it...”

*“Ehehehe, that’s a **good subject** - or should I say, **slave?** Hehehehe~”* Regalecus giggles, her tone filled with mirth.

BMP, BMP

Regalecus must have slapped her stomach firmly since the interior shook. You are sent sliding to the right, collapsing into another puddle of hot sludgy filth. The hellish gurgling sauna was terrible, but you don’t have a choice but to force yourself to obey her commands. You can tell that pleasing Regalecus is the only way you are possibly going to wake up alive tomorrow. You stumble forwards, trudging through the acids like a swamp. The only way to move forwards without getting stuck is to raise your legs high for every step. It is slow, but you gradually make your way forwards. You aren’t sure, but you figure the direction the pats had come from marked Regalecus's front - the desired target for your massage, you assume.

*“Mmmh, **good boy~**”* She chuckles as you make your way towards the wall. Before long, you are able to feel it in front of you when you outstretch your hand. Cautious and careful, you press your palms into the flesh and begin to rub.

*“Mrrrrrrrr, **thaaaaaank yooooouuuu~**”* she purrs, the exaggerated sound shaking the area around you. Still, you kept rubbing. If you just did this for a few more hours, things could be fine.

Blap!

The stomach walls flex forwards faster than you could imagine. The force sends you flying back into the muggy hellscape. You land flat on your ass in the sludgy mess, slamming into a particularly large chunk of shrimp.

*“Awwwwh, did I do that? I’m **soooooo** sorry! I guess you’ll just have to keep trying, won’t you, my little slave?”*

Regalecus’s dripping sarcasm isn’t lost on you. She just wants to see you humiliated. She’s certainly succeeding - you feel positively filthy as your naked body is progressively coated in more and more gunk. It clings to your flesh tightly, coating your legs in slick digestive slush. You bite back your complaints as you stumble to your feet, your legs shaking. Despite your exhaustion and humiliation, you press on. You walk back to the stomach walls, leaning back and letting out a solid punch. If Regalecus wants a massage, you’ll give her a massage. Besides, with how small you are, there was no way you could actually hurt her.

“Mmmmh, that feels goooooood~”

The confirmation from up high confirmed your suspicions. You continue, slamming punch after punch into her stomach walls. They are absorbed with lackluster jiggles as you swing. Right, left, right, left, left, right, right, left... You keep hammering away at the walls like a punching bag, assaulting the stomach with all your might. If a chance to take out your anger doubles as a massage, you’ll use it.

As you continue to slam away at the stomach walls, you hear a noise in the distance. It sounds like chewing of some kind - probably Regalecus munching away at another shrimp. Pretty soon, it’s sent down to you with a meaty

GL-RRRK~

A moment later, a thick bolus of shrimp slams down into the hellish swamp that is Regalecus's stomach. The impact lets out waves of sludge that overtake you, knocking you off of your feet as they slam into your back. You grit your teeth as you begin to rise to your feet.

GRRR-LRK~

Before you can even fully stand, another massive shrimp makes its way down. This time you hadn't even heard chewing - she must have swallowed the shrimp whole. The impact it makes in the digestive sludge is intense - the wave easily sweeps you up and slams you into the wall of the stomach.

“Ah, I keep on making things harder for you, don't I? I'm so sooooryyyy, ehehehe~” She giggles out, clearly not apologetic in the slightest.

You groan as you stand back to your feet, limbs aching with pain. Your body feels like it's going to collapse at any moment. You need to keep going - you know Regalecus won't accept you giving up. Still, you take a moment to collect your bearings as you try to calm your shaking legs.

*“Are you **seriously** done already? Come on, you can do better than that! You **do** remember what happens if you fail, don't you?”*

“Gh, for the love of god...” You mutter as you swing your body into yet another right hook, slamming your sore fist into the stomach wall. At this point it feels less like you are striking a punching bag and more like a concrete wall - it feels like your knuckles are going to give way any second now, but you keep on attacking. Punch after punch, strike after strike. You have to take brief pauses every so often, but you figure that just makes you less predictable. Varying your timing is probably beneficial to the overall quality of your massage. You can't help but chuckle at that thought. Are you seriously worrying about how to be the ideal masseuse to this psycho? It's absurd, but you don't want to die. Frankly, you aren't sure how else Regalecus could possibly shock you next.

...

After what feels like an eternity of pounding the stomach, it flexes back at you yet again, slamming you back into the sludge. You groan, but the stomach continues to move around you.

“Mmh, I think I'll be going back inside now! Have fun in there - I'll make sure you can still breathe~”

Inside...? I didn't see any kind of house when I looked around... You think, confused. Where could Regalecus be going? Was there something you hadn't seen, or was she just going to go through a portal like her maid? In addition to that, you feel something within you change. Your breathing is still limited by the muggy air, but you can breathe a lot better. You won't have long to question either of these things as Regalecus begins to walk. The impact of this on your surroundings is beyond chaotic. Your body is sent flying as all the liquid in her stomach sloshes about. You are thrown to and fro, movement constant until you feel something latch onto your legs.

"W-what's goin-" you begin to say before getting a mouthful of shrimpy sludge. You gag, trying to spit it out but failing. In that moment, the sphincter that had captured your legs clenches tightly, yanking your lower body into a tight slimy tube.

H-her intestines? Seriously? you think, a mixture of disbelief and anger overtaking you. Your legs kick, slamming against the walls as you press your palms against the floor of the stomach, trying to pull yourself out. It's hopeless - the duodenal bulb has a tight grip on your body. It's acting a little abnormally - you were fairly knowledgeable in biology and you were pretty sure the duodenum didn't grab onto stuff like it was now.

Must be a result of this being a dream... You think, still struggling. It doesn't work - the splinter simply clenches around you and pulls you down forcefully. Your arms are forced to the sides as your torso and chest are engulfed. Your arms are barely able to move, and soon forced up over your head. Regalecus is still moving, causing your head to spin uncontrollably. A wave of sludge crashes down, drowning you as the bulb clenches again, yanking the rest of you into the duodenum.

The fleshy walls around you pulsate as you make your way down. You feel the leaf-like villa brushing up against you. If you had been properly digested like Regalecus threatened earlier, these would have absorbed nutrients from your remains... You shudder, the thought terrifies you. As awful as the current situation may be, you could be dead. That silver lining is all that keeps you sane as you slide further down the mucus coated tube. Your body is drenched in sticky goop, presumably made up of a combination of enzymes, mucus, and bile. The thought is disgusting, but you keep the contents of your stomach where they are - the last thing you need now is to coat yourself in vomit along with everything else.

Progress through the intestines is slow, but eventually you reach a sharp turn. You figure this must be the connecting point for the duodenum and jejunum. It feels surreal to be engulfed in these intestines. You'd learned about anatomy in lectures, but seeing it from this point of view is like nothing you'd ever experienced before. You feel your

body get pushed into the jejunum, brushing against the countless villi. They tickle you when they press up against you. The slick mucus coating them allows your body to move quicker as you are pulled through the twisting tube at high speed.

After a long period of travel, you feel the walls begin to clench tighter around you. You figure that means you've reached the ileum - the final section of the small intestine. If you remember correctly, the ileum is fairly short - only around ten feet long compared to the twenty two feet of the jejunum. Still, movement through it is slower than before due to the tighter walls. You internally groan, but you keep your mouth shut - you'd much rather not get a mouthful of mucus.

Finally, you reach the opening you've been waiting for. Your body ejects itself as you flop onto the floor of the fleshy large intestine. As opposed to the small intestine, you actually have space to breathe here. It wasn't pushing you along, but you know if you wait much longer more stomach chyme will make its way out of the small intestine and force you to move. You feel the walls around you, mentally mapping out your surroundings. It seems like you're at the bottom of a shaft of sorts - the only way you can go is up.

Man, if this is a dream, why can't I see? Should I really be bound by the laws of reality here...? you think to yourself. Out of nowhere, a strange warmth fills your body. You feel something deep inside of you shift, as if a closed door had opened ever so slightly. Most notably, your vision began to return to you. It was slow, but pretty soon you could clearly see your surroundings.

"W-what...? How did *that* happen?" you ask yourself out loud. Despite that, the more you think about it the more sense it makes. This is a dream, and you know this is a dream. It would stand to reason you could lucid dream in that state...

"I-I'll start flying! Because this is a dream!" You yell out, the possibilities of this exciting you. Unfortunately, the warmth doesn't return. The metaphorical door had closed itself as quickly as it had opened. You strain, thinking as hard as you can, but it does nothing. With a sigh, you give up on that avenue. You can see now - that's certainly helpful. Your eyes scan over your surroundings, taking the red flesh in. You were right in your prior assumption - the only way forward was up. The walls of the intestine are covered in flaps and folds. Beforehand escape would have been a near impossibility, but with your newfound vision you can definitely climb your way up this shaft. You approach the walls and begin the long climb upwards. It won't be much longer before you reach the rectum.

...

The climb is much harder than you had expected. After what feels like hours, you reach the top. It had been difficult due to the frequent pestalitis, but you managed to hang on despite all that. With a solid grunt you push your body over the ledge, laying flat on the next section. Thankfully, things were easier here - a relatively long stretch of flat ground was ahead of you. Briefly, you question why everything was so clean. Weren't you in a large intestine right now?

Dream, right. Almost forgot about that. you think as you walk forwards. The ground shifts beneath you every so often but you could handle it. Pretty soon you reach the end of the flat segment. The ground here curves into a steep drop, forming another chute for you to climb down.

I don't have to climb though, do I? you think, a momentary grin crossing your face. Being in a dream is liberating in a way - you know that a big fall like this wouldn't hurt at all. Your instincts are screaming at you not to do it, but you know you'll be fine. Adrenaline fills your veins as you run forwards into a flying leap, falling down the long chute.

Plop!

You land flat on your back at the bottom. Heavy breaths rush out of your chest as the dopamine rushes through you. You can't help but laugh out loud - what you'd just done was so absurd and suicidal, but it had felt oddly satisfying. This might be Regalecus's yard, but you can at least take advantage of the fact that it's a dream. You stand and turn to face the opening. All you have left to do is to make your way through the sigmoid colon and out of the anus. Normally you'd be disgusted by this, but you know it's clean - this is really no worse than any of the other shit you've dealt with today. You walk forwards, excited to finally make your way out of Regalecus' hellish body. It had been so long since you'd gotten to breathe actual fresh air and you can't wait.

Eagerly, you climb up into the anus. It's situated vertically - you assume Regalecus must be lying on her back right now. It's an inconvenient angle, but you press on, entering the tight tube. After climbing up for a while, the walls of the anus clench around you tightly, stopping your ascent.

"Oh, wow! You made it all the way there already? I have to admit, I'm impressed!" Regalecus calls out, sounding genuine for once. You feel the walls clench harder, pushing you upwards in much the same way as the

esophagus had taken you into this whole mess. This time around you don't bother struggling - the means are far from ideal, but this is the escape you wanted.

Pretty soon, natural light strikes your face for the first time in what feels like an eternity. Despite the fact that you've been able to see for a while now, your eyes are still forced to adjust to the new situation. It doesn't take too long for you to orient yourself. Regalecus's soft ass cheeks are on both your sides, extending up into the sky. Said sky is covered in sky blue fabric - the same fabric you'd seen stretched across her hips at the very start of this whole ordeal. The light filters through the fabric, taking on a blue hue as a result. The blue fabric begins to shift around as Regalecus pulls it out of the way, briefly exposing natural light before it's replaced by her massive fingers. You don't resist as they clench around you, pulling you out at high speed. Your head spins from the motion, but you're too happy to be free to care.

Your vision clears to reveal Regalecus's face. She appears to be laying down on a bed. She'd flipped herself over in the time when she pulled you out as she appears to be on her back right now.

“So, how was it?” She asks, barely able to restrain her giggles.

“...It was great. Fabulous. Fantastic. Listen, is this dream almost over? There can't be that much longer left in the night...” You retort.

“Mhmm, I'm afraid time doesn't work linearly in the dream world - you'll remain here until I decide we're done. For now, however, I'll allow you a brief reprieve. Be sure to regain your bearings quickly so you can continue to serve me!”

You sigh, having expected that response. You desperately want this to be over, but it's out of your control. You're going to be stuck here for as long as Regalecus wants and nothing you do can change that. You're really just her plaything at this point. Still, she doesn't seem to intend to kill you at least.

*“You've done well - I'll give you a **very** special reward, mhmm~”* She says before dropping your body. You land on an immensely soft

surface - it takes you a moment to realize just what it is, but it soon grows apparent that you're laying on Regalecus's soft boob.

“You had better savor this! I don't give many subjects this special of a reward.”

Part of you wants to argue and fight back, insisting that you had never asked for this. Mostly, however, you just want to savor this moment of respite. You lie face down on the soft creamy breast, taking a deep inhalation of the pleasantly scented air. It's so nice to be able to breathe clearly after spending so long in her nasty digestive system - you're going to enjoy this as much as you possibly can...