

“Mable!”

“I- I’m trying!”

There was a short pause, followed by a dull thud. I couldn’t even feel her fist from the inside of the frog’s stomach. How had the day gone so wrong?

It started with a quest, of course. A bard in Myth told of an enchanted shield at the bottom of the swamp that was rumored to block any incoming attack. Some adventurer or another was paying good coin for a team to retrieve it and Mable and I were flat broke. What ended up happening was as follows:

- We got led astray on the path to the swamp by a witch that nearly digested me. If it wasn’t for Mable’s timely intervention (and a swift kick to the witch’s familiar) I would have been down another charge of my resurrection spell
- Mable found the hilt of a sword in the mud and, thinking it might be magical, pulled it out only to unleash an earth elemental that chased us for a mile before giving up.
- Mable and I fucked.
- I went to go piss after said coitus and it turned out that we hadn’t quite shaken the witch after all. Que roasting in her stomach part two, electric boogaloo while Mable fought her to a standstill.
- Mable needed milking.
- While washing in a stream we ticked off a river spirit who cursed us with soggy shoes. It was far more annoying than it sounds.
- And finally:

The frogs. Of course there were frogs. Why, after all we had encountered on the way to the swamp, were we expecting anything other than giant fucking frogs?

I was standing at the edge of the water in my sodden socks when a bubble caught my attention. At first, I thought it was swamp gas. The entire area reeked like mouldy farts and I had tied a cloth over my mouth for protection. Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be a pocket in the mud, slowly lifting, then sinking, then lifting again like the breath of a great beast.

“Over here, Mable,” I said. “I think I found some-”

THWIP!

The tongue hit me straight in the throat, stunning me. As its slimy underside wrapped around my arms and chest, I fumbled for my knife, but a solid jerk caught me off balance and I fell. The knife sank into the mud while the looming maw of the frog crested the water, its bulging eyes locked on its oblivious meal.

The damage to my throat kept me from yelling as I was dragged forward. Its skin was green but its mouth was the acrid pink of chewed meat. There were no teeth inside of its maw, so I knew it would not chew, but as its gullet opened to admit me and the mucus coated my abdomen, I knew it would not matter. I was frog food all the same.

Mable must have noticed me then, because I heard her yelp just as my head vanished into its greasy throat. I could smell the boiling mess of its acids beneath me, sharp and sweet, mixed with that noxious gas that seared my eyes and wrinkled my nose. I was sinking into the warmth, its elastic stomach opening up like a great sack. It sagged beneath me as I fell into it. With a raucous belch, it spat out my shoes.

UUUuuUUURP!

Of all of the stomachs I've been in, this one had to be the largest. My back sank into the gelatinous walls, submerging my head beneath the goo that had accumulated at the base of my prison. Sputtering, I clawed my way out, but my feet kept slipping against the smooth surface and every time I fell, another shuddering belch would erupt from the frog's throat.

GwwwAAAAaooUUURRRRP!

"Mable!" I screamed. "Damn it, Mable, get me out of here!"

"Trying!"

I could just barely hear her over the din of the frog's digestive juices. Its stomach squeezed me like a wash rag, coating me in slime as the thump thump thump of its heart pounded overhead. Below came the usual glurch of the intestines preparing to accept whatever was left of me at the end of the hour.

Lugel!

A glittering light erupted from my fingertips, allowing me to see the interior of the stomach, and as soon as I cast the spell, I really wished I hadn't.

Great, heaving masses of pink flesh surrounded me, forming the cavern walls. Its acids were an odorous mix of greens and browns that lapped over the legs of my pants and bit holes into the fabric. Well, more holes. The hag had also done a number on my clothing.

"D- do you have your herbs?" Mable called from outside.

My entire environment went airborne as the frog hopped. I hung for a second, suspended, watching the stillness of the acids around me before I came crashing down. It was lucky that the stomach was padded, but even so, it hurt like a bitch.

“Yes,” I shouted, fumbling for my pouch.

If Mable was asking about the herbs, then things weren't looking good out there.

The herbs referred to a mixture of plants that stopped the digestive process. Actually, to be more accurate, they only paused the dissolving portion of the digestive process. There was still the 'sliding through 100 feet of dirty intestines' portion of the digestive process to go through that was probably just as, if not more unpleasant than flat out dying.

“How's it looking out there?” I called.

“Uh!”

Uh. That was all she needed to say. Sighing, I clutched the packet of herbs to my chest and waited as the stomach continued to bounce and jiggle. There was a noise like the cracking of a whip and then-

“Eep!”

GLUG!

A wet gulp and a bob of the throat let me know to duck as Mable slid into the stomach. Despite my best efforts, her hoof still clocked me in the back of the head.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” I said.

“I got eaten.”

“I can FUCKING SEE THAT!”

We fumbled in the dark, trying to find the most comfortable position to wait out the next few hours. My knee kept colliding with her massive tits and her hooves kept smacking me in the nuts. When we finally managed to wriggle face to face, we were set on by a new problem.

We were sinking.

“Uh oh,” I said, tugging at my leg. With the glimmer spell gone, I couldn't see it, but I could feel Mable's legs sliding at the same pace as mine. Being smushed together in the cramped confines of a frog's stomach was one thing, but being literally sausaged together in the hellish confines of its intestines was another thing entirely.

“We're sinking,” Mable said.

She clutched at my back, smushing my face between her tits. While normally I might have welcomed that development, her combined body heat with the heat of the stomach was making me feel lightheaded.

“I know,” I said. “Help me pull my leg out.”

Another fumbling dance occurred to no avail. Our legs had been sucked in up to our calves and we were going down together.

“I can’t believe this,” I groaned. “This is just my luck.”

“I’ve never actually been swallowed,” Mable said. “It’s stickier than I thought it would be.”

Goddess, I wish I could have seen her face. On our last quest, I had (stupidly) said that she couldn’t take a joke and now she would randomly spout off ‘jokes’ that were really just comments about the situation and wait for me to laugh. Wrapping my arms around her back, we waited as the intestines slowly consumed us, plunging us deeper into the frog.

“How long do you think it will be until it... y’know?” Mable asked after a few minutes.

“Shits us out?” I said.

The intestines were squeezing around my neck. I couldn’t move my head even if I tried.

“Well, yes,” Mable said.

“I don’t know. Could be a few hours. Could be a day. I just hope it does its business above ground and not right in the swamp.”

“That would be bad,” Mable giggled.

“Why are you giggling?” I asked.

“Sorry, I’m nervous. Are you sure the herbs work?”

“Mable.”

“Oh, right.”

I was very, *very* certain that the herbs worked because, as luck would have it, Mable was a sleep eater. By the time she realized that I was in there, I was already in her second stomach and there was no hucking me back up.

What a cow.

I took my last breath of (and I can't believe I'm saying this) relatively fresh air as the intestines closed over my head. A second later, Mable's chin nuzzled against my hairline.

"So what now?" she whispered.

"We wait," I said. "Why are you whispering?"

"I dunno. It seemed appropriate."

"Well stop."

Mable humphed and went silent, leaving us to the beautiful melody of a frog's intestinal tract.

Ribbit! Ribbit! Glurch!

Ribbit! Splorch! FFrrRT!

SPLOP! SPLOP!

We were both covered in thick, mucus-like slime that soaked into every crevice of our bodies. Our clothes had melted in the frog's stomach. I could feel Mable twitching beneath me and I was sure that she could feel me, *er*, adjusting on top of her. With our arms locked behind each other's backs, there was no way for us to break apart. We were locked in a perpetual embrace.

"Okay," I said after sliding for another foot or so. "Please talk."

"Now I can talk?" Mable whispered.

I pinched her butt.

"Ow!"

"See, now you're not whispering."

"Why you!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Sensitive area!"

Mable had bucked her hips, bringing my cock right up to her slit. We both stayed still for a moment, our shoulders hunched, as I slowly eased my way back down to her thighs.

"Whew," I said. "That could have been bad."

“Mmhmm.”

“Now’s not the time for that.”

“I agree.”

The silence that followed gave me a distinct feeling of déjà-vu. We had been in a similar situation once, sitting on her bed in a dingy inn, and if I remembered correctly, that night had ended with us fucking like animals. Mable’s breasts jiggled against my ears. She was trying not to moan.

“It smells gross in here,” I said eventually.

“Oh yeah. Foul.”

“I can’t believe we’re going to be shit out by a frog.”

“Mmmhmm. Gross.”

We had reached a bend in the frog’s intestines and were curving around it, crushed on all sides by the weight of its fat. I really hoped that meant that we were getting closer, but I didn’t know anything about frog anatomy.

Minutes ticked by. Mable hummed a tune under her breath and I focused on keeping my instincts in check. It was the warmth, I told myself. The warmth and the close contact. The problem was that Mable wouldn’t stop squirming beneath me, rubbing her thighs together like they weren’t an inch away from my cock. They were... gooey. Every once in a while, they would slip over my hips and I would have to suppress a groan as my fingers twitched against Mable’s shoulders. Once, I even bit her collar, causing her to yelp.

“Sorry,” I said, spitting out the rancid bile that had gotten on my tongue. “I zoned out.”

“So you tried to eat me?” Mable said. “What am I, a steak dinner?”

Okay, now that one was definitely an attempted joke. It even got a little chuckle out of me which caused Mable to snort and then I couldn’t help it. I burst out laughing and she joined, our voices echoing deep in the bowels of a frog as it worked us back toward the light.

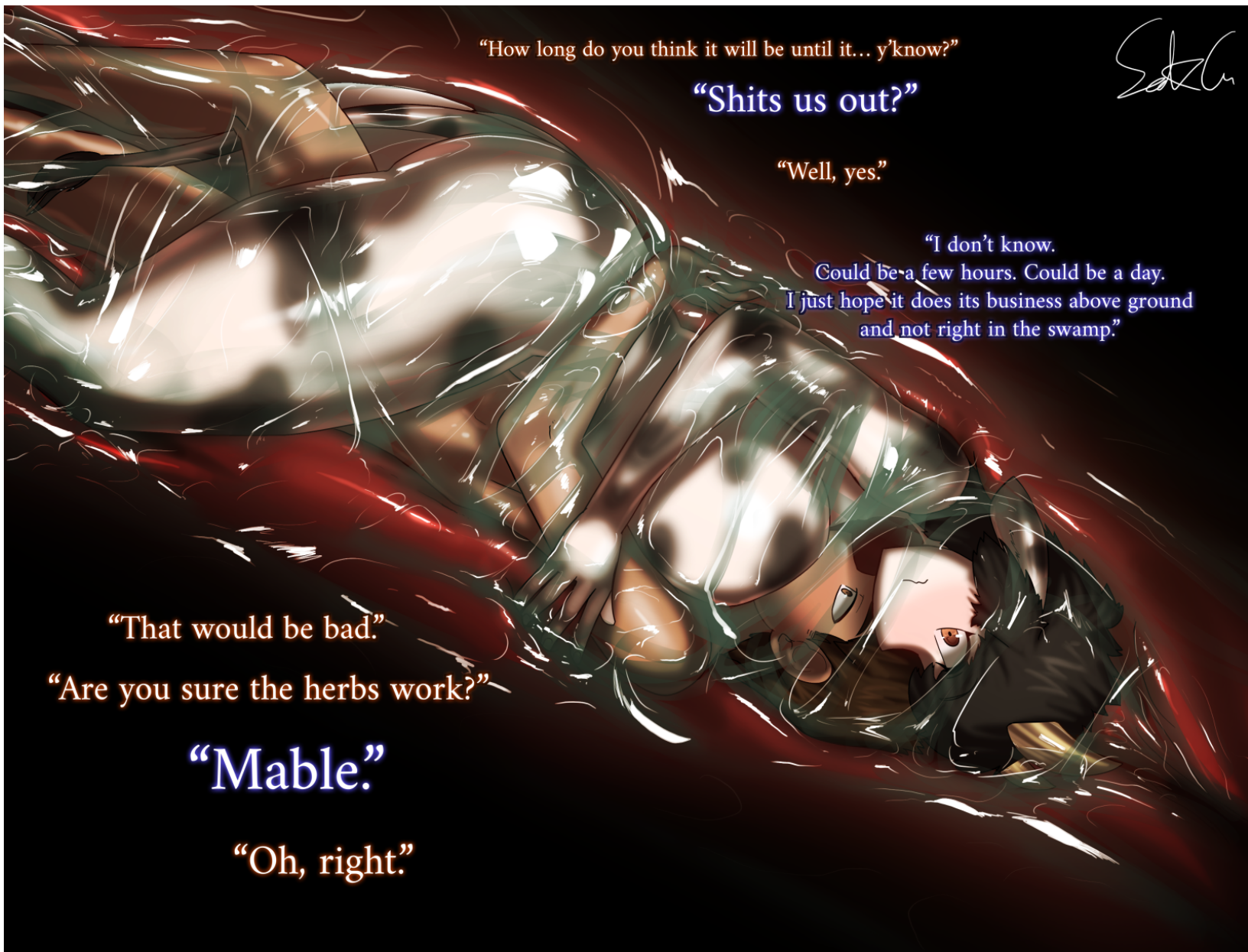
So, what happened next? Well, we didn’t end up fucking and I’m pretty sure we have an unspoken agreement to never speak about the incident ever again. After 14 agonizing hours, the frog finally spewed us out in a field along with a lot of its other, *ahem*, excretions. That in

itself turned out to be a lucky break because we found the shield in one of the piles. Naked, we collected whatever was left of our gear and walked back to the gates.

It wasn't even an unusual sight anymore.

We sold the shield and bought ourselves some clothes before spending the rest on a room with a bath. We made sure to stock up on herbs as well. I had a feeling we were going to need them. All in all, it wasn't our most successful trip into the dungeon, but it wasn't our worst, either.

It was just another day in this new world and another stomach to crawl through.



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Saku