

SICK OF IT

A Paramouth Story Commission

Written by Ty

“Hhhhaaack!” Another of many pained retches that had resounded in the small studio apartment the last two days. “Fucking... hell,” Veronica glumly rolled over passively toward her nightstand across the room from Taylor. On instinct, her movement while reaching over the nightstand was slow, careful, acutely aware of exactly where her hand was floating past in search of her glasses. The empty medicine bottle she knocked over didn’t phase her as she set her half-rimmed glasses on her septum-pierced nose and started getting out of bed; but for Taylor, sleeping across the room, the clack of the hollow plastic on the hardwood floor was only a precursor to the larger rumbling ahead.

Perched on the edge of the cheap wood table in their modest kitchen, which shared the space with every other facility in the apartment save for the bathroom, Taylor’s one-inch figure watched with awe as his girlfriend rose upright, planting her pale bare feet on the floor. The rest of her was clad in the clothes she wore when she got home the night before. Though he’d insisted she change into proper pajamas, Veronica insisted her hoodie and sweats were enough and promptly got into bed to sleep off her cold after a day of working from home.

Today, her pallid complexion stood in stark contrast to her normally warm disposition. Though the runny nose had gone dry since yesterday, the raw skin above her upper lip betrayed how much she’d blown it in the past day. When she stood, her auburn hair dropped in messy threads around her dulled yet still lovely face. Her dark eyes were more aware of her space by the moment and eventually found their way to the dotting gaze peering from across the studio.

She smiled weakly, dry lips cracking open briefly and revealing the slightest glimpse of her braces before sealing again, “Mornin’ Tay.”

“Afternoon,” he corrected, “and be sure to spit in the sink, please.” His mature tone of voice when addressing her was only betrayed by the soft smirk he wore.

Veronica was set aside, processing the request in her groggy head, “Uhhh, why?”

“You’re about to cough out more phlegm. Spit it out in the sink.” he spoke like he was her father, but softened his voice when sensing resistance, “If you keep swallowing it, it’s just gonna build up more.”

Veronica pouted, understanding his logic but unwilling to acknowledge it. She leaned forward, the front of her baggy hoodie drooping with her ragged locks of hair over the floor as she reached for the tissue stuffed wastebasket conveniently left by her bed.

“Nuh uh,” he insisted, standing up from his perch to elevate himself, if only by a few centimeters, “Sink. Then wash it down.”

She stopped her progress, glaring dully at her minute boyfriend for a few silent seconds before groaning, dropping the can to the floor. “Yeah yeah, fine.” She rose, her lithe frame hoisted up to a stand, stretching her arms over her head and reaching upward until her shoulders popped. Then her frame quivered, and her arms fell down to her chest as a force burst from her lungs.

“*Cough, cough* Haaaaachhk!” For the umpteenth time, her cheeks bulged with an uncomfortable load, prompting her to hastily hustle to the kitchen, running the sink immediately to accept her gross payload. On her way, she passed the table, and despite her casually urgent shuffle, the force of her movement still stirred the air around Taylor. He stared attentively as her comfortably clothed, monolithic stature passed with familiar ease that still left him in awe of existing with such a massive person. By the time she got to the sink, he might’ve forgotten she wasn’t as strong a force of nature as he’d always inevitably see her as.

That is, until she started hacking up bucketloads of phlegm into the running faucet water. Taylor grimaced hearing her. She’d been dealing with what was initially a simple cold for only a few days now. Still, when Veronica got sick, she *reeeeally* got sick. Turning around, her eyes in a resigned daze, she languidly stepped toward the table while rubbing her throat tenderly.

“Really thought I’d be over this, man,” Veronica lamented, resting her hand on the table edge, rubbing her throat high above her partner. Taylor meanwhile was forced to crane his neck to meet his girl’s gaze, though he was quite used to the action after acclimating over time.

“Ya know, I’m realizing now that I’ve never really seen you sick.” Taylor noted, stepping forward and gently rubbing the side of her resting forefinger.

“I mean... yeah, guess so,” she sighed, rubbing the soreness in her clavicle, “ugh, so gross. I just want it gone.”

“Well, might as well eat up while you’re here,” Taylor gestured further along the edge of the table.

“Hwha-?” Veronica started before her eyes landed on a bowl of soup, steak and veggies, along with a few pieces of bread on a napkin next to it, “Did... did you order out?”

He walked closer to her, a little pride in his gait, “Mhm! Figured you needed sleep more than anything, so I got the essentials for whenever you woke up. Arrived just a bit ago, actually.”

“And how’d it get all set out like this?” her brow irked up, eyeing her partner with suspicion.

Taylor coughed, rubbing his arm before offering, "Let's just say it worked out how it worked out." He offered a sly, guilty smirk before brushing it off, "Anyway, eat up. I got some cold medicine too, so you can take some right after and get back to bed."

Veronica sat down and accepted the questionably attained meal, rubbing her head a bit before grabbing the spoon, "Ugh, sure. Maybe later. I just need to get something done before though."

"Ronnie," he started, shoulders slumping, "You're not gonna do much good being out of bed," he took a step back, silently noting how uncomfortably cold her hands were to the touch without causing her further distress. "Seriously, it's only so bad since you worked all of yesterday. Just stay in bed, take it easy."

Her brows narrowed, a soft whine released on her breath that washed around him even down here. Her usually welcoming air seemed somewhat tainted by her current illness as it fluttered past Taylor's small frame.

"I know! Just..." she sighed, accepting the truth of the matter, "I know. There's just too much to do. And I don't have time to be sick..." her lips stretched out in a flat grimace, "but here we are..."

"Sure, but..." he stopped, noticing the worry in her hand pawing at her throat. "How are you feeling? Throat wise, I mean."

A spark of her usual self blinked in her pinewood eyes, her familiar attitude coming through despite her roughened voice, "Awful. Like someone jammed a pinecone down my throat, but even then all the post-nasal drip is still there!" Her anger was palpable, as if she were shouting at the twister that had made touchdown on her immune system.

"That bad, huh?" his features softened, crossing his arms over his clothed chest, "hopefully this helps a bit, then."

She sipped at the first spoonful of broth and beef, happy to know it had stayed warm enough but not too hot by the time she got to the bowl. Content she wouldn't burn herself, the full spoon slipped past her dry lips, touching base with her tongue, and met with her slurping in the rest of the broth and carrot bits that came with it.

Taylor watched below, as he normally did, appreciating in the back of his mind just how much food she took in with each meal, while the forefront of his mind remained concerned for her health, "Is it good? It's nothing fancy, but figured it'd be alright."

She smiled, her heart-melting along with the mush in her mouth over the smallest of gestures. Too bad that when she unconsciously moved to swallow her bite, her raw throat ached painfully as her neck pulsed with the meager mouthful, "It's... it's nice! Really, I just need to loosen up some of this post-nasal drip."

The young man smiled, rubbing his hand over her left forearm at rest, "Great! I'll see if I can get some tea going in the meantime."

Veronica's eyes widened, sitting upright in mock offense, "What?! Nuh uh, you can't keep doing all this stuff by yourself!" She kept up the indignant act until her sore chest and back reminded her she couldn't move so suddenly, "Ngh... besides, you're not exactly the best at this kind of thing."

He braced himself instinctively when her body suddenly shifted all at once, though he was used to unexpected motion. However, he stood rigid as he let her comment sink in, "...that being?"

Now it was Taylor's turn to be a bit cautious, picking her next words carefully with a furrowed brow, "Um... well, there's a reason I'm usually left with the housework, right?" She let her question hang hoping he'd just accept the implication. His stare begged the contrary.

"Sooo, like... because you're smaller, *I'm* usually the one taking care of us, so it's weird that-

"So I can't take care of you when you need it?" now was Taylor's turn to be indignant, "I mean, I help out where I can. I got your soup and bread set up here?"

Her concern carried a hint of skepticism, "you sure that wasn't the delivery guy you paid a little extra?"

His little arm rose up in retort, but he froze, taking a few moments before exhaling and turning his head away, "Th-that counts..."

She offered a gentle smile, her finger moving to brush his back with practiced delicacy, "But if you went and made tea, you'd be climbing and walking to the counter forever. Not to mention moving the teapot, the mug, and-

"I know, I know... I just wish I could do more for you..." he dropped, letting her finger pad push him down into a cross-legged seat.

She knew she'd struck a nerve, but her head still muggy wasn't thinking of the right thing to say to make up for it, "Umm... lemme finish this, and maybe we could think of somethin'." Likely wasn't the reassurance he wanted, but it let the two put a pin in the conversation.

They both sat in silence as Veronica pushed herself to finish the bowl and bread. Slurps and gulps accompanied by loosening mucus in her sinuses causing her to snivel permeated the ambiance of their apartment.

Eventually, the takeout bowl was empty, and Veronica politely excused herself by collecting the spare napkins and spoon in the container and carrying them to the trash. While in the kitchen,

she took the chance to hack up another loogie and spit into the sink. She grimaced at the sickly green hue, then ran the water with a shrug before turning back to her problem at the table.

Taylor was still sulking where she'd left him, likely he was waiting to see what she'd do next, "So, uh, you gonna have some of the medicine?"

"Y-yeah! This one?" she returned to the table, leaning over Taylor and briefly creating a canopy of wrinkled hoodie fabric before straightening up with the small bottle in hand.

"This stuff non-drowsy?" she inquired, flipping it around to check the directions.

"Don't think so. Ideally, I was thinking you should be getting some rest after eating." he offered back.

Her grimace betrayed her hesitation, "Babe, c'mon. I have to work today!"

He was now turned to her, arms crossed and putting on his strict demeanor, "Politely disagree. What color was that phlegm you just coughed up?"

"Ugh, you're just like mom," she pouted, taking her place back in the seat near him.

"C'mon V, you *need* to get some rest. Seriously, or you won't get any better."

"I can make it another two days 'til the weekend, then I can sleep however long I want!"

"Hun," he paced over to the edge in front of her, "nothing wrong with taking a sick day. The team can wait a few days for you to recover, and your work will be better for it."

Her eyes were locked across the room, refusing to give Taylor the win.

He was well aware of her stubbornness, though he quickly saw the chink in her armor.

He took a few steps back, then shot forward before leaping off the table to her crossed forearms across her chest. He landed with a practiced crouch, immediately springing up with spread arms to embrace her in the closest approximation to a hug he could manage.

"Please V? For me?"

That did it. Her lip quivered feeling his dramatic gesture, already breaking under the pure mental image of his affectionate act before turning her head down to see it in person. She smiled through another sniff, then grabbed the bottle. "Pfft! Fine, Mister Dramatic," she chuckled meekly, tearing open the seal on the medicine then removing the cap. Soon it was filled with the dark, viscous ichor that made her face contort.

Taylor looked up from the table she'd returned him to, watching expectantly, "Real quick, then have some water."

A grumble answered his nagging, "Yeah yeah, keep bugging me and you're going in with it."

He chuckled, all he could do without giving more credence to that disturbing possibility. Of course, the idea was off the table. They'd been together too long for him to be worried about ending up on the menu for his girlfriend.

Her shoulders drooped, and she steeled herself before pulling the concoction to her lips. Just a moment over her tongue, and a few forced gulps later, it was done. She breathed out a strained sigh, turning down to the table and reaching for her partner.

As for Taylor, seeing her hand approach so quickly wasn't new to him. By now he was more than prepared by the simple act of her picking him up. Still, paired with her most recent joke at his expense, he couldn't hold back a subconscious shiver from running up his spine.

That is, until her warm, though admittedly clammy, fingers wrapped around him. He was all too familiar with the particular grooves of her palm and finger pads as they carefully closed around him. The overwhelming sensation was hard to get over, though only mildly dampened by the state of his bearer.

"Alright, little nurse. If I'm passing out, then you're coming with me," she uttered, opening his prison to give him a view of the apartment passing by while she returned to bed. Slipping her short-clad legs under the sheets again, she slowly swung her arm to the pillow adjacent to hers and let Taylor slide onto it. He didn't resist, hopping off without trouble and letting her reach for her water while steadying her posture.

"Ya know, I could probably get that tea going by the time you wake back up at least?" he proposed, watching her take a few hearty drags from her canteen.

With each gulp, she recognized the mucus in her throat beginning to loosen from the hardened state it'd been in when she woke up. Relieved, but now irritated at the new nuisance, she returned her bottle to the side table and slumped against the headboard, "I can't with this mucus right now, man."

Evidently, she hadn't heard him, "I'm sorry hun. Just take it easy, it'll be better tomorrow," he wanted to get closer and comfort her, but at the rate she was settling in, he wouldn't get a clear path for a minute.

"Sure sure, but how does that help me, the consumer, now?" she quipped, finally slumping properly into her pillow facing upward with a mock pout.

He weakly smiled, concern on his mind seeing her lay back defeated. Taylor looked over to the cupboards in the kitchen. That's where the teabags would be, and the honey. Both of which he'd have to get down to the counter, including the tea kettle which would likely make a racket on hitting the countertop. He grimaced, worried over the potential of waking Veronica from the sleep she desperately needed.

Maybe he'd done all he could. Which sucked. Beyond getting their door dash driver to set the table for her in his stead, all he'd been able to provide his love was earnest support. He sat down on the giving fabric, folding his hands together and losing himself in thought.

"I just wish I could help you more."

Now, by this point, Veronica was starting to feel the effects of the medicine, though her conscious mind wouldn't admit it. Instead, she quirked a brow at Taylor's lament and let a thought pop into her head, "Y'know, if you want, I might have something you could do."

He perked up, "Oh yeah?" standing back up like an eager puppy ready to receive direction, "whatcha got for me?"

"Well," she started, then shrunk back slightly, as if the idea she was about to share was preemptively cringeworthy, "I have all this muck in my throat, and umm... you still have that little mop and stuff, right?"

This earned a questioning look from him, "Yyyyes? Probably with my old trunk in the nightstand. Why does that-?"

"Hear me out," she hushed him with her sudden enthusiasm, "So, I can't cough up all of the drip in the back of my throat without leaving bed, which is causing most of the previously discussed discomfort, right?"

"Uh-huh," he was cautiously enthused by her faux restraint, waiting for the punchline of whatever quirky idea she had in mind.

Her nervous, metal-fringed smile braced her for the big reveal, "Okay, so like... what if yooooou just... climbed in and... scrubbed it off?"

Silence lingered for a few pregnant beats between the couple, her eyes eagerly seeking his answer.

"...Scrub what off?"

"Ya know..." she meekly replied, her eyes tracing lines away from his inquisitive gaze, "...the mucus?"

Another moment of silence.

Taylor didn't know what to make of it, his mind quickly jumping to the very noxious, disgusting implications of her request. A chill ran up his spine, grimacing at even the hypothetical prospect of what she was proposing.

"You want me to... go in your mouth and *mop* your post-nasal drip?"

"Just a little bit!" she hastily added, rolling onto her side, her eyes looking brighter than they'd been for a few days as she elaborated, "Like, I dunno, just wipe it all away."

"And then what? I'm just covered in spit and snot all the while?" he was trying to be polite, but the notion of what she was suggesting still had his arm hairs stand on end.

"N-no! I could, uhh..." she turned to ponder his challenge to her idea, "I could maybe swallow them? If you knock them down into my throat, I'd take care of them!"

"Yeah, and what's stopping me from going down with them?"

"Uhh," she looked over, her eyes drawn to something on what was effectively Taylor's nightstand, though he could never use it properly. Leaning over, she grabbed something from the odds and ends left there and came back holding a thin, white string.

Her presentation was answer enough; still wasn't quite what Taylor wanted to hear, "Look, I'm happy to help with anything within the realm of reason, but this is just gro-"

Taylor looked up from his tirade to meet her puppy-eyed gaze, "...unsanitary."

"I know... I just think it'd be nice to have a more direct hand with help instead of waiting on the medicine to clear it all out," deep down, she knew her reason didn't hold up, and her pout already gave away her acceptance of his rejection, "I just thought it was a cute idea was all. Sorry..."

She turned over in defeat, facing away from him while the thought already began leaving her mind. Meanwhile, Taylor was somewhat torn. She seemed genuinely disheartened by his refusal to climb into her mouth and manually clean out the gunk coating the back of her larynx. He didn't even know if he'd do that good a job if he even tried! Sure, he'd been in her mouth many times before under more... *intimate* circumstances; but this was a different beast, where their mutual satisfaction wasn't the endgame.

Or was it? He looked to the looming hill of his girlfriend faced away, seeing a small shiver lightly shake her body and the bed under him as a result. That tremble brought to mind her days of illness stretching long past any common cold, forcing herself to work as she only got worse and worse. What if she wasn't recovered tomorrow and she tried pushing herself again? Both of

them knew their house was slowly falling into disarray the longer she was out for the count. Hypothetically, Taylor began to wonder, would this small, greatly discomfiting act be of actual use towards her health?

The silence in the room briefly punctuated by the stray snuffle lasted for close to a minute, Veronica playing with the string she'd grabbed idly while waiting to feel the drowsiness overtake her.

"I'll do it," he said hastily, barely more than a mumble. For her trained ears, however, it was enough for her to pick up and roll over to confirm.

The mattress tremored again with her rotation, now facing back at him with bright, curious eyes, "What hun?"

He swallowed, settling into his resolve, "I'll brush up your throat."

Her eyes widened, her lips parting in surprise for a moment, "Y-ya sure? Even if it's gross?"

"Yeah. If it'll actually help, why not?" he relaxed back into his assumed caretaker role, striding closer towards her lovely, pale face, "You always do so much for me, all I want to do is return the favor."

She would've cried right then if she could spare the tears, but her love and giddiness led her to drag him close for a dry but affectionate kiss.

Again, he was swept up in her caring yet insistent palms leading him in a rushed transport to his loving destination. He could see those pink lips coming from a mile away, bearing his arms and tilting his face aside in preparation for impact. The warmth of her body escalated with proximity, and finally hitting her kiss was exactly what he was ready for. His small being warped lovingly into her pursed pucker, pressing indulgently into his joints, between his fingers, into his torso, and especially into the side of his face. Long ago he'd learned to turn his head and maintain a consistent airflow when sharing a kiss with his love, though not so far that he couldn't sneak in his small peck before he was pulled away.

Her smile blossomed from the gesture, still weak from her condition though brightened by the moment at hand, "Thank you, little nurse~." For her, it was a quiet, slow moment. For him, it'd always be a roller coaster.

Along with him, the string she procured was already in her palm, and she placed him on his pillow with it limply falling into his grasp.

"Go ahead and tie that around your waist, I'll get your stuff," with that she reached over again, seeking out the case of mini-scaled belongings that Taylor had once used in his old living situation.

“S-sure! Just look in the second drawer from the bottom, should have all my cleaning stuff,” he called out, the banal exchange felt almost unfit for the very peculiar operation they were attempting.

After securing the string twice over around his waist and shoulders for good measure, and Veronica returning with a small mop in hand, she presented the pivotal tool to her partner and adjusted herself to sit up against the headboard with several pillows set up to support her back.

Now he was in her hand, her braces glinting in the overhead lamplight as she smiled shyly at him, “Wow, look at you! More of a little spelunker now than a nurse, hehe.”

Her chuckle did a bit to calm his nerves, as well as the snuffle that followed it reminding him why he was pushing through so many multitudes of survival instinct right now, “L-let’s make sure this doesn’t become any serious cave diving, yeah?”

“Mhm!” she pinched the other end of the string tied around him, about five to six inches of line beyond his waist, “ I’ll have the other end of the string held at all times. If I feel it loose at all, we abort. Sound alright?”

“About as good as we can hope, I guess.” Despite his ultimate decision, he shuddered at the sight before him. A minute ago, he gladly kissed these same lips mildly smirking at him right now. And yet, they’d taken on a new edge. His oncoming task had changed them from the portal for his love’s comforting voice to a portal for him to enter a different world than he’d ever wanted to experience as a tiny. Even the moments he’d spent letting her mouth and tongue tease and savor his aroused form were accompanied by the safety of mutual intimacy. This felt like being shown an oven door about to open and expected to walk right in.

He’d already promised. Even if she’d let him, Taylor wouldn’t back out now.

“Alright... ready, V.”

For whatever reason, seeing her wordless response form in the corner of her lips turning up took on the edge of cogs in a gate starting up. Soon, those soft, chapped lips spread open, the lamp above catching on the first specks of glimmering spittle lining her inner lip and teeth. Her braces were much more menacing portents of the fleshy hole beyond. Likely she was smiling to comfort him, though her own nerves tainted the normally friendly expression. All the while her hot, labored breath fluttered around his being, like an ill omen blowing up from a cursed crevasse.

An imperceptible smack marked the jaws parting, the armored, ivory rows reaching apart and making way for the light to shine into the cavern undeterred. Pink, sudsy flesh flicked over the ridge of her lower jaw, followed by a surge of muscle rearing across the threshold of her teeth and rested along her lips. In some part of his mind, he imagined it’d be like rolling out the red

carpet as he'd seen in cartoons. The reality was a pudgy mass of restless flesh coming to a sudden stop just a few paces before him, writhing incessantly to accept the oncoming mouthful. Standing so close, he now smelled the simmering wafts of the soup he'd watched her enjoy minutes ago. She hadn't had time to brush her teeth either, the rank air now laden with the remnants of her meal, the cold medicine, and underneath everything the faint, heavy presence of her post-nasal drip clinging to every particle.

His cheeks bulged, holding back what might've been a very obvious gag. He held back though, for her sake. Didn't want her to be more uncomfortable about putting him through this.

Either way, her perceptive eyes caught his impulse, and prompted her to ask with mouth still open, "**E'erythi' o'ay?**"

Each malformed syllable flexed her jaw, tongue, and throat in tandem, sopping flesh and spit smacking and splattering the organic corridor, her words punctuated by the once-minute sounds of her inner self now resounding in a chorus of unearthly squelches and movement. Each bud on her tongue swung and flexed with her speech, brushing along her teeth and stretching the bed of muscle around the well it dwelled in.

Taylor stood stiff gazing forward, his legs hesitant to function as his honor-bound mind intended. He was going in there, into that slippery, hungry orifice. Any other occasion and he'd be shouting for escape, even if it was his love.

But he promised Veronica, they'd already made their preparations, and he'd be damned if he backed out of this chance to help her feel better.

"Hokay... glad I didn't wear anything nice today," he chided, taking his first step forward.

She chuckled lightly, her tongue bouncing in response then turning still as he approached. He took his first step onto her tongue. He'd never had to find any actual balance on the thing before, rather letting Veronica have her way with him if sex ever led to her normally inviting, deep kisses. This small step for man was anything but solid, his foot already slipping out of place until he placed more weight on it and let the depression it made secure his step. Satisfied, he reached the wooden end of the mop forward like a walking stick, pressing it into the tongue as well and shifting his weight to pull himself over.

It didn't go well. As soon as his second foot left her palm, his first immediately slid out from its crease, forcing him to desperately grab for the mop pole and land on his knees, unless he wished to smack full-body onto the tongue. The sudden movement wasn't lost on Veronica, who was instinctively compelled to check on him, "**ou a'righ'? Wha' ha'en?**"

If her talking was foreboding before, it had become damn near cataclysmic while riding the instrument of her speech. Taylor braced himself as best he could while the tremors rocked his weak stance even further, finally throwing him down to land face first in the carpet of tastebuds. He landed with a wet splat, his form sliding forward slightly before coming to a stop with a

squelch. The drool caking his new floor built up around him when he tried getting back up, slime slathered over his face and forcing him to wipe it away with an equally slimy hand. Lucky that the mop didn't accumulate quite as much saliva as he had so he could use it to prop himself up onto his knees again at least.

Spitting out the little that invaded his own mouth, his gut instinct was to shout back at Veronica to get him out, beginning the arduous task of turning himself towards the safety of her palm. Unfortunately, it turns out Ronnie had removed her hand from the equation, focusing on sitting upright and keeping her mouth still, aside from her verbal blunder. Taylor sighed, keeping in mind why he was here at all with the repetitive devotion of a monk.

"C-can you make sure not to make any noise at all?" he called out, a reasonable request given what just happened.

So of course she responded, "**Uh huh!**" Taylor promptly held his mop for dear life to not fall again.

"S-seriously! Any noise at all knocks me over! Just try keeping your mouth open and keeping quiet while I work, yeah?"

Thankfully, there was no reply. He sighed, looking further into his destination.

Maybe it's because she was sick, or maybe it was the scale he was interacting with it, but the saliva dripping and pooling around him felt far heavier and more viscous than one would expect. Not quite fully drenched, his clothes still weighed significantly more as he attempted to crawl forward. Walking wasn't an option, let alone standing. The farther along the inline of the pink field he went, the harder the logistics of '*cleaning*' started sounding. Even his goal, the far back of the mouth, was mostly obscured in darkness. Still, he could just barely make out the reddish, raw flesh that stood out from the healthy pink it should've been. At least, what he could make out behind the filmy, white slime that covered the back of her throat.

No doubt this was his quarry, inching himself along until he was halfway past her healthy molars. He was so used to seeing the braces in her smile that the plain marble of her inner jaw, despite being arguably normal, appeared quite alien. On he plodded, one splat and squelch at a time, displacing as much scum and drool as he could whether he liked it or not. The raw stench didn't help matters, forcing him to actively fight back his gag reflex to avoid adding any more mess to the swamp.

And all the time he spent, the ground below him gently lulled. Not so much to knock him down again, but enough to keep him attentively sensing each twitch, sway, and drifting motion of the mass to help anticipate where to shift his weight.

Overall, he'd had better experiences in his girlfriend's mouth. Taylor didn't know what he expected before, but the visceral mess of it all only now truly sunk in. Still, he kept internally

telling himself that as gross as this was, at least he could take it all at face value. Likely this was as gross as it would get, and that small comfort kept him moving until he reached the precipice of her throat.

For her part, Veronica was doing a fine job sensing his position, and by the time he was reaching as far back as it was safe, the line secured around him began pulling taut. Directly ahead of him was the pit of her throat, the arch of her soft palate barely a foot or two over his head while on his knees.

For a moment, he stared into the fading light over the edge of her tongue. Directly below was her epiglottis, exposing the airway her breath came out of while open. Right now, he knew he was safe, she wouldn't let him fall any further. That would just cause a number of complications, from her choking to him being smothered by her throat temporarily. He didn't want to think of the worst-case scenario.

He'd heard such stories before. All height-challenged persons like him heard them. Rumors and horror stories of tiny people being eaten by their taller counterparts. It wasn't quite a death sentence with all of the modern medical and practical home-use contingencies available; still, there was a universal dread that came with the ever-present threat of being within inches of a giant chasm that, if allowed, would and could devour your entire being into its slimy, groaning depths...

A string of goop fell with a splat onto his shoulder, he'd been standing still for some time, taking in the view and letting dormant anxieties get to him. Taylor shook his head, a decent amount of splatter tossed away in the process. He had a job to do.

"Okay, this might feel a bit weird, babe. Just try to stay as still as you can..." he called out. In accordance with his earlier request, her answer was the chamber around him lightly bobbing up and down in confirmation. Even this required him to brace himself against the mop. Once she stopped, he steadied himself as best as he could while lifting the mop with both arms. He was careful not to hit the uvula and trigger any unwanted reactions as the head of the instrument floated closer to the veiny, gooey wall ahead.

Contact. Then disaster. No sooner had the mop touched her larynx did an awful retch roar up from the pit below, and the fleshy world around Taylor compacted itself forcefully into him. The sheer force made him lose his grip on the mop, which he desperately threw his hands as far as the soft palate and tongue let him and just barely managed to grasp the end of the pole.

A second more and the tongue returned to its dormant lounge against the floor of the mouth, leaving Taylor thoroughly shaking. "R-r-r... Ronnie! If we're going to do this, you need to NOT gag every time I do something! Okay!?" He was half shouting out of stress as well as to be sure she could still hear him. The floor and air trembled around him to issue a faint yet rumbling, "**Shorreh.**"

Waiting for her to finish, he once again lifted the mop to the back of her throat, now with more focused trepidation. After the first true test of their lifeline, he ventured to lean even further than before. Over a shorter reach, he once again touched base with her throat wall. The dull squish immediately denoted the shifting of the thick mucus wall. Now touching the stuff, it was much deeper than the initially thin film had appeared from farther back. Venturing his first brush, he pushed forward and let the mop track down along the wall. Her larynx almost flexed again, another hack coughing out from below. Luckily, Veronica resisted her urge to gag this time, sparing Taylor the complication.

The thick phlegm followed the draw of the mop, building up until it became too thick to remain, finally breaking from the larynx and spilling into the throat. She must've sensed this, and Taylor must've recognized the storm before it hit, because once again the throat caved in. He had the forethought to pull back and secure the mop rather than risk losing it again by the time her tongue bucked into him and he heard a sickly, massive boom.

GLRRNK!

The world relaxed, and the pile of muck was gone. Claimed by her body, sent to join the lining of mucus and fluids in her guts. Taylor panted, recovering from the unexpected surge when he looked up to once again chastise Veronica, "Could you at least warn me when you swallow?"

Then he thought further. He could feel her head move in contemplation around, and he realized that brushing the mucus off meant she'd need to swallow every time. Taylor groaned, now understanding he'd have to endure that same experience with each brush. Begrudgingly, he called out, "Actually, let's try this: every time something's gonna drop, I'll tell ya. Then you swallow, got it?"

"**Uh huh~!**" the cave rumbled, this time Taylor was more prepared and kept his balance throughout. Reaching the mop back, he ventured another scrub, this time accumulating a larger chunk of snotty film around the mop head. So much that it actually stuck to the mop, and pulling it back showed that it wouldn't so easily come off. Taylor pondered this issue until he realized he had an ideal scrubbing surface below him. Carefully, he pulled the mop head down and began brushing it against the fibrous back of her tongue. It began bucking up again, but Veronica resisted the urge once more, holding out for the signal she was waiting on. Sure enough, the snot came off and started sliding inexorably down the slope into her throat. He didn't want it to go the wrong way and cause any more problems, so he called out promptly, "Okay, now!"

He huddled quickly, ready for the surge of hot, smacking muscle to constrict him, followed by another hefty ***GLURNK*** that ferried this latest package down.

Again grateful to still be firmly held on his perch from outside, he exhaled harshly and reached forward to proceed. As it turned out, her body had different plans. A deep, rolling gurgle caught his attention, drawing his gaze down to the writhing hole underneath. Against the usual pattern of the walls closing in, they actually expanded and forced him to fall back on his ass. What

followed was a burst of noxious, rank air erupting from her throat with a tremendous quake that shocked him to the bones. **"BOORP!"**

A normal burp. That's all it was, and even that was enough to launch him into the air and smack into her uvula. His head bounced into the right side of the pudgy tendril, continuing until hitting the top right of the throat arch above until he fell back fully onto her tongue.

Worst case scenario, this was about to cause much bigger problems. He grasped his mop and waited for the chaos to ensue. A shaking tremble rocked her tongue and soft palate, signaling the start of another retch... that never came.

Taylor, having shut his eyes in fear, opened up to see things relatively normal. Her breath was labored but slowly calmed down. He raised a brow, wondering where the result of her gag reflex was. No way did she fully resist throwing up by sheer force of will.

"Ey! 'Are'ful i' 'ere!" she called around him. As it turned out, she'd totally resisted her body's natural response to her uvula being hit.

"Huh... handy," he uttered under his breath, picking himself up from her lulling tongue, moving almost apologetically for him to find his bearings again.

"I-it's fine hun," he was back on his knees, her uvula fluttering above. Out of morbid curiosity, he risked a gentle brush of his hand down the length of the fleshy droplet. Her mouth shuddered again, but nothing extreme transpired. "Hehe, kinda cute actually."

A hum of annoyance from his partner shook him from his distraction, "S-sorry babe. Back at it." He leaned back forward, mop in hand ready to resume, "...thanks for not throwing up on me."

This is how it'd proceed for the next stretch of time: Taylor scrubbing a new load of mucus from the scummy throat wall, letting it fall into her throat, and pulling back when she gulped his efforts down. Over time, they found a fairly steady rhythm, Taylor even figuring out that he could stand upright if she leaned her head slightly back and let him hang over the chasm of her throat. From his new vantage, he actually stood beyond the entrapping seal of her tongue. Sure, he'd feel the oppressive mass weigh on his legs and pull his thread slightly back, but now he had a more reliable view of his progress at all times, brushing glob after glob of post-nasal drip into her grateful, sickly throat.

Taylor had no concept of how much time had passed beyond the amount of throat he had cleared. Even so, he noticed that an annoying amount of snot was still dripping down from higher up in Veronica's sinuses. He didn't think it wise to get involved with her sinus passage from his barely functional position. Many times, her swallowing yanked on his tether and reminded him of the very real threat he was literally surrounded by at all times. He knew she'd hold firm to his lifeline, but the organic menace never quite left the back of his mind each time he had a front-row seat to his work being dragged down the esophagus.

At the very least, however, most of the preexisting scum had been effectively cleared from her passage. From the height of her throat wall to the base of her trachea, he carefully managed to clean the tall surface to a clear red shine. Part of him wondered if he'd actually made a difference when a warm breeze gently flew past him. Aside from the intense sauna it created, he recognized it as a relieved sigh. For what it was all worth, she seemed pleased. This made all the difference, urging Taylor on to finish his work.

Another minute or so passed until Taylor fell back onto the ridge of her tongue, reclining almost comfortably into the spongy, gooey mass while taking stock of his efforts. Despite the drips of snot coming in, the sickly green phlegm was all but gone save for a few stragglers in the far corners he couldn't reach. While he'd been working, the light coming in had slowly receded until now only a sliver provided any view of the fruits of his labor. He made it work, not wanting to cause her any discomfort, though he wondered whether she'd be the one to initiate his extraction.

Slowing his panting breath to a slow, calmed tempo, he called out to the giant he was inside, "Okay babe! Think that should do it."

He waited for her response, the soft sway of his platform keeping him in quiet anticipation.

"...Ronnie? You alright?"

He was paying obscenely close attention, listening for any sign of her response. Nothing happened. Everything was unnecessarily calm, save for the usual gushy squirts and hot, steamy breath surrounding him. What was she waiting for? He turned to his side to look out her mouth and finally realized how much her lips had actually closed. He hadn't appreciated how little light was coming in by this point, prompting him to start moving forward along the tongue as best as he could.

He reached the back of her teeth after some great effort. Reaching to get a grip on her incisors and calling out again, "Hun! Get me out, I'm done."

No response again. He huffed, starting to get worried. Was she doing this on purpose?

Unfortunately, it was worse than that. It took him until now to notice, but her breathing was exceptionally calm. Slow, steady, totally relaxed. Not the measured, constant air of a person paying close attention to everything happening to her boyfriend climbing inside her mouth. Instead, the air was restful.

Like she was sleeping. And as the thought dawned on him, the exhaust surrounding him finally evolved into mild snoring.

'Christ,' he thought, hastily trying to make his way out or to at least wake her up. The medicine must've done its job faster than he expected, knocking her out like he wanted. At least, like he wanted when he wasn't in peril inside her. Taylor's blood was beginning to rush, the slop and spittle drenching feeling heavier than ever as he swung his mop around and launched it through the space between her open jaws and lips. It barely made it, reaching the outside of her lip, but hanging on the edge instead of falling out completely. Her head was still tilted back after all, so this entire effort was an uphill battle against her always active tongue.

"Ugh! How the hell do you fall asleep with me in your mouth!?" Taylor shouted, aggravated and trying to push against the small attention building in constancy from his own lively bed. In her sleep, Veronica was far less cautious with her treatment of her small boyfriend. The suds and bristling buds rubbed into his soaked skin lazily, dragging over his frantic attempts to get out like a heavy tarp. One particular surge threw him down and rolled him closer to the teeth. All he could do to not lose himself was hold tight to the white string.

When the relentless suckling gave him a moment to breathe, he did what he could to pull himself closer to the exit. Gallons of slick drool basted him again and again, the rancid air now beating his ears with the artillery blasts of her snores, the expedition had transformed into a treacherous battle with his lovely, sick girlfriend's unconscious body.

Try as he might, he couldn't get out on his own. Not with the teeth and lips providing little room for even his small build to cross. He needed an alternative. Somehow, he needed to wake her up, all that was available to him was his body and the slack of rope remaining dangling from the stretches he'd gathered in his climb.

Then he realized; her gag reflex. She might've resisted her urge to cough him or anything else up while he was cleaning, but now he was presented with a proverbial eject button. Might not be pretty, but he had little choice if his hits and cries weren't stirring her. Huffing irritably, he loosened his grip on the string, letting himself slide down the increasingly invasive plain of taste buds back to her throat. If he aimed just right, he was on a straight shot for the uvula. A wave of scum and saliva followed him on his trip until he found his target, kicking the pink sac as the string finally went taut at the end of her tongue.

Immediately, the world convulsed. A now recognizable phenomenon he was prepared for, readying himself for whatever his actions would bring. Huge, percussive booms rocked his environment, sickly hacking and gasping far too loud for any realm of comfort rioted in his eardrums. Letting go of the rope, he covered his ears while Veronica gagged and coughed a literal storm, rising guttural sounds building in the pit below. It only took a few more coughs, and her body erupted!

Green, gunky chunks shot onto Taylor over the tongue, drowning him in a mass of salty, infectious mucus that buried his senses in a disgusting tumult of snot and slime. He scrambled, throwing as much as he could from himself to move freely, let alone breathe. His face was

absolutely consumed by the gunk, forcing his equally messy hands to pull away at the adhesive, gross slop that was overly eager to make him a part of its pile.

Finally, his hand found his face, pulling a huge trailing blob from his mouth and eventually freeing his eyes and nose. His mouth came next, gasping for air amid the offensive onslaught. His body shivered in pure, unadulterated hate for his situation, grimacing at his view of his body and limbs submerged in what was likely the product of his earlier work back for revenge. There were many curses on his mind, and he was ready to scream into the dreams of his dozing love.

Until he noticed something else had changed. On top of the horrible mess he'd been absolved into, the familiar tug around his torso had disappeared. He turned his head as best he could and followed the trail of the string leading out of the mouth. Only now, it was completely slack. Even with how much ground he'd lost from the throat, there was far too much line inside the mouth. Meaning it was no longer tethered.

He was done for.

This omen came true when Veronica's unconscious mind, sensing a glob of phlegm she'd been regularly swallowing for the last hour, did what her instincts were prone to do. The tongue bucked up, rushing Taylor into a flattened seal against her hard and soft palate as the muscle urged him and the mucus along its incline until reaching her throat. Once again, the vertigo Taylor felt when he first came to this precipice returned, only now without the safety of his partner's lifeline keeping him from the deadly drop his body now pitched into. A deluge of drool and mucus-infested slop slipped into her waiting throat, his cry immediately muffled by the return of the snot covering his face as the fleshy world collapsed one last time around him...

SHGLULP

The world slipped away in a cataclysm of muscle and yearning flesh, absolving Taylor of any autonomy in his slip down into his lover's body outside of the limited freedom to move his head and find air to breathe where there was none. What started as a sheer drop became a ceaseless cycle of pulsing ministrations kneading and squeezing his helpless form into throbbing cacophony. Granted, her heartbeat was mercifully calm, aside from each steady pulse quaking the slimy tube's already oppressive seal that ferried the misbegotten morsel.

Only a small shiver of the constant vibrations came from Taylor's shrieking into the esophageal walls. Any sense of dignity and security he'd felt going into this ordeal had been stripped away with the phlegm being torn from his body by the peristalsis. He craned his head back upwards, desperate for any kind of light in the darkness. Pushing out with his elbows and legs, he squirmed and cried for any friction to halt his descent. He could hear how close he was to her heart now, just barely below its place in her chest within her torso currently propped up. At the same time, her lungs heaved almost serenely for how much space they compressed each time they filled. Over the rush and flood of oxygen and carbon dioxide entering and leaving her airways, he almost heard a trace of Veronica's voice, still snoring peacefully without a care.

Taylor's own breath was labored and desperate, his lungs on the brink of collapse from the lack of any real air. The longer her throat squeezed him the less his mind and body could struggle against whatever her unconscious insides wanted to do with him. The salty scum pouring down on him exacerbated the nightmare with a stinking, runny onslaught.

As his mind nearly reached the brink of consciousness, the vice grip searing around him built to a critical peak, crushing his legs and waist together before, miraculously, his feet popped out into an open space. Taylor's gut leaped at any sign of relief, then dropped as the esophagus shoved him along, and the truth of what was happening set in. In moments, his head was embroiled in the flesh and finally squirted out onto a slick slope along with the outflow of saliva and phlegm that accompanied him. He gasped for any breathable air, quickly using the stale supply his lungs could muster to cry out before sliding headlong into a pool of muck and froth.

His mouth and nose went under, forcing him to scramble his limbs in the thick pond to push himself above the waterline. Taylor gasped once more, his body now situated in a spongy fold that provided mild sanctuary from the unseen mire he'd been welcomed into. A roiling groan hailed his arrival, the constant polyrhythm of her breath and heart plaguing his eardrums among the new sounds of sickly splashing and bubbling muck. Nothing was visible, his aching head desperately processing what he hardly wanted to see around him. Squelching, flexing muscles lightly urged him out of the pool before contorting underneath him into another slop that forced him back in. A smaller splash had him floundering again, keeping himself afloat but at a loss for how to stay 'dry' in this swampy hell.

The concoction of vomit, the salty phlegm he was still basted in, and the last traces of the vegetable soup he ordered her sloshed him back and forth. He turned around in search of the refuge he'd just been expelled from. His soaked fingers slid helplessly over the slick veiny flesh, giving him no purchase to keep himself out of the soup before sinking back down. Forced back to a float, he turned up to the unseen ceiling and cried out, "RONNIE!!! Please! Get me out!!!"

A low grumble answered him, followed by a gaseous bubble building up and popping next to him with a blorp. He coughed profusely, close to hacking his own insides into the mix. Then a hollow ache gripped his chest, reminding him to conserve his air. Over the next minute, he forced himself to find a semblance of calm in his grim circumstance. His legs growing weary led him in search of a new place to grasp for safety. Eventually, a bobbing chunk of congealed mush nestled into the stomach floor provided a reliable surface to make land. Still, the constant splashes and slow churning kept Taylor on his toes, gripping fiercely to his last bit of semi-solid ground.

"I... I can't believe it," he started, mostly speaking aloud to add something else, something human to the ceaseless sound of digestion, "I guess... I should've expected this eventually."

He grabbed a handful of slop from his veggie-mush raft, squeezing it thoughtfully before letting it plop into the bile again, “Maybe she’ll wake up soon, then she’ll notice I’m gone and get me out.”

“Yeah... yeah, she’ll have to know something’s wrong,” he shook his slime-drenched head, shaking along with the rest of Veronica’s meal and nasal refuse as a commanding groan rocked his prison.

He listened closely, occupying his mind with any sound that stood out from the norm. Soon after, a distant, muffled squelch sounded from higher up in her torso. He could hear her sleepy voice let out a dull moan as a wet, ominous sound drew closer.

Moments later, a new slurry of mucus squirted out into the large sack. Taylor understandably grimaced, feeling no more secure in his precarious position than he’d already been. However, he noticed that the pained, labored breath he’d been struggling to pace in himself was now less strained. Curious, he realized that her continuing nasal drip would have her unknowingly swallowing more phlegm in her sleep, and likely providing more air for his environment. It wasn’t fresh by any means, but it’d sustain him. His attitude lightened, factoring in how best to use this new advantage.

All the while, her organs grumbled and churned incessantly, as they always would. Working tirelessly even in rest to process the nutrients out of anything sent into their noxious depths. Whether Taylor would fall victim to this natural, objectively unremarkable process of the human body inside his girlfriend would be left to chance...

Veronica remained propped up with several pillows supporting her back as she slouched against the headboard, her head tilted up at an angle with a line of drool dripping from the corner of her lips. The cough medicine had done its work, keeping her sedated for the better part of the last few hours since she took it, her auburn hair all the messier from her sloppy rest, scattering around her lovely round face.

A soft gurgle emitted from her lower body, rolling up through her torso until it lightly jolted her head and shoulders with a soft, “-urp”.

Her eyes blinked, her body slightly roused by the larger-than-expected gas. She groaned, hesitant to let herself wake up fully. Still, she noticed through her haze a small irritation on her lower lip. Begrudgingly, she raise her hand to remove that and the stream of slobber she’d wipe away and forget. Grabbing the mild irritation, she realized it was a solid, albeit small, object.

Curiously, she raised the nuisance to her lazy hazel eye and discovered a miniature broom. She sat perplexed for some moments, then remembered the events leading up to her nap. Her mind

went to the refreshed layer of mucus dripping down the back of her throat, swallowing another tired lump down with a grimace.

'Man, even after all that, it didn't help,' she internally lamented, snuggling down into a proper lay down on her bed. She maneuvered her pillows to more reasonably support her head laying on her side, turning toward the rest of the bed as she got more comfortable. Ready to pass right back out, her squinting eyes scanned her partner's pillow, seeking some kind of confirmation of her boyfriend's whereabouts.

She couldn't see Taylor immediately, at one point thinking an oddly shaded fold in his oversized pillow was him, then disappointed on focusing closer. Sad that he must've gone elsewhere, she pouted into her pillow, snuggling herself closer into her sheets.

'All things considered,' she thought, 'what he did was a lot to ask. I need to thank him later.' Despite her illness still dampening her mood, her heart lightened at the reminder. Thinking of a few half-formed ways to make it out to Taylor when she woke up, she fell into a much more peaceful sleep. Breath moving in and out with ease from her pink lips, the medicine working to return her sinuses to equilibrium, and her body working steadily at the meal her boyfriend got her with grumbling contentment, she'd sleep quite soundly.