

Deep Dive Into The Sleeping Bear

By: A.X. Bueno

I fly in through the window silently and settle in next to an end table to prep myself and my camera. I can't believe I'm actually here and about to do this. I see my friend... the special specimen of today's video and smile at how good a show that well... exploring him I guess is going to make. He's sleeping heavily with his predator's maw wide open, perfect for me to fly right into after I make myself a more appropriate size for that. The funniest part of this is that while we've talked about this before so on some level I'm not fully catching him unaware although what he's not aware of is that he's the reason I'm gonna be able to shrink down and do what I'm about to do. I take a swig from the shrinking potion he made for me and then quickly get to dabbing my camera, phone and everything else on me before the potion takes effect. I already took some earlier to be shrunken down enough to easily fit my bat body through the window but now after swallowing down some more I've become less than an inch tall. It's time to start rolling, I hit a button on my camera and begin whispering out the typical start to my videos.

"Heya and come along my eager crew on this latest dive into another predator's belly, this is Marcus's Digestive Dives and I'm your ever adventurous host Marcus. Since I've gotten plenty of requests to include more sleeping preds after our manticore expedition from a few weeks ago I've decided to oblige those requests with a very special pred I've been wanting to be eaten by and explore for a good while now, my friend and coworker Theo!" I gesture to the huge, sleeping spotted bear with my left wing since my right hand is holding the camera.

"He's a pretty big and handsome bear, a fellow line cook. He's a bit higher in the chain of command then I am and soon enough higher on the food chain too but we'll work up to that. We're lucky enough tonight to get to see him at his proper almost 10 foot height, he tends to shrink himself a little smaller to blend better. His mouth is open and while you can't quite see it from here his tongue is a bright red as opposed to the typical black or purplish color of a regular polar bear or even most other polar bear beastman and there's also the light blue spots which are much more visible from this angle. He's quite the special pred and I think it's about time we get a more, up close look at him and then I can take the plunge through that maw."

With all that said I finally stop talking and fly up to the big fuzzy footpaws of my polar bear buddy. It's risky and probably stupid all things considered but I want to scale him though by flying instead of physically climbing him and take my audience for a good chunk of that journey, I'll edit his face and junk when I'm back home editing the video later. I point the camera first at his black pawpads able to see some of the tiny bumps on them from this and then angle up slightly to see the fur of the top of his feet and a bit of his strong and lengthy legs. I start to fly my way up the huge spotted pillars that they are and then past them. I pass the gray and blue

briefs he's wearing that struggle to contain his girth so that a small bit of his dick is noticeably sticking out with the black against gray and blue (again I'll edit it out in post).

I take a second along the way to stop and admire the destination of my dive from the outside, his ample belly. I close the gap between my previous flying distance to be right on top of it and look up towards Theo's face to see if he noticed at all. He didn't, eyes still closed and breathing still heavy with sleeping as his maw remains in the same open position. I take a risk and move my camera to my right hand before I start gently rubbing one of the blue spots on his fur with my left. I do this for a bit, really pressing my luck and actually making the single spot glow where I'm touching it, I point that out silently to the camera since that's not something you typically see. His fur and belly are so soft and large at my minuscule size I could rub it for a long while but don't upon seeing his muzzle and large black nose twitch a little. So I leave the expansive oasis of a belly that I'll soon be on the other side of and keep flying up past the polar bear's girthy chest and long white and blue spotted neck until I'm on level with Theo's head and snout.

I don't just dive straight into my target though instead I take my time and really appreciate his gorgeous maw. What gets me gawking are those lovely carnivore canines, his fangs are huge especially compared to me. Being a fruit bat and mostly an herbivore (though I do like things like eggs or burgers or shrimp from time to time) I have smaller and less sharp fangs than the more carnivorous beastmen much less a damn polar bear like Theo whose practically got ivory daggers for his compared to the thumbtacks that mine are by contrast. His tongue is a big bright red carpet that's moist and glistening with pools of slightly murky drool that I can see through surrounded by drops of drool that come off the undulating scarlet walls and roof of his maw. It all leads to the big red dangling uvula that hangs above the teasing black abyss of his throat. I keep the camera lowered to stare into Theo's mouth while I try to catch a glimpse of the upper part of my friend's handsome face from where I'm at but it's blocked by his big muzzle and I only get to see the floofy black hair above his typical white fur. In an instance though I get a better reminder of my position on the sleeping bear as I feel a hot stream of his exhaled breath blow me back what feels like a dozen feet with how tiny I am.

It's powerful and smells like shrimp, noodles, basil and the aroma of peppermint trying its best to subdue those other scents. It doesn't fully succeed at that but Theo's breath does succeed at sucking me in because before I even realize his sharp teeth are passing over my head and I'm powerless to resist the steamy pull of his maw and fly the other way but really this is a blessing. I'm back on track to my voyage to his belly, now being inside his spacious maw and of course it's warmer and wetter than it was on the outside with a drop of drool hitting me in the face and another barely missing my wings and almost making me collide with the massive tongue. On any other occasion I wouldn't have minded that and allowed myself to plop onto the tongue of my predator, let them get a good taste of bat but I want to maintain Theo's slumber for now, for both his sake and the sake of my viewers getting what I said they would.

Since I spent a good chunk of time showing off my ursine amigos maw and body from the outside I decide to spend a little less time on the details inside and get to the throat slightly quicker than usual. I stare longingly into it, at this size I'm barely a small pill to be swallowed by the big bear though I'm still not sure how well that will keep me undetected by him and his slick, probably sensitive throat. My camera has a light source on it which cuts through the darkness of the pulsating throat as I flap my wings to stay airborne and a bit above the tastebuds at the back of Theo's tongue and all I can do is look down. I hear a soft gurgle telling me that the stomach is empty and I smile at the thought of entering it (despite not even being a fully bitten morsel right now) before I relax my wings and let myself fall, trusting Theo's body to take me further into itself. The meaty throat grips me tight in what feels like several minutes but is probably only a second or two.

Some would think I've got a crazy death wish to be letting myself go snout first into the digestive system of an apex predator much less a sleeping one and he's not my first or even 20th time doing this though he is my first sleeping bear. It's dangerous sure especially when I could get stuck in my friends belly if I don't wake him up with enough time but I'm a diver into the gurgling inner workings of my fellow beastman and pretty good line cook, I don't just flirt with danger I intimately dance with it as if it knows only me. That said I'm broken out of these thoughts by a sloshing noise from below as Theo's throat continues to push me along with no difficulty, I feel movement and hear a low groan this time from above almost like he's about to get up. But almost immediately I hear the steady heaviness of his sleeping breathing pattern again and I know he hasn't really woken up. I continue on my path through squelching throat muscle that is typically for food, joined by sticky saliva that passes by me and teases me by heading to my destination first.

Ba-thump

Glooorppp

Ba-thump

Grooooooannn

I hear Theo's practically overpowering heartbeat and feel it all around me too in between groans and glorps of the belly I'm now so close to finally plopping into. I feel absolutely dwarfed by the sheer amount of living flesh, unconscious movements and sounds all around me dragging me along for what feels like hours but I know is barely a minute at best. After thinking that I then begin to feel something different at the bottom of my footpaws, it's a bit softer but also more firm and still than the regular throat muscles, less slick with spit but still moist and slimy, feels like a valve. I guess I've made it to the esophageal sphincter, it pulls me down fast and I'm thrust through its squishy embrace into the rancid, humid open air of a ginormous bear's gut. While my

wings are too gunked up with slime, spit and pressure from peristalsis to properly fly I could at least spread them out and give myself a bit of lift to slow my descent towards the bottom of the belly but I don't.

Letting myself fall naturally like I'm doing allows me to get some exquisite "aerial" shots of almost the entire stomach and the sphincter that just thrust me forward as well as saves me energy and adds time especially since my wings just went through that organic wringer. I soak in all that expansive lovely rugae, the many folds, the small pool of clearish acid sitting at the bottom, the sheer vastness of such a big predator's belly, and the color as well which is the same deep scarlet as his throat and tongue. I'm snapped out of my admiration with a firm, wet **PLOP** as I splash down into the bottom of Theo's mostly empty belly.

"I hope you all enjoyed that powerful display of ursine peristalsis, I know I did. As you can see my fellow gastric divers, my plunge naturally has splashed me down into the tummy of my bear coworker/boss. Other people would probably be absolutely terrified of a situation like this assuming they somehow managed to get into a situation like this at all but as any long time viewer can tell you I'm just built different that way. So I can keep calm as I take in the stomach of my still slumbering friend here and take you all with me on the ride but remember that bears, even bear beastman, of any species can be dangerous. So with that reminder don't try to get eaten by bears or any other beastman/animal. What I do is very risky and I acknowledge those risks and while I might not be any sort of 'true professional' I know what I'm doing."

Mid video disclaimer over, now I begin my favorite part of these digestive dives, looking around and giving my audience a good show of the stomach as I settle into it but this time feels a bit different. I think some more about how this is Theo's gut and let that thought truly sink in. The memories I associate with it, wondering with morbid curiosity what the inside of it looked like when the white shirt of his chef's uniform could barely contain it or rolled up ever so slightly. When he'd be busy chowing down on his lunch and I couldn't help but surreptitiously watch and blush in the cumulative hours we've sat together in the back room of Winston's when we both had our lunch break, seeing it jiggle briefly with his sudden movements while preparing the next dish for work, or when we made each other laugh and I could see it shake up and down. There's just a mesmerizing quality to Theo's belly and Theo himself really I think as I lay one of my miniscule paws against his slick, squishy stomach lining.

"I've gotta say fellow gastric divers that there's a real tranquility to the belly of a sleeping predator. The heartbeat is slower, the breathing a more calm, softer background noise, the stomach almost completely empty except for a few small spare pools of saliva and forgotten mush. The smell is about the same though but I'm all too used to that."

I say as I just move the camera and record footage of the big bear belly that dwarfs and surrounds my currently mite sized body. Observing the vastness of a ursine goliath's gut, shifting stomach folds, acid and saliva mixing together as they drip and secrete from every spot and angle, the almost total emptiness of hours unfed stomach, along with every subtle movement. It's all so powerful and peaceful that I almost feel wrong for merely disturbing it even as I make my best efforts to not be felt by my sleeping friend. A powerful **SQUELCH** and squeezing of the wavy living walls around me after minutes of zipping around for footage tells me to start wrapping things up. I can just tell Theo could wake up soon...very soon.

GLURCHHH
GGGURGLE

"Well I can hear the more active noises of the stomach picking up. That means my ursine friend will be up soon so I'll end this video here since getting out of a belly isn't nearly as fun or as much a sight to behold as getting into one. I delivered on my promise of taking a dive into a sleeping predator. Leave a comment to let me know what you might want to see me do next and what you think of my handsome pred here. With all that said so long and hopefully you'll come along on my next digestive dive." I close out and quit leaning on the part of the stomach wall I was touching for emphasis then proceed to give a goodbye wave and turn off the camera.

Now I just need to get out and back to my own home so I can start editing this as soon as possible though probably after a nap, being sneaky like this has been exhausting. Good thing I had my exit plan from the beginning, get Theo's attention so he could cough me back up. Sure it's a risky and fairly basic plan but my phone which I brought with me should make it easy to do plus it would feel wrong if I posted the video without Theo knowing about it before I did so. Sneaking into him was dubious enough. I don't need to add posting something like this without his knowledge so I unlock my phone, go to my recent calls and then put my phone to my ear as I hear it start to ring.

"Unnhhhh, hello? **Grraaayegggh**...Marcus?" Theo yawns out

"Hey buddy. Uhhh... how's it hanging?"

"It's 8 in the morning...on a Saturday, when we don't have work. What's going on that couldn't wait till morning and why can I hear gurgling in the background of wherever you are right now?"

"Ummm, funny story about that. Remember when I told you about my show and how I'd get you to eat me for it someday?"

“Yeah and I brushed it off because I’m confident you’d never make it past my gnashing fangs or my sense of smell and generally heightened bear senses.”

“Well you might want to rethink all that because...I kind of... succeeded.”

“What, no you did-” I then hear the sounds of Theo sniffing at the air then smacking his lips. From the phone it sounds subdued and like typical background noise but somewhere up above blocked from current view by that squishy sphincter and relative meters of throat flesh I can hear sounds more like a small twister fading in and out followed by sounds similar to waves crashing on a shore.

“Fresh ice and blueberries, that’s my magic! YOU DIDN’T?!” I then see an indent coming from one of the walls slightly above me, no doubt Theo trying to figure out where I am with his fingers.

“Well uhh, I actually did. I’m just kind of flying around in here right now. In-in my defense... you did challenge me to ‘just try and sneak into me, you’re never going to manage it unless I allow it’ and welllll...”

“I can’t believe you were insane enough to actually try...or that you seriously succeeded. That you’re somewhere in my belly. I tasted my magic on you, how even...?”

“If you want to know how I pulled off sneaking into your big bear gut, just cough me up and we can talk about it, heheh” I laugh nervously after that bold sentence and hope Theo is truly curious to do something like that while his belly gurgles all around me.

“Hmmm...” He’s thinking on it.

“If you’re worried I’ll bolt on you after you let me out don’t be. I want to show you the video I took, get your actual approval and all, I’ll blur anything...sensitive. Plus I’m going to see you at work Monday, I’d be an idiot to think I could dodge facing you on this.”

“...video? Oh *rightttt*, your show. I’ll think about letting you out but in the meantime I’ve got something that I think I should do first.”

“Oh. What’s that?” Silence then I hear loud gulps again from above me, soon there is a **splishh** as a fluid pours in from that small esophageal opening and I’m then covered in some strange fluid.

“What the heck is this-**WOAH**” I feel my body changing as the stomach feels like it’s getting smaller... and I’m getting bigger.

“Bit of growth potion. I wanted a better idea of where you are and also a bigger meal. Now I can feel you right about... **there**.” I feel a protrusion in the wall poke me in the ribs, almost certainly Theo’s finger. With me being more medium dog sized now and less mite size I’m able to take it and it’s able to really feel me.

“Ow. Shouldn’t that affect you too?”

“Nope. I’m maintaining my size with magic and I meant for that swig of potion to hit you square on.”

“Okay. So what happens now? When are you going to let me out?”

“I’ve been thinking on it and when I think about you sneaking right into my stomach for your show and wanting footage of it and all that, that maybe you’d want to stay a bit longer, be a part of it. I’m sure you’ve been planning this all for a while and that it wasn’t too easy to slip and slide down the old bearimentary canal if you, don’t you want to stay in there a little longer and soak in all those slimy sights?”

“Ya-you’re joking right? Right, Theo??” This is unexpected

“Nope. I’m totally serious. I’m not letting you out, of course I won’t let you die either since that’d just be cruel and I do like you but you’re going to get the whole bear digestion experience. It’ll be a ride you’re not going to forget, trust me.”

“But how am I going to survive that?! Why would you do that? I thought we were friends and it’s like I had any bad intentions by doing this. I’m more than willing to cut you in, to all of it! What about my camera?”

“*Relaxxx*, I’m not trying to hurt you or your precious camera but when you take the plunge into the sleeping bear you gotta know the risk you’re taking. I’m gonna make sure you’ll be fine after you digest but don’t think you’ll always be so lucky. Taking chances with preds can catch up to you if you’re not careful and let yourself become reckless. Anyway, I’m going back to sleep in a minute. So I’ll see you in a couple of hours.”

“Wait, what?! You can’t go back to sleep! You’re actually going to let me digest?! What’s going to keep me safe after that!?”

I start pounding on the red stomach walls which squish and squelch around my fists, absorbing every punch scarily well. That distracts me from something slipping past the esophageal sphincter, again. A small, liquid filled bottle which conks me on the head. I pick it up fast and give it the once over, it's a dark red in color with swirls of black, bubbling and in that same type of corked bottle Theo likes putting his potion that don't have labels on them. I'm not sure what to do with it but then Theo's voice is back on the phone again which surprises me because I figured he ended the call.

"That's reformation potion. It'll teleport your body out of mine when it's done with you and then reform it back to how it was. In the meantime you'll just have to wait for my body to be done with before that kicks in or maybe if you squirm well enough for me I'll let you out sooner... but I wouldn't bet on that happening."

"*Sigh*. What about my camera?" I ask as I hold it in my arms keeping it above the slowly rising level of stomach acid as best I can.

"The reformation potion works on basically anything, just pour some on it, it absorbs quickly. I hope you come out of there having learnt a lesson, talk to ya again soon." There's a casualness with how he says that as I feel his finger on the outside prod me within his chamber like stomach.

"You've eaten people before me, haven't you?"

"Yep. You're not my first live prey by a long shot. I wish I had gotten the chance to taste you though, I can almost imagine the flavor and it's goood. Maybe another time, assuming I need to teach you a lesson again." I can just barely hear Theo lick his lips as he says that, it's a sloppy, wet, bristly sort of sound as tongue combs over fur that makes me blush despite myself and I'm so glad Theo can't see that right now.

I hear a click from my phone telling me that he hung up and I'm technically alone now in the belly of the polar bear, surrounded on all sides by the moving walls of his belly and body. Stuck to digest underneath his squishy fat, layers of different colored flesh and white and blue spotted fur. That's what I should have expected when I decided to take a ride through the digestive tract of a sleeping bear but I was hoping for different results anyway. Was hoping for friendship to get me coughed up but I shouldn't have expected what I did to be forgiven so easily. I rub at one of the folds in the stomach wall till I hear what I'm sure was meant to be a soft moan from Theo but the sound is louder in here so it's not soft but fairly loud instead.

I don't believe that will actually get me out of here but I thought I'd go for it anyway. All that's left to do is sit and stew in the stomach I can now say I know the inside of, dating my long

held curiosity at the cost of eventually becoming bear pudge. I've gotta trust this potion really does work as I drink the red and black liquid then slather it on my camera and phone to ensure that I still have both and the footage for the video that I hope my audience enjoys for what it's cost me. I don't even know if I'll be teleported back home or just to somewhere in Theo's house by the potion, knowing him there's a good chance for it to be either assuming it does everything he says but he's usually trustworthy with his potions and generally. I hear my polar bear buddy start snoring again as I finish using the last of the reformation potion and think that one thing is sure. If I survive this in one piece me and him will have one hell of a conversation either tomorrow or Monday and I'm sure we'll both be joking and laughing through it because that's just how we are.