

Digestive Science
By Angelus

Vaeiri held a beaker of bubbling liquid over a different beaker of bubbling liquid, and was slowly tipping one to pour it into the other. The srothar was keeping her breathing steady, and her blue eyes were focused hard on the task. She tipped her hand just a bit more... And then something like a punch to the gut made her recoil, and the beaker she was holding fell from her hand and clattered to the counter, spilling its contents all over.

"Ugh! I told you to keep still!" She hissed and whalloped the bulge in her stomach with a balled fist. There was a muffled yelp from within her churning guts, followed by more rowdy resistance. Her yellow belly scales shifted as hands and feet tried to press their way out of her stomach, but the struggling was annoying at most.

"If you would just settle down and digest I wouldn't have to work on a digestive aide to make you digest faster, you know that? It's a huge waste of my time. I have other things to work on, but I can't because you keep messing me up!" Vaeiri complained as she wrapped her arms around her stomach and gave it a tight, vice-like squeeze. There was another whine from inside her guts, and her meal settled down, for the moment.

"That'll teach you. Alright, let's get this cleaned up..." She sighed at the bubbling mess on her table, and she moved to get some paper towels. She turned on her heel to face the clean-up station behind her, and she leaned forward to grab a paper towel dispenser. Her hand just missed it though, as her belly rocked forward and knocked the towels over, making them fall out of reach and bounce to the floor, unrolling in the process.

Vaeiri slapped a hand to her face, exasperated. "Do you see what I mean?" she complained to her churning belly bulge. "You make even the simplest things more difficult!" She placed a hand on her back, just above her tail, and grunted as she bent her knees to kneel down and grab the paper towels that had rolled away from her. Normally, this would be easy, but carrying her weight in struggling meat in her gut made bending down AND getting back up a real pain.

She snatched the towels and ripped off the ones that had unrolled from it, needing them anyways. With another grunt, she grit her teeth and stood back up feeling the strain in her back and knees. Her gut bounced, hanging between her legs, and she wrapped her free arm under it to steady it. Being more mindful of her stomach this time, she approached the messy counter sideways, and sopped up the spill with the towels, and then disposed of them properly.

Her stomach bulge continued to complain. "If eating me is SUCH an inconvenience, why do it? Let me out!"

"No. You're also part of an experiment. If I let you out, it'll ruin it," Vaeiri explained.

"And what exactly is the experiment?" the gurgling voice demanded to know through thick belly scales.

"Not important for you to know, since you're gonna digest really soon, ideally." Vaeiri had no interest in speaking with the experiments, especially not the ones she had to eat. "Now shut up, again, and stop moving, again." She turned toward her workstation, and this time she slammed her stomach against the side of it as hard as she dared. It stung, but judging by the shout from inside, it was worse for her unruly experiment.

She gave her stomach a tap, but it wasn't moving for the moment. She doubted they were silent for good, but it was enough that she felt she could resume her work. Vaeiri grabbed a spare beaker from a rack and gave it a swirl, eyeing the contents closely. Satisfied with what she was seeing, she resumed her work, hovering it over the first beaker, and tipping it in slowly, drop by drop.