

Snorkeling trip gone wrong

by Fischie

(Soft vore, implicit digestion)

Ilbv was happily going about his snorkeling trip, a small under-water camera in one hand and a flashlight in the other, taking various pictures of all kinds of interesting animals he saw while idly paddling along the shore line just a hundred metres off the beach. By now he had seen all kinds of fish, from small to large, from bottom dwelling flounders, over snakelike eels to agile jacks. It all just seemed so peaceful and harmonic how the animals would go about their day, most of them not even minding his presence while he took dozens of pictures.

From time to time Ilbv took a deep breath and swam down to some interesting rock formations within in order to look at what would live inside of them. And for the most part his curiosity was rewarded with some really nice opportunities for a few pictures worthy of their own post card. The best part was when he discovered a sting ray in one of those caves and Ilbv just laid himself flat on the sandy bottom, watching the pancake shaped creature until he almost ran out of air.

After that he had to stay at the surface for a minute in order to catch his breath but when he dived back down to see what else he could discover, most of the fish were no longer there. The exact same spot that had been teeming with large sea life just a minute ago suddenly seemed so vacant. He had an idea what this could mean and turned around trying to see if one of his predatory friends had come over to pay him a visit and just after going for another refreshing breath, something soft hit his diving fins and a sudden pressure was exerted on his waist.

He looked down on himself only to discover that the lower half of his body was shielded from his view by the jaws of a large shark. At first he thought his friend Talon was playing games with him but after a second look Ilbv quickly realised that he was in fact being eaten by an unknown shark, which sent shivers down his spine. While he had nothing to fear from the aquatic predator's stomach acids, he could still get bitten in half, suffocate or drown.

In order to avoid being injured by the many sharp teeth which pressed into his neoprene wetsuit, he tried to move as little as possible, simply letting himself be devoured in an almost routine fashion. It was pretty obvious that his predator did not mind that one bit as the shark ripped its scary jaws open in quick succession, each time pressing a little more of Ilbv into its tight throat.

This shark seemed to be a lot smaller than his great white friend for it had significant problems getting his hips down its gullet. Being experienced in those kinds of situations, Ilbv crossed his arms over his chest, not wanting them to stick out of the shark's jaws for fear of the wild creature breaking them or worse. Soon his head went past the two sets of serrated teeth, fortunately without any undue impact.

Now that the most dangerous part of being eaten by a shark was over, Ilbv could relax a little bit, at least until the constant pull of the shark's strong esophagus pulled his body deeper, so that his crossed arms and his shoulders were blocking the entrance to the predator's gullet, while his finned feet already

pushed into the stomach. Carefully stretching out his arms again Ilbv managed to make himself thin enough to be swallowed whole. As if the shark had been waiting for this to happen, it gulped one final time, sending the head of its prey down into its throat, where powerful rings of muscle pressed him onwards, letting Ilbv slide into the shark's stomach like an avalanche.

As with any shark, the stomach was J-shaped and it also appeared that a grown man was about as much food as this particular shark could take in at once. Ilbv was forced into a weird pose, with his legs following the contours of the bent part of the J-shaped organ, while his torso was mostly stretched out, except for his head which was also bent sideways in order to fit in the small sack of muscle. He could feel how a few hard objects periodically poked his wetsuit as his predator seemed to be calmly swimming away. Deep inside the satisfied shark's midsection, Ilbv managed to flex his tight confines enough to operate his flashlight, revealing the hard pointy objects as bones from fish and other previous meals.

The eaten snorkler tried to relax as much as possible in his environment, trying to conserve as much valuable oxygen as possible as, announced by a series of low groans, the flesh surrounding him sprang into motion and started to knead him while stinking fluids were flowing into the digestive chamber from many glands in its walls.

When the acids had filled up about ten percent of the stomach, the gentle swaying of the shark's gut was suddenly replaced by violent and rapid motions. All Ilbv could tell was that his predator seemed to be moving at full speed making frequent sharp turns which sent the liquid contents of the stomach splashing around furiously. After a minute of experiencing what it would feel like to be in a running washing machine, a loud scratching sound pierced Ilbv's ears while the shark was suddenly decelerating, causing the man in its stomach to be pressed against the entrance to the predator's throat, right before a tsunami of acids and fish bones washed over him.

The weird sound was repeated several times and his captor began to move left and right for a few seconds, before, accompanied by the scraping sound, the shark appeared to move backwards in a jerking fashion. But before Ilbv could wonder what was going on, his surroundings started to shake as if he was in the middle of an earthquake. To his great surprise the stomach started to flex and push him back up the way he came. To his luck going up that shark's gullet was a lot quicker than the way down and after five seconds, he managed to pull himself out of the creature's jaws and headed right for the near surface of the ocean, wanting nothing more than to fill his lungs with fresh air again.

After a few life saving gasps of air, Ilbv turned around to look back at the creature that had tried to turn him into lunch and find out why it has let him go. Once the bubbles around his diving mask cleared, he stared right into the terrified eyes of his previous captor, right before a set of massive jaws closed in front of them. The shark which had been perfectly capable of eating him was now nothing but a big twitching bulge in the body of his friend Talon, who sent his reluctant meal down his gullet with impressive ease. Three and a half metres of shark could now do nothing but await its fate, which laid currently in the stomach of an enormous great white.

When Ilbv poked his head into the air again to breathe, he finally noticed, that his diving fins were missing and that he had to kick with his feet a lot more than he desired just to stay afloat. Apparently they were still inside the other shark's stomach. After a few seconds Talon also held his head above the water so he could talk to his human friend. "Are you injured?" asked the white shark, seemingly worried about his friend's well being.

"I'm fine, just really exhausted. Spending a few minutes in an unfamiliar shark's stomach without much air certainly was a depriving experience" answered the tired human while holding on to the shark's snout so he would not go under or float away. "Come on, let's head to the cave and get you some rest." said Talon.

Already being accustomed to using his white shark friend as means of transportation, Ilbv took another deep breath and shifted his position, holding on to his friend's dorsal fin with both arms. When Talon noticed that his human was properly attached to his frame, started swimming to a large under water cave which had a large air pocket, some dry floor as well as a nice access tunnel. The both of them often used this cave to hang out, talk or relax and the shark easily navigated the U-shaped tunnel which ended in something like a pond inside the cave system. Thankfully the routine trip only took about a minute so Ilbv was totally fine when he let go of the shark's fin and crawled on the rocky surface. Still covered in his wetsuit, the human found the solid rock floor more than comfortable enough and stretched himself out with a relieving sigh.

"How did you end up inside that other shark anyway?" asked Talon in a tone as if being eaten alive was about as normal as the commute to work. "I don't really know what exactly what had happened. I was just snorkeling and when I went to the surface for air, it just attacked me. I have never seen this particular one before and I guess I am lucky that it did not use those teeth." answered Ilbv while idly staring at the ceiling. "And... are you going to let it out again?" he added in a half curious half pleading voice.

"We'll see about that." answered Talon in a stern tone "For one, that shark tried to consume my friend, secondly I was really hungry until I happened to find it while following your scent and lastly that shark might eat you again if I let it go and maybe I will not be able to find you in time."

"But that creature in your stomach could well be your cousin. Doesn't that make you feel bad, or at least awkward?" continued the human.

"Not at all. I might be friends with a human but I am still a shark. We would eat your brothers and sisters if they presented us with a nice opportunity. Now I think you should get some sleep and let me worry about my meal."

The human was far too tired to engage in a discussion about cannibalism and instead closed his eyes and let the periodic sounds of the nearby water washing against the rocks lull him into sleep, while Talon kept watch on him.

When Ilbv woke up again, the first thing he saw when he turned his head sideways was the toothy face of Talon who rested his head on the floor right next to him. After exchanging a few polite words, Ilbv went up and walked around the water hole. He could see that his friend had resumed his usual sleek shape where not too long ago a frantically struggling bulge had been.

"I see you decided to pardon your cousin" said the human, walking back to Talon's head.

"Turns out lunch and I actually were related."

"Talon, I need to go back to the surface. Do you think I could travel inside of you?"

The shark replied by shifting his position until his head was perpendicularly sticking out of the water and then opened his jaws again.

After that invitation, the human simply stepped right into the cavernous maw of his friend, letting his feet slide into Talon's throat. He still held on to his snout for balance but once his arms were the last things remaining outside, he let go and simply let gravity move him into the stomach of his sharky friend. Ilbv immediately noticed how much more roomy a giving Talon's stomach was compared to that of the other shark. While he had stretched that one's stomach as much as it could, he was hardly more than an appetizer for a predator as big and ravenous as Talon.

It was a common trade the two did: The human would get free, safe and speedy under water transportation, while the shark could enjoy the feeling of said human crawling around in his belly which was like a very welcome massage.

After the human was fully inside his belly, the shark began to swim out of the cave and into the blue ocean. During one of the turns something firm, yet elastic was pushed against Ilbv. Wondering what the object was, he turned on his flashlight and illuminated the stomach, revealing the mysterious object as one of his diving fins.

"Guess the other one got digested, oh well." ilbv relaxed back in Talon's stomach as his Shark friend swam happily to the surface.