

Forgotten

By R.S. Dawgstein.

Desperate, he managed to jam his feet and lower legs into a fleshy pink trench, which like a foundation digging, ran around the entire perimeter of stone white edifice. The vast object itself was the tallest in a parade line of similar structures; a sharp, rocky palisade rearing above a soaked shoreline of gum. A mirror image counterpart hung upside down from an expansive, curved firmament of rough ridged, pigmented sky. The splotchy sky roofed over a dim and constantly surging landscape of fleshy red soaked in acres of glistening jelly thick drool.

Dr. Wurst gripped the nearest thing truly solid in this vast organic world of drool and moving flesh. His claws and arms hugging the building tall curved cone of stone. It's enamel walls coated in bacteria bio-film, the only thing allowing him purchase on an immense tooth. A vast canine fang belonging to a collie.

A sideways glance, terrified eyes clamped shut from witnessing the surging living river of pebbled pink, it's center channel curled to channel a steamy warm stream of cola dark liquid towards unseen subterranean depths deeper than mountain roots.

He did not witness the tongue tip, coated in strings of drool sweep by a mere foot on his millimeter scale. A single tendril of drool, like a giant squid tentacle, wrapped a thigh thick gelatin strand around his waist. Plucking him loose from his perch and perversely flinging him down into a pool at the bottom of a dim chasm which lay underneath a terrace of flattened dog incisors.

Yelping drowned out by drool wrapped like a scarf round his muzzle, Wurst's landing was cushioned by the yielding protein stranded, gelatin waters. He found himself in a dimmer, but still lit region of wet pink flesh...

Gathering his wits, Wurst bore witness to an overwhelming and surging underside of rounded, linear ridges lined with glistening wet folds and bumps. The tar thick mixture holding him fast within the almost waist deep lake he found himself in. Air saturated with fog thick dog mouth stink, dog breath, drool and odors of stale coffee.

To his sublime horror, he found himself pin pointing his likely location, right in front of where the front base of tongue lay anchored in a foundation of oral cavity; the lingual fenulum.

...A brief swallow of bad coffee laced with grounds. Collie mouth agape, Dr. Sofia's long tongue probed the roof of her mouth and upper teeth for the source of that irritation...

Wurst's entire field of view was dominated by rearing underside of living structure flexing and flowing like confined lava behind stretchy folds of colossal flesh. Suddenly, the living Tsunami of flesh leaped skywards towards the oral cavern roof, under tip curling over like a breaking wave above the forgotten fleck of living canid.