

A Special Snake Exhibit

(A Short Soft Vore Story—*contains Endo Full Tour*)

Jack had been excited about moving in two blocks away from the science museum since the day he'd discovered how close he'd live to it on Googlemaps, a few days after learning his family would be moving house into the city. Two months later and his enthusiasm hadn't dampened in the slightest. The museum was one of the more active, and creative, in the country, and so new exhibits popped up in three-week increments, staggered across the five floors of the grand building. Sometimes they even had meteorology and botany displays, complete with miniature weather system recreations in glass tanks and live exotic plants, on the roof. Needless to say, Jack was a science kid, just out of middle school. School seemed piddly compared to an entire afternoon spent wandering the hallways, taking in the ever-changing exhibits.

Though he was understandably disappointed to see the *Dimetrodon* and *Edaphosaurus* animatronic shows had been moved on to the national museum, what had taken their place was equally awesome-sounding:

For three weeks only this May—the 5th floor welcomes “Explore the Snakes of the World” scientific exhibit! From the 1st until the 21st we will be hosting many interactive snake-themed displays designed to improve your knowledge and appreciation for these amazing animals! Includes a reptile-specialist supervised showing of living snakes for the kids, interactive video tours of a snake’s journey through over thirty species and habitats, and the long-awaited Snake Slide—experience what it would be like to be swallowed by a snake and tour the snake digestive system! (must bring swimwear to ride and have children under 5 be chaperoned by an adult over the age of 21) Only three weeks to experience the new Snakes of the World exhibit! Admission is free!

If there was any creature that fascinated Jack more than bugs, sharks and prehistoric beasts—it was snakes. Now, living so deep in the city’s urban regions he hadn’t seen a live snake in months. This exhibit was coming at just the right time! He didn’t doubt he would end up visiting it nearly every day for the duration of the show.

After school was out he burst from the back door and jogged across the soccer field, ignoring the guttural jabs that the players practicing there threw his way. Jack

slipped out the back gate and onto the sidewalk before it had flooded with groups of kids making their way onto buses and into minivans. He could see the large windows of almost black tinted glass in the ashy top floor of the museum poking out over the top of the bank across the street. Not far to go and he'd be the first kid to stroll into the fifth floor exhibit in the entire school.

He jaywalked at a run as a minivan awkwardly pulled into a space, blocking other cars for just a few seconds. He hugged the bank wall, slipping past several women walking their dogs and emerged on the opposite side of Main Street South. Luckily he had the red light on his side this time, and as he slowed down in the archway of the museum entrance the attendant there smiled and waved him through. The girl seemed to be college age—she'd worked there nearly every afternoon since Jack had lived nearby, and by now he'd been to the place often enough she knew him on sight.

He rode the elevator up, knees bouncing in impatience as he watched the digital number climb higher. It was one of those slow, public elevators. The cheapo version in state buildings meant for common folk to use. Finally the bell sounded a cheerful “ding!” and the doors slid open to the Snakes of the World exhibit entrance. Jack stepped out and grinned, almost with the wide jaws of a snake himself. Beyond the banner the very first thing he saw was a huge climbing terrarium, so large it could not be made of glass alone but glass slats between steel struts. The décor inside the terrarium was a huge faux rainforest tree, roots twisted to form occasional soaking pools with sprinklers providing tiny waterfalls and misters for the tropical snakes inside. Up against the glass with a pair of small kids watching was one of the snakes—a huge reticulated python, easily a 15-footer. The serpent was basking peacefully in a heat lamp, seemingly unbothered by the excited and fidgeting kids. All around the sides of the big terrarium were walls lined with smaller exhibits and the more simple glass terraria for the smaller specimens.

Jack's attention was immediately drawn to the live creatures along the left side, where no other museum-goers had congregated yet. A pair of lustrous and curious-looking California kingsnakes peered out at him from a pile of coils in their shaded hide, purplish tongues flickering. Next door Jack spotted the head of a horned viper, glaring out at visitors with a weariness that the kid understood immediately. Snakes were quiet and humble creatures, usually. And humans were certainly not, which they made known with every earthquake of a step and bawdy, unsubtle gesture!

Jack watched the snakes for a while, eyes shining as he recognized many exotic species. But as the hour wore on, inevitably the space in the fifth floor became more crowded, more noisy. It was harder and harder to really absorb the interactive habitat games and enjoy the intricacies of a giant model of a rattlesnake head which injected “venom” (really colored water) into a giant version of a milking tube. Jack decided to just move on to the last section of the exhibit, which was around the bend next to a row of shelves meant to storing kids’ shoes.

To his dismay he discovered a red rope had been hooked up across the hall, a sign hanging on it:

We apologize for the inconvenience—the Snake Digestive System Model Slide is temporarily out of order as it has not been set up properly yet.

“Aw, dammit.” Jack kicked at the pole holding up the rope a bit. It had sounded like a cool ride, and it ought to have been set up by now, on opening day. But he brightened up as he noticed no attendant to direct him away; surely it wouldn’t hurt just to take a quick look at the ride entrance, right? Glancing about he slipped under the red rope and tip-toed to the end of the small hallway.

It was more dimly lit here, with only one recessed bulb giving out a dull gold tint to everything. Before him was a jumbled setup of poles and ropes meant to control a line of eager brats, now lying uselessly to the side. Directly under the lighting was the massive model maw—crafted to look exactly like the gaping jaws of a reticulated python, but obviously much larger than was ever possible.

Jack approached with widened eyes, straining hard to see the details in the low light. Whatever material they’d used to make the mouth flesh and gums was incredibly life-like, almost shining with saliva. Maybe rubberized vinyl? There had to have been some sort of water jet built in as well as the inner surfaces were dripping wet. The boy set his hand down lightly on the tip of a huge hooked tooth, admiring that it was quite sharp, even if meant to be a kid’s ride.

He jumped back as the end of the tracheal tube flexed and a deep billowing puff of air blew by his face. He laughed; they’d somehow gotten animatronics involved in this thing too? The museum had really shelled out on this model this time. Usually it was some painted-up fiberglass item, occasionally with a different texture or two. This was *realistic*—almost disturbingly so!

No doubt the moment it opened scared snot-nosed kids would have the museum staff closing it down again. Peeking back over his shoulder and seeing no one to scold him, he decided that this first chance to ride might also be the only chance, and he knelt down next to the scaled lips of the mouth and leaned inside.

The jaws began closing on his upper half, a deep red tongue slipping out from in front of the tracheal tube and looping each fork behind the soles of his shoes. The boy yelped. Was this meant to happen? More animatronics, with some kind of motion tracker to set the movements off? Whatever the inner workings of the model were it was definitely tugging him into the python's jaws all the way and it would be better to sit still and ride it out than struggle and end up pinched, prodded and bruised by the mechanical actions of the mouth.

There had to have been some sort of water spraying device hidden somewhere. Jack felt the sudden increase in moisture, his hands slicking across the healthy pink of flesh in the back of the mouth and being instantly soaked. Ugh, probably why the flyer mentioned swimsuits, Jack thought though it was far too late to try and pull himself out and find some trunks. His feet slipped inside and he was now completely cocooned in the slippery mouth, wedged between the rows of sharp sickle-like teeth. His head was thrust over the narrow channel of throat, which looked just as wet and slippery as the dampened maw textures. He supposed it was supposed to work like a waterslide, and with as much a shrug as he could manage in the tight confines he shimmied forward and let his shoulders dip down against the rubbery throat.

The oddness continued. Jack would have expected LED lighting along the track—lighting up the areas of interest for the scientifically curious and showing off the detailed sculpt-work of their snake innard models—but as he was scooted forward into the esophagus section he squelched into soft, confined darkness. Or at least, he suspected it was the esophagus section. Again, nothing to illuminate any labelling. One strange thing after another! Jack grunted as his arms were pushed tighter against his sides, feeling the liquid sprayed from the mouth area getting his T-shirt damp and tacky. Tacky? Why yes... it must have had something else mixed in besides water. Gelatin, maybe? It was the only thing he could think of to get such a slimy sensation. *This* was probably why this ride had been shut down prematurely—not the risk of little kids jabbing themselves on the life-like teeth, but of little kids getting too messy for their parents' patience and then freaking out at the darkness and claustrophobic space.

Lack of space! Jack wriggled against the tugs of the rubbery substance containing him and mimicked a snake himself to uncatch his shoulder from it. He slid forward as a result, into something softer than rubberized vinyl. His hands finally had a bit of room to grope about the space, and he wore a puzzled grimace at how distendable the walls now were. There must not have been a fiberglass shell around this section to give it more “give”. Jack giggled and shook his head—what next, a ball pit? The watery liquid pooling around him sloshed as he scurried upright. He tried to squint and seek out the tiniest iota of light—nada. Did the museum even want kids to see the inside of this thing? Maybe the lighting issue was because the ride wasn’t meant to be open just yet. In any case, the relative wide-open spaces and the pool-like quality to this new section had him guessing this was the stomach simulated. Electronic speakers must have been working since his ears were thudding with a low beat above and behind him, a muffled *glork* reaching him from further ahead. Jack shrugged, cracking a smile as soon as he’d wiped the clinging bangs from his face. It *was* cool as hell in here despite his decent jeans being slimed up. Maybe once he’d popped out he could convince someone the ride was worth reopening? It was worth riding more than once, especially if this was the model at only partial function.

He fumbled forward in the darkness until his hand met a ring-like opening, harder rubbery stuff once again. Before he could get a grip on the entrance to pull himself into the new section there was another deep *glork*. This *glork* heralded the snake model’s softer stomach tissues crinkling, bunching, and slurping Jack forward into tight tunnels again. He was less frightened than surprised by this, reminding himself of the automatic servos in the giant snake’s mouth earlier to cool his wild thoughts. The minute he relaxed against the slicked gut walls the noise picked up again.

This area was narrower—it stunned Jack to think that people were meant to ride through this without getting antsy. The walls seemed made of softer stuff than the esophagus—intestines, he guessed—and Jack also guessed that maybe this added cushy quality was to tone down the phobic reactions. The walls squished in behind him and loosened ahead of him—he could turn his head aside into a pocket of fresh (-ish...) air and relieve the closeness. The fluid he was shuffled along with seemed to have had something else added past the stomach; now instead of being a bit gooey and sticky it was much waterier and slipperier than anything he knew of. Oil of some sort. Well, it *would* suck to get stuck in this part. Jack giggled again, amusing himself in

the dark and mobile environment with his thoughts: Maybe the ride was shut down early for fears that a kid would spend a few hours upset with their simulated time as an intestinal blockage?

Ick.

Jack just knew he'd lost track of the minutes. The thing that had jarred him out of it was the sudden shift in air quality. It didn't quite stink—not like he'd expect the lower segment of any animal's intestines to smell like, anyways—but it was stale. Jack slipped up a hand to cough into it. Curiously, he now had a little extra space to do just that. In fact, the walls had slowed their pace a bit.

For a minute he was afraid the ride's animatronic bits had broken down. The slope he was slithering through the attraction at was almost completely flat now. On feeling around, he realized the copious watery stuff he'd been riding with was mostly gone and reduced to a thin, slippery coating on everything. Fingers traced out a soft but ribby quality on the simulated flesh. *Warm*, simulated flesh, parts of which pulsed faintly under his fingertips.

"How could they work so hard on this thing and *not* open it?" Jack mused as he kept up his pace with his own shimmies on hands and elbows. His voice had a light echo in this space, and almost in reply the parts he'd passed by already uttered a low burbling.

"Well," his nose crinkled as a new sense hit him, not one he was a fan of, "Maybe it smells like old Crisco too much." The increasing olfactory stimulation was forgotten as a thin slip of light stunned the boy.

Pink and red and realistic to a fault, the newly-lit intestinal walls hugged tighter around Jack with a renewed *sklorch* that shot him forward into even brighter light. After unmeasured time squirming in the darkness even the relative shadiness he was now exposed to blinded him. The exit to the intensely strange ride opened more fully to accommodate Jack's head and shoulders, and as he yelped in confusion the muscular actions skootched him back into the outside world: Hand and knees on a secluded patch of tarmac behind the museum building, a damp patch of oily lubricants spreading under him.

Jack groaned and sat up, shading his eyes and pushing insubordinate bangs away in one motion. His eyes hadn't adjusted to daylight again yet, but he held his

breath at the site of the ride's tail curling and uncurling itself on the ground beside him. Like a dog's wagging, almost. He followed the path of the tail to a basement window on the loading area... and then made out the blurry form of treetrunk-thick snake body winding out of another large window on the second floor, making its way upwards to another open window on the fourth. Jack didn't think he should stand yet as he noticed the python's *head* laid out on the balcony area of the top floor. Laid out as if lounging, and definitely not in the same place as the ride's entrance.

Realization hit him at the same time as the giant serpent's eye flicked over and locked with the boy's. He'd always knew snakes had that perma-grin whatever their mood, but this one's looked more intentionally jovial than the typical one. Jaw slack, Jack watched with soft half-laughs shaking his shoulders as the reptile gave a slight yawn, flicked out its huge tongue, and coolly slithered its way up and through the building and onto the balcony, out of sight but not out of mind.

Not ever!