

A Small Expedition 9: Balls Deep

Poor Rachel. She and a handful of her colleagues tumbled into the yawning, fleshy maw of Andrew's urethra, where they were immediately engulfed in a thick, slimy darkness. The walls of the tunnel pulsed and throbbed around them, the flesh slick with a constant oozing of thick, sticky precum. The air was thick and heavy with the musky scent of arousal, nearly suffocating in its intensity.

Rachel struggled to gain some form of footing as she slid deeper into the living tube, her boots sinking into the slippery, gooey surface as she kicked at the warm, fleshy walls. It was like sinking into a swamp or quicksand, she thought, but instead of water or slush, she was immersed in a warm, viscous fluid that seemed to cling to every inch of her body. The more she struggled, the more the slimy substance coated her, making it impossible to gain any kind of purchase.

Rachel never would have thought it possible, but the throbbing of Andrew's cock was deafening in the confined space, the pulsing of his heartbeat echoing through the fleshy walls like a constant drumbeat. Each throb sent shockwaves through the tunnel, serving to dislodge the struggling researchers and send them tumbling further into the abyss, bouncing off of one another into the abyss. Rachel could feel the blood flow surging through the veins that ran along the walls, the heat of it radiating outwards and making the air even more oppressive.

As they slid deeper, the darkness closed in around them, broken only by the occasional flash of light from the entrance above. The light grew fainter and fainter as they descended, until they were surrounded by nothing but the pulsing, throbbing darkness of Andrew's urethra. The walls seemed to undulate and writhe around them, as if the flesh itself was aware and trying to swallow them down. The screams of her peers echoed around her as they all choked on the

bursts and waves of precum that were spurting around them. Still, the ministrations of the massive goddess outside caused them to sink deeper and deeper down the shaft as she worked it. Rachel wanted to believe that her friend wouldn't knowingly do this to so many people, let alone her, but deep down, she questioned that. Nikki had a lust for power.

Rachel's heart raced as she realized the true danger they were in. They were at the mercy of a living, breathing organism that was as unpredictable as it was unstoppable. What was basically the dick of a god to them. Andrew, her best friend's husband, a man she had joked and flirted with, had now consumed her, and who knows how many others with his cock. It was so chaotic, she had no idea how many others were trapped. The cock could erupt at any moment, unleashing a torrent of hot, sticky semen that would surely drown them all. Or it could convulse and spasm, crushing them against the fleshy walls in its rhythmic throbbing. There was no escape, no way out of the living prison that now surrounded them on all sides. They could only try to climb up the monolithic spire or sink down further, praying that they would find some way out before it was too late. If they were ejected from it, where would they end up? In Nikki's mouth? Her pussy? Her ass? The small of her back, to be wiped off sometime later and thrown in the trash? None of these thoughts were appealing to Rachel.

Rachel and her remaining team members tumbled and slid through the undulating, slick tunnel of Andrew's member for what felt like an eternity. The walls pulsed and throbbed around them, the flesh slick with a constant oozing of thick, sticky precum that coated their bodies and gear. The air was thick and heavy with the musky scent of Andrew's arousal, nearly suffocating in its intensity. As they plunged deeper, the darkness closed in around them, broken only by the occasional flash of light from the entrance above. The light grew fainter and fainter as they descended, until they were surrounded by nothing but the pulsing, throbbing darkness of Andrew's most intimate passageway. The walls seemed to undulate and writhe around them, as if the flesh itself was alive and trying to squeeze them out.

Suddenly, with a final, violent surge, Rachel and the others tumbled out of the urethral opening and into a vast, fleshy chamber. They landed with a splash in a warm, viscous fluid that seemed to be everywhere at once, coating their bodies and gear in a thick, sticky layer. As they struggled to right themselves, they looked around in awe at their new surroundings.

They found themselves in the cavernous interior of Andrew's left testicle, a chamber so massive that even with the lights of their gear, they could not see all of the edges or walls that surrounded them. The space was filled with a thick, churning soup of sperm and other fluids, the air heavy with a scent that could only be described as masculinity incarnate. They tried to swim through the fluids towards the wall that they could somewhat make out ahead. They tried at least, but it was more like swimming through mud or syrup, the mixture was so thick and cloying. The walls of the chamber were lined with a thick, fleshy tissue that pulsed and throbbed with each beat of Andrew's heart, the rhythm of which echoed like a constant drumbeat through the enclosed space. Veiny protrusions spiderwebbed around the walls, pulsing and shifting with what Rachel assumed was the ministrations of Nikki's fingers fondling her husband.

Reaching one of the veiny ledges of the testes, Rachel and her team members struggled to stand, their feet sinking into the soft, spongy surface of the testicle's interior. The fluid that coated their bodies and gear was warm and thick, clinging to their skin and clothing like a second layer. It was a strange, alien sensation, being immersed in the very essence of a man who was, to them, a living titan. They could feel the constant churning and churning of sperm being produced around them, the warm, sticky fluid sloshing and splashing with every movement of Andrew's body. Some were able to pull themselves up, but half of those few were unable to maintain their balance from the shifting and fell back into the slurry of splooge, resigned to bob atop it, their bodies too small to even break the surface tension.

As they looked around in amazement, Rachel realized with a sinking feeling that they were trapped. Trapped in a fleshy prison that was as inescapable as it was inhospitable. The walls of the chamber were too high and too slick to scale, and the fluid that filled the space made it impossible to swim or navigate any distance. Rachel knew they were at the mercy of her friend, who surrounded them on all sides. A prisoner of Andrew's own virility and arousal. Well, his and Nikki's arousal. She did not know which was more dangerous.

Rachel tried to get a sense of their surroundings, to figure out a way out of this predicament. But everywhere she looked, all she could see was the pulsing, fleshy walls of Andrew's testicle, stretching out into a yawning, lightless void. Again, when she had a moment to take things in, she was in awe that the chamber was so vast that even with their powerful lights, they could not see the edges or the walls that enclosed them. It was like being trapped in a fleshy, undulating cave, the air thick and heavy with the musk of Andrew's building desire.

Rachel turned to her team, barely gripping a wrinkle of flesh for support. Her voice was barely audible over the constant churning and throbbing of the chamber around them. "We need to find a way out of here," she shouted, her words not even echoing in the cavernous space. "But I don't know if there is one... save for when An- the giant releases us. He doesn't know we're here, so we may be... expelled into somewhere... unpleasant or more dangerous."

She glanced down at the sticky fluid that coated her body, the warm, thick essence of Andrew's virility. It clung to her skin and clothing like a second layer, the scent of it thick and heavy in the enclosed space. She could feel it weighing down her gear, making every movement a struggle. The air was thick and oppressive, the heat of Andrew's body radiating outwards from the fleshy walls around them. She didn't want the team to know that she knew these people. Because she knew that at this point, there was very little hope for them, unless

someone at the lab realized what had happened. She couldn't even remember if she'd given Nikki's contact info to the lab before loaning out the "drones" to her.

Rachel knew they had to find a way out before Andrew's body did something drastic, like releasing all this built-up cum. She shuddered at the thought of being buried alive in a tidal wave of the stuff. They had to find a way out before that happened, or they would surely be drowned in Andrew's own seed or face death via some part of Nikki. Some part of her admitted that she would have loved to willingly be at her friends' mercy, but not at the expense of her team. Still, this horrific scenario was strangely hot to her. But right now, all they could do was try to stay afloat and keep their wits about them as they waited for a chance to escape this fleshy prison. The terrified screams of the students and researchers reminded her of that fact. She had to figure out what to do and soon.

She wouldn't have much longer to try.