

Master Crane's Mistake (Kung Fu Panda, Digestion, Unwilling)

Master Crane's Mistake

It was a beautiful morning in the Valley of Peace. The sun rose slowly, hiding behind cloudy mountain peaks at first, but soon, it rose above them, illuminating the idyllic, yellow roofed temple that was nestled between the mountains with its peaceful morning rays. There was nary a cloud in the sky. In their trees, birds sang a delicate morning melody, bringing in the day with the sound of song.

One bird that was not awake and singing was Master Crane. The lanky bird laid within his own nest, snoozing away. His signature straw sunhat, which he had forgotten to take off before bed, lay upon the top of his head, preventing the sun's rays from fanning over his face and waking him. The bird looked a little different from usual. He hadn't done anything with his feathers, or altered his coat, no ... it looked as if he had put on weight. His normally skinny belly was distended and swollen, as if it was packed full with something. As he slept, a single wing lay upon his bulging gut. There was a satisfied smirk upon his face, the look of a very happy bird indeed. One who was resting well, and had an incredibly full stomach.

However ... tranquility was something that never lasted forever ... and this morning was fated to be less than tranquil for Crane. It started with a loud, earthquake like rumble. Crane awoke with a start, sitting up in his nest so fast that his hat fell from his head. The morning sun fell directly upon his poor peepers, to which the crane squinted, closing his eyes to shield them from the bright. What was that noise? It sounded like the ground being torn in two. Was there trouble in the temple? Why did he feel so bloated?

Another deep, heavy *rumble*, followed by a strange groan of a gurgle. But this time, Master Crane did not just hear it, but ... feel it. It felt as if it came from within him. With his eyes still closed, he nervously lifted his wings and pressed them against either side of his stomach. He let out a squawk of surprise when he found it in the

shape that it was! This had to be a dream, didn't it? But it felt so real! That deep, digestive growl was unlike any noise that he'd heard his belly made before.

His left eyelid fluttered, daring to open, daring to glance down. If this was a dream, then it was an incredibly realistic one. He saw his own stomach. It was so fat and round that it looked as if he'd put on a hundred pounds overnight. How was he to be one of the Furious Five if he was this out of shape? Beside that ... why on Earth had he gotten so out of shape?! His diet and training regiment was as stringent as ever! No, he should be fighting fit, and, somehow, he had ended up ... fighting fat.

Another rumble, sending his stomach shaking and quivering against his feathers. This one came with more than just reverberation, however. It came with a spike of crippling pain, as if his guts were being tangled into knots. Groaning, Crane flopped over onto his back and scrunched his eyes up, making his pain and displeasure known. His feet flapped up and down in the air as the discomfort continued, and his wing, attempting to soothe his angry tummy, ran in circles around it's bulged surface.

Whatever he had ate was not happy with him, that much was for sure. Crane filed through his thoughts rapidly as his guts continued to cringe in gastrointestinal distress. He had ate nothing but his usual meal of seed for supper. That couldn't be the issue. Nor would it make his belly bulge. Had he been poisoned? No, nobody at the temple would do that to him. So what other options did that leave?

Well, there was one, but it sounded ridiculous. Had he been eating in his sleep? It made no sense, but ... it was the only thing that made sense. That one crackpot theory made the most sense out of all of them.

The bird's stomach let out another gurgle of discomfort, and, with it, a wave of pain twice as intense as the last. Crane let out a choked cry,

and doubled up in agony in his nest, curling his feathered body around his badly aching belly. It felt as if something were writhing and squirming inside of him, as if he had swallowed rope. Was that what he had been eating in his sleep? Rope? Why would he eat rope? No, rope didn't move like this. Rope didn't sway and slither. Whatever was inside of him felt like it was alive, somehow. Was the pain from it moving? Trying to escape?

Crane needed to move. He needed to speak to the rest of the Furious Five about this! Surely one of them would be able to conjure up some explanation as to why this was happening. Within his nest, Crane let out a loud grunt of exertion as he tried to move, to roll over so that he could push himself to his feet, but, as much as he tried, his additional weight kept him from being able to push himself upright. Much like a turtle trapped upon its back, all Master Crane could do was wriggle his webbed feet in the air, unable to right himself.

Crane considered yelling, calling out for help ... and then, he realised, were his friends to find him on his back like this, then they would bully him for months. He would never hear the end of their torment. So, unable to move, and unable to call out for assistance, the Kung-Fu Bird suddenly knew that he was all on his own. The only person who could figure out this problem was him.

Right after the latest bout of cramps had passed, anyway. His stomach made the most ferocious gurgle yet, stretched stomach walls rippling and rumbling around their contents. Once again, he felt something inside uncoiling, stirring, waking. Something that was trying to stretch out, to make more room within a belly that was already stretched to its limit. The thing inside of him felt ... serpentine. Rope had come to mind before. But, now, having figured out that whatever was laid within him was alive, then ...

Had he somehow ate Master Viper in his sleep?!

If that was the case, then it was so much worse than he had first

thought, and ... so much more bizarre to boot. How had he opened his beak wide enough to swallow her? How has his gullet accomodated her thick, scaled form? It was little wonder that his stomach hurt as much as it did. His belly most definitely didn't have enough room for an entire snake to lay within it! No wonder it ached so badly.

But, worse than all that ... Viper was in extreme peril. If she was inside of his stomach, then ... only one thing would happen to her. She would be digested. She would be completely and utterly absorbed into his body, everything that she ever was, turned into nothing more than calories to fuel his internal fire. In a way, it was the ultimate form of defeat. Not only would he end her existence, but she would, in a way, become him.

Master Crane mind started to go toward dark places. It wouldn't be so bad if he digested Master Viper, would it? After all, 'Furious Four' still worked as a name! He wouldn't even need to tell the others what had happened. There wouldn't be a scrap of evidence, after all ... and one less member in the gang would mean more attention for him ... right?

No! Crane lifted one of his wings and smacked himself across the beak angrily. As if his own body desired to punish him for his reckless thoughts, another wave of abdominal pain streaked up his body, making every muscle tense in agony. He couldn't think like that! No, he had to save Master Viper. He had to go and throw up somehow, that's what he needed to do! He needed to get himself out of this nest, go to somewhere remote, figure out a way to release Viper, and ... beg for her to not tell anyone that this had happened.

"Don't worry, Viper!" Crane yelled, smacking his clenching, distended gut with his wing. "I'll get you out of there."

With his muscles straining and his large, stuffed belly wobbling, Master Crane tried harder than ever to push himself up onto his feet.

He grunted, he groaned, wings and muscles straining, feathers twitching ... and then, finally, with a loud moan of exertion, he was up, gut so large that it almost dragged against the floor. On shaky feet, he stood, his thin, slender legs wobbling upon the ground, struggling to support his weight. His belly continued to ache, though, now that he was on his feet, the pain was much less intense. It was going to bother him on his flight

With determination, he lifted his wings to his sides, and began to flap them as hard as he could. Slowly, but surely, he began to rise into the air, his wings struggling to support both his and Viper's weight. Soon, however, he was above the ground, the temple getting further and further away. With his gut dangling in the air beneath him, the fat bird began to make his way toward a distant, private plateau. Somewhere where he could figure this mess out!

"You better not digest her, belly..." he muttered to himself as he flew, voice interrupted by restrained grunts of pain from his intestinal distress. "Even if it would make us feel really, really good..."

When Viper first awoke, she did not realise that she was inside of Master Crane's belly. All she knew was that she was in a tight, confined space. Somewhere dark. Somewhere warm. Somewhere wet. Somewhere that was holding her within a tight, squishy embrace. It was as if she had been stuffed in a bag, and, honestly, that was her first thought. That some rogue had snuck into the Valley of Peace and kidnapped her in her sleep, and thrown her into a bag that was about two sizes too small for her.

The slender green viper was confused. Every inch of her body felt as if it was constricted. Was this really a bag? In her sleepy state, she wasn't sure. Something about wherever she was made it difficult for her to wake up. The oxygen was thin, and what little there was was tainted by the foul stench of fermentation. In the distance, she heard

an odd sound ... like the thump of a drum. There was also an audible squelch, as if someone's foot were striking mud. Viper had no idea that those sounds were the noise of Crane's heart and stomach. Not yet, at least.

Because of this, she quickly realised that things were ... different. There was another damning did generally not tend to push back against you when you attempted to unfurl. As Master Viper pushed against the tight walls that kept her coiled up tightly, she felt them pushing back. Resisting her. That, and the fact that the walls were squishy and slimy told her that this was no linen bag, but, instead ...

She was inside of someone's stomach. And, going off how small and tight it was, it was someone that had no business eating her. This was an outrage. If she was going to be beaten by a predator, then she would've at least liked it to have been a good one, and not some sneak who ate her in her sleep!

In the midst of her outrage, a rumble surrounded her, filling her ears and shaking her body. The walls clenched against her form rippled and shuddered across her scales, coating her snared body in a layer of digestive enzymes. It would take a while for them to work through her thick hide, but the process, unfortunately, had begun. Viper hissed, just about managing to separate her jaw. With her thick body, she attempted to lash out, to strike against the powerful gut that surrounded her, and yet ...

Another gurgle. As if trying to make her submit, Crane's stomach walls wrapped around her serpentine body painfully, clenching tightly and smearing more acid over her form, which, of course, only added to the punishment that she received for attempting to escape. With her jaw still parted, she hissed again, but, this time, not in anger and frustration, but in pain and submission. Her body tensed, and then relaxed. In time, so did the belly around her.

The acid had set into her scales proper, but she still had time to think.

To escape. All she had to do was figure out how.

Then, from outside, Viper heard a groan. A very, very familiar groan. A bird-like squawk that could only belong to one individual. That groan belonged to the one and only Master Crane. Had he eaten her? Why? This was completely unacceptable!

Once again, that low, frustrated hiss began to come from her mouth. What a coward. To eat her in her sleep! He must have known that he didn't stand a chance against her while she was awake. So much for friendship, so much for peace ... it seemed, to Viper, that dear Master Crane was trying to eliminate the competition to improve his own profile. Completely forgetting the punishment she suffered lash time, her powerful, muscular body lashed out, squirming and writhing within Crane's overstuffed tummy.

Another loud groan of pain from her captor. It brought Viper such incredible sense of satisfaction. But it didn't last for long. Once again, the stomach that was wrapped so tightly around her clenched against her scales, smearing even more acidic goop over her, and contorting her body in an incredible painful way. Hissing loudly, but now in pain, she went completely stiff, every muscle tense, agony consuming her ...

And then, it faded. Crane's stomach relaxed, sensing her submission. One by one, her muscles relaxed, unsolidifying. But her temper was not relaxed, no. Like the pain that scorched across her scales, Viper was blazing with fury, made worse by the fact that she couldn't strike at her opponent properly. Seething with rage, she could only lay within Crane's stomach, limp, like a defeated animal.

It was starting to dawn on her that there was no hope of escape, however. Master Crane's body would be her tomb. Unaware that the bird had just somehow took off in flight, she felt his stomach begin to sway around her as he coarsed slowly through the air, his tummy squelching and gurgling with it's constant movement. Curled up as she

was, trapped within somewhere warm and tight, it almost reminded her of being inside of her egg. The gentle, constant sway of her squishy prison began to lull her into a state of extreme relaxation. Even her rage didn't help her resist the pull of sleep.

As the acid began to set in properly, and the oxygen began to thin, Viper's eyes closed completely. Rage, anger, and betrayal dissipated as she drifted toward her final rest, replaced with nothing but peaceful thoughts. Her body, and her life, existed for now, but it would not last much longer. Crane's stomach was now seeking to have her for breakfast ... and the only person that could save her was him.

Speaking of Master Crane ... the very moment that Viper fell unconscious was the very same moment that his feet made contact with the ground after his flight. With his stomach still sore and aching, he exhaled a pent up gasp of pain. When he was certain the ground was secure underneath him, he toppled over, falling onto his rear. Cringing, he lifted both of his wings and pressed them against his swollen gut, assuming the same position he was in before takeoff.

The area around him was as serene and idyllic as any location was in the Valley of Peace. Crane was perched in the center of a narrow mountain peak, only wide enough to support a few tufts of grass and a lone tree. But despite his calm surroundings, Crane himself did not feel calm. No. He felt in as much turmoil as he did before, if not moreso! What had been the point in flying up here? Privacy? For what? Crane was no fool, he knew that it wasn't as easy as simply puking up Viper. It was a wonder how the snake had been crammed into his stomach in the first place. Trying to evacuate her from his stomach would likely lead to him choking to death and, naturally, he didn't want that!

So, with his options either being to die or digest Viper, the latter

option naturally became slightly more preferable. It would feel good, wouldn't it? To simply lay here and slowly digest the enormous meal that he'd somehow swallowed? To feel her body's final twitches as it expired inside of his belly? Oh, and that was without even speaking of the blessed relief that he'd feel when she was fully digested. No longer feeling his belly in agony. Oh, it would be sweet ...

But what about his friend? Could he really forget about her? And even if he could, would everyone else? For months, no doubt, the rest of the Furious Five would search for her, and Crane would have to lie and pretend as if he hadn't been the one responsible for making her perish in the first place. That would be difficult, but ...

He wasn't about to think this, was he? As much as Crane attempted to prevent his mind from drifting in that direction, however, he could not stop himself. More and more, he started to lean toward the idea of digesting his friend, rather than saving her life.

In his loins, Crane felt a pang of arousal. The feeling of his testicles tightening as his shaft began to firm beneath his legs. In the midst of everything, amongst the tiny pangs of guilt and the huge rush of temptation was, undeniably, the feeling of him getting an erection. If Crane had a rational mind right now, then he might've felt shame for his lust, but, instead, it only gave him that final push toward the decision that he'd been deliberating on for so long.

Master Crane was going to digest Master Viper. And, what's more, he was going to love every second of it.

The sensation of shame, of guilt, of sadness ... it all left his body, like a lead weight being removed from his shoulders. Finally, he had let go. Yes. He wanted this. He wanted to absorb Master Viper within his body, so that the snake would be a part of him forever. It only made sense, really. After all, he had been the one to swallow her. He was the victor! Yes, it was his right to digest her, and, what's more, it was his fucking right to empty his testicles while he was doing it, too!

Unaware that Viper was already unconscious within his belly, Crane gave it a great slap with his wing, making his stomach and the flesh over it jiggle madly. Inside, still fast asleep, Viper's serpentine body rolled around. "Yeah, take that. Mmm..." He tucked one of his wings behind his head and rolled over more comfortably onto his back, spreading his legs beneath him. Between them, his fat, pink cock stood up straight, completely erect. As he felt his enlarged belly move around because of his slap, he couldn't help but close his eyes. Like Viper, he fell into a deep state of relaxation ... though he did not fall asleep. No. He wouldn't dare lose himself to slumber and miss a second of his former friend's digestion.

Oh, and, speaking of that ... he could really feel it now. The process of digestion starting. The ache that had plagued his stomach all morning was beginning to fade, and was now being replaced with a feeling of bliss. A warm feeling, right in his very center, fuelled both by his lust, and the enormous meal within his belly. Gurgles, less angry than before, began to emanate loudly from his gut as the walls of his stomach clenched and churned around their captor. Within him, Viper was beginning to melt away ... and Crane knew it. And, not only that ...

He loved it.

His legs spread a little further, giving his arousal more room to breathe. His prick felt so sensitive, so hard, that he was almost afraid to touch it. Through a half open eye, he watched his impressive avian length throb powerfully to the beat of his racing heart, veins pulsing, rushing, engorging it with more and more blood. Every pulse caused a sick, wicked pleasure to rush through his body. He knew that what he was doing was wrong, but the pleasure radiating from his cock and gut just made it feel oh so very right.

As he watched a thick bead of milky pre spurt from the tip of his prick so powerfully that it landed upon the ground several feet away, Crane

could no longer resist. Lifting his remaining wing, he wrapped his feathers tightly around his length. Just touching himself was enough to make every muscle in his body tighten. The bird had been groaning in pain all morning, but now, into the air, unbidden, he released a groan of lust, a cry of true, unbidden pleasure. More precum gushed from his tip, wetting his feathers. His testicles clenched, as if they were ready to explode already ...

But Crane wouldn't allow them to blow yet. Not until he was ready for them to, no. He wouldn't allow himself to cum until he had felt Viper's final squirm within his stomach.

Surprisingly, Viper awoke again. Whether it was because Crane's stomach had more oxygen within it because of his frantic, aroused breathing, or it was because the cosmos decided to damn her was unclear. But her eyes slid open. As life returned to her aching, decaying form, she hoped, beyond anything, that this was a dream.

But it was not. Before her still lay nothing more than a dark pink, the only thing that she could see within Crane's insides. Around her was a pool of powerful, corrosive enzymes, slowly breaking down her tough hide. A smell most foul still wafted into her nostrils. Though these elements were all awful by themselves, they were, by far, not the worst assault to her senses. No, that was the sound of Crane's voice, or, more precisely ... his moans.

From the way his stomach shuddered around her, to the moans of bliss that she could hear coming from a mouth that was far, far above her, it was blatant to Viper that Crane was not only fully intent upon digesting her, but also, enjoying every second. Not just enjoying it, but getting off to it as well. While she wasted away within his gut, he was having the time of his life, absorbed within bliss, beating his meat, ready to empty his balls while she ... she had no choice but to lay here and be digested.

No! It wasn't right. None of this. Master Crane was a far weaker fighter than her. She, Master Viper, would not be defeated by him! Though it was difficult to move, coated in thick stomach juices as she was, Viper coiled her muscles, and gathered what little remained of her ebbing strength. If she was to die, then she would go out the way that she lived ... which was fighting, of course.

The tip of her nose carefully and curiously poked around, looking for something. Her face pulled into a wince as her elongated snout pushed up against the slimy walls of Crane's stomach as she searched for ... ah, there it was. Her forked tongue snuck from her lips, confirming her suspicions ... yes. Her head was pressed right up against the entrance of Master Crane's stomach ... the tight sphincter that lead toward his throat, and, hopefully, her escape.

From her mouth, she released a powerful hiss. It was time to do or die.

Crane felt Viper move within his stomach. A grin of satisfaction spread over his face. So. The snake wouldn't give up easily, would she? Of course she wouldn't. She was one of the Furious Five, after all. It would've been unusual if she'd have just sat there and waited to be digested.

If Crane were in the mindset that he was fifteen minutes ago, he likely would've tried to help Viper evacuate herself from his guts. As it was, however, he very much wanted to stay. He felt her thrash and squirm within his stomach, which tightened and clenched around in her kind, causing ripples of pain and pleasure to course up every nerve the bird possessed. With his wing still wrapped tightly around his pulsing prick, he rolled over, going from his back onto his belly, pressing his weight down upon the squirming snake. His stomach was large enough that the rest of his skinny form swayed and bounced above it,

as if he had suspended himself atop of a balloon.

"You're going to stay in there," Crane growled out in lust, wing working furiously between his legs. His knees bent and buckled, both in lust, and to jostle the snake within his belly, attempting to disorientate her. "I'm going to digest you, you filthy snake ... you're gonna be nothing more than a meal ... nothing more than a *snack* to restore ... hnn ... all'a the semen that I'm about to ... ah ... waste cause'a you ..."

Within his belly, Crane felt Viper's elongated body thrashing and squirming uselessly, making his own form bounce around on top of his gut. Though pain wracked through him, he no longer saw this as mere gastrointestinal distress, but ... a fight. A fight that he knew that Viper was losing, slowly but surely. Though he felt her push and thrash against the opening of his sore, swollen stomach, he did not feel her presence at all within her throat. The snake was trying, but she was failing. All her efforts would do for her, ultimately, was push her closer and closer toward her grave.

Crane felt Viper's last desperate thrash. Then, he felt her go completely still. His belly stopped aching, the pleasure in his loins grew more and more intense. Though Crane wanted this moment to last forever, he could no longer resist the pull of his lust. Knowing now that his foe was fully in the thrall of his acidic stomach, his wing began to move in a flurry, hurriedly beating across his thick, throbbing inches. His legs splayed even more, he rolled onto his side, ready to unleash a spermy torrent upon the ground beneath him.

And Crane did just that. His eyes threw themselves into the back of his skull as he let out a loud, victorious moan into the air. His throbbing penis pumped hard between his feathers, squirting jet after jet of pent up sperm onto the ground beneath him. It felt as if it would never stop. His feathery hips pumped and pumped, as if he were buried inside of a willing mate, thrusting and pounding into his soft

wing in order to make sure that every last drop was fully ejected from his now aching testicles.

The orgasm was so long and so blissful that, by the time Crane emerged from the deep, orgasmic pleasure that he'd been so immersed in, he ... wasn't sure what time it was. His eyes, only just starting to settle within his skull, blinked, opening. Everything was so blurry. Every muscle felt loose, sore, and spent. Panting, and attempting to draw breath within his weary lungs, Crane gave up on attempting to see through his eyes. He closed them, and gave a weary pat to his madly gurgling stomach.

Happy, content, and full, Crane closed his eyes, turned his head to the side ... and, much like Viper, he allowed the gurgling of his gut to be his lullaby. The only difference was that he wouldn't be digested during his nap. In Viper's case, however ... as Crane slept, she was turned into exactly what he wanted her to be turned into ... calories. A little extra weight upon his hips. Nothing that he needed to concern himself with.

As sleep overtook Crane, his acids overtook Viper. When the bird awoke, she would be nothing more than fat to be burnt during his training regiment.

By the time that Crane awoke, the sun had begun to set over the Valley of Peace. His eyes opened to view a deep and beautiful orange sky. A gentle wind blew over his form and his sticky feathers. Sleepily, he flexed them, feeling his dried sperm still stuck between his feathers. It was an odd feeling. Honestly, he was fairly certain that his morning had been nothing more than a dream, but, as he pulled himself into a sitting position and looked all around him, he realised that it was, infact, reality.

Staring over the mountains, he expected a mad rush of guilt to hit him

at any moment. Not only had he consumed her friend, but he had fully digested her. His eyes glanced down to his now flat stomach, where not a trace of Viper's form remained. She had been completely and utterly dissolved and taken into him. Shouldn't he feel guilt? Shouldn't he miss his friend?

No. Crane felt nothing. Nothing except a hunger. If he was capable of eating Master Viper, then ... surely he was capable of eating the rest of them, too? It wasn't like he could help himself, was it? After all, he had ate Master Viper in his sleep. Really, he was completely and utterly blameless for her murder.

And he would be completely and utterly blameless for the rest of them, as well. He pulled himself from seat into stand, and turned around, looking down toward the temple that the Furious Flve, or now, the Furious Four, called their home. Full of anticipation, he simply eyed it, and allowed his tongue to scrape over his lips.

Three more meals to go. And when he was done with them, well ... he'd figure that out when the time came. For now, he lifted wings to the sky, and took off back home.

END