

Liza's Story
Chapter 5: Liza Fights a Dragon
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*WARNING: Extensive Scat Scenes. You have been warned!! If you're not a scat fan, you should check out chapter 2 and 3 of Liza's Story, neither of which contain any.

*This is a purely pornographic story written for fetishists.

*Setting: Cartoonish Furry Asheville, NC. Modern technology + sorcery.

*In case it isn't blindingly obvious, this is not intended to be a realistic depiction of anything whatsoever.

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Tags:

Accounting
Anthropomorphic
BDSM
Cow
Digestion
Drama
Dragon
Dragoness
Embarrassment
Fatal
Food
Force-feeding
Furry
F/food
F/mf
F/object
Good Guys/Bad Guys
Huge Breasts
Inflation
Internal Events
Lactation
Lesbian
Mouse
Non-Consensual
Non-fatal
Office
Oral Vore
Post-Vore
Psychology
Romance

Scat
Sex
Slavery
Soft Vore
Stomachache
Stuffing
Tears
Torture
Vomit
Yuri

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Liza was slouched forward in her chair, fat breasts pressed against the desk, her fuzzy ears tuned forward. She was staring at Alice Green, she was sure of it, but her eyes kept...closing. The old lady was making her speech...she had been threatening it, announcing it for the past three months. It was something about efficient business practices...something about conserving energy...alternative energies...A cold draft touched the cow's nose.

Liza drew her breath in suddenly and sat bolt upright in her chair. Several bored-looking board members glanced over at the sudden movement. *Shit*, she thought. *Did I just snort? Did I just fall asleep? What time is it?* She pulled back her striped shirt sleeve and glanced at her gold watch. Two past ten. She blinked at it, realizing it was rude, but at this hour she honestly couldn't care less about why a revolving door was morally superior to an ordinary one. Then, she creased her brow, and with only a little hesitation, lifted her watch to her nose and gave it a sniff. *Smells like a watch. Thank God.* Liza breathed relief.

A mole at the seat next to her gave her a look, but Liza didn't care. She smiled back pleasantly. Liza turned back to her desk, shuffling through her papers, hoping there was something interesting to read. She felt a little itch somewhere low in her stomach, which briefly brought up a pleasant thought of her lover. Then came a familiar voice.

"Mrs. Green?" Liza knew this voice well.

"...and so you see, the carbon footprint is not exactly what you would expect if you include the footprint of the footprint, if you will, and taking into account the footprint of the people who are analyzing your footprint—"

"Mrs. Green? Thank you—Thank you, Mrs. Green. That's all the time we have."

"Oh. Well, thank you." Mrs. Green looked a little surprised, but she gathered her things and shuffled away from the podium. There was an odd lag before anyone clapped, as though the sudden silence had woken them from reveries. Applause started late and ended early. Somebody sneezed.

"And up next on our Lecture Night program, we have...Martin Diaz, with a talk on...Annual state accounting guideline updates." Mary Jane, a brown-furred mouse, read from a card. "Mr. Diaz, thank you for joining us." The members clapped briefly before Diaz got his presentation loaded into the projector. Liza sighed and pulled out her notepad, thinking that this presentation might be a little more relevant to her interests.

But just then, she felt that subtle itchiness low in her stomach again, as if something rough was rubbing up against the soft interior skin of her gut. Liza winced. Her tummy gurgled, loudly, and everyone within a four-seat radius shot her a glance. Despite all she had been through, Liza did find this embarrassing, or at least annoying. The mole to her right gave her a particularly disapproving glare. She blushed a little, and shifted in her seat, lashing her short tail once. Mary Jane had heard it too, from

across the room, and Liza winked over towards her curious face before returning her attention to the accounting.

But then the cow felt another wet, sliding sensation somewhere inside her. *Maybe it's time I paid the ladies' room a visit*, she thought to herself. Discreetly, the plump white heifer stood up, gathered her purse and sauntered toward the auditorium's rear exit. Liza slowed when she passed behind Mary Jane's seat. She paused to brush her tail's tufted edge along Mary Jane's, briefly stroking her buttock, before continuing on. Liza didn't look back, but she heard the mouse shuffling in her seat. She smiled to herself.

The bovid first paused to check herself in the women's room mirror. As soon as she'd finished, the door burst open, and a breathless Mary Jane appeared at the end of the room.

"You ran all the way here to see me?" Liza smiled sweetly at her as adjusted her blonde hair.

"Well, if you'd arrived at the meeting early," Mary Jane walked up to her, "We could have... shared a moment then." She placed her hands on Liza's hips, looking up and resting her muzzle between the older woman's generous breasts.

"Sorry," Liza kissed her on the nose. "I was with a client. New art museum on Hillside Street. Kind of a big deal." She stroked the mouse's head, watching her wide-open brown eyes.

"Does that mean you consider me a small deal?"

"I like to think of you as petite." Liza grinned at her, then leaned in for a kiss. She took the liberty to extend her long tongue deep into Mary Jane's mouth, pulling her small body close. "Mmm...Besides, I thought we were going to get together *after* the meetin'." Mary Jane coughed and rubbed her lips with a hand.

"I know. I just—well, when you touched my tail..."

"What?" Liza took a step back, her platinum-shod hoof clacking on the tiled floor. "I'm just here to use the restroom, girl." Mary Jane smiled.

"Okay. Well, I'm just gonna retouch my makeup then." They both chuckled, and Liza entered the largest of the stalls. It felt good to pull down her skirt, which pinched her abdomen a little (though Liza wouldn't have them any other way). The cow eliminated some water, but though the itchy feeling in her lower abdomen remained, and even changed slightly when she bent forward, she wasn't able to push out any solid waste.

"Nnf..."

"You almost done, Liza?"

"Yeah—nnh. I'm more than ready to drop the rest of that wolf, but my gut's having second thoughts, apparently." Mary Jane paused before responding.

"Would...a belly rub do any good?" Liza hesitated.

"Maybe...a quick one." She unlocked the stall. Mary Jane knelt down before her as Liza shut the door again, then sat down and unbuttoned the bottom of her striped shirt. The cow's plump belly hung before her, a little crease visible across her navel. It was not nearly as bloated as Mary Jane had seen it be in the past, but it still stuck out from her abdomen—about three inches out—and the skin felt tight when Mary Jane prodded it. The tummy gurgled.

"To be honest, Ms. Treasurer, I generally prefer strokes to pokes." Liza raised an eyebrow, looking down at the mouse over her distractingly large bosoms.

"Sorry, just finding out where you need to be softened up." Mary Jane looked up briefly and poked at Liza's left breast, making it jostle. Liza almost laughed.

"Don't get distracted, girl." The mouse just smiled and turned back to face her lover's pudgy tummy. "If you do good here, I *might* let you touch my boobs...later." The cow chuckled to herself, but Mary Jane just kissed her tummy and leaned in closer. Liza relaxed a bit on the toilet seat, spreading her legs a little further apart. She released a breathy sigh as she felt the girl's delicate fingers begin to run

back and forth over the region of skin below her navel, which bulged out from her body. When Mary Jane pressed there, Liza could feel some sort of dense material resist from within, and she grunted in response. Her belly made a few irregular *glurp* and *glorp* noises, but though Liza carefully flexed and relaxed her various pelvic muscles, whatever was in her bowels seemed unwilling to flow just yet. She felt the mouse's hands begin to wander, first cupping and gently spreading her round, soft white buttocks, then lightly running over her tightly closed anus. Again, Liza found with surprise that despite her instinctive urge to discourage anyone touching her there, a little current of sexual energy would run through her every time it happened.

"Mmh..." She almost wanted Mary Jane to do it again, but refrained, reminding herself they were still technically just taking a bathroom break. Closing her eyes, Liza felt her lover's left hand move back to rubbing her belly while the right touched her legs. "Mary Jane, you're...Nnn..." The mouse's thin fingers, moving up the inside of Liza's thighs, had begun to bump up against the round, plush outer folds of Liza's labia. She opened her vivid blue eyes and looked down at Mary Jane. The mouse was squatted on the tiled floor in her dark skirt and slender black pumps, her face a picture of concentration. "You're getting a little distracted again, girl. Not that I don't...mmm...." Liza tossed her head up again, feeling two thin fingers slip into the warm, wet interior of her lower lips. She gasped when a finger brushed her clitoris. "Ah!"

"Just helping you relax," the mouse smiled.

"Okay...Hhh...well, let me try again..." Liza closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She placed her broad hands on the mouse's shoulders, feeling their slender tightness. "If you could press my belly—just like that..." Mary Jane pressed both hands to Liza's pudgy stomach. Liza bore down, grunting again, squeezing the mouse's shoulders. "Mmmnnnn..."

Mary Jane refrained from saying 'ouch', but Liza was gripping her shoulders very hard. She could see the cow's tiny anal pucker push outward, but after a few moments, nothing had fallen into the bowl except for one tiny drop of vaginal lubricant. Liza sighed.

"I guess you better get back to—ooh..." Mary Jane leaned in a little and rested her small hand in the slimy threshold of Liza's vagina. "Mmm, you are quite the horny little thing, aren't you," Liza exhaled as the mouse leisurely thumbed her clitoris. Then she sighed again and stood up, manually removing the girl's hand with a *pop*. "And yet something tells me that certain people are wondering where you are." The cow smiled wryly as she pulled up her skirt and underwear.

"Oh, all right, cow." Mary Jane winked as she got up from the floor and dusted herself off.

"Oh! Mary Jane, you are *not* allowed to call me that in public." Liza smiled.

"Oh *really*?" Mary Jane smiled and put her hands on her hips, then turned to look at herself in the bathroom mirror. "That's a new rule to me, L—." A professional-looking bitch entered, and gave the two women a disapproving look as she headed for the stall furthest from Liza. The cow stood there embarrassed for a moment, realizing she still had to zip up her tweed skirt and tuck in her shirt.

"You finished yet, Mary Jane?" Liza asked, doing so, a little twinkle in her eye as the canine shut herself in a stall. "You are in charge of the events tonight, aren't ya?" The mouse smiled, rolled her eyes, and departed, as Liza retouched herself in the mirror.

"See you later, Liza," she said as the door swung closed.

Towards the end of the panelists' presentations, Mary Jane noticed Liza drinking several glasses of water. These seemed to have the intended effect, for intermittently she could hear guttural gurgles coming from the cow's direction and noticed the members sitting near her glance at her belly-bulge with increasing frequency and disdain. All the mouse wanted to do was hold it in her hands again, and feel Liza's hands on her shoulders. The meeting seemed interminable and during the last speech, Mary Jane

began to question what, exactly, it was that had possessed her to plan this evening of small business manager self-help seminars. But at length it was over. During the closing announcements, the mouse could not help but notice that Liza locked eyes with her the entire time, almost making her blush.

The night's work finally came to an agonizingly non-final close as Mary Jane rattled off a list of upcoming Association events. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Liza squirming in her seat. She wanted to join her, but when she ended the meeting, several members rushed up to chat with her. They were all men who (the mouse suspected) had crushes on her of one kind or another, so she fended them off as best she could. And yet when at last they were gone, and the crowd had mostly filtered out the doors, Mary Jane saw no sign of Liza. For a moment, as she packed away her things, she wondered what had happened, or if the cow had returned to the bathroom. But when Mary Jane approached the elevator, carrying her computer, files, and projector bags, she stopped.

"Liza?"

There was a giggle from somewhere. Mary Jane shook her head and pushed the elevator button. It opened, and there was her lover, leering down at her, her shirt untucked and partially unbuttoned. The mouse found, to her surprise, that she had some difficulty meeting those eyes. It made her blush, to feel someone so eagerly desiring her presence.

"Now, how did you know I was going to stop by my office before I went home?" Still red, she avoided the cow's eyes while selecting the fourth floor. "Oof!" The mouse felt two powerful hands grab her shoulders and push her to the wall. Bags full of expensive equipment fell from her hands, and suddenly she couldn't look away, those sultry sapphire eyes were all she could see. She received a kiss on the left cheek, and felt her lover's hot breath. The cow leaned in, and in moments Mary Jane could feel the great, warm girth of Liza's breasts and belly pressing heavily all over her body. She could not tell if her feet were on the ground. The cow extended her long tongue, and licked roughly over every inch of the mouse's face, and then licked slowly up the wedge of her chest that was exposed to the air. Mary Jane leaned forward, closing her eyes because it was too much, and they kissed.

The elevator hit the fourth floor, and Mary Jane pulled away, laughing.

"I do have to put this stuff away, you know."

"I know," said Liza, pulling away. However, Liza did not help. She simply stood in the hall while watching the mouse turn on the lights, put away the audio-visual equipment, and clear several papers off her desk. Liza sauntered over to her.

"I like it when you watch me, Liza."

"Hmmm...." Liza grinned, placing her hands around the mouse's waist and looking her small body up and down. "What else do you like?" Her voice was low.

"Well, I like your tongue..." Liza pushed her towards the wall (the wall with windows facing the street) and licked about her ears while deftly unfastening the buttons on the mouse's shirt. "Ah..." Mary Jane closed her eyes when it finally came off and Liza moved down to her chest, effortlessly removing her bra. She gasped again when she felt the cow's rough, wet tongue draw spirals around her dainty left breast. "I've been waiting to feel—ooh!" The mouse jerked when Liza's tongue reached her small brown nipple. It was as though she could feel every rough ridge in the cow's pink tongue raking over her pap. Almost instantly the girl's nipple tightened and stood up while Liza sucked her entire left breast into her mouth, then swiped her muscular tongue back and forth over its tip. "Oh, *fuck*, Liza..." Mary Jane squirmed under Liza's firm hands, squeezing her legs together, then apart as the cow pushed her knee into her crotch.

They continued to make out. It wasn't long before Liza had stripped the girl of all clothes save her panties. But when she'd hooked two fingers around their edge, and seemed just about to rip off the thoroughly moist pair, she stopped. Liza looked up.

"You're sure you're ok with this?" Mary Jane blinked, then nodded.

"Yeah," she smiled. "Why else do you think I'd let you get this far?" Liza grinned briefly.

"Well, I know. Just wanted to make sure you're not too sensitive from—from what happened last weekend." Mary Jane raised an eyebrow, then smiled again.

"Oh, no, I'm fine. I'm a pretty fast healer, Liza. And plus, my...um, my vagina's seen a lot of action over the years." Liza raised an eyebrow, noting the girl's blush.

"A lot of action?" She gave the underwear a good tug, and the mouse held her legs together while Liza drew them down. "I don't have a lot of experience with ladies, but men have told me that my tongue can be rather...devastatin'." Liza tossed the sodden underwear aside and tried to gently pull the girl's legs apart, but she held them together. "I hope you're prepared." Liza grabbed the girl's ankles and shoved them apart, watching the girl's face become covey than she had previously thought possible.

In any case, Mary Jane wasn't quite prepared. The cow's thick, rough tongue plunged in and out of her rather small hole with an animal lapping motion. Liza also had a vagina, so she targeted her efforts to simulate the kind of attention that she herself enjoyed, inferring that Mary Jane's body was constructed in a similar fashion. It worked.

After a little experimentation, Liza found that she seemed to achieve maximum effectiveness when she spread out her long tongue in such a way as to match the diameter of the mouse's pussy, while also dragging it roughly up over the girl's urethra and clitoris during the exit and entry stage. It caused a surprisingly loud sucking and slurping sound which, to her surprise, Liza found she enjoyed—it was hard for her to explain to herself why. Mary Jane squirmed against the wall, grunting and whimpering, her small hands alternately pulling and squeezing at Liza's hair, ears, horns and shoulders. As for the taste, to her delight, it was pleasant. Previously Liza had assumed that no woman's genitalia tasted good, because her previous boyfriends had all expressed some amount of reluctance to go down on her. But this girl's wet little vagina, had a light, clean, lemony taste, in addition to the thick, heady aura of Mary Jane's personal, feminine scent. Moreover, as she pushed in and out of it again and again, she began to find the small brown neatness of it somehow...cute.

Mary Jane went over the edge after hardly ten minutes, jerking, yelping and squeaking in a ridiculously high-pitched voice that made the cow giggle quietly. Liza buried her tongue deep in the girl's warm passage while Mary Jane, shaking all over, gripped Liza's horns like handlebars and hugged her face close in to her body.

"Oh...Oh...Oh, Liza...Liza... ooh!" Liza gave the girl's leathery brown muff one final, lusty lick before moving her head up, and resting it on the girl's small yet warm chest. She kissed the nipple nearest to her lips. Mary Jane looked down at her and played with her hair. The look in her eyes was intoxicating. Liza could already see, by her hazy, emotion-filled eyes, that this girl was completely in love. She giggled again as she watched those languid brown eyes search her face again and again, the cow not saying anything, content merely to appreciate the gentle touches on her ears and neck.

"What?"

"Ah, nothin'. Just thinkin' about how cute you are." Liza watched the eyes feverishly search her face again and couldn't help but grin.

"Well, I'm a girl, Liza. I can't really help but just be cute all day long." Liza shook her head.

"That's kinda corny, Mary Jane." They both laughed, but Liza could see her tease had its intended effect.

Then Liza felt her stomach gurgle again, and this time she could feel it in her bottom. She tried to stand up carefully, but a small pocket of gas escaped her with a *frrt* noise, and she saw Mary Jane's nose wrinkle.

"Oh, ah'm sorry," she said, feeling a little embarrassment and remembering what happened Monday. "I'd better get back to the ladies' room." She turned, but before she had taken a step, the

mouse had already grabbed her short tail and yanked her backward. "Ow!" Liza looked over her shoulder. "And just what would you have me do instead?" Mary Jane's face was flushed.

"Do it here," she said breathlessly. "On Murray's desk." Murray Montgomery was the chairman of the association, and his desk was the largest on the floor. Liza almost blushed.

"On *Murray Montgomery's desk*?" She laughed loudly. "Mary Jane, you are far more perverse than you appear." Liza paused, considering. "Assuming for a moment that I'll do it—then exactly how do you think he won't notice?"

"Paper plates." The mouse ran, nearly tripping over her tail, and pulled a stack of five out of the supply closet.

"Well, okay..." Liza seemed to be willing. "But I'm pretty sure that my hooves would still scuff the surface." Mary Jane looked pensive for a moment, and then ran back to the supply closet. She returned with a pair of large wool pot holders. Liza had to giggle. "Okay, girl. If you really want this, we can do it. As long as you accept all responsibility."

"I do."

"But you better get it set up fast..." With a *pffff* sound, the air was ripened once more. "When I got to go, I'm not very good at holding things in." The mouse smiled, pleased, and scampered off to clear the desk. When it was ready, Liza ascended via the plush leather chair, first one thick, muscular white leg and then another. Atop the desk, the cow found herself blushing. "I feel a little silly doing this, Mary Jane. What exactly—"

"Liza, you need to take your underwear off first."

"Oh...right." Liza made a move, but Mary Jane was faster. She yanked them down about Liza's dark, polished hooves. Liza then attempted to step out of them, but nearly knocked Montgomery's "*World's Greatest Dad*" mug over the edge of the table. "Oh, *shit*."

"Sshh, shh," Mary Jane whispered as she steadied it. "Just relax, Liza. Close your eyes and pretend you're sitting on the most comfortable toilet in the world..."

"The most—" Liza started to laugh again. "Girl, I can't even imagine what the most comfortable toilet *looks* like." Mary Jane chuckled. She ran her hands around Liza's feet, where hard black keratin met warm, white fuzz. "Maybe I'll just lean on you."

"Go right ahead." The cow's strong hands came to rest on her shoulders. For a moment, Mary Jane closed her eyes and focused on the sensations. Liza's pendulous breasts, still bound by her blouse, brushed gently over the top of her head. Her pouting belly pressed forward, momentarily touching her face, slipping out from beneath Liza's blouse. For a moment, Mary Jane's nose lodged in her lover's navel, then came free again. The mouse opened her eyes. Liza breathed. Just then, her belly made a sound.

Glrrrk...

As the mouse watched curiously, the cow's round belly tensed briefly and revealed the outlines of several irregular shapes within, and in one place, the outline of a full large intestine.

"Oh...Ooh...it's coming fast, Mary Jane, you better—unh." Liza grunted, and the mouse relished the sound. She lowered her head, the cow's belly now touching her forehead, so that she could see Liza's private parts. "Ohhh—" She could not get over the sound of Liza's groans.

The cow's tightly clenched anus, colored dark from years of use, relaxed slowly and gracefully. In the space of a second it bowed down from her body, and then pulled apart like a flower, stretching wider and wider as the cow's payload emerged.

"Oh, god—" Liza grunted again. "This one feels huge." A hard-packed, brown lump—shaped like a loaf of challah—slipped out of Liza, popping and crackling, as Liza's anal lips drew in and out over its thick and thin segments. She made tiny gasps and jerked whenever bone fragments scratched her delicate skin, causing all of her soft parts to wobble. Finally this bomb dropped on the desk with a heavy *thump*. "Ahhh..." Liza squeezed Mary Jane's shoulders and shifted her hooves again, while the mouse

watched her pushed-out anus slowly retract, then pulse in and out as Liza dropped a small fragment of waste. The paper plate was nearly completely obscured by the post-digested hunk of waste, but it seemed dense enough not to deform and touch the desk. The mouse was impressed.

"Looks like more former wolf-meat. She sure had a lot on her."

"I'll say. Gave me a real belly ache, too." Liza sighed, then Mary Jane felt her toss her hair. "I'm done for now."

"Are you sure? You—" Mary Jane stopped when she heard a noise.

gllurglll... Liza's stomach muscles seemed to flex and twist inside her again.

"Ah!" she gasped quietly. "Ooh—there's more—coming fast—move the plate—oooh!" The cow's hands squeezed Mary Jane's shoulders again, and she squatted down lower, bouncing her bottom over the single-piece monolith she had produced. Mary Jane wasn't sure one paper plate was enough to prevent any fecal matter from touching her supervisor's personal documents, but there wasn't time. Liza's dusky-colored anus bowed out again, straining to push a large mass. "Unh!"

"Don't strain. You might hurt yourself. Try and relax." The mouse found the paper plate's edge and gingerly moved it out of the way. She put another in its place just as an odd white object was crowning out of Liza's buttock. Liza was grunting and straining again, and though her anal muscles pushed and clenched at the thing, it got stuck partway out of her and wouldn't move. "Didn't I tell you to relax?" Liza breathed.

"I know, it's just a little hard to relax when I'm hurtin'."

"Okay...take a few deep breaths..." Mary Jane touched the cow's calves, and then slid her hands up and down the woman's legs, only gently brushing the dangling folds of her vulva. When she began to feel a light moisture among those brown, wrinkled folds, she spoke again. "Now instead of pushing with your butt, just *let go* of it."

"Let go?"

"Yeah...and just let it slide."

"Okay...long as you keep your fingers in my...in me, mmm." Liza bounced her hips against the mouse's hand, and then took one final deep inhalation. With that, her already stretched anal sphincter stretched still further apart—for a total of what appeared to the mouse to be a radius of 4 centimeters—and with a warm

pufffffsh

of intestinal gas, the greasy white lump slithered the rest of the way out of Liza's rear orifice. It slammed wetly onto the paper plate, and Liza sighed loudly. Her bottom made a relieved exhalation of its own (with an acrid stench that made the mouse cough) and quickly reverted to its normal dainty size.

"God, what was that? That thing *hurt* to pass!" She shuffled backward on the desk, hoping to get a glimpse.

"I think..." The mouse leaned in, holding her nose.

"A hairball." Liza chuckled, then shook her head. "I just pooped out a big, stinkin' hairball that's been sittin' in my gut for days. I guess there are a few types of fibers this belly o'mine can't break down, after all. I better be more—oof, wait." Liza squinted for a second. Then she said, "Ouch!"

"Liza, what's wrong--?" but Mary Jane had already seen the cow's moderately pudgy belly vibrate just slightly. Then it made a noise:

Grrrrrumblll

"Ouch! It's something—something itchy—ow!" Mary Jane looked around Liza's body. Her belly kept making little jerks and vibrations—something was moving and slithering along inside of it, but she couldn't think what. Liza's anal pucker was stretching and flexing, as if in irritation or pain.

"Liza, take some more deep breaths. Relax. Whatever's in you, let it just *flow* out."

"But—I just know it's gonna hurt—"

"That's OK, but it still needs to come out. Just relaaaax, and let it flowwww..." Mary Jane returned her hand to Liza's warm, wet vulva, stroking the wrinkles and folds up and down, and teasing the cow's rather large, firm clitoris to reveal itself. Liza closed her eyes and sighed.

"Okay...I'll release...what's in my guts—ooooohh!" she yelped in pain. Her anus bulged out and then, opened wide. Liza's stomach muscles contracted again, and finally, her body began to dislodge and expel its least cooperative passengers.

In a mixture of wet farts, gasps of pain, and popping, crackling, slithering noises, Liza extruded a long, blue-and-brown serpent out of her tailhole that coiled rapidly down onto the desktop. Halfway through, part of it seemed to jam in the cow's irritated rectum, but with a great "UNNGH!" and a squinting strain, the cow finally ejected the rest of this long, awkward shape from her digestive system. It splattered to the desktop, ruining Montgomery's blotter. Mary Jane had only a moment to analyze it before more was due to be born again from the cow's rear.

"It's—it's her pair of jeans!" the mouse exclaimed in surprise. Liza moaned, and her stomach groaned: *RRrrrrgggrrrumblll...*

"Ohhnnh—more—ooh!" Her asshole bulged outward, then *FARTed* and spat out a smaller, yet equally brown-smeared white bundle.

"A T-shirt! Liza, these clothes passed *all* the way through your digestive tract?" Liza could only groan again, push out her anal muscle, and expel still more uncomfortable, scratchy cloth. A pair of thoroughly soiled pink panties tumbled out of her wrinkled, slimy bunghole and slapped on top of the pile. Liza gasped for breath, and leaned forward onto Mary Jane for support, pressing her heaving chest into the girl's face.

"Oh...Oh god—" One last shuddering *Grglurg* rang out from inside Liza's lower gut, and her rosebud swelled outward one final time "Nnnn, come out, you piece—of—crap—UNNGH!" A small plastic item burst from the clutches of Liza's gut and smacked into the mess on the desk. Mary Jane blinked. It was a cell phone, the screen quite cracked and every crevice smeared with poop. A keychain was attached, a piece of leather which had the word *Pamangsa* inscribed. Liza gripped her body again, hard, then finally exhaled. A lumpy rope of soft, ordinary bovine female fecal matter was the only remaining item for her bottom to force out. Once that was done, the cow's rear end composed itself, and she leaned back on her haunches and panted for breath. Her belly was finally back to flat, and despite its large girth the mouse could see several pairs of toned abdominal muscles, sweating in the pale office light. Mary Jane felt perversely exhilarated. She pulled her right hand back, thinking of what to say. "No..." Liza panted. "Girl...don't...keep your hand there, I'm so close..." Mary Jane was amazed: after all that, Liza *still* wanted to be masturbated!—but the mouse could only oblige.

Mary Jane slid her slender fingers up and down and between each and every one of Liza's velvet-soft vaginal folds and ridges. The mouse's thumb poked, rubbed, and pressed at her rhododendron bud-sized clitoris, until at last Liza was shuddering in pleasure, dripping milky-colored droplets of lust down atop her mound of digestive refuse, nearly tearing out the mouse's long brown hair in fits of pleasure.

"Oh...oh god, Mary Jane...That was so intense...I don't know why..." Mary Jane raised an eyebrow and looked up at her.

"Maybe a little of my perversion is...rubbing off on you," she teased, wiggling her thumb in the air. Liza laughed.

"I *never* heard such a terrible pun, Mary Jane!" She laughed. Then her expression changed. "Hot damn, girl..." She paused, as if considering something. "Man, I got ta pee like a *race horse*." She rose and leapt off the desk, hitting the floor with an immense CRASH. Mary Jane, still dazed, watched her boss' *World's Best Dad* mug fall and shatter on the office floor. Liza ran off down the hall to the women's

room. Mary Jane knew it was all horribly perverse, but she had to smile to herself as she picked up the wreckage and carted off Liza's waste. This was not an evening she would soon forget.

Luckily, they soon discovered that Montgomery kept a large stock of those mugs in the supply closet, and Mary Jane was able to quickly wipe up and magically de-odorize all of the messes they had made (those that she could smell, at least). They went into the elevator, and Mary Jane leaned up and kissed Liza on the breastbone, near a thin gold necklace she was wearing, while gently stroking her breasts through her shirt.

"So are we still on for this weekend?"

"I wouldn't miss it for anything." Liza leaned down and kissed the mouse atop her head. When she predictably leaned up for a kiss on the lips, Liza reached her hand around and pressed the girl's face in between her large teats, rubbing it back and forth.

"Hey!" she squeaked. Liza giggled, then leaned down again so they could kiss properly. They waved goodbye when they got to the parking garage.

On Saturday, the weather was just warm enough for Liza to take her car's top down. There were few clouds in the air, and most trees had grown most of their leaves back. Liza was driving up the country roads towards the mountains, wearing her favorite pair of big, dark sunglasses, and Mary Jane sat slouched back in the passenger seat, the wind tossing her long brown hair, checking through emails on her smart phone. Suddenly Liza's phone rang. She picked it up—it was her mother.

"Hi, Mom," she said, realizing quickly that this was the first time in several years that she'd been embarrassed to answer a call from her mother. The cow glanced briefly to her right, and by her smile it was plain to see Mary Jane noticed this. "How are y—Oh, Sh—Damn." Liza slapped her thigh. She sighed. "I'm sorry, Mom. We'll have to reschedule the Mother's Day dinner for another night. Are you sure you can't do Sunday?"

Mary Jane watched her. She remembered what Liza had said about her mother and was curious to see if the cow would be upfront about her existence.

"Well, not exactly," Liza was saying. "It's just—you see, I've got an all-day date today." The mouse watched her blush. Liza glanced over, and Mary Jane raised an eyebrow suggestively, which made Liza smile. "I know, I know. It's been a while." This time the mouse laughed. Liza pulled the phone away briefly and whispered teasingly "Oh, shut *up*, girl!" She quickly went back to her conversation, bracing the phone against her shoulder. "His name? Ah..." Mary Jane sat up and looked intently at Liza, but Liza's eyes focused on the road. "His name...is Mark." Mary Jane blinked. Her smile from earlier disappeared. She kept up the gaze, frowning and leaning over to poke Liza's middle. The cow caught her hand, and held it firmly in hers. "Yeah, yeah...I'll tell you more soon, but I got to go now. Driving, you know. Okay. See you next week!"

"Lizaaa..." Liza looked sheepish. "Not cool, you know!" Mary Jane was annoyed, but she wanted to retain a hint of humor in her voice. "You're gonna have to take that back." Liza sighed.

"I know, I know, girl. It's just—Well, I know she's very traditional, and my mom's the only real family I have. And didn't you say you'd only told a few people about yourself, an' how you like females?"

"Well..." That last part was true. Mary Jane felt silly, but she still felt she was ultimately right.

"Just let me get through this mother's day. I don't want her to explode just yet." Mary Jane frowned, and looked at the road, but Liza squeezed her hand, and so she nodded.

They parked about a third of the way up Spivey's Mountain, near a lot with the usual signpost of recent bird sightings, admonishments not to litter, and warnings about not leaving the trail for the possibility of dragons. Liza silently rolled her eyes at this, knowing there hadn't been dragons seen in the

state for years. They exited the car, wearing shorts and tank tops. Mary Jane went to the back of the car to get her camera, but when she turned around, Liza was holding a neatly wrapped brown and blue gift box. Mary Jane looked at it for a moment. Then she said,

"Oh...my birthday?" feeling heat in her cheeks. She looked up at the cow's face. "You got me jewelry for my, for my birthday?" She blinked, not sure what she was feeling. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I have my ways. Go on, open it up." Mary Jane took it, but found herself just staring at it.

"Liza, you...you didn't have to do this. I never...I don't usually celebrate it."

"Well, I do. And don't worry, it's not a wedding ring." Mary Jane laughed at this, suddenly realizing there were tears in each of her eyes. She blinked them back.

"Okay." She began to open the box, then stopped. "Wait a second, this is an enchanted item. I can feel it." Liza just stood smugly in front of her while she tore it apart. "Oh, it's pretty!" A pale pewter ring with a deep brown jewel glittered up at her. She looked up at Liza, blinking several times. "Thank you, Liza."

"So you're not too offended that somebody got you a present?"

"Not at all." Mary Jane lifted a hand and tactfully wiped her eyes. She leaned in, holding her date around her soft waist, and kissed her. "What does it do?"

"Acid resistance. The enchanter I bought it from—Marvin Feldman—said it'll protect the bearer up to ten sustained hours."

"I know him." She tried it on, putting away the box in the car. "Both pretty and useful. A very thoughtful gift."

"That's not all, either. I'm cooking you dinner tonight, mouse."

"Will there be wine?"

"Definitely." Liza smiled. "We've got to earn it first, though. Let's get going."

They walked up the trail, stopping every once in a while to chat and have a drink of water. Halfway up the ridge, though, Mary Jane said that she had to pee.

"You have to pee?" Liza seemed hesitant.

"Yeah. In private, that is." The mouse enjoyed her lover's surprise. "No, you can't watch."

"Somehow that just sounds a little strange, between us." The mouse gave a short laugh.

"I guess I'm a little shy about that kind of thing." Liza smiled, looking embarrassed only for a moment. It made her realize, the idea of Mary Jane relieving herself was just a little intriguing to her. But if she wanted her privacy it, that had to be ok, too.

"Go on, girl." Mary Jane turned around, giving her a quick wink before hopping over the side of the trail into the brambles. She watched her go, then thought of something. "Don't go too far off the trail," Liza called after her. "Remember the warnings. The dark magic wards only extend a little ways from the cairns."

"I'll be fine," the mouse called back. After another moment she was out of sight. Liza sat for a moment, dreaming up images of the way Mary Jane might look squatting down, with her pants around her ankles. Liza fiddled with her mp3 player. After another minute, though, she thought she heard something. Liza stood up and took a few steps in the direction her date had gone. Then she heard it.

"Liiaaiaaaaaa—" The yell cut short. Liza frowned, sensing danger. *Should I rush immediately after her, or take a more stealthy approach?* She frowned, and decided to compromise. She pushed through the evergreen brambles and arrived at a rocky ledge, with a spectacular view of the valley below. But immediately it made her think—had her dear Mary Jane fallen off the cliff? Liza's heart nearly skipped a beat, and despite the cool spring weather she began to sweat.

"Don't worry yourself. She didn't fall." Liza whipped around, eyes wide. An unmistakably dangerous creature loomed before her. It was a female blue dragon, a mature one, about forty-five years old, roughly Liza's height, but with rows of shimmering blue scales, delicate hips, strong-looking clawed feet and a long, toothy snout featuring a very long pink tongue. She batted long, dark black eyelashes about her brilliant blue eyes. Every inch of her exuded magical potency, from the flickering black fire in her eyes to the conspicuous silver-and-crystal necklace that she wore, to her ostentatious nudity. The dragoness' pert mammaries (Liza wondered idly if the proper term was *reptiliaries*) bounced with each step she took towards her, as if there were tense, invisible strings pulling them forward, distracting Liza's eyes almost as much as the image of her dark-blue vulvar folds slipping and sliding over one another with every swish of her hips. The cow's mind raced. *This isn't possible*, she thought. *A dragon cave right off the trail? How did the authorities miss this one?*

"The mouse is safe with me. You must be Liza." The dragon seemed relaxed, which made Liza very anxious, almost as much as her urbane accent did—*where did she pick that up?* she wondered. Her mind immediately began searching for a way to defeat this vicious beast. *I could try to get close and kick her like last time*, Liza thought, *but somehow I think that dragons are tougher than that. There was some weakness inherent to blues, though, that I remember from high school...what was it?*

"W-Well, that's right." Liza faked a smile, involuntarily taking a step back. Her hoof stumbled on some loose granite. The dragon took another step closer. "You see, we were out hikin', and she—she wanted ta' look at the view, and she wanted me to come see it—so where is she?" she blurted.

The dragon raised an eyebrow, then made a very slight smile.

"Inside." She was now very close to the cow, who was backed up against a tree.

"Um...did ya'eat her?" Suddenly, the dragon laughed, a very loud sound now that she was so close. Liza found herself covering her ears.

"Oh, come now, cow, blue dragons don't eat mice." She paused. "Not unless we're *very* hungry, of course. They're just so *low* on nutritional content..." The dragon began to monologue. Liza watched the dragoness run her long blue fingers up and down Liza's vulnerably exposed arms and hips, making an unnatural tingling sensation at each place they touched. "You see, we Blue Ridge dragons have such a high metabolism, we need to eat more than our body weight in prey—excuse me, *food*—each day. If we don't, we get rather...grumpy, among other things. Mice just aren't worth the trouble of eating." *Then guess I could starve her...* Liza thought. *But how?* The dragon was now sniffing Liza's body up and down, bizarrely paying special attention to her armpits. Liza stood absolutely still, quite afraid for her life. Then she licked her, and Liza felt her long, firm, wormlike tongue spread sticky saliva up and across her shoulder. Liza gagged—the dragon's breath was rank, but even then she couldn't deny that the feeling of such a huge, slick tongue on her was rather sexual. It made her shiver in revulsion.

"Mmm...you're rather large for a cow. There's some sort of magic in you, too. Nothing very strong of course, but intriguing nonetheless."

"Um—All right then, so, jus'let me get Mary Jane, and we'll—we'll leave you well enough alone then." The dragon drew back, still looking Liza's body up and down.

"No. Come inside." Finally, she met Liza's stare. Liza was almost relieved. She glared at her.

"No, y'all are gonna bring Mary Jane out *here*." The dragon narrowed her eyes, then squatted down among the rocks and began to chant a spell, gesturing with her hands. This squat had the effect of exposing her blue vulva, now sticky, which distracted Liza for just a moment. Liza finally blinked and turned to run. But by then the spell was nearly done, there was a burst of blue light, and a searing pain tore through Liza's mind. She yelled out loud. It was like a thousand headaches at once, like every living cell in her head was simultaneously scorched with hot iron. She collapsed in the brush, having retreated only a single step.

"Come inside," the dragoness demanded, her earlier façade of politeness gone. Liza reeled, the aftershock spreading throbbing pain throughout her entire body. *I'll have to find another way out,* Liza thought hastily, and followed the blue into her cave, breathing heavily.

The cave was rather warm inside, and Liza was surprised to see it richly furnished, with great glass windows and Swedish furniture. She was impressed, even as an interior decorator herself. This dragon was clearly following the latest fashions in home design. *But how could that be possible?* The cow wondered. *The military's been on destroy-on-sight alert in regard to all magical predators for the past fifty years.* The dragon then went past an unusually large kitchen table, behind which Liza glimpsed a cowering, short mouse woman—and down a much darker stairwell, to a hall of prison cells lit with candles. Liza glanced about and saw several pairs of glinting eyes in the dimness, half of which, judging by their stature, were mice as well.

"Here," the dragon said. She touched her necklace, closed her eyes for a moment, and a prison door swung open. Liza blinked, then realized she was supposed to go in. "Mary Jane, is it? Come here, girl." The dragon called down the hall, absent-mindedly toying with speckled blue breasts. Liza waited, hoping for some clue as to how they could escape, and marveling at the dragoness' shameless self-indulgence. There was a pitter-patter of feet, and then Mary Jane appeared, wearing only a dirty old smock. She had been crying, and her tears only renewed when Liza's bewildered eyes met hers. She wore what appeared to be a metal slave collar around her neck, inset with a crystal, just like that of the dragon's necklace, except smaller. At this moment, the larger crystal now nestled comfortably between the mature dragoness' two blue bosoms, each of which pointed outward horizontally, her dark blue, rough-looking nipples leading the rest of her body. The mouse stopped at the dragon's side, wiped her eyes with her hand and silently mouthed the words *I'll save you.* The dragon draped her cruelly clawed blue hand about the mouse's shoulders.

"Cow, seeing as you are sufficiently plump and fat-laden, you will serve as my dessert at dinner tonight, after one of my maids has prepared you properly for consumption. Your mouse friend here will be my slave, along with the other mice, for the rest of her life. Just as the others, she will no longer be allowed to speak unless spoken to *by me*. I don't suppose you have any questions about this matter?" The dragon had a glint in her eye that seemed to Liza to invite defiant questions.

"Um, you're not from around here, are you?" The dragon laughed momentarily.

"Hah! I see you're curious as to the reason why I don't share your low-class accent." Liza narrowed her eyes at this. "Why indeed! I'll leave that to your imagination." She chuckled, then added. "You may ponder that particular question while you soak in my stomach as I sleep tonight. I'm sure there must be some clues, tucked among the remains of my gourmet dinner." She paused to stroke her cyan-colored navel, and Liza noticed that her belly, or rather, intestines appeared just a little full. A faint rumble came from her stomach. "Mmm, you're making me hungry just thinking about it. Any less inane questions?" Liza felt afraid. She had few ideas on how to proceed, but she had to try bluster.

"Well, Miss Blue, it seems like you're very sure of y'self, but I *honestly* don't think you can eat me. Just look: even empty, my stomach's obviously bigger'n yours." But the blue just smirked and shook her head. "I assure you, we blues are very elastic...in fact I've been known to eat meals larger than my own mass...seven nights a week. As you know, we have a very rapid metabolism, you see...our bodies are designed to accommodate it. It's linked to our magical abilities, and all." She sauntered up to Liza's cell, making a show of pulling and stretching out the flesh on her abdomen. Liza watched, amazed, for when the woman pulled a handful of fatty flesh away from her stomach, the blue skin naturally grew thinner and nearly transparent. Briefly, the cow glimpsed the labyrinth coilings of her pale pink intestine, even noting a skull-shaped bulge that was presently slipping into the sigmoid portion of her bowel. Liza's eyes found this sight interesting, but she quickly glared again when she remembered Mary Jane's tears. The dragon was giggling, rubbing her pudgy stomach against the bars of the cell, arrogantly showing off

the dismembered corpses that were passing inertly through her internal organs. "Perhaps you'll understand it better when you're trapped in my stomach, heifer, as you drown in the half-liquefied remains of my dinner to—OW!!" Liza had reached in and grabbed the most sensitive part of Blue's body she could reach: The blue dragon's dark-pigmented left nipple. Liza took hold of the entire tip of her breast, feeling the rough skin, and yanked hard. She found to her surprise that her skin was indeed extremely elastic. She hopped backward, tugging the small clump of tortured flesh as far as it would go. "YOU—BITCH—M—Manus, Menses—Agh!" The spell was cast again, which forced Liza to let go. She fell to the stone-tiled floor, gasping for breath.

"God, *fuck*, that hurts!" the dragoness exclaimed, quite caught off guard, covering up her left breast with both hands. Liza, still reeling from the pain, saw with satisfaction that her attack had caused some irritation: Blue's delicately formed breast was now of a much more red-purple hue than the rest of her nude body.

"Well," Liza coughed and righted herself into a sitting position. "It's good to know you're the kind of woman that tells the truth about yourself." The dragon growled.

"Don't think that spell is just torture, you fat cow. I've just killed your brain cells. And I'm happy to kill more—I don't need you to be of sound mind to taste good. Mariska, prepare this cow with the full dessert treatment, maximum input. Tell the other girls to begin their preparations. Mary Jane, *you* are coming with *me*." Mary Jane followed, but turned and mouthed another message to Liza: '*Hang in there.*'

"Um, M-Miss Blue?"

"What?" The dragon turned around, glaring angrily, and everyone behind her flinched simultaneously. Mariska, one of the mouse maids, spoke again.

"W-w-what flavor would you like? For your dessert?" The dragon paused in her tracks, then smiled cruelly.

"Hmmm..." She turned to gaze at Liza, who sat panting on the floor of her cell. "For this one...I leave it up to you, Mariska." The dragon made an odd grin. "I trust your judgment."

"O-of course, Miss Blue," said Mariska, but the dragon had already turned and walked away.

"Psst...Mariska!" Liza whispered. The skittish mouse, however, only took one look at her before running away down the hall in the opposite direction, stumbling over the edge of her frock. "We can work together to escape! Hey!" Liza frowned. The mouse paid no attention to her offer, appearing not even to hear it. *But I know I will*, Liza thought to herself, feeling bold. *I escaped from all those bad things last Sunday. I know there must be some way...isn't there?* But after forty minutes of thinking, Liza was out of ideas. She ran it over in her head: She's a blue, so if we can tie her up or something for about a day, she'll lose most of her strength and magic, since she needs to eat so much...but she's given Mary Jane a magic slave collar and I'm locked in here, and besides she's as strong as, well, a dragon, so what can we do? Another forty minutes passed. Liza was thinking of taking a nap when Mariska returned. Silently, the mouse threw a slave collar into the cell and waited for Liza to put it on. Liza picked it up, noting the word "Food" etched on the metal edge, but she did not yet put it on. First, she looked this mouse up and down.

Liza felt she looked like what one of Mary Jane's sisters might look like, if a few years older. It made her smile, for a moment imagining herself growing older, with Mary Jane held close at her side. She considered what she would say to this one.

"Mariska...I'm a very capable woman. I've been through a lot. I've overpowered people trying to eat me before." Mariska avoided her gaze, staring at the collar.

"You need to p-puh—put on the collar," she said.

"If we work together, we can escape," Liza added hopefully. Mariska paused and blinked her dark black eyes, shifted on her feet, then said,

"The last cook who disobeyed, was s-swallowed. By Miss Blue." Liza blinked.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Why don't you tell me what happened, darlin'?"

"His name was J-Jeremiah." She continued to stare at the floor, shifting her feet uncomfortably. "He refused three orders, didn't respond to mental t-t-torture spells. He fell unconscious at the fourth. Miss Blue was lying on the divan in her parlor. S-She told me to bring him, and so I placed him in her mouth." Mariska took a breath. "She, um, ingested him. She told me to watch him slide down her throat, and so I did. He went—he went into her belly. But later, when she was reading, and I was dusting, he re-, he revived, in her stomach. I heard him yell, and I saw her stomach move. He yelled to me for help. Miss Blue said she was in pain."

"Did he escape from her belly?" Liza was very interested to hear what happened.

"Miss Blue asked me to fetch some grapefruits. I asked why, and she said she would show me." Mariska paused here and took a deep breath. Liza's brow was creased. *What, exactly, frightened this girl so much?* she wondered.

"My mistress instructed me to quarter the grapefruits, dip the quarters in honey, and feed them to her. She said they would aid her digestion."

"Feed them to her?" Liza was surprised. Exactly how depraved was this creature?

"I would p-place them in her mouth, and she would swallow them, and lick the honey off my ff-fingers." Mariska was clearly uncomfortable telling this story. But Liza wasn't entirely sure what her attitude toward it was. Was she telling this as a way of warning her? Or did she actually enjoy all this torture, in a prurient way? "We f-filled her with fruit and sugar. I heard Jeremiah yelling, muffled, from inside her body, 'Miss Blue, please don't swallow any more fruits, I can't breathe, I can't move, Mariska help me', but Miss Blue said her belly wasn't full. So I ff-fed her until we r-ran out of grapefruits. Her stomach was very bloated and J-JJ-Jerry hardly moved. Then..." Mariska took a deep breath. "Miss Blue made me sleep in her bed. She told me all about herself and about how she needed a really good cook and how I could do it. And she held me close to her stomach, and I had to listen to it g-gurgle and churn, and slowly digest all the fruit, and listen to Jerry yelling and trying to escape, and he said, 'Mariska, I love you...' And then her bloated tummy groaned again, and I heard something go 'crunch' inside of it, but Miss Blue just belched, and she praised me and told me what a good mouse I was and she let me rest my head on her breasts. And her breasts are very soft." Liza frowned. She was beginning to doubt the mouse's emotional stability, but perhaps if she just let her finish her story, she could get through to her. "And Miss Blue masturbated herself to sleep, and I wanted to sleep but I couldn't, because her claw held me close to her tummy and all I could hear was her stomach squeezing and churning what was inside, until it got squeezed and churned into her small intestines, and then into her bowels, until her gut was bloated, and when that happened, she made hot farts in her sleep, so loud and stinky that I almost cried, but I didn't."

"Mariska—"

"And the next morning, she told me be a good mouse and get a big bucket from the garden shed. And then she told me to get behind her, and she leaned over the bed, squishing her bloated gut against it, and pushed her dark anus toward my face. She laid her scaly blue tail over my shoulder. And then she farted again, and it was warm and sticky and smelled really bad. I wanted to go away but she made me stay. And then she grunted again, and wiggled back and forth, and she started to de-de-defecate. It took a long time." Mariska paused.

"Darlin', you don't need to continue. I understand what happened." Liza waited. But the little brown mouse was oddly determined to tell her story.

"I kept watching her bottom, and I watched Miss Blue. She defecated very gracefully. Her anus moved back and forth and pushed out big, soft poops, with only a quiet noise. She kept moaning and slowly pressing her bulging stomach against the bed, like she was squeezing a toothpaste tube, and it rumbled and churned inside her, and she was touching her-her— she was touching herself, with her fingers, touching her vagina," Mariska took a huge breath, "and her bottom kept pushing out very long,

very smooth, very slippery feces, pushing them out slowly but surely. And she commanded me to watch, to not look away, that the collar would shock me if I looked away. And I know it's strange but I kept watching the poop pump out of her bottom, noting each of the different shapes, colors, and sizes, hoping that Jerry would come out too, alive and well, but he never did. And she filled up the bowl I was using with her poo, and then she stopped. Her anus closed up. And I said, 'Miss Blue, are you done?' And she said, 'No, I'm just carefully holding the rest within my bowels, please go get another bucket for the rest,' and so she made me get another one to fill up as well. As soon as I had returned with the second bucket, she began to defecate again, in even larger and louder lumps of poo than before. And when she was finally done I watched her dark anus slowly close up again. And then Miss Blue farted loudly in my face again, and it was so sharp it hurt my eyes, but then she ordered me to wipe her bottom. And then she turned around—" Mariska suddenly looked up, surprising Liza. "And she told me to take both buckets outside, look through all of her poo, and find Jerry's skull and show it to her. And I—I spent a day trying to, because I liked Jerry, even though it smelled terrible, I looked all day long, I wanted to remember him, but I couldn't do it, because the bones were crushed into such small pieces and they all looked the same. And I cried and I told her I couldn't do it, and she said it's all right, she was sorry, her mean old belly was just too rough on him, but she needed good food, to maintain her beauty, and you know, she is beautiful, and she kissed me on the cheek and said she would take good care of me, and she asked me if I wanted to be the cook." Mariska appeared to be finished. She abruptly looked back down at the stone floor. It was Liza's turn to take a deep breath.

"Darlin', that sounds like it must have been a very difficult experience for you. But when two people work together, they can overpower someone bigger, even someone who's not a nice person." Mariska looked up suddenly again. She seemed miffed, almost angry.

"Miss Blue is nice. She lets me eat any of her leftovers that I want, and she needs me to help her body get the food it needs. I help her get protein-rich meats, like you, and I also help select the fruits and vegetables she needs to stay beautiful and keep her intestinal tract healthy."

"Do you really think that's better than anything else you could be doing, outside of this cave?"

"Keeping Miss Blue's intestines healthy and happy is a very interesting and challenging job. I've worked with her for five years on this and I've regulated her a diet so that she gets very regular bowel movements, with a nice healthy dark color and a good firmness." Liza frowned, thinking, *This girl is insane. Even Mary Jane doesn't do that.* Then she reconsidered. *Not yet, at least.* Meanwhile, the mouse was glaring at her, making Liza feel oddly accused. "Miss Blue says she is very pleased with my meals, and she says that they taste good when she swallows them, they feel good when she digests them, and that it is very pleasant for her to push them out of her bottom when her gut is finished with them. Your body will feel good to her, too. Put on the collar *now*."

Liza sighed. *This mouse may well be a lost cause*, she thought to herself as she put on the collar, *but maybe there's some way I can distract her if I can provoke her sense of compassion.* Mariska opened the door and bade her follow, and Liza obeyed, thinking over what she had seen and heard and deciding that the collars shocked their wearers upon insubordinate speech or actions, but not thoughts. Mariska led her into a large, dark room. In the center a spotlight illuminated a large, circular metallic table, with wheels. There were several machines in the shadows nearby but Liza couldn't see them in the dark.

"Remove all your clothes." Liza blinked. She was not going to do this. She sat up on the table.

"Mariska, honey, I don't—AH—!" An extremely painful jolt of electricity ran through her collar. Liza collapsed on the table. Her thoughts went from words to static and for a moment all of life was pain, until slowly it began to subside.

"The food is no longer allowed to speak. Remove all your clothes." Still grimacing from the pains, Liza said:

"I'm NOT going to strip. Torture me all you want—AH!" Again the jittery little mouse shocked her, and Liza's body spasmed in pain. She smelled smoke, and after refusing a third time and being

shocked yet again, the cow was barely conscious. In her mind, she was honestly terrified that she would be baked or fried alive in some gruesome fashion. She turned over on her stomach and took a swing at her captor. But this only angered the mouse: she made a high-pitched little growl, raised something that looked like a syringe in her hand, and stabbed it swiftly into a spot on Liza's shoulder near her neck.

"Ah!" Liza gasped as the mouse sharply withdrew the needle. She blinked several times, and began to feel extremely weak. In moments she could no longer move her arms or legs, and sensation itself was beginning to fade. "What—whuh..did you do?" Liza gasped. It was suddenly extremely tiring to speak.

"Muscle relaxant," Mariska snapped, and went to pull a menacingly large pair of scissors off a nearby desk. "Miss Blue provides it, to be used on uncooperative food—only when necessary. There are other dishes to prepare. I have no more time to speak to you." Liza wanted to reply, to try to persuade her to stop—she could see some innocence in this girl's eyes, but the sedative made it so difficult to move, she thought it best to conserve her strength for a better opportunity.

Mariska clambered up on to the table, grumbling to herself. She tugged and tore off Liza's tank top, but when she went over to the cow's other side to attempt to undo her massive bra, she was unsuccessful. Giving up, she lifted the scissors, pressed the blunt edge to Liza's broad back, and snipped off all her remaining clothing. It was cold, but Liza was so exhausted by the drug, she could not even shiver. She dimly felt a draft chill her long, plush vulvar lips, but all she could do to protect her dignity was drape her tail over herself. She blushed, trying to hold back her embarrassment. *I've just got to wait for a better opportunity*, Liza thought to herself, trying to ignore the pounding headache she had developed from all the psychic attacks. But deep down she was becoming very frightened. She had no idea how far the torture would go.

After that, Mariska rolled Liza's soft, heavy body over so she lay on her back, then tied the cow's arms and legs a series of hooks at the edge of the table. While rolling her, Mariska had to grip Liza's left breast several times, which caused her nipple to stiffen and extend as it was wont to do. Mariska seemed either confused or surprised by this occurrence. Liza attempted to catch her eye, but the mouse maid studiously avoided her gaze. After a moment of silence, she pulled her eyes away and continued.

The mouse brought a bucket and sponge to the table, and began to wash Liza's soft, nude body parts in wide up-and-down strokes. Liza held her breath, knowing exactly how her body would respond to the warm wetness of the sponge. By concentrating intently on images of very old men, Liza was able to prevent her large, pink nipples from becoming fully erect. *I'm saving them for Mary Jane*, Liza reminded herself carefully. Other than that, she remained in control of her response. The mouse made only cursory scrubs over her tiny, tight anus and her broad, soft pussy lips. *In a way*, Liza thought, *I'm relieved that she's not trying to sexually abuse me, despite everything*. This gave her an idea for how to reach the girl. The cow took a deep breath, and focused all her energy on forming words. It was difficult to do with the sedative drug sitting in her veins like liquid lead, but with effort, she could do it.

"You..." Mariska looked up from the scrubbing, just as Liza had predicted. "You said...Blue was beautiful...am I...beautiful...too?" Mariska blinked, then blinked again, and from where she lay on the cold metal platform, Liza though she could see tears forming in the little mouse's eyes. Liza, panted, taking great heaving breaths, and made one more attempt to reach her tormentor. "I 'kin tell, y'all are a sweet—ahn!" Mariska's tears ran freely at the word *sweet*, but her face became angry. She ran over and kicked Liza right at base of her ear. Liza was very hurt. "Donnn...Don't..."

"You are *food*." Mariska said, tears pouring down her face, almost shouting. "You're not mine. You're for Miss Blue. It doesn't matter who you are. You are *not* a person!" She hopped off the table again, and Liza took a minute to catch her breath, hoping the mouse was taking some time for reflection.

Mariska, however, came back with an apple in her hand and another length of rope. She grabbed the cow's sensitive nose from behind, and yanked her jaws apart, then positioned the apple in

between her front teeth, shut her jaws, and tied them down with the rope. The cow found that this apple was coated with some sort of sweet, gluey syrup. Mariska went back to cleaning the rest of Liza's left arm, but Liza struggled at this gag, licking the sugary fixative with her tongue and wiggling her jaws, until at last she dislodged it. The apple dropped quickly into the back of her throat, where Liza quickly swallowed it whole, ignoring the painful feeling of the dry skin on her soft esophagus.

"I 'kin...tuh...tell," Liza began again, sure that she could break through the girl's twisted logic, "You..f-feel, sym—"

"No *talking!*" Mariska shouted at her.

"Sym—AH!" For her disobedience, the collar delivered another harsh electric shock to Liza. Her mind reeled, her joints shook and her fingers twitched with the pain. For a moment, she forgot how to speak, and by the time the pain had subsided to the level of merely a very bad headache, Mariska had returned with a good-sized honeydew melon, also coated with that sugary glue. She jammed this in between Liza's teeth, just one more tear falling from her left eye, and re-tied Liza's jaws closed around it. Liza found to her dismay that she could not dislodge it.

Mariska finished the sponge bath and went into one of the dark corners of the room. She returned, wheeling a squeaky cart that looked strangely like a gas station pump. Four garden hose-like appendages were attached to it, one with a larger head than the others, and many more tubes led back into the darkness. Mariska wheeled the cart to just left of the preparation table and fidgeted for a moment with a computer screen on the machine. Then she lifted one of the smaller tubes and went up to Liza's head.

She stood next to the cow, staring at the bovine's wide, flat teeth, clearly trying not to look her in the eye (And failing once or twice). Finally, Mariska took a deep breath, grabbed Liza's pink nose again, and pushed the head of the hose between those teeth, towards the back of poor Liza's mouth.

"Nnnnn..." She moved her tongue, trying to say, 'No', but with all her restraints and limitations she could only moan.

"Swallow it." Liza blinked. There was no way she would do *any* of this voluntarily.

"Nnf." She glared at the mouse, and to her satisfaction found her looking just a little guilty.

"Swallow it *now*." The mouse bit her lip and stared at the table. "Swallow it *now!*" She shouted and struck the cow on the back of the head

"Nng—*u///p...*" The tormented cow coughed and gagged on the implement, until finally it lodged in the back of her mouth and her digestive system took over. Her throat involuntarily grabbed the end of the hose and began pulling it downward in evenly spaced, involuntary pulses. Liza watched, humiliated, out of her left eye as her body automatically sucked more and more of the rubber hose's length down her throat. After about thirty seconds, her throat became dry and sore, and there was a sensation of something cold, hard, and metal sitting low in her abdomen. The mouse had forced her to swallow this hose down into her stomach, and she could do nothing to remove it. Liza was a very proud woman, and able to take many insults, but she truly hated all of this. She began to blink back tears. She wanted to make some noise in protest, but imagined it would only make her look more pathetic. Mariska, still biting her lip, wheeled the machine to the opposite end of the table. Liza could barely feel her pull her cloven legs apart. *No!* she thought desperately.

"*Hnnnn...! Nnnng!*" She struggled with all the strength that remained in her, trying to show this mouse the true cruelty of her actions. Mariska, whose black eyes now looked very cold indeed, suddenly revealed that oddly guilty face of hers again, and looked back towards Liza's eyes.

"It's—It's not rape," she said. "It's preparation." She paused, as if hesitating, as if momentarily understanding the cow's fear. Then she tore her face away, back to her machine. "Miss Blue has us do it all the time."

"NNnnn-hn-hn-hn..." Liza, amazed at herself, began to sob through her gag. She tried to pull her legs back together, but because she was so weak due to the drugs she'd been given, the insane little

mouse easily pushed them apart again. “Nnnn!” There was nothing she could do, and Liza knew this, but she wanted to resist in every way possible. Mariska, for her part, bit her lip still harder, and mercilessly thrust the remaining two hoses into Liza’s vaginal canal and anus, respectively. Scarcely had this been done than she turned back to the machine and began hitting buttons. The machine whirred to life, and all that Liza could feel of her body was of an insidious, warm, oozing sensation, spreading and growing in her stomach, intestine, and vaginal area.

This is it, thought Liza, watching her belly begin to bulge outward like a slowly inflating balloon. *I’ve been violated—by a horrible little emotionally manipulated mouse. I’ve been—no...* She remembered something, *something from an entrepreneurship seminar, about not taking unavoidable disasters personally...that it wasn’t worth it...* She blinked, now fully aware she was crying. She sighed into her gag, feeling hot tears stream down the sides of her head, getting caught in her hair. *It is in no way my fault—nor even my concern.* She sniffed, glaring at the ceiling. The *problem is this total cunt Blue’s—and this little bitch here, Mariska.* Liza turned her head slightly to glare at the mouse, who stood hunched over her machine. When she caught Liza’s glare, she hastily turned her back again, clearly ashamed. *I don’t care what she’s been through*, Liza thought furiously, etching these thoughts into her memory. *There is no way in Hell she is gonna get out of this in one piece. I swear to God.*

The machine kept running, until Liza’s vagina began to ache, until her bowels felt swollen, until her belly felt like she’d packed two dinners’ worth of cottage cheese into it, and then she felt that disgusting oozing begin to pour deeper within her—in her uterus. Liza was so angry, she didn’t know what to think. So she resolved not to think until she had a chance to act.

The swelling of it all did arouse her, though, and although she hated anything going in her butt, and though even now her delicate anus was irritated and in pain, the sensation of a warm, fluffy substance simultaneously filling her belly and uterus was unique indeed. From where she lay, Liza could see her nipples harden again. *Oh, well*, she thought to herself, *the next chance I’ll have to act...will be when Blue eats. By then, they’ll have removed my collar.* So she closed her eyes, and allowed herself to enjoy the feelings while they lasted.

The fillings were finished soon after Liza’s resolutions. Her bowel and uterus were certainly strained to an uncomfortable and painful degree, but her belly was in better shape. With its magical enhancements, though it bulged out beneath her heavy, firm breasts, Liza knew it was only near half full. And despite the muscle relaxants she had been injected with, even as Mariska switched off her machine, Liza could feel her stomach rumbling quietly to life, churning and breaking down the warm substance (which Liza now guessed was a kind of whipped yogurt).

Mariska yanked and jerked the hoses roughly out from each of Liza’s holes, causing her to wince in pain with each one. But the cow kept her eyes closed, thinking peaceful thoughts. She knew exactly what her plan was, and had no time for other emotions. The mouse then proceeded to untie her limbs from the table and tie them together, hand to hand and ankle to ankle. Then she used what felt like a basting brush to paint more of that sticky, gluey substance all over Liza’s engorged, swollen abdomen, taking care to paint the gunk (which Liza now guessed was a kind of starchy fondant) over her pubic orifices to prevent any leakage. But at one point, it seemed as though Mariska had stopped, and perhaps was even about to say something to her, but Liza just squinted her eyes shut even more. *I cert’nly have no further desire for any friendliness with that girl.* After that, a shadow fell over her, and it seemed like a cover had been placed over her dish. Since she had nothing further to do, Liza slept, willing her stomach to do its work.

When she awoke, the cover was still over her, and everything was dark. But she could hear many sounds, particularly the sounds of many quiet feet running to and fro, the sounds of silverware

clinking against ceramic plates, and above all the sound of biting, chewing, swallowing, and belching—all coming from one direction and one direction only. *Blue*, thought Liza. She wiggled where she lay, listening to the gluttonous dragon gulp down what sounded like a gallon of milk at once, then throw the empty jug to the floor.

It seemed to Liza that the muscle relaxant Mariska had given her was beginning to wear off. *Perhaps my belly's digestion of a little of this yogurt has helped refresh my blood.* She found she could move all her limbs with moderate strength, but still not enough to undo the ropes binding her hands and feet together. Her body felt very full and heavy. If her stomach had digested some of the yogurt, it had now decided that the rest was unfit for digestion. Liza's inflated stomach squirmed within her, desiring to expel its queasy dairy contents, and her bowels were begging her for release. She willed them all to stay put, until it was time for her to act.

And then, abruptly, the cover was removed.

All around Liza, a table laid with a shining silk tablecloth was littered with dirty dishes, bowls, and picked-clean bones. Somebody belched loudly, and Liza turned her head. Towards the front, Blue was lying on her side on a long, luxuriously embroidered mahogany divan. She rested her arm on the right end of it, her long, draconic head propped on her right hand. Slave mice were visible behind her, rapidly clearing up trash she had tossed to the side. The dragon's feet touched the wood panel on the other side of the sofa and her long blue tail curled around the couch's legs. The divan, however, was bowed down in the middle, put under stress by the dragon's weight.

The heaviest part of Blue was obviously her belly. Sleepy as she was, it only took Liza one look at that immensely bloated, slowly moving gut that loomed in front of her for her to become afraid. Without warning, it growled loudly and aggressively, making a sound like a kitchen sink draining. It quivered as it did so, and Liza's sleepy eyes noted lumpy shapes jostling within. Blue's belly lay there on the divan like a huge, heavy blue sack of potatoes. She draped her left claw over it, intently stroking her swollen gut back and forth as though it were a sensitive sexual organ. Four mice—three males and a female—were hard at work pushing and stroking at it from below, but neither the dragon nor her digestive organ appeared to notice or benefit from their efforts at all—her bulging tummy merely sat there, churning and gurgling occasionally. Every time it rumbled, her gut sent ripples up and down her body, nudging her plump blue breasts, making them jiggle, her tense, dark blue nipples bouncing lazily back and forth. Liza's eyes were distracted by this. But then her own stomach contracted, straining itself and Liza was reminded of her own sensations—sensations of physical and emotional pain. She felt sick, close to vomiting.

"Annnnnh..." She squinted her eyes shut and moaned around the melon lodged in her jaws. As she rolled over, she glimpsed Mary Jane standing at the other side of the table, eyes wide in surprise at Liza's condition.

"She looks quite well stuffed," the dragon commented, running her narrow blue eyes up and down the cow's nude, helpless body. "Who prepared her?" she demanded loudly.

"I-I prepared her, Miss Blue," squeaked Mariska.

"Who? I can't hear that little voice." Mariska repeated herself, sounding embarrassed. Liza rolled her eyes where she lay. "Ah yes, very good Mariska. This would seem a delicious dessert. Remove her collar." Mariska did so. It was a great relief to Liza to be freed from the collar, but she still felt sluggish, was tied down, and at a great magical and physical disadvantage. "Yes...let us see what fillings await me, shall we? Hmm..." Blue leaned forward, grinning madly. Liza's eyes went wide as she realized that Blue's full belly seemed to have added to her magical power, increasing her physical size. The cow supposed that what she had said about blue dragon's metabolism worked both ways—when they eat less, they weaken, shrink and lose magic, when they eat more, they get immediately bigger and

stronger. Blue's large paw touched Liza's belly, below her navel. Liza felt her inflated intestines squirm just under her skin. Her helpless blue eyes watched Blue's crystal necklace dangle forward, and her pert blue breasts squash indelicately onto the gravy-stained tablecloth, bending her nipples, as the large dragon leaned over her.

Then, without warning, the dragon's hand thrust cruelly downward.

Liza gasped and moaned into her gag, and her internal organs strained to maintain their integrity under immense pressure. Her guts groaned out loud. Finally the crusty sugar sealant over her vulva and tailhole broken open, and with grossly flatulent noises, Liza expelled the fluffy fillings from her body. Taking the opportunity, she bore down with all her pelvic muscles and pushed, farting and emitting vaginal flatulence, forcing out as much material as she could push out of her. The dragon didn't seem to mind.

"Mmmm..." She was leaning over the puddle, lapping up the sugary substance. Liza momentarily felt her thick, greasy, wormlike tongue slide over her vaginal folds and her little anus. Little swallows pushed each mouthful of sweet cream down Blue's long neck. "Chocolate whipped yogurt for the bowels, and—mmm! Raspberry whip for the vaginal canal...how delicious." Blue continued to slurp her tongue all over Liza's body until she was satisfied. She blinked when she saw that Liza's breasts and nipples firmed up at the touch of her tongue. "How curious...udders that swell at the touch?" She licked Liza's swollen teats again, causing the cow to gasp and jerk away. However, she didn't seem very impressed with their taste. "Hmm...the familiar bovine flavor. Rather ordinary. Still, we've the main cavity to explore..." As Liza watched, Blue appeared to be making a great show of her own dinner, as if she was performing for the amusement of the mice. They all, however, watched with dull eyes.

Blue now leaned her face directly above Liza's. Then without warning, she belched again. Liza could see the burst of air originate in her bloated belly, then zip up her long reptilian neck until it exploded right into the cow's face. Liza squinted her eyes shut, smelling and tasting a thousand different foods. She blinked to clear digestive detritus from her eyes. Blue leaned in, and grasped hold of the honeydew with her snakelike tongue, then pulled it into her mouth. She crushed it with one bite, and immediately sent it sliding down her throat to join the rest of her dinner. Liza heard it plop into her stomach with a little *squish*.

"Mmm...sugar-coated honeydew!" She looked up briefly. "Who prepared this?" Mariska piped up feebly again, to claim credit. "Of course," said Blue, not paying attention. "Now, Miss Cow, I don't suppose you'd be willing to spit up a little of whatever delicious cream you're holding so tightly in that bulgy little belly of yours?" Liza merely blinked up at her, glaring. She felt no need to speak. "Haha!" Blue laughed at her own joke. She then grabbed Liza's head with one claw, and stuck her jaws over Liza's head. The cow was quite frightened, not sure what was happening until she felt Blue's tongue in her mouth. Liza was instructed anew in how large (4 inches in diameter), firm, and slimy it was. It squashed over her tongue and tickled the back of her throat.

Liza's stomach groaned and churned. She coughed, gagged, and finally vomited, squirming where she lay on the dish. A white, frothy mixture squirted up from her tortured, irritated esophagus, and with each of three hurls, Blue's tongue would lap up all Liza's belly disgorged, and swallow it down her own throat. With one final buck, Liza puked forth the red apple that had been sitting in her stomach since she had swallowed it earlier. Blue caught it in her mouth and leaned back from the table, looking very pleased. Liza gasped for breath, her mouth and throat in intense pain. She looked balefully towards Mary Jane, who stood silently at the table's edge, eyes wide, covering her open mouth with her hands. 'Hang on,' she mouthed again. Liza blinked longingly at her.

"Mmmm! How *tasty*! Vanilla buttercream—with a candied apple hidden away inside her tummy! What a *cute* idea." Blue immediately swallowed the apple. "Who *prepared* this dessert again?" She asked. The apple could be heard entering into her belly with a faint *plop*.

"Um, it was me, Miss Blue," Mariska squeaked again.

"Really," Blue replied distractedly, pulling Liza's dish towards her. "I suppose I'll have to make you the next cook."

"But I am already—" Mariska began to squeak again, more quietly, but Blue didn't hear. She was busy licking the sugary coating off of Liza's ears.

"Table slaves, you will now feed this dessert to me." Liza blinked. The four mice who had been rubbing Blue's belly rapidly climbed up on to the tablecloth.

"Wait!" one mouse shouted suddenly. Immediately everyone looked over towards Mary Jane. "Owww!" Mary Jane collapsed back in her chair, visibly shocked by her collar.

"You are speaking out of order, slave-in-training." Blue bellowed loudly, fingering her crystal necklace. "But I will forgive you, since you only joined us this day." She paused, leaning back in her chair and moving her hand from her necklace to play idly with her right nipple. "What do you have to say?"

"Um, M-Mistress Blue, I—" Blue rolled her eyes. Liza smiled briefly, noting Mary Jane's imitation of nervousness. It comforted her.

"*Miss* Blue, *not* mistress. How could you make such a mistake?"

"Of-of course, your—um, Miss. I am so—forgive me, please!"

"You will learn, in time." Blue delivered her a lofty gaze.

"Um, since—before I met you—this cow was my lover, may I—"

"A lesbian lover?" The dragon declared loudly, raising one eyebrow and half-smiling. "How bizarre! How curious!"

"Um, yes, it's very, very shameful, but may I, um, k-kiss her goodbye?" Immediately all the eyes in the room went immediately to Blue. The dragoness, for her part, looked mildly surprised.

"A kiss? This is most unusual. This is not done at the dinner table, young slave."

"Yes, I understand, but I-I-I—" Mary Jane threw a glance at her prone girlfriend, then back at the bloated dragoness. "I j-just, I like her very much, you see." Liza blinked. She felt a little warmth return to her body.

"Very much, you say? Hmm. Well," Blue adjusted her position on the divan, making her bulging belly slosh loudly and sending several mice skittering away to avoid being crushed. She lashed her tail once. "Well, I suppose it *is* all very dramatic and romantic and tawdry. Please, go ahead." Slowly, and carefully, Mary Jane did.

She crawled up on to the variously stained tablecloth, scampered over to where her dear Liza lay, gathering her strength, then took Liza's horns in her hands, leaned in, and kissed her. All eyes were on them.

It was only a kiss, but this was the best sensation Liza had felt in what seemed like days. Even Mary Jane's small, delicate hands felt angelic as they touched her soft ears. But then something happened. A small, hard object passed into Liza's mouth.

"*The ring*," Mary Jane whispered breathily, then kissed Liza once more on the nose, and withdrew. Liza, feeling confident once more, pushed the little ring between her teeth and her right cheek.

"How very charming," the dragoness was saying. "Forbidden love, doomed romance, all that. Don't you all agree?" The other mice murmured in a bored tone, but Blue was already on to the next subject. "Don't get sloppy, you fools, it's high time you fed me my dessert. Now get to it!" The four attendant mice converged on Liza and lifted her up by grabbing at different parts of her body. There was much struggling and panting, and when they had finally hefted her up, Liza noticed her right breast was mashing uncomfortably against the female mouse servant's head, the hair tickling her nipple. But they carried her swiftly towards the blue dragoness.

Blue had laid her head on the table, and now opened her salivating maw as wide as it would go, revealing small, sharp teeth, a huge, wide pink tongue, and a quivering, glistening throat behind them. The sigh almost made Liza aroused. I'm going in there, she thought, glancing at the dragoness' groaning, quivering belly below her. I'll have to effect my escape from the inside, she decided, struggling to hold the little ring in her mouth.

The four mice pushed her down, head first, into the dragon's mouth. Liza watch the slimy, red flesh of Blue's throat rush up closer and closer to her face until her hot breath and greasy epiglottis were pressing against her nose.

"Push her in further!" Blue demanded around her dessert, and it was so loud it hurt the cow's fuzzy ears. But the mice obliged, and Liza's view got darker and darker until her head was clenched on all sides by Blue's throat muscles. Then, it happened.

All light vanished from Liza's view. The dragoness closed her mouth, and swallowed. Liza felt the entire chamber grip her body tightly, and then force it—lubricated as it was by saliva and sugar syrup—down Blue's muscular esophagus.

The flesh was so tight it even gripped Liza's eyes and ears. But uncomfortable as it was, Liza began to admit to herself that it was an erotic sensation. Tightly clenched muscles kneading at all her softest parts, and her sensitive, large nipples were dragged across tight, strong rings of muscle, again and again. Liza could feel them dribbling milk as her soft body was forced further and further inside Miss Blue. Finally it got even darker, and her head was squashed against a tight, wrinkled valve that looked somewhat similar to an anus. Liza's neck hurt from the pressure, and yet she managed to reach a hand forward and push on it. The sphincter immediately gave way, slathering her form in yet another coating of slimy digestive fluids. Blue's throat muscles then shoved her body, headfirst, into Blue's enormously full stomach.

She didn't have far to fall. Liza could only see about a foot of clearance between the end of the esophagus and the...surface of the horrible mess of digesting food that packed this dragon's stomach. She slammed headfirst into the quivering brown mess with an immense *SQUISH* that she knew could be heard from the outside as well. Liza clenched her eyes shut as gallons of ingested milk, half-melted cheese and partially-chewed pork and poultry closed over her while soggy breads, mushy pasta and masticated eggs pressed up beneath her, forced by the eternal undulations of the female dragon's digestive sac. All around her was an immense, menacing *grrroaaan* noise. Acid began to tingle against her skin. Liza was frightened. Trembling beneath the stinking, hot remains of Blue's gargantuan dinner, Liza swallowed. Immediately she realized the mistake.

Oh, shit, she thought as she felt her last hope of escape —the ring of acid resistance—slide unhurriedly down her own dry throat and drop, inert and useless, into her own stomach.

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TO BE CONTINUED?!