It was a glorious day in Equestria, the sun was shining and there wasn't a cloud in the sky, casting the sky in a deep ocean blue. The local weather Pegasus on point in making mares day perfect, completely removing a chance of rain ruining some-pony’s festivity's. Fluttershy had decided to take her mother for a hike in the whitetail woods, thinking it would be good for her mom to get out more, and what better way to do it then spending time with her daughter, taking in the beautiful forest that sat a stones-throw away from Cloudsdale.

They had set off at about ten in the morning, and expected to reach a picnic site by about half twelve, but it had failed to materialise. Now they were creeping into the mid-afternoon and she was beginning to think they were lost. She didn't want to say so though, as it would put a damper on her mom's day, which up until this point had been thoroughly enjoyable. The two mares chatting and catching up, as she told her mother of her most recent adventures, well butterfly's danced above them, in this idyllic landscape.

There was still plenty of time before sundown, and Fluttershy hoped they would run into some pony or friendly animals that would give them directions back to civilisation, hopefully before her mom realised something was amiss.

"Fluttershy dear, is something wrong", asked her mother, in her normal quiet voice, her maternal instinct picking up that something was bothering her daughter.

For a moment Fluttershy said nothing, just letting out a nervous squeak, worried about disappointing her mother, before finding the courage to lay on the bad news.

"I think we're lost" she replied cautiously, expecting her mother to not take it well, and the amber mare to go into a panic attack.

Much to Fluttershy's surprise her mother didn't shut down, instead she seemed quite calm about it, but internally she was panicking.

"It’s not so bad dear, at-least we're lost together", Mrs Shy said, giving a smile, trying to look on the positive side of things, though there was a slight hint of worry in her voice.

Fluttershy was impressed, she had underestimated her mother’s positive thinking, but knew it would be a different story if they were stuck out here over night. It was for this reason she had designated Rainbow dash as her check out buddy, so if they didn't return within good time, she would be scouring the forest looking for them, and knowing her speed would find them in 10 seconds flat.

Spotting a large log by the side of the trail, Fluttershy gestured at it.

"Why don't we stop, and have are picnic", said Fluttershy with a forced smile, trying to keep a brave face.

"That sounds lovely", said Mrs Shy, also trying to keep a brave face, not wanting Fluttershy to see her falter over such a common occurrence as getting lost, but in her chest her heart started beating a bit faster.

In agreement, Fluttershy sat upon the log, the firm wood slightly moist, but not uncomfortably so. Joining her Mrs Shy sat at her side, the picnic basket sitting between them, the two yellow mares perched on their haunches.

Opening the basket, Fluttershy passed her mother a daisy sandwich before retrieving her own, taking a petite nibble, before looking over to see her mother doing the same.

"don't worry, if were not back by six, Rainbow Dash will come out and find us", said Fluttershy calmly, trying to reassure her mother that everything was in hoof, before taking another bite of sandwich.

"That's my girl, always thinking ahead", said Mrs Shy proudly, before the conversation returned to the mundane topics that they had been talking about on the journey up until this point. In no time the basket was emptied, the quality foods filling the now stuffed bellies of the two mares, the food going a long way to calm both of their anxiety.

Rolling from the log, Fluttershy got an idea, suddenly remembering she could fly, albeit not strongly.

"I am going to fly up and see if I can see any landmarks", said Fluttershy, in a quiet, but confidant voice.

"Be careful" her mother said timidly, fully aware that Fluttershy wasn't the best flyer. As with dainty flaps she ascended clearing the tree tops, hovering there for a moment she was met with despair, for miles around there were trees. The thick foliage forming a green sea, that stretched as far as the eye could see, no visible landmarks other than the road they had walked on to get this far.

Drifting down with a look of sadness, Fluttershy looked to her mother.

"Any luck dear" she asked hopefully, already knowing she wouldn't like the answer.

"No, it seems, we are well and truly lost", said Fluttershy, a fear creeping into her low voice.

Suddenly a gurgle came from Mrs Shy's lower body echoed out into the calm afternoon air.

"Fluttershy dear, where in these parts is the little fillies room", enquired Mrs Shy, blushing slightly at the awkward question.

For a moment, Fluttershy didn't understand the question, but with a loud fart she suddenly realised why her mother was asking, a mixture of brunch trail mix and water doing a number on her lower colon, the now processed food being forced out by the new foodstuffs in her stomach.

" Well this is the woods", said Fluttershy awkwardly, glancing around her surroundings for a somewhat private location, her eyes settling on a large oak tree a little way off the trail.

"How about there", said Fluttershy pointing to the oak, the twisted branches moving slightly in the calm summer breeze. Without a response, her mother was booking it over to the tree, disappearing behind it, before a few moments later, making the sounds one makes well taking a very sloppy dump.

Wanting to give her mother some privacy, Fluttershy turned away, her back to the gnarly oak, just the sounds of birds and her mother taking a nasty shit filling her ears. At one point she thought the sounds turned into muffled screams, but she didn't think anything of it, as it was followed with the rustling of leaves, which she assumed was her wiping, then silence.

"You done mom", called Fluttershy, her back still to the tree. After a few moments without a response, she began to grow worried.

"Mom" she called again her anxiety creeping in as she was at this point quite bothered at the lack of a reply.

Calling a third time, Fluttershy began to walk over to her mother’s last known location, reaching the tree and slowly skirting around it in case she was still in the middle of doing her business. All she found was a mound of liquidy faeces, her mother nowhere to be seen, the evidence of her being here sending a foul smell to her nostrils.

"Mom" she called again, beginning to panic, where was she, Fluttershy's mind racing over all the possibilities, timber-wolves, cragodiles and all manner of other beasties. With her mind distracted she didn't see the pink tendril moving towards her hind legs, the pink tentacle waving around as if being drawn in by her scent or body heat.

Suddenly Fluttershy felt a sudden tight sensation on her hind legs, binding them together, and with a strong yank she was pulled from her feet, screaming in terror. the yellow Pegasus being dragged through the leaf litter at a rapid pace, to a crescendo of rustling. on her journey she felt loose branches prod her body, but non-pierced the skin, leaving no mark other than a few misplaced hairs. Her long pink mane and tail was another story, the long hair becoming laced with leaves and other forest floor debris, making the normally clean pink mane look like a rat’s nest.

With her heart feeling like it was about to explode, Fluttershy a caught glimpse of her destination, a large cave, its concave entrance like a dark maw and this tentacle was the tongue dragging her to her doom. As she was drawn closer a sickly stench wafted from the opening, smelling like off milk mixed with vinegar the wretched smell causing her to gag, as she was pulled into the darkness.

For a few moments she could see nothing, the only sensation being the rough stone floor upon her body as she was dragged along, before she saw a pink glow coming from the direction she was being dragged. The source of the light was soon revealed, as the tendril brought her into a large grotto. The entire space was overgrown with bio-luminescent fungus, their pale glow casting light in what otherwise would be complete darkness, and seeing what she was being dragged towards, Fluttershy wished they were turned off.

Whimpering, Fluttershy reached the creature that had snared her, the beast unusual to say the least. It took the form of a gigantic snail, its body long and serpentine more like a snake then a snail. The surface of the creature covered in either moss or short hairs, she couldn't tell in the glow of the pink light, the fibres giving the creature a furry appearance like a mammal. the tentacles holding them captive emerging from an immense shell, the thick growth rings on the mobile home telling her this snail was truly ancient.

As she was drawn closer, she saw her mother, the mare wrapped in her own tendril, wings covering her eyes as she shivered in fear.

"MOM!”, called Fluttershy, somewhat relieved that she had found her, though wishing it was under much better circumstances.

"Fluttershy", snivelled Mrs Shy, parting her wings slightly to try and spot her daughter, before seeing the monster and with a yelp, slamming them shut like a prison cell.

"Don't worry, I will deal with this" said Fluttershy in the most assertive voice she could muster, this creature could mess with her, but not her family.

As if the monster could sense this defiance, it moved her upwards towards what Fluttershy assumed was its face, lifting the mare from the ground leaving her suspended at eye level with it.

"Listen here, who do you think you are, scaring us half to death" said Fluttershy in a raised tone making it sound as aggressive as the shy mare was capable of. Sensing the voice, the snail turned its four eyes down upon the small mare, each eye looking at her from a different angle. The cold black eyes perched on precarious stalks giving away no emotion, the things only glistening like polished obsidian, giving her a frigid stare.

"I have the right mind to tell your mother about your misbehaviour", continued Fluttershy, like a mother telling off a disobedient child. With this new stimulus all four eyes focused on her cyan peepers. sensing her opportunity, she began to do the stare, her piercing glare focused directly upon the mollusc’s charcoal eyes.

For a second Fluttershy felt the tendril surrounding her body shift, the tight grip loosening slightly as she was slowly lowered towards the ground. This action making her feel elated at giving this monster the proper talking to, and now it was going to release them.

Instead of feeling her hooves touching terrafirma she felt her descent stop, the tentacle leaving her suspended a few feet above the ground so that her long tail was just scraping it. looking up to give this overgrown snail another piece of her mind she was horrified at what she saw.

The tendril holding her mother had moved, the prehensile limb having lifted her up to face level with the creature, her mother visibly shaking, her body shivering like a leaf, so that it could be seen jostling the leathery flesh of the tentacle.

"Fluttershy, help" mewled Mrs Shy, as she came to a rest in line with the snail’s head. For a few moments the snail just stared at her with its cold, dead eyes, before the moist tissue below its eyes began to part, forming a triangle shaped orifice. From this orifice ballooned a cone of flesh, like an inverted umbrella, the cone twitching slightly as it enlarged ready to engulf Mrs Shy. The yellow mare sobbing in fright, the whites of her eyes now matching their cerise irises.

"Don't you do it mister", said Fluttershy sternly, hoping to dissuade the creature, which had at this point had enough of her grumblings tightening its grasp on her, causing her bones to creak at the strain. The pressure on her chest making it hard to breath as she was pulled to the snail’s foot, which unlike the rest of its body, was slick with slime, the gooey liquid coating her fur where it touched it, as waving undulations began to flow down its length.

Looking up Fluttershy saw another tentacle emerge from the snail’s shell ring. The long limb snaking its way towards her mother’s face before stopping and gently discarding her glasses, the spectacles somehow not being lost on the ride over, were now casually discarded landing on the cave floor with a soft clatter.

With that indigestible dealt with the snail began to slowly lower Mrs Shy into its gaping more, the funnel doing its purpose of guiding her on her final journey. All the while panicked sounds could be heard escaping from Mrs Shy's lips, most intelligible coming out as nothing more than jibbering nonsense, the fear of being ingested breaking her cognitive thought processes. In a few short pulses the elastic flesh quickly engulfed her head, the tube stretching wide to guide her in on her landing approach to the stomach.

Fluttershy tried to look away, but this proved impossible as again the tendril tightened pressing her even harder against the snail’s slick foot. The pressure forcing her neck at an uncomfortable angle, leaving her body parallel with the foot, head held up so that she might witness the morbid spectacle that was her mother being devoured.

Slowly Mrs Shy was lowered into the chute, until her head reached the throat the strong muscles pulling her in quickly. Soon it reached the curve of her hips, her flower emblazoned flanks twitching weakly as she continued to feebly kick her hind legs, already giving up at this pointless endeavour.

In a few sharp tugs of the snail's throat, the snail pulled Mrs Shy completely into its body, her raspberry tail being the last part Fluttershy saw of her mother, as it was slurped into the monstrous mollusc like hair spaghetti. For a few moments she could see no trace of her mother, before like a conveyer belt a tight pony shaped bulge began to travel along the foot towards her.

As her mother turned bulge grew near, she could hear muffled sobbing, her mother’s desperate sounds of terror barely escaping the gelatinous flesh of the overgrown gastropod. Soon her mother’s face slid past her own, the taut skin of the beast highlighting her mother’s contorting face, every expression of fear clearly visible through the skin. Her mother’s frantic breathing causing a strange vibration as her muzzle slid past Fluttershy's face, tears flowing from Fluttershy's eyes as she tried to pull away from her mother’s panic-stricken face, but the firm tendril simply held her in place as her mother slid by.

In short order Fluttershy felt her mother slide over her face, feeling every inch of her mother’s body through the tight skin, her face, neck, barrel and the curve of her hips, before the bulge narrowed as her hind legs flowed by. The narrowing of her mother’s body not producing a bulge large enough to press against her skin.

The snail now ready for its second course began to move Fluttershy towards its maw, the yellow mare no longer forced to look up, seizing the opportunity she cautiously glanced down, to see the bulge of her mother settle about half way down the foot. The bulge that was her mother was thrashing as she no doubt was having a panic attack brought on by the claustrophobic conditions that were the snails innards.

Eyes locked on the desperate struggling her trapped mother was making, Fluttershy saw the bulge flip as her mother’s erratic movements turned her around in the strained stomach, before it compressed sharply, clamping down and further highlighting the bulge, to a protesting mmph. A few weak pushes of defiance rippling the flesh, before the well-trained stomach returned her to a lying position, her desperate face almost looking like it was staring right at Fluttershy.

This horrendous sight completely distracting Fluttershy from the looming maw that she only noticed once it broke her line of sight. Trying to cover her eyes with her wings, she found them stuck tight, the coiling tentacle holding them firmly against her body. The cone opening widening in preparation for its second helping, the extreme yawn giving her a straight view down the throat. The inner throat seeming quite smooth culminating at a puckered orifice, the tight star pulsing weakly as what looked like hooves hammered upon it, trying to seek release from the hellscape that was the snails gut.

Fluttershy then felt the tentacle release her, as she took the short drop into the waiting gullet, the snail not even lowering her in, just wanting to get her plump flesh inside it. The quick fall was cushioned by the snail’s spongy flesh, the throat quick to seize her head causing her to scream, as the gullet quickly pulled her in, now much more slack after her mother’s earlier ride.

In a few quick convulsing waves Fluttershy felt her entire body become encased in the warm flesh, the throat quick to form a tight seal to her shaking body. the snail was strangely warm inside, the exotherm clearly able to maintain its core body temperature even in the dark confides of the cave. The journey to the stomach feeling like a weird vacuum sealed water slide as Fluttershy now slick with slime quickly felt her face hit the stomach sphincter. For a few moments it held tight like a sturdy floodgate, leaving Fluttershy's muzzle pressed against the tight ring. At this point Fluttershy was now sure the bulges she had seen earlier were hoof prints as they firmly pressed against her face, feeling her face for a moment before she heard a voice eep out of the stomach beyond.

"Fluttershy is that you" mewled her mother, her voice now raw from all the screaming.

"Yes, it’s your little Fluttershy", she cried back, relieved that her mother was still alive, as she felt the sphincter loosen and in a sudden thrust her head was forced into the stomach, headbutting her mother square in the face. For a second Fluttershy's entry was stopped by her shoulders, before with a slight bit of compression they slid one after another into the waiting stomach.

After that Fluttershy's entry was slick and fast, the butter horse sliding under her mother in one solid contraction, the momentum forcing Fluttershy under her mother’s belly, so that her head came to a rest in the curve of her hips, her mother's now sopping wet tail twitching weakly on her nose.

For a few moments the only sound was the gurgles of the stomach, before Mrs Shy let out a wail.

"Fluttershy, I want to go home", she cried.

"I do to", howled Fluttershy, the reunited mares dropping any semblance of faked bravado, breaking down crying as the sounds of the stomach growled around them.

For minutes after this the only sounds in the cave was muffled crying, the snail remaining silent through its prey’s final moments, before letting out a wet belch, the sound coming out more like a shart then a burp. The sound echoing around the cavern, rebounding off the walls until fading to nothing like the protests of its meal soon would.

Within the stomach the Mares felt the air suddenly grow very light and stale, their panicked breaths growing shorter as they began to suffocate in the tart air.

"I don't want to die" bawled Mrs shy, tears pouring from her eyes like a breached sea wall.

"Me either" wept Fluttershy, the realisation that death neared, sending a cold shiver down her spine.

In one last desperate attempt to escape, both mares began to thrash about in an uncoordinated fashion, their oxygen starved minds making them move irrationally. Mrs Shy was the first to capitulate to the stomach, her writhing going still as she blacked out, the elder mare succumbing faster than her younger daughter.

"Mom Stay with me", blubbered Fluttershy, wanting her mother to stay with her so she would not die alone, she did not get this wish. After a few more short and laboured breaths she also lost consciousness, both mares slipping into a sleep they would never wake from.

From the outside, the snail observed the bulge in its belly grow still, the two mares expiring in its caustic gut, leaving their plump flesh to twitch weakly, as its acid began to work on their bodies. The strong acid causing major damage to their nerves, causing involuntary motions as nerves uncontrollably fired. Satisfied with its belly filled, the snail retracted its eyes back into its body, followed shortly by the rest of its body retreating into its shell, allowing it relative safety to sleep off its meal with impunity.

DISPOSAL

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Sensing its meal was sufficiently processed the snail began to emerge from its shell, the large gastropod unfolding its soft body as it sought to relive itself. Soon the Goliath was fully exposed and made a short journey to the cave entrance to release its short-term guests.

For a normal creature the journey would be a couple of minutes, but for this momentum challenged animal it took the better part of an hour. The large snail slowly emerging from the cave at a plodding pace, the dazzling sunlight causing it to retract its eyes for a second as they refocused in the bright light.

Once it felt like it was a sufficient distance from its lair, the snail relaxed its rear sphincter, releasing a large log of snail shit. The long loaf of ass bread was the normal dark brown, with scattered flecks of powdered bone scattered in intervals along its length, the end result of a successful digestion.

A few larger bone fragments survived the trip, half a leg bone here, some vertebrae here, as well as clumps of short yellow hairs, ruined feathers and scattered teeth, evenly distributed along the long turds length. The complete mass leaving in one piece, pink and raspberry tail and mane hairs, acting as a bonding agent, serving as a fibre as well as holding the log together.

Sensing its bowels were empty, the snail turned to return to its nest, after a few pulses of its foot though it felt a mass still present in its stomach. Clenching the organ, it felt the object press against its stomach sphincter, forcing the donut shaped muscle open. With a few hacks the object flew from its maw, landing in the leaf-litter with a moist splat. The object revealed to be a hairball made from the remains of the mares that the stomach had designated as indigestible.

Glancing at the hair ball for a moment with passing curiosity, the snail then returned to its cave leaving the hairball to steam in the cold morning air.

The object a mix of 2 different shades of yellow as well as the long pink and raspberry mane hair that hadn't made its way out the backdoor. the conglomerate the size of a football, an acid pitted pelvis protruded from the side, partially embedded in the mass of hair. scattered amongst the hair was both of Mrs Shy's earrings and her necklace the jewellery not breaking down like the mare wearing them, the necklace still clasped shut, not needing to be undone to leave the no longer tangible mare. Near the top sat a pony skull, the skeletal mandibles forced open in an eternal scream.

Now alone, the mother and daughter had all time in the world to spend with each other, they just wouldn't be able to enjoy it.