A walk in the Green

**Slurp, Slurp…**

“You know Tex… I blame this on you.” Storm said.

“Why Stormy…” Tex answered, panting a bit. “I don’t really see how this is on me.”

Stormy, aka Storm Cloud, looked at Tex, aka Swirling Vortex, with a look that was best described with *“Are you kidding me?”* He shook his head for a moment. “Shall I recall your last exploits?” He puffed his chest, making his tits wiggle.

“Which exploits?” Tex asked, his own tits wiggling due to his heavy breathing.

“Hmm.” Storm hummed. “Well the list is long, but I think I will start with the obvious one.” He glanced down. “Going to the somewhat shady potion maker in town getting potions to *buff* us up.”

“Well the potions had worked… kind of.”

“Yeah… but instead of getting potions giving us the muscles and the height fitting a Royal Guard, you had got potions turning us into shestallion pornstars.” Storm commented.

Tex cringed a bit under that statement. He indeed had done that. Storm had been a Pegasus and he a Unicorn, and both had shared a shocking similarity, one besides the same white colored fur. Both had a slim and pretty build, which together with the smaller height several ponies had thought that they were actual mares.

So, in order to fix that Tex had visited the potion maker in town and got the potion. Sadly, Tex hadn’t paid enough attention to what the potion maker had asked. The potion maker had thought that Tex was a mare wanting to improve her less feminie stature and Tex hadn’t corrected him, leading to the potion maker giving Tex the wrong potions. Said ones had given both Storm and him the bodies of shemale knockouts.

“Okay… maybe it *was* my fault for not checking if the potion maker had understood what I wanted.” Tex admitted.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

Storm snorted. “Good, then the next point. When we had **told** Sergeant On Point about our predicament, *you* couldn’t resist doing some petty teases, leading to a hefty punishment. “

A shade of red appeared on Tex face’s, as the memory resurfaced. “Well… It was a strange situation. I just wanted to ease some of the tension."

 The situation Storm meant was just after both stallions had turned to shestallions. The sudden and unwanted change had caught them off guard. They had wrapped their new bodies in towels and rushed to Sergeant On Point, the appointed commander of the platoon. The sergeant was surprised seeing them turned and asked for an explanation. Which both gladly had given.

On Point was torn about what they should do now… how to deal with underlings having potion mishaps and turning into bombshells wasn’t something he had learned in officer training 101. So, he had been forced to think about what to do.

But at that moment thinking had been hard, as On Point as well as every other guard was sexually starved, as the nearest town was quite the trip away. Now having two really sexy looking shestallions in front of him wasn’t helping him find a good solution.

The fact that Tex hadn’t resisted and constantly had given On Point glimpes at his tits, hadn’t helped in the slightest. And after a remark from Tex about how they could help all stallions in base, On Point had an idea. Explaining that he had to punish both for taking those potions, as it was a dangerous act, he had grabbed both shestallions and lead them to the main plaza and called the whole platoon in. When every stallion had arrived, he had pulled the towels from Storm and Tex, showing off their lewd forms. This caused every stallion to grow hard. Then On Point had explained that their punishment was to ease all the sexual tension they had caused. What followed had been an orgy with both Storm and Tex getting relentlessly fucked both the mouth and ass by all the stallions.

Hey...it worked out in the end," Tex glanced defensively at Storm. "And you didn't say a thing against the punishment then...heck, you enjoyed it as much as I did..."\*

Now it was Storm’s turn to blush. “Well, yes. But it was you who had escalated it to that point.”

**Slurp, Slurp…**

"Anyway, that still leaves this latest *'exploit'* you've gotten us into..." Storm pointed with his head at the plant below.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

“How can *this* be my fault?” Tex protested.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

“It was your idea to take a walk in the nearby forest and you chose this path.” Storm responded.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

“Well I walked this path yesterday and the plant wasn’t there.” Tex answered.

Storm looked again at the plant then back at Tex. “I have trouble believing that.”

**Slurp, Slurp…**

The situation both are in was something only Discord could have planned, as utterly ridiculous as it was.

As a way to relax, both shestallions had decided to take a walk in the forest. It had been a warm day, so both had chosen to dress lightly, meaning shorts and tight shirts.

When they had walked a bit, suddenly the ground had opened under their hooves and vines had shot up and grabbed them. Before Storm had the chance fly away or Tex to ready a spell, they had found themselves up to their knees in the maw of a giant plant. A few vines had ripped their clothes off and a few more moved all over their bodies, tickling them as they laughed and squirmed, which distracted them long enough that they had soon sunk up to their butts into its maw.

Then Storm and Tex bodies were pushed against each other, one’s tits rubbing against the others.

Now they had no other way to go, but deeper into the plant.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

The plant was seemingly happy with its large meal, as it swallowed with controlled and contented movement. In the span of the whole conversation between them, Storm and Tex had sunk deeper into the plant. Just after the last sentence of Storm the plant had managed to swallow their tits.

“What… why do you think I would lie about that plant being here?” Tex gulped once. “Besides, is *now* the appropriate time and place to talk?”

Tex blushes again, the feeling of their tight containment, the warmth and wetness, as well as the tender motions of the vines and the lips of the maw wandering higher and higher… it made him shiver with delight.

Storm quickly caught on. “You knew that this plant was here.” He firmly stated, seemingly unaffected by the same sensation Tex was feeling. “You are nearly drooling you're so hard… “

Tex just blushed again, while his own hard cock touched Storm’s similarly hard cock.

Unfazed by that Storm rolled his eyes. “Great… Trapped in a plant, ending up as plant food, all thanks to my partner, who’s aroused by the fact that we are about to be gurgled by the plant.”

**Slurp, Slurp…**

Another round of swallows and only their heads are left outside.

“What have I done to be friends with you?” Storm asked outloud. Before Tex could respond, Storm captured Tex’s lips with a kiss. After a few moments he broke it. “Well… at least I could never say life with you was boring.”

Tex returned the kiss with vigor. Their lips now interlocked the plant had no problem swallowing the last bit.

**Slurp, Slurp…**

The lips of the maw closed over their heads; the plant had now fully eaten them both.

They were swallowed a bit deeper into the plant, where Storm and Tex arrived in a tight chamber. Rapidly it filled with a liquid, its level rising, while the amount of air diminished. Meanwhile more vines appeared and moved over their bodies, softly kneading their forms, sending prickles of pleasure through them. Two larger vines even approached their behinds. One entered Storm asshole, while the other entered Tex in the same manner.

Both didn’t really voice any resistance, instead they just moaned into each other’s mouth.

**Burp…**

The plant burped once, when its chamber was fully filled with the digestion fluids, as a way to dispel any air left.

With the air gone, Storm and Tex spent their last moments making out, and hit their climaxes just as they started to black out.

After going still, the process started to work on the ponies. Over the course of a few hours the powerful acid and enzymes broke the ponies down, stripping fur, flesh, muscles and fat off the bones. When it was done all that was left was a large soup and their bones. The soup was then sucked deeper down into the plant, feeding and nourishing it.

With a few powerful contractions the bones were expelled through the maw, forming a pile of white bones in front of the plant, near the remnants of the shestallions shredded textiles. Thus, creating an imagine out of a horror movie.

The plant didn’t care though. It had its meal and now was going back into hibernation.

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Storm opened his eyes. His dreamless sleep had been wonderful, sadly he wasn’t able to sleep longer. Celestia had already raised the sun, which in turn tortured him into waking, by sending rays of pure sunlight directly into his face.

Grumbling, Storm rose from the comfortable bed. He stretched his arms and shoulders, making them crack a few times, easing the tension that had built up.

Following a snort Storm heard, he turned towards the source, seeing Tex sleeping in the bed nearby. The fact that Tex wasn’t assaulted by her Grace sunshine already screamed at Storm to act. Not wasting a moment, he threw his pillow, landing a direct hit in Tex’s face, causing him to wake up abruptly and jump up, which in turn nearly made him crash face first into the ground.

Tex grumbled as he grabbed the object. “Hey, what gives?”

“Your snorting is so loud; it probably has awoken the whole garrison.” Storm resorted.

Before Tex could counter, the door to the room opened up and Sergeant On Point walked in.

Military discipline kicked in and both Storm and Tex scrambled out of their beds and stood at attention, not minding, that both are nude.

“At ease.” On Point said. “You know… with the both of you, there isn’t really a single quiet moment around here.”

Both Storm and Tex looked at each other, then at On Point. “Meaning, Sir?” they asked in unison.

“Well how much do you recall? -” On Point asked, chewing on a bubble gum. “- Of your little walk into the forest.”

At first Storm was confused by what the Sergeant could have meant. Looking at Tex, Storm saw the same confusion he felt.

“Yeah, we walked into it … “For a moment Storm stopped, seemingly as he recalled the event. “…And there we found a plant…”

Tex muttered under his breath. “More like it found us.”

That jump-started Storm, who now remembered what had happened. “We fell prey to a trap plant on our way. It had grabbed us and then eaten us…” his eyes grow to saucer size.

Frantically, he pinched himself, as well as Tex when that didn't work. Storm couldn't understand how he wasn't still dreaming, or Tex wasn't. He clearly remembered getting eaten, and then digested by the plant, but here he and Tex were, unharmed and *un*-digested, standing in front of their commanding officer at the garrison."

Tex was also in shock, after he also realized the situation.

On Point gave them a moment or two, secretly enjoying their shocked faces. “Well, guessing by the shellshocked looks, both of you remember. To recap what happened.” He spit the gum out. “Yes, you both had managed to get eaten by the local flora. And yes, the plant that had swallowed you both, really did the whole tour. Your bones were found, along with what was left of your clothes, near the plant.”

“Then how are we…” Storm tried to speak, but his voice broke halfway through his sentence.

“…back in one piece?” Tex and Storm nodded at On Point’s remark. “That was the work of the shaman in the forest. She came checking, because she felt the plant awaken. She knows about our work, so she knows us.” On Point waved his hand.” Anyway, she arrived at the plant and saw your bones and the shredded clothes. She collected all of it and came here. In the alchemy laboratory she brewed some potion up, threw your bones in and chanted. Well after she was done, she emptied the cauldron and the both of you were back.”

Strom felt his left eye brow twitch, an old tick of him, when he had problems processing a situation.

Tex meanwhile stared with an open mouth at what he had heard. “The shaman revived us?”

On Point nodded. “Yup… that mare knows many wicked spells.”

Tex and Storm stared at each other. It was a lot to process.

“Well anyways… a few changes around here. Until further notice, you both are confined to the garrison, meaning no going outside.” This caused an outcry from Storm and Tex, which was quickly silenced by a glare. “Two reasons for that… seeing that the plants seem to have taken a liking to the both of you, keeping you in here keeps you out of any plant wanting to snack on you. The shaman can revive you again, but she has told me she is too old to look after some, “*cheap eager bimbo gutsluts”*, her words.”

This somewhat made sense to Storm. “And the second reason, Sir?”

Now On Point pointed at their bodies. “Well since you both hadn’t noticed… between your trip through the digestive track of a plant and getting revived by a shaman, who I think is part dryad… you’ve *increased*…”

Tex and Storm now looked down at their bodies. At first, they were puzzled, but then they realized something… their tits indeed had grown considerably and a quick glance at their behinds confirmed that their butts received the same growth.

“Your old clothes won’t fit… the only thing that you could wear now would be a bikini style armor.” On Point sniggered, but his eyes got a somewhat dreamily look, as he imagined both in said armor.

Storm was lost for words, but Tex spoke. More specifically he mumbled under his breath. “Well… seems that it worked out in the end.”

“Does that mean you had planned to get eaten, Private Swirling Vortex?” Sergeant On Point suddenly barked, his voice hard as he shifted from being friendly to being the officer in command.

Tex shivers under the hard gaze. “Well… yeah. But I didn’t know of the shaman.”

On Point held the hard glare. “Up, both of you. At the main plaza… in 5 minutes.”

“Why?” came from Tex.

“Willingly walking into a situation that can lead to death.” On Point said to Tex. Then he turned on the spot and walked out.

Their fear was overwritten by the discipline, so Storm and Tex did as ordered, not wasting a moment to cover their nudity.

Soon both stood at the main plaza… with the whole platoon waiting for them. All eyes hungrily staring at their improved forms.

“Guards… The special privates did it again… they need to be punished.” On Point bellowed, followed by the cheering of the other stallions and the sounds of clothes getting ripped off.

Both Storm and Tex quickly kneeled, seeing the mass of aroused stallion approaching them.

Storm turned to Tex. “This is again your fault.”

Tex just winked. “Say what you want… No matter what I do, you can’t say life is boring.”

Storm couldn’t answer, as the first cock was already shoved into his mouth. “I have to give Tex credit for that…” he thought. “…Life is indeed never boring with him.”