

"Step through the scanner please, ma'am."

Kate Meadows, a tall, 36-year-old, and rather pot-bellied cow, did so without a second thought, sighing and gazing out the airport window, at the beautiful sunset over the Great Sea. Her vacation at Island City had ended and it was time to return home and go back to work.

"I'm going to miss this place," she lowed to no one in particular. A young goat girl nearby, one place ahead in line at the customs check, turned, smiled, and said,  
"You're not the only one!"

Kate turned, smiled and nodded. In contrast to her own outfit of a simple white blouse and blue jeans, the goat wore a white and blue sun-dress, and Kate felt slightly jealous of her outfit and style. *Ah well...Back to the rat race soon*, she thought. She absently scrolled through boring work emails on her phone, and absently stroked her pleasantly full stomach – *What a lovely dinner that was* – waiting for the approval to proceed.

It was a bit long in coming.

"Ma'am?"

She blinked and turned, noticing the lapine airport security employee for the first time. The security guards each wore khaki pants and black polo shirts. This one was a rabbit, about 3-4 feet tall, with mostly eggshell-colored fur.

"You've been, uh, selected for a random check."

The rabbit had a nametag that read '*CARMEN TORAGA*'.

"I see...will there be much delay?" The rabbit looked a little unsure.

"No, shouldn't be more than a few minutes. A couple interview questions, and, uh, checks. This way."

Blinking, for she had time to spare, Kate followed.

She was led away from the airport terminal into a secluded and rather bare examination room, with just one long window view of the coastline by the airport.

"...Okay, so, tell us about your last day here on the island." Carmen was sitting at a computer, while her supervisor was behind her, looking lazily over her shoulder.

"Well, I slept late after the wonderful party last night, at Club Iguana. Had lunch with my aunt, that's Theresa Ludwig. She'd lost her pet dog earlier that morning, so I helped her look, put up posters, et cetera. Then, went to a lovely harbor cruise dinner—rather a large one, in fact—I'm still looking forward to sleeping it off on the plane!"

"I see..." rabbit was typing. "Lost dog, interesting."

“Yes—all kinds of her jewelry was missing.”

“Tell me about the lost dog.”

“Uhh...a beagle, a female...named Rosie, pink collar with a heart tag. I don’t remember the dog registration number.”

“Not a problem. And....what specifically did you *eat* during this dinner?”

“Does it really matter?” Kate gave her a look. “I’m not sure I entirely remember. It was quite a lot.”

“Ma’am—The scanner showed something in your—in your intestines, so we’re required to ask—”

Kate blushed at the word ‘intestines’. She didn’t like to think too much about the slimy, dirty inside parts of her body.

“All right, all right. There was a lot. More meat than I usually eat. Bacon-wrapped steaks, pork chops, a whole bunch of delicious lobster meat, lovely buttered shrimp, and of course plenty of healthy vegetables, broccoli, tomatoes, arugula salad, rice, oh and the coconut pudding was just fabulous.” She gazed at the fading sun, licking her lips and feeling her stomach rumbled pleasantly. “I’d really eat the whole thing again, right now, if I could.”

“Okay, great, thanks...” The little white rabbit girl was shuffling papers and squinting at a computer screen. A large male brown bear, who appeared to be her supervisor, was mumbling something she couldn’t hear, and pointing at a screen.

“Are...are you sure?” The rabbit looked up at the bear.

The bear blinked. “Yeah! It’s obvious. Regulations say we check.”

“Uh...All right, Miss Ludwig! We’re going to do a courtesy check on you.”

“A...courtesy check?”

As she watched, the diminutive rabbit had already hopped out of the desk and went behind a curtain to put on some kind of safety equipment over her simple security uniform.

“Local regulations,” the old bear drawled, looking bored and playing with his cigarette lighter. “The scanner showed some suspicious shapes in your abdominal cavities, so, Carmen here is going to just check it out.”

“*Abdominal*...could you repeat that?”

Kate squinted and blinked, quite suspicious. She had never tried to smuggle anything in her life.

The rabbit took a deep breath, then looked up to the cow and explained further.

"Juust going to take a look down your throat, nothing more. Shouldn't take more than 15 minutes," said the rabbit, now stepping out. She seemed to be wearing a full protective suit, a mostly vinyl thing rather like a hazardous-materials suit, with a plastic face shield and attached little oxygen tank. The bear handed her a big binder labeled "DIGESTIVE SYSTEM DIAGRAMS BY SPECIES" and she blinked and struggled to flip to the page labeled "COW".

"Is this really....necessary? I mean—I *did* have a rather large dinner, but I feel you know as well as I do that at the worst, all you'll find in there is a very delicious gourmet meal!"

"Heh heh!" The bear chuckled, and slapped the protectively-suited rabbit, who blinked rapidly and looked nervous, squinting at the diagrams, then flipping to another one.

*Is that little rabbit going to try to reach her tiny little arms down my throat..? No...they'll have me swallow her, and she'll poke around and muck about inside my stomach...* Something about this idea intrigued Kate. She shifted in her seat.

"Yeah, well, recently the commissioner came by and said we have to stick closer to regulations this month. Rules are rules. You ready, Carmen?"

Carmen did not look very ready, but she blinked and jumped in the slightly ill-fitting suit, looking up and nodding.

"Well, all right, I guess," said Kate, now feeling rather curious as the rabbit pushed a little step-ladder up to the side of her chair while the bear was scrolling through his phone and twirling an unlit cigar.

"How—how exactly is she going to get out again, when she's done the check?"

"Show 'er, Carmen."

Kate turned and the rabbit held up her tool-belt, pointing to a little spray-bottle labeled 'EMETIC'.

"Okay...And this will only take fifteen minutes, right?"

The rabbit blinked, but the bear nodded.

"And this is...this is something that's commonly done?"

The rabbit, who was standing quite close to her now, pushed a button that made Kate blink and the chair begin to move. The rabbit moved forward, placing her gloved paws on Kate's plump left breast. The cow glanced, but didn't comment.

"Yep. Your stomach will be the fifth I've been in today."

"F-Fifth! Wow...." She tried to imagine this as the chair leaned back, putting her into a reclining position.

"Well—did you find what you were looking for in the others?"

"I—"

"Yep," said the bear from across the room. "You tell 'em, Carmen."

[....]

"Wow! That sure is....sure is a lot of, *internal exploration*, I guess!" Kate was amazed. She couldn't imagine what all that was like.

She felt the rabbit's rubber-gloved paws touch on her soft grazing lips, and grunted slightly, realizing this was necessary.

"Open wide."

"Aah...."

Staring at the ceiling tiles, she felt the short woman heave her big, vinyl-covered feet into her mouth.

“Umf!”

The rabbit’s feet tickled the back of her throat. Kate’s mouth felt very full. She understood now why it was a rabbit doing this work. She was just the right size.

“Ngh...” Kate couldn’t talk, but it wasn’t easy to hold the rabbit in her mouth like this. She kept feeling a strong urge to swallow.

“Sure glad this is my last dive of the day, though. You ready, Hector?” The rabbit, sitting in Kate’s mouth, turned and checked some kind of wrist-mounted device, and glanced at the bear.

“Hnh...” Kate tried to breathe. The cow felt her mouth salivating all over this dry, heavy object, making the rubber-suited rabbit totally coated with warm, slick, slimy cow saliva.

“What? Huh? Oh, sure.” He said lazily, putting aside the video game he had been playing and tapped the computer on his desk.

“Okay....” The rabbit sighed nervously.” Kate could feel her quivering slightly. “On three – One –”

The rabbit began to check her tool-belt and adjust her oxygen tank.

Kate couldn’t resist anymore—the feeling was too strange.

*Kc-Gulp!*

The rabbit vanished, and Kate felt every moment of it. She felt her tongue naturally push back, guiding the creature into her throat, which easily opened up, and then, having clasped the creature’s feet, just as easily gripped and *pulled down*, for as soon as the rabbit’s lower half was down, bulging through her neck, her throat automatically made new muscular waves, pulsing and pulling the creature’s waist, arms, chest, and finally her plastic-shielded face, down her throat, with Kate feeling her neck bulge and pulsate deliciously.

*Is it weird that this feels good?* She wondered. Kate licked her lips as she felt the bulge pulsate further down, into her chest, behind her heavy breasts. There was an almost inaudible *squish* as the inspector rabbit was forced heavily into the huge amount of food that had sat quite pleasantly in Kate’s stomach since her big dinner earlier.

“Rabbit, meet dinner, heh!” She chuckled, and the bear laughed too, lazily.

Kate lay there, watching her belly curiously. It swelled a bit larger, and felt indescribably delightfully full, but then it barely moved.

Reaching down to stroke her round, fuzzy sides where her white blouse rode up on it, just under where her fat breasts sat, she heard her belly gurgle quietly:

*Gluuuuurt.*

She could only feel faint sensations from inside.

“I can hear my tummy trying to digest her, heh,” Kate commented with some amusement.

“Yeah, that’s not gonna happen. Those suits are air-tight, and come with their own oxygen supply,” said the bear, distracted with something.

“So, uh...” She started, starting to feel kind of bored, hungry, and with a slight need to pee. “Is there any kind of...”

The bear was focused on his phone, but glanced up.

“Oh, yeah. I can follow the feed on the computer here.” He tapped the screen, then, as Kate watched, stood up. “Sounds like the security staff needs help in terminal D, though. I’m going to head over to check it out. You just sit tight.”

“So, do I need to...”

“Nope, don’t need to do anything. She’ll be out in ten minutes or so—You’ll know when, heh.”

He was already at the door by the time Kate had reflected, blinked, and turned to ask him:

“So can I—”

But the door was closed on the inspection room, and he was gone.

“Huh.” Kate sat quietly, wondering what she was supposed to do. “Sure is the least secure airport I’ve been to in a while...nothing like the ones back home...” She mumbled to herself, looking around this rather shabby secure office of the aging island airport. Swallowing the rubber-suited rabbit had made her slightly hungry for things that she *could* digest. She glanced at her bag, which contained plenty of snacks that she’d bought at the stalls nearby.

“Mm—*Uhrp*.”

With no one around, the young lady felt free to belch as she pleased.

She reached for her snacks.

\* \* \*

*Gloosh!*

“Shit, shit, shit!” The rabbit was panicking as the beast’s muscular throat **shoved** her hard, deep inside the stomach, forcing her beneath what seemed like an immeasurable amount of slime-slick food items and sludge—BEFORE she had double-checked all her equipment.

*Gloop—Glluuurk—GRRRRRnnnn..*

The stomach contracted suddenly around her, crushing hard—

*Pssshh!!*

The unmistakable sound of an oxygen tank hissing air out of an unsealed valve rang out in the dark, cramped space.

“Hhh—” She couldn’t breathe. The breathing mechanism in her mask pulled in a great pile of barely-digested, slimy, acidic sludge-slick noodles inside the sealed mask, splattering her face with the vomit-scented mess.

“Aahhh!” She yelled in panic. “Can’t breathe—gotta find the tank—gotta find the tank—”

Holding her breath, Carmen began to force and shove her way around what she believed was the cow’s stomach.

With a great heave, she shoved aside a mound of what appeared to be whole entire cucumbers, zucchini, and eggplants, all lightly coated with digestive slime and drizzled with more swallowed spaghetti, stepping through and upward, following the noise. Standing on some large, rather firm yet wobbly object that she couldn’t possibly see, Carmen reached out again, seeing big stacked towers of sliced and grilled meats, leaning against what looked like the muscular, lobed stomach wall—hard to see in the dark, but she had no choice—she didn’t dare even take time to fumble for her flashlight.

“Hngh—Nnh—!”

The stomach quivered and groaned at her machinations inside it, clearly annoyed, but Carmen climbed upward, cursing how heavy the vinyl diving suit and mask were, reaching her gloved paws out and pulling up against slabs of steak and pepper-crust steamed meats, now being squished and caressed by the beast’s long, floppy stomach-lobes, slathered with slime. Some of these heavy foods tumbled down into a dark pit and were swallowed up by a rapidly-closing little orifice, while most remained steady—perhaps shellacked to the warm, undulating, fleshy walls by a combination of swallowed sauce and suction.

Finally atop the giant pile of food, and quite close to the ‘roof’ of the stomach, Carmen rolled around as quickly as she could—trying to distribute her weight to avoid sinking in to the sludge—and pulling aside the cow’s seemingly endless lobes and flaps of muscle-flesh that were constantly caressing, oozing, and dragging themselves all over the food and her—finally seeing that oxygen tank—

“Yes!! HH—Shit!”

Carmen swore again as her sudden inhale of the moist, sickly stomach-air pulled another gout of stomach-mess inside her suit to splatter her face, then tumble down to squish revoltingly against her fur—this time it was an entire rabbit-sized entrée worth of cheesy , greasy potato slices, and she shuddered at the way this hot and strangely tasty-smelling mess squished against her face, and then slithered down inside her suit with gravity.

But Carmen had no time to waste.

She grabbed the helpfully white-painted oxygen tank and rolled over, re-attaching it with long-practiced quickness.

“Hhh....” She breathed when she could , resenting the squishy mess that was collecting inside her suit, around the foot and groin area. “Dumb cow won’t wait for a count of three...Stupid fucking Oscar making me do this just because he wants to sneak out with his girlfriend...Hhh....”

Carmen reached down to her toolbelt and took out her flashlight, switching it on and looking around inside the cow’s stuffed stomach.

*Glupp...glrrt...gllnn...*

Quivering arches of puffy pink flesh presided over a vast swamp of messy food , constantly being squeezed and churned.

“...Holy shit, this bitch is FULL,” Carmen swore.

Lying there between the flesh-dome of the ceiling and trying to avoid sinking into the food-hoard, Carmen tried to ignore the squishy mess in the lower part of her suit, and cast the flashlight around, getting a better picture of the environment inside Kate’s stomach, into which she had been rather too-quickly swallowed.

*Grrroowl.....glooop.....glyt...*

The *entrance* valve to the stomach—the cardia—was quite close by, above her and on the other side—pink, puckering and quivering like a tickled anus. The bunny knew that she could use her emetic spray bottle to trigger everything in here to shoot back out like a rocket, into the light. But Carmen was not ready to leave yet, her job was to find what had set off the metal detector.

Casting the light down, she saw that she lay upon rows of stacked towers of spiced, grilled and peppered meats—chicken, pork, and everything besides. She lay there, breathing and panting, casting the flashlight around, seeing the cow’s quivering stomach-flaps oozing and dripping slime, rocking back and forth over the meats—and her. Besides that, there were *mounds* and *mountains* of swallowed fruits and vegetables—bananas, countless cucumbers, apples and oranges, even a big, round watermelon sitting heavily in a corner. Towards the center of the organ, the food was softer here. Carmen could see that this space was where the digestive pulsations had pushed softer things—pasta, rice, sauce, and soggy slices of toast.

*Glooop....glunk....glupp....*

“Hhh....Okay...I’m just a little dirty...everything’s fine...gotta check oxygen levels...”

Tapping her suit’s integrated oxygen pressure meter, she saw that it now only contained forty minutes of oxygen instead of the usual two hours.

The little white-furred rabbit felt her ears wilt.

"I-it's okay..." She tried to assure herself, her voice sounding strange in the sealed suit. "It's plenty...plenty...just gotta...just gotta do the job like normal...Hhh...."

Pointing the flashlight back against herself, Carmen rolled onto her back, wedging herself in between several of the pulsating belly-lobes, and reached for her hand-held metal detector.

Her tool-belt was *empty*.

"Fuuuuuck.....Now I gotta search through all her guts, just to find my tools..." Clutching the flashlight, the only tool she possessed, Carmen began to quiver in panic, but the lobes of warm, soft, gentle, heavy wet digestive flesh just kept slowly flopping and dragging over her, like a mother's caress.

\* \* \*

"Mm—uhrp...Hahh...*burp...*" Kate belched up excess air from her stomach, and lay back in the chair. "Time for a snack," She said, grinning to herself, and reached in to her tote bag, pulling out some of her big collection of prepared snacks for the flight.

First was a big, chilled sack of baby carrots—this, she tore open with her teeth, poured into her mouth—cheeks bulging—gave one or two cursory chews, then *swallowed hard*, forcing a big and almost rabbit-sized lump down her throat towards her stomach. Next she pulled out plastic sacks of candy, feeling herself salivate excitedly. In this way, Kate swallowed down three whole "family-size" bag's worth of gummy worms, gummy bears, and chocolate-chip cookies.

This done, and her belly feeling even more pleasantly full, even slightly vulnerable now, she checked her phone. "Either way, I'm far too early for my flight...there's another 90 minutes of waiting..." She mumbled sleepily to herself. Thinking, Kate set her phone's alarm for 15 minutes, and rolled over in her seat, snuggling with the airplane pillow. "I might just take a little nap until miss bunny is ready to get spit up...Hnnffff...." Kate closed her eyes and got ready to sleep.

Hugging her round, fuzzy middle with her soft arms, she felt her full belly gurgling pleasantly, occasionally shifting gently within her. She stroked it, and napped peacefully.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, deep inside Kate's warm, thick body, Carmen the rabbit was frantically searching the cow's incredibly packed stomach for her missing tools.

"I can't believe this happens—on my LAST dive, on a fucking Saturday---Ungh!"

Grunting, she reached down with her gloved paws to heave up and hurl aside a particularly large and slimy cucumber, revealing a great soggy pile of slowly digesting rice, deeper in the hot and humid stomach of the cow.

*GLOOORBB~....*

The entire organ shuddered and groaned around her, the walls clenching and the huge towers of food beginning to topple again, pouring into the hole she had just dug in Kate's massive, simmering dinner.

"No—Not yet—" The rabbit cringed and flailed frantically about in the waist-deep soggy rice as cucumber slices and slimy tomatoes rained down on her.

"THERE!"

Carmen spied the sparkle of glistening, slime-slick aluminum and dove to grab one of her favorite gut-diving tools—a sparkling, round-edged, collapsible telescoping shovel. She held it above her head in triumph. “I found my shovel! I’m gonna make it!”

No sooner had she done this, however, than there was a lewd noise from right above her:

*Splurt—Splut—Splop—Splaart—*

“What—Ow—Owch—Oof!”

As Kate’s busy stomach churned and forced all the piled up-food back into an even-leveled sludge—burying the suited rabbit up to her neck—Carmen looked up and made a very dismayed expression as she saw Kate’s cardiac sphincter bulge up and spit out countless carrots at her face, which rather hurt, followed by massive amounts of wet, saliva-slick candy and cookies.

“Ugh—Hnghf—”

The sudden onslaught of newly swallowed food into the cow’s warm, right, squeezing stomach buried her up to her eyes, but Carmen fought back with the shovel, fighting her way back towards a safer space in the mess, a bit of an alcove to her left.

“You dumb fat cow, Oscar should’ve told you not to eat while I’m in here!!”

She rested then, clutching her shovel and flashlight, leaning back against the warm walls, listening to the *glorps* and *glurrs* and the cow’s warm, slow, steady heartbeat, catching her breath and giving herself more air from the oxygen tank. She closed her eyes and allowed the cow’s stomach to gently rub and massage her for a moment. It felt kind of nice.

Then she shook her head and extended her shovel again.

“No!” Carmen shouted to the uncaringly warm and squeezing organ. “I still have to find my stuff, and the object shown on the scanner, and **get out**. I might be tired, but I’m not gonna just sit here and let a fat cow’s gut-muscles rub me down.”

Determined now, Carmen attached her flashlight to her shovel with a special type of clasp and did some exploratory shoveling all around the thick and slimy piles of slowly-digesting swallowed food in Kate’s stomach.

“Cows have four stomachs, each that does a different kind of digestion....And I know from the interview, she said she ate a lot of meat...and meat is hard to digest, especially for a cow...so if I don’t see it here...” Grunting and heaving aside a big shovelful of slowly fermenting carrot sticks, Carmen revealed a pair of puckered sphincters, low in the cow’s belly, cinched tight—one leading to a chamber to the left, and one to the right.

“Hmm....”

Thinking carefully, Carmen stowed her shovel and took a nearby cucumber in both paws. Thrusting it like a spear to bash the opening wider, she first teased open the left sphincter, and quickly pointed in her flashlight, casting it around the dark, food-filled chamber.

It was a swampy, yellowish gut with nodule-studded walls, filled with mounds of noodles, pasta, swallowed-whole dumplings, orzo and rice. As she considered this opening, the stomach around her clenched peculiarly, and she could see the now-soggy cookies and slimy, sugary gelatin-candy get poured into that chamber with an obscene *Glunk—Glopp-Gloob-* sound. “That must be her starch-stomach...because starch is easy to digest....”

As Carmen reflected, the cow’s fore-gut went *Glllooorrrn* around her and totally submerged her in swallowed foods, but she didn’t mind, relying on her knowledge, tools and oxygen tank to survive. “So



anything harder to digest, must have been pushed through this little sphincter...Open up now, missy! Hngh!"

Shoving with her shovel rather rudely, Carmen forced open the wet, slimy, tight pink orifice, and then exclaimed,

"Whoa!"

For with a great *GLURRRRT!* She and the cucumbers and carrots and zucchinis were all rapidly shoved into this greenish chamber.

"Owh---Oof—Owch!"

It took Carmen a moment to get her bearings in here, because the muscular contractions in the big cow's fiber-gut were far more continuous, constant and violent than the fore-gut. Managing to climb onto a relatively safe 'island' of arugula, eggplant and pickled radish among a swamp of pounded-mush vegetable pulp, the rabbit had to crawl for the low flesh-ceiling, but was quite pleased to find her communicator device buried in a nest of string beans and snap-peas. She dragged it out and eagerly turned it on.

"Yes! Now just—Shit, 1% battery left?!"

Carmen blinked, suddenly grabbing the phone-like device with both gloved paws to enter her password, hoping to soon navigate as quickly as she could through the various menus towards the "request immediate emergency help" option.

Just as she was almost to it, however, she heard something that greatly startled her.

"Hey—Help—Please--!"

It was a little, high-pitched, plaintive voice.

Carmen looked up and quickly fumbled for her flashlight—attaching it to her face-mask.

"Eek—Ooof—Owch—Gaah..."

"Oh, oh no....the poor thing..."

She could see a shivering little albino mouse, looking like a male, clinging to a rapidly softening and digesting eggplant that was now rapidly being *bashed* and *crushed* over and over between smashing pillars of powerful bovine digestive muscles. The mouse pleaded towards her and was taking quite a beating, looking like he'd had the breath crushed out of him.

"H-help...." The weakened mouse looked as though the next digestive contraction would crush his soft little skull outright.

*I still have my tools—I have options. He doesn't.*

Sighing, Carmen stowed the device—hoping that 1% would last another minute— and gingerly entered the vegetable stew of the fiber-gut to go rescue the little mouse, pushing aside huge cauliflower florets and grilled onions and peppers, making her way across.

In a moment, she had reached in with her comparatively huge and powerful limbs—the rabbit being about 20-30 times larger than the 1.5 inch mouse, and brought him back across the fiber-stomach to the seemingly safe island of matted bean-pods and leaves (which had drifted slightly south towards the lower sphincter).

The mouse coughed as she set him down, shivering and clearly bruised from acid immersion, even in the relatively weak stomach of a mostly herbivore like this cow.

"Rest easy little guy—I'm sure you want to get out of here just as much as I do," said the young rabbit gently. She grabbed her communicator and—seeing the power level near 0%--hit OK on the password input window and then—"Oh shit."

Carmen had accidentally hit the button labeled "Report Operation Success". After which, the device hit zero power and went dark.

“Shit.”

\* \* \*

Kate woke up some five minutes after the alarm, and rubbed her big belly which poked out from under her blouse and felt a little sore, somewhere inside. But—looking out the window—the sunset was now largely finished---nothing more than a dark purple glow along the horizon where the island’s forested hills met the sea—and, more importantly, there was still no one here. She blinked and sat up. Kate dusted cookie crumbs from off her big, heavy breasts and stood, taking her bag.

“I feel like I’ve waited quite long enough...” She remarked, checking the time, and sighed.

Wandering around, Kate went over to the security desk, and glanced at the screen.

There was some kind of monitoring program there, but the video feed was simply static, as was the audio, and there was a message across the picture of static that simply read,

*Process Finished*

Kate’s eyes immediately brightened at this message. “Process finished! All right then, my experience with airport security has been a *joy*, and I can finally get some sleep on my way home....Aaaaaah...” She yawned indulgently, then, smiling and looking forward to a long sleep to digest her big meal, carried her bag back out to the terminal.

The line here was short, and when she reached the front desk, the attendant there read her ticket, and smiled, and said:

“Ma’am? Due to unforeseen circumstances, we are happy to announce you are upgraded to first class.”

“First class!” Kate was overjoyed. “With the drinks and the leg-room and everything?”

“That’s right! Right this way.”

Kate was seated next to the goat girl she had seen earlier – a creature who seemed about ten years younger than her, but quite friendly.

“Hey there!”

“Hey, long time no see! Hahah!” The goat girl twirled, making her sun-dress spin. Her happy attitude made Kate smile.

“I’m Kate,” the cow offered her hand to shake and tried to muffle a belch. “What’s your name?”

“I’m Candace! You can call me Candy, of couse. Always good to have candy on a long flight, right?”

“Haha, I *love* candy!” Kate sat her rather large bottom down next to the goat, arranging her tail to sit comfortably.

“You usually fly first class?” Candy asked the tall cow.

“Nope, I was just randomly upgraded just now.”

“You’re *shittin’* me! Same thing here!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“Well, now,” Kate grinned. “We better take full advantage of this, shouldn’t we?”

“I’m thinking you mean the free drinks—Is that what you’re thinking?”

“Candy, you just read my mind!”

“Hahah! I guess vacation hasn’t ended just yet!”

“Nope, we’ve still got 8 hours until we land!”

The pair had soon ordered some fun cocktails and chatted gaily as the plane taxied forward and prepared for takeoff.

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Deep inside the cow’s stomach, Kate’s fiber-digesting chamber was becoming increasingly active.  
*Gloorsh—Gloorb!*

Powerful pillars of flesh, contracting rings of muscle, and waves of crushing power passed through this part of her digestive system, and Carmen had to dodge, jump, and frequently switch positions, trying to keep her tools together and the little mouse safe. She watched with some horror as zucchini and eggplants were smashed into pulp by the cow’s powerful stomach muscles, and then saw this pulp drained through a tight flesh-valve into a still deeper chamber, a place which, she wondered, might store all the meat that the cow had eaten.

The little white mouse, for his part, was very grateful for being rescued.

“Thank you so much, Miss Rabbit!” He piped in his squeaky voice as Carmen steadied him on the shoulder of her sealed suit, and maneuvered constantly to avoid the digestive crushing motions.

“W-Well—Ngh—You aren’t rescued yet, mister mouse—Ngh!” She panted as she navigated this deep stomach-chamber, chest-deep in fruits and vegetables of various stages of digestion—big mushrooms, green peppers, carrots and onions—most of them quite solid and recently swallowed. “We’re still stuck very—Ungh—Very deep in the belly of a—Ffh—Very *hungry* cow!”

“But you seem so well equipped!” Shouted the little mouse, clinging for dear life. “You have a special suit and oxygen tank and everything—I’m sure you can get out easily!”

“N-not that simple—Hngh--!”

Carmen had fought her way back to the entrance of the cow’s vegetable-stomach, and, glaring at the sphincter, carefully opened her suit’s mask for just a moment to let the mouse enter and sit by her ears.

“Here, stay in my suit. We’re goin’ back up towards her throat, and I don’t want you to get swept away in all of her stomach-sludge.”

“Th-thank you!” The mouse clung to her ear-root as she zipped up the suit over top of him, and then brandished her shovel.

With practiced skill, she pushed the rounded shovel-tip into Kate’s sphincter-wrinkles and gently pried it open.

*Gloooort~!*

Immediately, an avalanche of celery sticks, olives and lettuce leaves poured over them, but Carmen gritted her teeth and pushed through, forcing herself back up into the relatively calm—but increasingly full—fore-gut of the cow.

Surfacing above the mess of ingested food, Carmen leaned back against those familiarly soft and gently undulating walls, only her head above the surface now, watching the cow’s cardiac sphincter bulge up to splurt out freshly eaten food: Cheese, crackers, celery, and many splashes of some liquid that seemed like alcohol. These rained down on her head, and she put up her gloved paws to protect herself and her little mouse passenger.

“She just keeps *eating*,” marveled the little mouse sitting on her head.

“Yeah...Hhh....let’s rest here,” she panted, feeling kind of hungry herself. “Hahh...” she closed her eyes and let the cow’s gentle, warm belly-muscles rub her aching back for a bit. “I should tell you...my name’s Carmen....I’m a customs inspector...I came down here to search for something strange that showed up

on the scanners...large metal or plastic objects in her intestines...but something went wrong...I lost the tools I need to get out...and my phone's out of power..."

"W-well, I'm sure we can find them!" The mouse squeaked hopefully. "My story isn't so interesting...My name's Chester....I'm just a poor mouse, and I was just trying to eat some nuts from a vendor stand in Island City...but, wouldn't you know, those nuts got eaten...the whole bag just swallowed-whole by our hostess here..." He gestured to the great, pink, glistening, *glorp*-ing stomach around them.

Carmen sighed, wincing as the cow's whole fore-gut contracted and with a great *Gluuuursh* another huge swallow of alcoholic beverage poured down over them.

They rested and listened to the endless warm, soft sounds of her insides for a moment – distant, muffled talking and laughter...the steady heart-beat...the lazy gurgles of her lower guts...

Finally, Carmen sat up.

"Well, I've still got five minutes left on my oxygen tank. We can't stay inside her forever." Carmen sighed. "Anyways, what I need is a special little spray bottle of emetic – a special chemical that makes people throw up when I'm ready to get out of their bellies. Have you seen that anywhere?"

"Actually, I think I did see something like that. In her pasta-stomach—down from here and to the left. There was a lot of random stuff in there."

"Well, shit! We need to go get it before her guts push it deeper."

"Okay, but watch out for the—Whoa!"

Carmen submerged immediately, and , pushing aside dark and heavy objects that it was too dark to identify, easily found the proper sphincter.

She didn't need to use the shovel here—just fingering the tender, puckered opening was enough to tease it open, and with a lewd *Gllorbbt~*, they were squeezed in along with a big mess of soggy crackers.

\* \* \*

Kate and Candy laughed. Kate was amazed how easy it was talking to this goat girl, despite the goat being rather young and just starting her first job. They both loved parties, hiking and boating in nature, and the same TV shows. Kate had to ask herself why, why didn't she have a friend this good already.

And , kate's stomach kept making embarrassing little noises and giving her funny tickling feelings, deep inside. She stroked it, and felt strangely good.

"Oh my god, I LOVE playing tennis! Have you ever been to the west side city courts?"

"Yes! And you wouldn't believe—Mm—*Gulp*—" Kate took another big swallow of vodka. "The *funniest* thing happened to me there last year—Oofh—"

*Glooorrrrrppp~* Her belly quaked with shifting activity.

"Oh! Is your stomach okay?"

Kate blushed, for the feeling of things sliding around inside her felt good—it always did—it was part of why she enjoyed big dinners.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine. Let me tell you this story, though—you'll piss yourself laughing—"

"Haha, oh I hope not ! I already have to go!"

\* \* \*

Of all the stomach-chambers that Carmen had explored so far, Kate's starch-gut was potentially the most comfortable.

Despite being almost entirely filled with every manager of soggy bread, rice, pasta, and cracker imaginable, and despite how it was constantly moving and constantly oozing thick green slime over everything, its silken-fleshed walls constantly rippled with gentle, caressing waves of contractions, each of the churning movements far softer than the crushing pounding of the fiber-gut. Still, it was rather cramped and tunnel-shaped—she had to crawl on all fours, and even then was constantly being squelched and squished by the walls on the floor, ceiling, and walls, and the level of mushy, messy food-piles was up to her chin.

This made the experience one of constant warmth and rhythmic pressure all around.

Carmen found herself thinking, Kate should open up her guts as a spa...I could easily just lie down in her and let these soft squishy lobes and flaps of soft, silky muscle just caress my worries away...rolled around in this soft pasta...her tummy is so *warm*...and it's gentle here, hugging me... Carmen rolled over onto her side, half-submerged in the warm, thick stew...it was like a hot bath...everything was so steamy in this stomach...  
“There!” Chester was shouting, having climbed to her forehead. “Is that it?”  
“H—huh? Oh shit—you're right!”

Looking ahead, she could see it. The little squirt bottle of emetic—a powerful and advanced chemical concentrate – was being washed and caressed by lazy peristaltic ripples, tumbling on waves of slimy cheese-slathered rigatoni around the bend in this particular stomach—*no doubt closer to Kate's intestines*, Carmen thought.

“That's our ticket out of here, Chester. We have to get it quick!”  
“Ok, but wait—There's something you should—Whoah!”  
Carmen tried to crawl forward as quick as she could, but it felt like her paws were stepping on something—something strange and unexpected.

“Eep!”  
She jumped as something seemed to move around under her paws, deep beneath the muck. She could feel the mouse inside her protective suit tumble down her back and frantically try to climb back up to her fuzzy head again.  
“Wait a second....”  
“What...hhh...What are you doing?” The mouse climbed onto her head again and was leaning against her ears inside the face-mask, panting for breath.  
“Here, look....”  
Carmen dug her paws deep into a mound of extra-thick pasta shells and thick, greasy cheese.  
*Shlorp, shrub....*  
The cow's stomach seemed to react, too, gently clenching around her as she dug.  
“Hngg...Nh...Got it.”  
Cupping her paws and lifting it up to the flashlight attached to her breathing mask, the two of them looked.  
It was a big, bright green, hairy, spherical, hard object, caked with mushy cheese and soggy starch.  
“Whoa....it's a tennis ball!”

"I know, right?" Carmen flicked off sticky pasta lumps from the ball, cleaning it. "I wonder how this got into her stomach, and this deep, too."

"Beats me. Looks like it's a little bigger than each of her little sphincter-valves."

"Yeah, I'm surprised it's not blocking her guts already. But I don't get it..." Carmen carefully put the large fuzzy rubber ball into her sealed specimen pouch on her tool-belt. "This tennis ball is old—been sitting here in her stomach for a while—and for most creatures—especially for those with multiple stomachs for different types of digestion—The hardest object should be pushed into the most harsh digestive chamber...and if it can't be digested, then, thrown up or passed down and out..."

She leaned down and began to dig around with her paws in the very full, shallow and elongated gut-chamber, stimulating the stomach around her to begin groaning loudly and churn a bit more energetically around her small, slender body—but still, her protective suit held fast.

"Well, there is one possible explanation..." Chester suggested in his squeaky voice.

"Look, here's more stuff," Carmen said. She lifted up her left paw, and wiggled it to let a bunch of soft rice fall away—revealing a pawful of tarnished coins that sparkled in the light of her headlamp. "Maybe Kate has a bad habit of putting stuff in her mouth, and, sucking or chewing on it...and then she...damn, there's still more, look..." Letting the coins fall back down into the mushy pasta and slowly subsume deep into the pit of the cow's stomach, she reached in towards the right with her other paw and pulled up still more interesting objects: A big plastic pen—clearly chewed on, an oversized acrylic 6-sided die, and an articulated action-figure toy of some caped canine hero—the plastic toy easily three times the size of Chester the mouse.

"Well—" Chester put in. "Since the cow seems to be in good health, maybe these are just the exceptions—maybe she does often swallow stuff like—like me, or these things—and most of them do pass, but these are just the unlucky few that got sent to her most gentle stomach, and so they just sat here."

"I could believe that," Carmen said, smiling.

She tossed these objects back into the mush over her shoulder, and briefly watched them be once more buried beneath a deluge of freshly swallowed bruschetta and gouda cheese pouring into this warm, squeezing gut-tunnel, the little plastic soldier's fist the last to be seen.

"You know, Chester, you might do well in my line of work."

"Haha! And, well, speaking of work, shouldn't we be going now?"

"Yes, we should! This stuff is definitely what set off the airport scanner, but there's too much here for me to recover with just this equipment..." She checked her oxygen tank meter. "2 minutes of air left...Yeah, I'll just move ahead and—Whoa!"

*GLOOORBT!*

The cow's stomach emitted a loud growl as if to agree, and suddenly clenched around all of them, shoving them further towards the deepest, farthest end of the cow's starch-stomach, borne on a wave of mushy potato slices.

"There's the emetic bottle! Grab it!"

Carmen could see it tucked between a few of Kate's gentle, soft pink belly-folds.

"Easily done, and then we'll head back..."

She reached out to grab it, but then the unthinkable happened.

Out from the darkness came a big, growling monster—almost as big as Carmen.

"Grrr!" It was a pet dog—the feral, non-sentient type—And it leapt forward through the mush, grabbing the precious bottle in its toothy jaws. The dog was soaked in cow-chyme, slathered with cheese and pasta and soggy bread-crumbs, and looked rather mad with stress from the unbreathable acidic atmosphere.

"What the *fuck!*"

"That's it—That's the monster I was trying to tell you about!"

"Grrr—WOOF, WOOF!"

"Oh, no you don't! Give it back, pooch!" Carmen shouted, and reached forward, aiming to try to pry the bottle from the dog's jaws.

"Rrrf—" *Kc—Gulp~!*

"You're kidding me..." Carmen watched, stunned, as the dog *swallowed* the extremely important little plastic bottle.

"RR—RORF!" Still furious, the dog lunged forward, biting with its teeth—

"Holy shit!"

Carmen swore—

*Rrrrip!*

The dog's teeth *tore a massive hole in her protective suit!*

Squeaking and screaming, destabilized, Chester fell off her shoulder—into the pasta-mess, and in a flash—just as Carmen was shivering from the feeling of the incredibly warm, oozing, tingly chime coating her clothes and unprotected body—then, her stinging eyes saw her only friend in here—Chester the mouse—get pulled into the monster's mouth.

"Oh this just got REAL, dog!" Carmen shouted furiously, shaking.

She was ready to fight for survival.

The cow's dutiful stomach, meanwhile, just continued to rub, squeeze, and caress soft tingly slime all over both of them.

\* \* \*

Candy, the goat, was laughing so hard she was snorting. She and Kate the cow were on their fourth drink and making more noticeably more noise than the other passengers around them.

"I can't believe—I can't believe you—Hahahah!" The goat giggled, laughed, and actually *slapped* Kate on the broad, flat part of her chest between her big breast and her broad shoulder—a slap that surprised the inebriated cow and made her blink.

"Haha, yes, it's true!"

The cow's stomach suddenly gurgled and rumbled and she could feel distinct titillating movements inside.

Candy's curious eyes were drawn to it.

Kate was a little embarrassed, but she thought of something new to show the goat.

"Okay, okay, okay but now I HAVE to show you something else! Very related—related, I promise!"

"Oh my god, if this is some kind of party trick, I swear I'm gonna pee myself—"

"Yes—YES—Watch—Watch carefully!" Blushing and smug, Kate pulled the curtain that made their booth private.

"Oh shit, oh shit..." The excited goat girl grinned and wiggled in her seat.

Grinning, the tall cow took the miniature glass champagne bottle from the table—empty, but about 7 inches long and 2 wide—and then, gracefully holding it with her hand, lifted it high and opened her mouth.

"Let's see if you can guess how deep I can take this."

"Fuck, Kate. It's so *wide*! Not past the bottleneck, not—Oh shit, you're doing it!"

"Mm hmm~!" Kate hummed, grinning.

As if she knew what she was doing, Kate opened her mouth very, very wide, leaned her head far back, and began to lower the smooth, curving glass bottle into her throat, lip first, holding the widest part of the bottle with her hand.

"Oh my god—you're taking it—all the way to the label! Holy shit!"

“Nha hgaal!” Kate posed with her hands and made a ‘ta-da’ sound.

It occurred to both of them, looking into each other’s drunken eyes, that the airplane’s captain was making some kind of announcement.

Then, before they had time for anything else, the plane’s jet engines fired *HARD* and they began take off.

The immense force of the sudden movement made Kate blink, choke, and—

Kate *swallowed* the *entire* champagne bottle.

*Gc-Glunk~!*

“Ohfuck—Ohfuck—Ohmygod—“

The cow’s face was seized with shock, discomfort and embarrassment as the younger goat watched this huge, lumpy bulge forced down her neck, past her clavicle and behind her heavy, fat breasts, as the lifting airplane pressed Kate’s back deep into the seat-back.

“Mg—hnng—*bhurrp...*”

“W-was that part of the trick? That’s part of the trick, right? You’re going to—to bring it up, right?”

“Uh—“ The humiliated cow turned away from the goat—towards the curtain—she didn’t want to look like a complete idiot who would cause herself a life-threatening health problem as part of a dumb trick. Swiping a vomit bag from under her seat, kate bent forward—away from the goat—and struggled to make herself vomit.

*Uhrp...*

She felt the goat’s hand on her back.

“Kate...”

*Bhlurrrp...*

The goat’s hand patted her on the back.

“Are you okay...?”

“Hurrg—“ Panicking, Kate could not bring up the glass bottle from inside her belly no matter what she did. She could feel the huge weight of it, sinking deeper and deeper inside her stomach, deep into the heavy warm mess of her recent dinner, past the point where she could feel very little of her deepest inner workings.

Her mind racing, she picked the easiest option:

Lying.

With a bit of sleight of hand, Kate took an empty champagne bottle that lay by her hooves, and sneakily slipped it into the vomit bag.

Turning back with a sudden grin, she opened the bag, and showed Candy.

“Ta-daa! Good as new!”

“Ohhh—Oh, I was so worried! Hahah!” Candy laughed, leaning forward and drunkenly hugging the cow. She smooshed herself against the cow’s big fat left breast, and Kate felt so much better, it seemed as



though simply lying about this was almost as good as actually fixing the problem. Kate smiled as she watched the deep purple clouds flow by as the airplane rose above them, rumbling all around her, the goat lain against her, gently warm. She could feel that weight deep in her gut, though, threatening her health in ways she didn't want to think about. *Maybe it'll pass like that tennis ball*, she wondered. *At least, I think it did...I didn't see it pass, but it hasn't bothered me at all since it went inside, last year...not that I know of, at least...*

"Oh—oh, sorry Kate, but I'm gonna have to ask you to stand up," Candy said quickly. "I *reeeaalllly* gotta pee...So much drinks...My bladder's gonna explode..."

"Now that you mention it, mine too!"

Kate glanced up the aisle.

"This isn't good, though..." She lowed carefully, helping the wobbly-hooved goat to her feet. "Big line at the toilets."

"Well, let's hope it moves fast!"

As they waited in line, Kate lazily watched over the shorter Candy's shoulder, seeing her try to plan something with a guy that she surmised was some sort of date or boyfriend.

She was about to say something about this, but then felt a very strange sensation, deep in her guts:

*GWOOoRrk~!*

"Oofh..." She winced and put her hand on her stomach. This was a sudden, painful cramp, low in her abdomen. Something didn't feel right at all in there. *You shouldn't pretend that it's okay to have a huge glass bottle just SITTING in your insides, Kate*, the cow scolded herself. *This is going to fuck up your insides really bad—for the rest of your life*, said the accusing voice in her mind. The other voice—her voice—replied naturally: *Can't do anything on the flight, so won't do any good to panic. And the bottle was smooth, and I have a big stomach. At worst, it'll just rest there until I get to a doctor.*

Still, it was uncomfortable—in an occasionally palpable way.

On hearing the noise, Candy blinked and immediately turned to look—straight at the cow's pot-belly, which seemed to be poking up a bit more out from under her blouse since Kate had enjoyed the airplane charcuterie snack platter.

"That tummy of yours sure makes a lot of noise! You sure you're still okay?"

"Haha! Oh, yes, she's usually *quite* vocal. Plenty of noise is normal for me, but I'm lucky enough not to have IBS or anything. I get teased about the sounds at the office, though."

"Aww, you poor thing!"

\* \* \*

Deep inside of Kate's lower digestive-chambers, however, a desperate fight for territory was indeed just beginning.

The space of her starch-stomach was barely big enough for carmen alone, but she brought her miniature telescoping shovel to the fore and brandished it like a halberd towards the snarling, acid-bruised, half-mad dog, squinting and turning her modular head-lamp left and right to try to get a better picture of it.

Sure enough, it matched the description of Kate's aunt's pet dog: A female beagle with a tag named 'Rosie'. But what was it *doing* in here? Did she swallow it in her sleep? Did she gulp it down on purpose it because she hated the thing? Did the dog dive into her mouth somehow to chase after that tennis ball? Carmen shook her head as she tried to fend the crazed creature off.

The combatants did a few feints and glancing blows. Carmen squinted and panted. She'd wriggled out of her irreparably ripped suit and tank—their remains disappearing into the opaque belly-mush warmly sloshing around her thighs—and she could feel Kate's belly-juices starting to very slowly work their magic on her. She didn't think she'd be melted into mush by this herbivore anytime soon, but the process was surely beginning.

Then, however, as the pair wheezed increasingly thin air, something interesting happened. There was a great *GLOP-GLOP-GLNNNNnnnn*.

Just as the sound rang out, Carmen noticed the sphincter at the far end of this wet and slimy gizzard wink open and pump out vast amounts of softened pasta-slurry, glimpsing a view from her now-flickering head-lamp of the digestive sac beyond: A chaotic, dark place, where stacks and loads of *meat*—all the big, juicy, hot hunks of bacon, shrimp, lobster tails, steaks and pork chops that Kate had eaten, chewed and swallowed down inside her body, passed slimily on down to here—were being violently pounded, smashed and grinded between harsh, spiky stomach-muscles, and whatever pulp remained was greedily gulped down by the cow's lewd-looking little intestinal orifice. She caught glimpses of a few out-of-place objects, too – a larger pile of coins, wads of chewing gum, and others that weren't as clear to see.

More importantly than that, though, as the slop drained away from the carb-gut, Carmen could see that the beagle herself was looking quite stuffed and bloated around her chime-smeared belly area.

"Interesting...looks like miss Rosie has been sampling the goods from aunty Kate's tummy-supply..."

"Yap, yap!" The dog barked sharply back at her, as if defensive.

"Here, girl..." Grinning, Carmen pulled the old tennis ball she'd found out of the muck as it floated by.

"You want the ball, girl? Huh? You wanna fetch?"

"Yap!...Rrf....*snuffle snuffle snuffle*..."

The dog seemed to calm down, coming forward, even wagging her tail to show interest in the ball.

"Go...." Carmen leaned back, waiting carefully for the sphincter leading into Kate's harshest stomach to yawn open juuust enough..."*FETCH—Hngh!*"

She heaved it with all her might, as hard into that slightly-open flesh-hole as she could.

*Splot!*

The ball slammed through her sphincter with jiggling force, and then set about bouncing crazily around the cow's chaotic, meat-packed final stomach.

The pet dog, for her part, tail wagging, immediately bolted after it, forcing her rather large (for the cramped environment) body and her bulging belly—bloated with illicit food-theft from her aunt's own big, stuffed stomach—through the sphincter, which stretched wide open with surprising ease to allow the big, fleshy dog to pass easily into the flesh-grinding chamber of the cow's labyrinth digestive system.

The last thing she saw before that sphincter cinched tightly shut was the dog getting her face squished by a particularly growly pair of cartilaginous spiny pillars of muscle, and behind her, the tennis ball fitting neatly into the cow's delicate little duodenum, perfectly *blocking* the flow of all types of digested sludge down into her winding entrails.

Now having conquered the wonderfully warm, gentle starch-gut all for herself, Carmen scampered forward, no longer feeling the slime, wheezing and giggling, pressing her ear to the warm, tight flesh sealing the dog's doom.

*Whimper, whimper!*

She could hear through the fleshy wall.

Then:

*Plop!*

The dog's nose, then head was shoved back up through the tightest part of the sphincter, before it tightened around the creature's neck.

The beagle gazed towards the exhausted Carmen with pleading eyes, and whimpered.

"Oh, ho ho..." Carmen drawled lazily, snuggling in between some comfortable, soft, loose pink belly-flaps and pulling them around herself like a warm, heavy blanket: "Looks like mama cow doesn't like puppies stealing her tummy-goods, hmm..."

The dog whimpered suddenly as there was a muffled *squelch* from the chamber beyond it. The dog's face shuddered, then its mouth went slack.

"Good...your belly's getting' squeezed out by mama Kate's gut-grinder.."

"Hurf—**Bliggt!**~"

The dog suddenly vomited forth a whole mess of hidden goodies—here was not only countless of the carefully buttered and spiced shrimp and clams that had comprised the cow's fancy dinner, but several rubber dog-toys as well—a yellow rubber duck among them—and, naturally, the little squirt bottle of emetic chemicals that would allow Carmen guaranteed freedom from these increasingly airless and numbingly slimy accommodations within the warm cow's belly.

"Hmf...I'll take that..." Carmen mumbled, pulling the rubber duck and the plastic bottle prize into her snug and incredibly warm and cozy little belly-pocket that she'd made, a little belly-pocket that kept squeezing her in the most teasing yet gentle and delightful ways.

She just watched the dog continue to be emptied. "What else you got in there, pooch?"

*Slosh..*

*Squish!*

"Yaarp--! Hrg—**HRRLK~!**"

The dog's face shuddered, and she vomited up a vast amount, this time.

Among the avalanche of semi-digested mess that gushed out of the punished dog's guilty bloated belly with a spectacularly splattering force was an old shoelace, several wadded-up pairs of red lace panties, a whole unpeeled banana, several hot-dogs, hamburgers, and bread-buns, and a very soggy and filthy and tired-looking Chester the mouse—a mouse that Carmen cared about—She lunged out to grab him, pull him in to her little private belly-space, and hug him close to her chest, her small chest with her shirt getting some acid-burn holes and her pretty white fur soggy and matted with warm, soporific chime...

"Poor little guy...getting' eaten twice in one night was too much for you, huh? I'll keep you safe, Chester...Hhh..." Carmen found herself, in some way, out of breath as she absently stroked and hugged the tiny mouse, feeling light-headed, reflecting on how she'd been trapped inside the cow's hot, slimy, cramped gut for so long now, that it felt like a kind of home.

“Have to go...Carmen...have to get out...the emetic...”

Carmen dazedly watched the dog yelp one last time as it was sucked back into the meat-grinding gut where the yelps ended and only the sounds of bone-crunching, meat-grinding digestion echoed after that.

“Oh...Hhh..right...”

Carmen leaned out, holding the bottle and flashlight, leaving the mouse in her shirt pocket by her erect nipple, starting to crawl through soft, thick mush up towards the fore-gut—but there was a great GLURRT~

And she gasped, as a huge, massive, smoothly curved glass bottle was unceremoniously **dump-shoved** into the carb-gut, seeming to occupy the entire girth of the chamber, blocking any progress back up. Carmen squeaked and dove back into the nice little stomach-alcove between soft, warm, slimy, labia-like belly flaps, pulling them around herself and her little charge.

“Whoa!?” Carmen didn’t have the mental energy to question why or how this had happened, but she felt a strong urge to snuggle with the mouse, here cozy and warm in her own little part of Kate’s extensive digestive chambers.

*Squeeze...Squeeze...*

She moaned lightly as she felt the peristaltic waves pass over her, the last real touch-sensation that she could feel, at least for now.

“No—Carmen—we have to keep going...back up—towards the mouth...lack of air...”

“Shh....” Carmen watched the heavy peristaltic waves *glurp* and guide the massive, smooth bottle inch-by-inch along the tight fleshy tube. “Just rest now...just let Mama Kate’s tummy do her work...I plugged up her intestines, so eventually this belly will fill up and we’ll be spit right up...Just need to give her body some time to work with it...Just rest a bit...just feel a bit melty with these nice hugs and squeezes...just closing my eyes for a bit...”

*Glurrrt...*

\* \* \*

As they got closer and closer through the line to the crowded airplane bathrooms, Kate felt several odd sensations from inside her stomach. There was a sense of steady bloating and discomfort from one area low in her gut, and then the feeling of some heavy, hard object or objects sliding deeper and pushing through openings that they probably shouldn’t. Candy no longer paid attention to the little noises her belly made, which made Kate feel much better, but she was still quite worried about what the swallowed bottle would do inside her sensitive and delicate (she thought) digestive system—and whether that tennis ball from last year had really passed through her properly, or not.

When they were just 1 person away from a free bathroom, the tall cow noted with some amusement that Candy was actually hopping on one hoof, and whisper-cursing almost non-stop:

“Ohshit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit...”

“Candy, you’re not *actually* peeing yourself on an airplane, are you?” Kate grinned, overjoyed for the moment to have her new friend temporarily in a more embarrassing position than she was.

“I—Uh—Not—Not really, I—” Candy, flustered, tried to answer, but then, just behind her, with a SHUK the sliding door opened!

“Eek!”

“Hahah!” Enjoying herself perhaps a little too much, Kate used her immense hips to bonk Candy away just long enough for her to sashay into the bathroom, **SHOVE** down her jeans and plop her big fat rump on the toilet.

“Ahh....” She turned to give the goat a mean wink as she pulled the door closed—

“Ohhh no you don’t!”

“Wh-What??”

Candy, grinning and clutching her ever-so-slightly wet-stained crotch, grabbed the edge of the sliding door and hopped in **WITH** her.

“Y-you can’t—“

“Oh, yes I can!”

With a **SHUK** the grinning goat closed the door and locked it, then flipped up her dress-skirt, showing—yes—slightly pee-stained thigh-fur—and showing that this goat had quite a sizeable pink udder on her lower belly, with noticeably large teats—not erect, of course.

“Are you gonna....” Kate blinked, feeling movement in her stomach again. The heavy shape of the bottle had met that center of dull bloating pain and was now pushing hard on it.

Kate blinked, and began peeing...

*Pssss....*

She was watching the now bottomless goat—realizing that the goat was noticing that the cow had a bigger, fatter pink udder than she did, but in only a moment the goat had hopped into her lap, pressed her sweaty udder against the cow’s, her hands on Kate’s shoulders, and spoke into her eyes with a playful eyebrow raise.

“Kate, if you don’t want your thigh fur to get soaked, you’d better make a wider stance, fast!”

“Eep—hahaha!” Embarrassed and a little intimidated, Kate did so—and immediately felt the goat’s stream join hers.

*Pssshh...*

“Haaah....”

They both listened to each other urinate freely for a quiet moment, the goat leaning against the cow. Kate watched the goat close her eyes, noticed that she had long eyelashes.

Kate found it strangely soothing and intimate.

“Hnh...Feels better, doesn’t it?” Kate found herself relaxed and smiling. She enjoyed the feeling of the warm air rising up from the toilet bowl below.

“Such a mean cow, though...” Candy was teasing, after a moment. “You were gonna leave me in the hall, to make a big mess...!”

Candy shifted slightly, and Kate yelped when she felt the goat’s hot, warm urine-stream briefly splatter against her slightly dangling vaginal lips.

“What the—You’re *peeing* on my *vagina*! Hahahh!”

“Whoops-Sorry-- sorry, I can’t see! Your udder is just so big—“

“My udder’s too big? Yours is fucking ridiculous! Your crazy huge goat-teats are poking my belly-button!”

“I know, I know! Sorry...Feels kinda funny, being this close....Your udder is so warm where it touches mine...”

“I know what you mean...” The cow shook her head, urinating prolifically. “Oh my god, this whole situation...it’s too ridiculous...anyone would say this is gay...”

“We’re just vacation friends, just vacation! It’s still vacation, haha!”

"Hahahah!"

"Haah...Oooh...my stomach feels weird..."

*Glurt—glugt—gGLOORT!* Her stomach suddenly made a loud, angry noise. Something was *pushing*, pushing hard and deep—forcing something down, dissolving that tight bloating feeling in her belly.

Candy gasped as she watched the cow's belly seem to contract or contort. The cow's fat breasts heaved suddenly, she made a sudden, feminine gasp:

"Hanh~..."

...and her nipples suddenly became very pert and erect, pushing past the hidden layer of her bra, her areolas even swelling, dark pink beneath the lilly-white lacy blouse. *Damn, her nipples are huuuuge*, Candy thought.

"Oofh...yeah, something's happening in my tummy, Candy..."

"Uh..."

*Gloort...*

"Ooh, that feels so much better..Hahh.." Kate sighed in pleasure. The sensation of the heavy bottle seemed to vanish. Her bowel suddenly felt full, and she relaxed it, completely.

*Pfft..*

"Oh my god. Kate, are you *shitting*? I'm not even done peeing!"

"Just—Just hold on...it'll only take a minute...."

"Oh, fuck no!" The laughing goat held up her plump udder with its big teats to wipe her little pink dripping vagina with its dainty little lips, the sight catching the cow's eyes. "I'm getting out of here. I don't want this tiny little airplane bathroom to fill up with cow farts! I'll die! Hahah!"

"Oh no—" Kate reached up her powerful arms and grabbed the goat by the shoulders, holding her in place, while staring her right in the eyes with a dominant sort of grin that made the goat blink twice.

"You're not embarrassing me in front of the whole plane...Just sit tight, Candy....Oh fuck it's coming..."

*Pfurt...*

"Ew..." Candy was blushing, but Kate felt her hands squeeze her own shoulders just a bit tighter.

"Oh fuck, girl, you do not know how much my asshole is stretching right now..."

"Haha, you're so gross, Kate!"

"No turning back now, we're in this together!"

*Pft...*

Curious now, the goat let go and stood up, her plump pink udder and long teats bouncing. She stepped back in the cramped space and pulled up her jeans, looking to see.

The cow's hefty and sweaty thighs were spread, and her scent was thick in the air. The scent of her udder-sweat, the scent of her piss, the scent of her vaginal lubricant which was very slowly, viscously dripping, the scent of her anus, her flatulence, her shit.

Beneath the cow's huge, fat, udder with its four pucker-tipped teats, Kate's bovine anus was stretching—her big cow vagina was gaping—out of sight—but Candy could see the biggest, longest log of female feces that the goat had ever seen, slowly sliding into the light, beneath the shadow of the cow's mammary endowment.

"Oh my god—It's huge!"

"Fuck—such relief---not done yet—Ungh—!"

"Holy shit, Kate. It's like, the entire length of your *guts*—like, molded from the full length of your bowel—and **that girth!**"

"Girth ?—Hng—What? Hahah! Ohfuck—Hnn—"

***Phurrt~***

A hot pocket of gas escaped around the enormous turd, but it kept coming.

"Kate, I have to say, if your shit, was like a dildo, I would *struggle* to take it."

This was too much for Kate.

“Hahah! What the—A *Dildo*? Hahah--Candy, you—You dumb goat—This is so wrong—Hahah!”

Candy laughed too. Kate laughed so much she peed again, Candy yelping and kicking as she tried to dodge the wild spray. The cow laughed so much that she finally pinched off the immense, dense, heavy log of shit which now filled the very small airplane toilet bowl. In fact, Kate laughed so hard as she struggled to wipe her rump that her big hoof bonked the side of the bathroom door, making a rather loud noise, and a severe-sounding flight attendant whispered back through the crack:

“You two better cut it out RIGHT NOW or I’m calling the Marshal!”

Drunken laughs were muted to drunken snorts and giggles. Kate finally succeeded in wiping her bottom while – to her surprise, but no comment – Candy wiped her front, the cow staring as the goat casually swept excess urine and vaginal slime from between her floppy, gaping and dangling vulva-lips.

“Just doin’ my part,” She explained.

“Uh, thanks.”

Kate, dressing, moved immediately to flush the toilet—but not before Candy had snapped a picture of her enormous shit.

“Really, for me, that one isn’t that big...”

“Well, it’s the most impressive thing I’ve seen all flight!”

“Oh, brother!” Kate, blushing, shook her head.

They stood, dressed—their soft bodies inevitably smooshing and rubbing together in the tight space—giggled again, both embarrassed—and returned to their seats.

The pair of them were soon tired. With Kate’s full belly feeling pleasantly calm, and no sensation of that embarrassing bottle tickling her insides anymore, she fell into a pleasant slumber.

Kate was dimly conscious of the goat leaning her head against her—at the warm spot between her sweaty right breast and the swell of her full belly.

“Your tummy noises...*Haaah*... remind me of when I was a kid...in my mom’s lap...”

“Mm, yeah...”

Kate pulled the blanket over them, and wrapped her left arm around the goat girl: affectionately. Like this, they slept.

\* \* \*

When the plane arrived, both of them silently knew that no one was waiting to welcome either of these two single women back to their homes.

They dragged their luggage up the ramp, feeling sweaty and exhausted.

“Ugh...you still smell like goat piss, Candy.”

“Yeah, and you smell like wet cow farts.”

Kate couldn’t help but giggle here, and candy laughed too.

Carrying their bags fully into the arrival terminal now, they paused to check their phones, and there was a sensation of something unsaid.

Candy spoke first, stealing the moment from the cow, who had just opened her mouth.

“Hey, um, Kate, it’s pretty clear we both need a shower, and I’m still about an hour from home, so since your place is only twenty minutes away, do you mind if I borrow your shower?”

“Uh,” the cow blinked many times. “Sure. No problem.”

\* \* \*

She let Candy shower first, giving her plenty of privacy.

“Do you have work tomorrow?” Kate asked, shouting through the slightly ajar bathroom door.

“No, next day. Why?”

“You can sleep here if you want,” Kate explained. “I have a fold-out couch.”

“Okay! I don’t think I will, but thanks, cow. Super sweet of you.”

Kate half-smiled to herself, and found that she leaned against the wall, just waiting.

When Candy emerged, smelling fresh and sweet, dressed in fluffy flannel pajamas, Kate turned to face her.

Candy walked up to her—right up to her.

“What’s up?”

The shorter goat pressed herself into the pot-bellied cow’s front—her fuzzy chin resting against the cow’s breastbone, the cow’s fat breasts gently resting against her shoulders.

“Um...”

Blinking many times, Kate’s hands found the goat’s shoulders again, and she leaned down and kissed her, on the lips.

This felt *incredibly* good.

It was just a peck, but more came soon.

“Hh...smooch...smk...You smell so sweaty...”

“Hff...you smell like candy...smooh”

“Hahah...smooch...smk...”

After just a few moments, Kate had drag-pulled her over to her queen bed, and flopped down, playing with the goat’s floppy ears and horns, feeling like a kid with a new toy.

They looked at each other for a moment, just breathing.

“Have you, uh...done gay stuff before?” Candy sounded unsure.

“Um...no, not really...”

“Neither have I, haha...” Candy laughed nervously.

“I just...feels right,” Kate felt herself smiling with a natural joy, stroking to goat’s neck.

“Ooh...you found my weak spot...”

“The neck, huh....”

*Smooch...*

“Uh huh...don’t stop...”

Kate hadn’t planned any of this beyond the initial hug and kiss, and even that only a few minutes ahead of time, but to her surprise, there was not a single moment where she didn’t know what to do.

She stared by kissing, biting and stroking the furry goat all over, finding she could easily make the girl moan by pulling, licking, and nipping her neck, ears, and soft udder—pulling the goat’s big udder-teats into view with both hands and easily teasing them erect. Feeling herself get wet, the big cow then pushed her panting, moaning goat friend down to lie on her back, dropped her jeans and underwear,



**straddled** the girl, and felt a hot, warm bliss as she rubbed her sopping, slimy vulva against the goat's wonderfully warm, pert udder and teats.

They both made a ton of noise.

Kate felt Candy's hands rubbing and squeezing her still quite full pot-belly so much, that when the cow came—and she came quickly—she could feel her bloated intestines—packed tight with material like sausages—spasming in her pelvis—feeling warm and full—and the sensation of some heavy, hard objects pushing ever deeper, ever lower in her warm, pulsating entrails...*almost* reaching her bowel. That tantalizing sensation led to the hardest, most powerful orgasm she'd ever had—at age 36, an age when any person is unlikely to be feeling anything entirely new at all.

In the afterglow, Kate held the goat with her arms and her legs and didn't let her go.

"So are we...Hhh..." The goat panted. Kate didn't know if she had made her climax or not, but she didn't care. She felt too good. "Are we gay?"

"Don't care....Hhh..." The cow just relaxed, clasped Candy tighter with her thighs, pressed her face into her sweaty, fuzzy breasts, still unrevealed in her shirt.

In the quiet moment, the cow's belly rumbled. She felt a throbbing pain, low in her gut, somewhere—something was blocked, wedged, jammed. *Please pass, please*, she willed it.

"I was wondering, though...."

She felt the goat stroking her fuzzy hips, and planting a gentle kiss on the fluffy tuft of chest-fur between her heavy cow-breasts. Kate smiled sweetly, distracted, and looked down at the goat, who spoke softly:

"What was the moment....the moment when...when you looked at me...and you thought...you wanted to try kissing me...me more than any other woman, or man?"

"Mm...probably the way you looked at me during my party trick..."

"Hee hee!" Candy giggled. "Yeah, that was very sexy...you have a very sexy neck...a very sexy tummy..." She caressed, massaged, squeezed that belly.

*Glurrrb~!*

"Unh....feels good...Hhh..." Kate shuddered, moaned and panted. She imagined her guts squirming and cramping around the huge, smooth glass bottle. "Squeeze harder—right there—"

"Unf—like this?"

"Oh—"

*GLutt-glooorrnn..*

"Haah...oh candy...oh candy..."

Kate shuddered as she felt her innards clench around the hard, smooth bottle, stuck in some unforgiving bend in her gut. I can't let this girl go, she thought. Not now. Not ever.

"Hahah!" Candy giggled. "For me. It was the sound of your tummy. Your belly." She kept stroking it while Kate breathed gently. "And maybe the way it looks here, sitting between your hips and your cute boobs and your chubby udder..."

"Anh~..." The cow gasped and whimpered when Candy touched her bare, sweaty udder, sore from touch, making her teats swell again.

"I kept thinking what it would be like if you didn't bring up that bottle...if it stayed nice and warm inside you...moved all through you..."

"Candy...Hhh...I h-have to tell you something..."

"Hm?"

"I..." Kate turned to face her, blushing. "I lied, because I was embarrassed."

"What...?"

"I couldn't bring up the bottle. It's still in me...somewhere...in my stomach...."

She took the shocked goat's little hand, and brought it to the side of her lower abdomen where her innards were cramped and aching, pushing it in to feel the hard object deep inside.

"Oh...Oh my god..."

"It's here..."

"Oh my god..."

She felt Candy's hips start to move, grinding and humping against the cow's big thigh, her hands groping, squeezing the cow's rumbling stomach.

"Oh fuck, Kate...your asshole...your asshole's going to stretch so much..."

"Mf...Good, Candy...hump my leg, yeah..."

"Yeah—yeah!"

"But—Hh—If you wanna help me pass it—you have to sleep here—with me....Hanh~!"

"Yeah—Oh fuck, Kate, yeah...!" Candy was on top of her now, groping the cow's once-again pert udder teats, squeezing them thick and pink, the goat humping her with amazing ferocity, her little fluffy tail raised behind her fuzzy thighs, grinding her knee pleurably into Kate's soft, plush, fat-padded vaginal lips and clit.

"Oh —fuck me, Candy, hump me, fuck me!" The cow wailed. "Pull my teats—grind my clit—please--!" Kate's fat little pussy rapidly became wet and went *squish, squish* every time her energetic lover grinded her knee against it. Candy's unhesitating fingers grabbed and yanked the cow's fat pink udder-teats, pulling, pumping and thumbing them to the pleasure beyond soreness, while grinding her own against them.

Meanwhile, candy couldn't turn her blushing face away from the sigh of Kate's fuzzy, swollen pot-belly, swaying and *sloshing* with her hip-thrusts.

"Ohfuck—Kate—your full stomach---your fat stomach—full of food—Hngh—"

Candy humped the cow, so hard, squished her udder so aggressively, that Kate's bowels complained out loud—

*Grooan...*

And just as Candy was pulling and yanking on the cow' fat udder-teats—the goat's own poking out of her pajamas with the sheer force of erection and slapping sweatily against the cow's at every thrust—Kate felt so happy and free that she farted.

*Purrt!*

"Ah-ah-h-ah!"

Candy, shuddering and quivering, climaxed at that exact moment.

Hugging each other and falling towards sleep, Kate kissed her and mumbled, "Your mom must have had bad gas...."

"Still does...really gross...but you, Kate...yours...your smell...mmh..." The cow was kissed once more. "It's just...warm."

\* \* \*

Kate woke first, in the morning. She had dreamed of how she might feel upon waking.

The very sweaty, very smelly cow rolled out of bed. She turned and smiled at the half-nude goat—who was completely asleep and snoring—but then cringed and grunted as her insides suddenly cramped hard:

"Oofh..."

Glltt~

Her belly felt hard like a rock, especially in that same deep spot that had hurt last night. “That’s not a good feeling,” Kate whispered to herself.

She went quickly to her bathroom and plopped her huge, jiggly rump on the toilet, but no matter how she flexed and strained her big, wrinkly pink bovine anus, absolutely nothing would come out of her except for a few weak spurts of ripe-scented urine.

“Oh well...” Kate sighed, wiping, rising and checking herself in the mirror, frowning at how her usual pot-belly looked a little more bloated than normal. “Got to get to work...”

After leaving a sweet note for the gently sleeping Candy including her phone number, Kate did just that, commuting to her office where she was paid well for her paperwork.

Kate went about her business, which included some long meetings, and then a two-hour lunch with some business partners at a rather dirty and greasy buffet called *Mama Panda’s Palace*.

This long lunch, Kate was very glad to have, for anticipated distraction her from her constipation issue—an issue that remained resolutely firm any of the several times she tried to use the restroom that day.

So at this buffet, she turned her gaze away from tired-looking chefs behind the counter using unwashed grills and deep fryers and coughing into the food. She didn’t look twice at the peripheral sights of shy little mice and rats skittering under food-carts at the approach of her heavy hooves.

Instead, Kate ignored the increasing ache in her pelvic region and focused on the glorious, steamy, glistening, tasty food options arrayed before her.

She piled her plate high with buttery fried rice with scrambled eggs, peas and fried tofu. She loaded another plate with mounds of sugar-syrup-sauce-soaked pork slices, and stacked a third with a particular type of fried chicken that had been drenched not only in sugar syrup but also in hot red chili peppers.

These dishes, plus mounds of greasy noodles and squishy dumplings, she piled on her plate and shoved into her warm, wide, wet pink mouth while laughing and talking about the meeting—just focusing on the delicious salty and sweet flavors, the heaviness of the food on her tongue, and the sweet sensation of *swallowing* it all down into her warm guts, mentally thinking, *This place always gets my gut moving, when I need it.*

And yet—it did not. Not in the way that the cow hoped.

So in the afternoon, things got worse—a lot worse.

It began as she was leaving the buffet, her stomach still more swollen—pushing her tucked-in blouse out from her work slacks.

Her belly gurgled and rumbled—even more so than usual—it rumbled non-stop.

*GwoorrOOowrrrrll...*

Letting her other three co-workers walk ahead of her back to the office, she emitted a belch: *Uhrp*—Then sighed, enjoying this gaseous reminder of the sweet flavors she'd sent down to be sorted out in her mess of a stomach.

But when they got back to the office building from the restaurant, and all got in to the elevator—Kate, Karen the dog from finance, and Brian and Derek, two deer from sales—to the cow's great humiliation, the incessant rumbling resurged—Kate could feel her stomach bloating up with gas—and she felt an overpowering urge to belch again—and this one was not so harmless.

*Rggrlgrlgkktlrlrrgg....*

It was the one and only sound in the old and poorly-maintained elevator.

Everyone turned uncomfortably to look at the cow who, they all knew, had eaten far too much at the buffet. Her furry stomach poked out of the underside of her work blouse, and it was plainly bloated: having swelled her lower abdomen big and round, it ran out of room there and her belly was visibly bulging inside her chest, in her ribs.

"Um, Kate..." Brian said, scratching his antlers. "Are you *sure* all right? That doesn't sound too good..."

Kate had become rather green in the face, and was sweating as well.

The other three passengers pressed themselves to the other side of the slow and creaky elevator.

"Y-yeah—I just need—Just need a—*HUUUURRPB—Bhurrrp~*"

The smell of this belch was absolutely foul. It smelled like rot, like death, like shit. This didn't smell like food or even vomit. Kate, who occasionally liked to think that her burps were cute, was shocked and embarrassed. Her stomach groaned, her bowel ached, throbbed in pain. Her belly felt *stretched*, too stretched.

"Eh-Excuse me—Ooh"

*Grglrlrrlll--!*

Kate's belly began to bloat and inflate once more, gurgling loudly enough for everyone to hear.

The passengers panicked. Karen covered her mouth and began to dry-heave. Brian and fell over each other, bashing every button they could find in the elevator panel, one of them shouting "Open the damn door!"

"Oh fuck, I feel sick...*Bhurrrp!*"

Kate belched again as the door final opened and her coworkers ran out in panic.

The cow stumbled, belching uncontrollably, her stomach aching and rumbling, into the nearest bathroom.

It was the 6<sup>th</sup> floor—advertising department—and upon bursting into the echoey, tiled bathroom, and feeling deathly ill, three very look-conscious ladies were at the sinks, adjusting makeup, all three of them glancing up when Kate stumbled in, apologizing:

“S-sorry—UHRRP—Sorry—I have to—Hnnnh---Oh fuck, I feel so sick—**Hurrrp~!**”

Kate rushed to the nearest sink and clutched the edge, bending over it, feeling a sudden overwhelming urge to *vomit*.

The three slender, pretty women – an afghan hound, a cheetah, and a parrot—all looked up in shock, caught by surprise.

“Is she—”

“Uh—Are you all—”

“Oh god, she’s gonna—”

They stared at this sweaty, *bloated* fat cow, the brown-and-white-furred ungulate bent over the sink, her belly utterly huge and bloated, dangling out swaying under, growling and gurgling, with her hiked-up sweat-soaked shirt and her slovenly breasts that were already starting to slip out of her worn-out bra, they gawked at how her belly visibly *churned* and roiled and wailed:

*Glrrrr!*

“Ohfuck—mystomach—Hunnh—”

Kate shuddered and felt suddenly cold all over. Her body, her neck seized up and her mouth filled with saliva.

The cow’s neck bulged—and she vomited.

“Hrrgl-Hggk—”

*Shplat!*

She vomited up an immense avalanche of wet, steaming, pinkish mess—so much that it completely filled the sink-bowl and excess unmentionable liquid splattered all around the counter.

“Hunngg---Ung—”

*Splatter!*

She vomited again—violently. Barely-digested noodles, greasy grilled pepper slices and several slime-coated fried chicken wings gushed out of her spasmic, slack throat, into the sink and all around it.

“Hngh...Hrg—Hukk--!” More came in a second wave.

*Splurrt--clatter!*

It wasn’t just food, either—there was a metallic clattering sound, and the women present saw several chyme-slick copper coins bounce to the counter and the floor in the wake of the after-heaves, and watched Kate regurgitate an utterly foul rubber glove and—what looked like a little, wriggling mouse.

One of the women screamed. Another swore in disbelief. The third ran, followed quickly by the rest.

Moaning, spitting, and still irregularly belching, Kate tried to collect herself, washing off the little white mouse that seemed to be still alive after its time in her stomach.

"I'm sorry—*burp*—little mouse," she wailed, feeling sorry for herself too. "I didn't mean to eat you, or keep you inside me—at all!"

"Uggh..." The little mouse, whom she thought was a male, staggered out from her fingers and shook some water off himself.

Kate leaned in towards him just as he was trying to stumble away from her comparatively huge form.

"Wagh!" He yelped in surprise, tumbling backwards, still struggling to regain his senses in the bright light of the bathroom.

"But—Just—*uhrp*—Tell me, my stomach hurts so bad, how can I fix it?"

"N-no..." Chester the mouse shook his head no. "Don't wanna think about it, don't wanna talk about it. Never again!"

The tiny mouse scampered to the edge, leapt to the floor, and dashed under the row of sinks, into a crack in the wall.

"Unnh...*uhhrp*...fuck...this is getting worse..."

Kate stroked her still-bloated belly and, belching and whimpering, tried to use paper towels to transfer the vomited food into the nearest toilet.

"Poor noodles..." She sighed while her insides continued to ache, cramp, and groan. "Poor chicken....You just wanted to be all warm inside my tummy..."

When she'd tossed and flushed the vomited-up noodles and chicken wings, though, she was left looking at what she had regurgitated that was definitely not food, washing them off:

There was the coins ("I should really stop putting coins in my mouth", she thought), the dark grey rubber glove—which she definitely did not remember swallowing—and a very large, long bone.

"Is this...a *femur*? From a person?" Her belly just shuddered and gurgled. "Did I...did someone *die* in my stomach? My burps sure taste really bad...but when would this...?" Kate blinked. "I don't want to think about it...I just hope this all passes..." Alas, she tried to use the toilet again here, but could produce nothing but frustration.

She tried to put it out of her mind for the rest of the work day. Candy texted her and proposed going to a show downtown, to which Kate agreed, proposing tomorrow evening, hoping very dearly that this embarrassing and increasingly painful digestive problem would be all better by then. "I'm so stupid...I really should chew my food more..." She sighed, but though the cramping pain in her gut continued getting slowly worse, the throbbing ache slowly more frequent, and her belly kept sloshing with fullness and bloating up with the most foul rot-belches, Kate found herself still hungry.

She snacked from the office candy dish until it was empty, which included sucking on and swallowing several lolly-pops (it's just paper, she thought), and got into her old bad habit of chewing on plastic pens, and absently swallowing these while working on spreadsheets — *That's a bad habit, although it hasn't caused problems before, I really shouldn't do that*, she scolded herself. But the rumbling, and the belching, and the pain got steadily just as bad as it had been in the elevator—she ate from a tray of cookies she'd hidden in a desk drawer, hoping it would settle her stomach—but it just made her feel more sick and bloated.

Kate was moaning and feeling quite ill when she went into a 4:30 pm meeting with her manager. This manager, a chubby old sheep named Wanda, was quickly distracted from the meeting topic by the cow's

dazed face, her bulging and groaning stomach, and her frequent burping. Concerned for Kate's health, she said:

"Kate, I really think you should go to a doctor if this doesn't get better after you go home and rest. You don't look—well."

"I—*hurrrp*—know," Kate whimpered. "I think it must be something I—*burrrp*—ate...my stomach feels really weird..."

At home, it was dinner time, and Kate's swollen digestive system still showed no signs of progress, everything just sitting and churning in her stomach and producing rot-gas. She searched her refrigerator and cupboards for foods that would heal her body's soft and delicate insides, as painful cramps became harder to ignore. She built up a tray of things that she hoped would help, and took them to her sofa.

Hoping to distract herself, she put on some of her favorite old tv shows , plopped the big tray on her coffee table, and commenced stress-eating.

Moaning, grunting, and occasionally belching, Kate kept her mouth open, and kept pushing in what she figured were healthy snacks: marinated chick-peas, a prepackaged pyramid of celery sticks and ranch sauce, whole dill pickles, stacks of cold chicken slices, chewy coconut chunks, and a big bowl of unsalted popcorn.

Staring in bleary-eyed at the TV screen, she didn't notice that her gold-plated bracelet had fallen into the big popcorn bowl , and proceeded to close her tired eyes, open her mouth, and pour the whole thing into it, forgetfully swallowing down the very indigestible popcorn kernels as well as her own metal jewelry, sending these down to be sorted out among her four gurgling, aching stomachs. A similar fate befell her soft white rubber-coated phone charging cord, which unfortunately had been placed a little too close to Kate's little tray of soft, white, rubbery coconut chunks. After sleepily grabbing all of these and shoving them into her wide, wet mouth:

"...mmg..mmlp...*Ulmk~*"

...the rubber and metal cord was sent deep down her throat into her hot, uncomfortable gut.

To be fair, these little accidental ingestions were very typical for Kate, and they had never been the cause of any serious problems – but they did nothing to help her immediate situation, and in fact probably made it worse.

"Ooh,.. " She moaned, a moment later, placing a hand on her breastbone as she cringed and tried to suppress another urge to vomit, feeling strange, uncomfortable bloating and tickling inside. "Feels like there's a monster trying to—*uhrrp*—break out of me...Just need to sleep...just sleep it off...will be better in the morning..."

She found some aspirin on a side table, and swallowed a handful of them immediately, but....

...as she dozed off, she even dreamed of herself swelling up like a balloon until she exploded, and...

... in the morning, it was worse.

"Zzzzh...hhh....zzzz---BURRP—Owwh?!"

As soon as she opened her eyes, she could see that the ballooning part of her dream was true.

Her stomach was massively bloated, and it *ached*—badly. That dull sense of blockage deep in her gut had become a raging agony.

“Oh fuck I’m gonna explode...I’m gonna...*HURRP!*...Oh fuck..oh fuck...”

Not only was there a deep pain, but it felt as though there was really some force inside her belly, trying to fight its way out.

Fumbling for her phone, keys, and wallet, accidentally bumping her enormously stretched stomach into furniture, and emitting a nonstop stream of uncontrollable belches that were each less and less effective at reducing the massive bloating, she barely managed to waddle to the nearest city train, and into the nearest hospital—one she had hoped to avoid because of its reputation for delays in service—but this was truly an emergency.

Other sleepy commuters stayed away from her deathly belches—which seemed to induce immediate vomiting in everyone but her—and the same was true in the emergency room’s waiting area—which was a blessing in a way, because the triage doctors sent her into a room quickly rather than have her befoul the waiting area.

One doctor and one nurse helped her into a big adjustable hospital bed and peeled off most of her clothes, exposing her massive, distended furry belly, bloated and stretched, crisscrossed with throbbing, angry veins.

They asked her questions about what she had eaten recently, and what she thought was happening. “I—I don’t know—it feels like something I ate got stuck—deep inside me---and it won’t move and I just—*BURRP*—it hurts more and more and I feel really weak and I ---*HURRP!*”

Coming up to her side, the doctor and nurse—The doctor being a dark brown male otter, and the nurse a black-colored rabbit—began to poke and prod her enormous stomach, eliciting a large number of belches from the panicked cow.

“Oh—thank you—*BHURRP*—That feels—*HURRP*—a little better, thanks for—*uhrp*—helping me burp—Hahh!”

“Well, I’m afraid it is indeed going to get worse, and—I agree with you about the likely obstruction, ma’am—you will in fact explode, regardless of any massages we might do...unless...”

“And doctor, what about the movement we saw inside?” The nurse showed her notes to the doctor.

“Yes, it’s very likely...accidental ingestion of a whole person is quite a possible cause...prepare the x-ray, nurse...”

“Sure. Shall I call the police, then?” The nurse whispered, but Kate’s fuzzy cow ears heard it.

Kate, having just been given a brief moment of physical relief, went pale with fear. *Oh no*, she thought. *What if someone is actually trapped inside my stomach...what if I ate someone accidentally...will I go to jail?*



The X-ray scan result was only more embarrassing for the cow, but the doctor and nurse were amazed, taking shots from five angles, then printing and pinning them up on the walls, pointing and pontificating about them.

The scans showed a massive irregular bundle of brightly lit-up shapes—looking for sure like all kinds of indigestible junk—clustered around her lower abdomen and pelvic region. Kate blushed to recognize the shapes of some plastic pens she had swallowed shamefully on-purpose the previous day. Apparently, the big conglomeration of junk had completely sealed off Kate's bowels, which looked mostly empty except for a few small, odd shapes.

"Good god," The nurse swore. "Her stomach's like a huge sack of garbage."

"Indeed—Fascinating! I've never seen a case of alimentary obstruction this extreme. Pica, or sleep eating, or something."

Kate moaned in pain as her belly groaned angrily—for she could feel that insistent tapping or pushing sensation deep inside, as if some living thing wanted out.

"The police, then, doctor?" The black-furred nurse whispered.

"No, not yet. We need more evidence."

"D-doctor---*uhrp*—please...H hh.." Kate begged. "Just make the pain stop...please...I just want to digest normally like everyone else..."

"Yes, we understand," The doctor assured her in a businesslike voice. "However, we must consider the options."

Using a large projector screen and a computer, he made a list.

"Surgery is one obvious option."

"Oh...oh no..." The cow wailed. She didn't object—she had a feeling that might be the only solution—but just the word made her imagine this doctor ripping open her immense stomach with a knife, and a huge explosion of poisonous rotten bloody filth, just bursting out, all over the walls....

"If things get very bad, it could be our only option. That said, I feel that surgery might be too traumatic in this case—too much blood might be lost, other organs are likely to be damaged in the process...so..."

He made another bullet.

"Endoscopy. This is what we'll start with, to see if we can get a better picture. And that evidence you suggested, nurse."

"Good." The nurse gave Kate a suspicious eye, and Kate gulped nervously—*Can she smell that a rabbit went inside me? Can rabbits do that?*

The nurse immediately went to a medical closet, got the coiled endoscope and placed it on a tray.

“Next, this case I believe is an *excellent* opportunity to try out some new experimental treatments for this sort of thing—as it’s quite common in our society of large and small creatures.”

“Ex-experimental?” Kate asked curiously. *Maybe these will be easier...*

“Yup. Here’s a quick list.”

Kate watched the doctor type up the full list on the projected screen.

1. Surgery
2. Endoscopy
3. Experimental full-tract lubricant-laxative
4. Electric abdominal massager
5. Exploratory insertion:
  - a. NP/Physician insertion
6. Experimental matter-transference device

“Experimental matter transfer...? I thought that was science fiction!” Kate was quite amazed.

The eager little otter-doctor rubbed his paws together and smiled. “Yours would be the first test case—if you consent, naturally.”

“Well—Teleporting the junk out of me sure seems like a good idea!” Kate , sweating, smiled and hoped it would work, stroking her bloated, groaning, aching stomach in a vain attempt to calm it for just a little longer.

“Doctor, I really don’t think it’s appropriate when this is *clearly* a case of—“

“Nurse, I AGREE. We shouldn’t reach for the last resort until we’ve tried other options. Now, did order the experimental lube-lax pills?”

“Y-yes.” The nurse hastily typed something in to a computer.

“And you requested the physical therapist with the massager?”

“Y-yes.” The nurse hastily ordered that too. “Computer says there might be a delay.”

“Well, there is plenty more we can try,” the doctor said, getting lots of equipment out of the medical closet, including what Kate knew was a stomach-diving suit...Her belly rumbled ominously at the sight of this. “Insert the endoscope, please, nurse.”

Kate had to hold her mouth wide open for this while the black rabbit nurse stood on a little step ladder beside her bed, and , with her gloved paws deep in Kate’s mouth, fed the long cord down into her, telling her to swallow occasionally.

The cow felt quite odd, allowing the thick camera-tipped cord to penetrate into her throat, down inside her squeezing neck, then to grant it passage through the cardiac sphincter into her fore-gut.

They all watched its progress on the projector screen.

*Gloob...*

Kate felt embarrassed as the camera's light was switched on and they could now see inside her stuffed upper stomach.

Its pink, fleshy walls undulated sensually around a huge mess of swallowed food and junk:

Mounds of slime-coated celery sticks, pickles and cherry tomatoes were here, along with a plainly obvious object that Kate recognized:

The *other* rubber glove of the rabbit that she had consensually swallowed the previous day, being softly squeezed between pillars of flesh...

...And her own ruby-bejeweled bracelet, draped around a large cucumber, but when her belly clenched and rumbled at the awkward feeling of the camera, it sank deep into the mess in her gut, and was not seen again.

The nurse gasped at the sight.

"A glove and a bracelet! And that is a rabbit-sized glove, doctor! It's proof—she *ate* someone! With or without their consent! And without their glove to protect them—"

"Nurse, please. It may well be. But we must go deeper. All the evidence shall come out, one way or another. The good cow isn't going anywhere."

Kate felt very nervous indeed now. *If I did accidentally leave with the airport-rabbit in my stomach...does it really make sense for me to go to jail for it? It was an innocent mistake...my tummy just felt nice and full and I just wanted to sleep on the plane after my vacation, before I had to go back to work and stress...*

"I've given the scope more slack. Push the endoscope deeper, please."

The nurse, her head turned to watch the video feed, pushed it deeper—the scope briefly submerging among opaque liquids in the gut—which meant that her own gloved paws pushed back deep in the cow's soft, wet, slimy throat...

"Amazing...Her upper digestive tract is stunningly long....we're nearly out of endoscope cord...Push deeper..."

"Unnnh...." Kate moaned at the strange sensation, for she couldn't talk with the cord in her throat.

"There! Look! This might be her third or fourth stomach—see that?"

The video feed showed a packed gut-chamber with groaning, shuddering brownish walls, piled high with food and junk.

"Is that—someone's underwear?" The nurse was amazed, pushing her gloved paws fully into Kate's throat now.

Kate noticed that the endoscope cord had become taut, and the nurse's gloved fingers were very much tickling her throat in a way that made her have a strong urge to swallow.

"No-beyond that—See that spot on the far wall?"

"My god—it's hard to see but— looks like there's some object *perfectly* sealing up the exit to her intestines—her poor duodenum—"

On the video feed, suddenly a rabbit-shaped object surfaced from the muck and faced the camera.

"Holy shi—!"

"Is that--!?"

*Ghulp~!*

Kate swallowed reflexively.

The cord was yanked out of its socket and flew down the cow's gulping throat like a lightning bolt.

The video feed went dark instantly.

"EEK!"

The nurse was pulled too.

The black rabbit's arms were yanked deep into the cow's neck—

"NURSE!"

The doctor ran over and *pullllled* her back—but her paws were bare.

Every one of the three of them panted for a bit.

The black rabbit nurse stared into Kate's eyes—in horror, amazement, or something else wasn't clear.

"You ...sw-swallowed...my *gloves*..off my paws..."

"S-sorry...uhrp..." Kate blushed, embarrassed, but feeling a little of something else, too. *Now that I've had sex with a girl...this nurse is a little cute, too...for a rabbit, that is.*

The nurse shook her head and went to don another pair of thin blue rubber gloves.

The doctor, though, was merry and amused.

"Hah! You swallowed the endoscope, too...the *entire coil*...into your stomach..." The doctor, equally amazed, gave a few pats the cow's fuzzy belly. "Quite an impressive plumbing setup our patient has!"

He chuckled.

Then he turned to the nurse.

"Jane, prepare the matter transference device."

"W-with the drone, right?" The nurse was clearly nervous.

"No," The doctor said with plenty of confidence. "I'll do it myself."

"Hh!" The nurse gasped as she saw him putting on the diving suit. "Doctor , you can't! You saw—there's someone down there—they're trapped!"

"Perhaps—we don't know that. But if true, THEY don't have state-of-the art diving equipment—much less, a prototype teleporter. Which you'll be operating, Jane. So if there is a trapped rabbit deep in this cow-belly—you'll be the one to welcome her back to the light."

"Oh...okay...."

"Now, please set up the jaw-clamp on the patient. We need her mouth held wide open so I can pass up stuff until I get the device properly set up.

"Yes, sir."

Kate, who was still in plenty of pain, didn't say anything, but began to feel an odd sort of anticipation for the small otter to go into her mouth and down her throat—into her warm belly. The last time she had swallowed someone to explore her stomach, it had felt—strangely good. So much so, that it had soothed her and let her doze off. In this instance, when the jaw-clamp was affixed to her face, holding her already big mouth very wide open, she felt that odd feeling again and unconsciously rubbed her thighs together.

The doctor-otter, for his part in this, was dressed in an outfit that was similar to Carmen's, except a bit more shiny and new. His diving-mask sported a built-in headlamp and helmet-camera, and the only other tools he brought with him was – after stopping by the supply shelf—a strange little disc-shaped contraption. *I guess that's the teleporter*, Kate thought. Given all the pain and trouble she had had from her over-eating and poor eating habits, she was looking forward to having her stretched, bruised and aching stomach techno-magically voided all at once.

The nurse looked increasingly nervous as the proud-faced doctor, now waddling over in the entirely body-covering white vinyl haz-mat suit with its clear plastic mask, climbed up the stepladder and put his freshly gloved paws on the blinking cow's soft pink lips.

"Wait, doctor!" The nurse shouted nervously. "You forgot to tie the winch," she reminded, gesturing to a powerful crane-like device that was attached to a load-bearing pillar of the city hospital. This crane was in turn connected to a powerful electric coiling-wheel, which Kate surmised was used as leverage to pull doctors and other things out of particularly greedy throats.

The doctor shook his head.

"The size ratio doesn't warrant it," he shouted through the muffled mask. "Her gut's wider than I am, at its tightest point. Plus, I plan to guide the obstruction all the way to the end."

He turned and grinned through the reflective plastic towards Kate. "It's the only way to ensure our patient is healthy all the way through."

"Oh...okay. Well, good luck!" The nurse, still nervous, tried to smile.

Kate blinked, and felt the doctor grab her cheeks and heave himself into her mouth, feet-first. Slowly, feeling the nurse watch her, she gradually relaxed her big, stretched-open jaws around the plastic-wrapped otter, and waited for her salivary glands to properly coat him.

She found herself and the nurse staring at each other.

"Mg—Glllm~!"

Kate had to squint and strain to swallow.

The doctor made a huge bulge in her furry neck as he went down.

"Ohhh..." She moaned immediately. "Thh Fff...shah...haah...burrp...."

She couldn't properly complain because of the jaw-clamp affixed to her face.

"Yeah, sorry," the nurse was saying, going over to the computer to link up the communicator device.

"With this method, you're gonna have to get a little bit fuller before you get to let it all out."

"Ahh hhah naah," Kate tried to say, but the jaw-clamp was still attached to her mouth. She wasn't sure if she was allowed to take it off, or not.

The nurse was distracted, for the moment. She got the doctor's video and audio-feed linked up to the projector.

"Here, you can watch as he works," she said casually, then spoke into her own microphone. "How's progress, doc?"

The pair watched the screen inside of Kate's fore-gut, seeing irritated reddish flesh-walls, mounds of decaying food, and clouds of poisonous gas, as the doctor sloshed through dimly-lit mush, occasionally picking up an item to examine—at first, a picked-clean corn-cob clutched possessively by one of Kate's stomach-alcoves, and then, one of Jane the nurse's rubber gloves, and finally, a strangely familiar metal device that he dug out from a particularly viscous mush around his waist.

"That's—That's a Med-Tech communicator!"

"Yeah...well, it's an older model...version 2, from eight years ago....You know what, I think maybe the last person to do this type of procedure on our patient might have been a little *Sloppy*..."

Kate blinked "Ahh-Ah—haah..."

"What—what's that?" The nurse turned to look at the cow's face. "Here, I'll take it off a minute so you can speak."

"Sure—these things aren't big enough to be the cause of the problem, so I'm going to keep looking before I hand anything up," he reported.

The nurse came over and removed the jaw clamp from Kate's soft mouth.

"Hah...thank you," Kate said, then briefly cringed as her hugely bloated stomach jiggled and quivered with interior movements in 2 distinctly separate places. The nurse gasped and stared. "I...I wanted to tell you," she began gently, "I recently was subjected to a random search on an airline flight."

"Oh—Are you serious?" The black bunny-nurse turned to her with wide eyes.

Kate nodded.

"Mm hm. It was a—cavity search. With a white rabbit. In a similar—similar gear. And she went inside me—inside my body. They told me to take a nap until it was done, so I did. But when I woke up, nobody was there and there was message saying—Ummf—*Uhrp*—a message saying that it was finished. But maybe—"

"Maybe that message was some kind of error and they're *still in there*! I'll tell the doctor right away," the nurse said. She touched Kate's fuzzy wrist, smiled and said, "Thank you for trusting us. We really just want the best for everyone here."

Kate nodded, blinking away her wet eyes.

Jane explained this to the doctor, who said, through the crackly radio, that he wasn't surprised, but that he'd found still more unrelated items that proved that that one insertion-search might not be the sole cause of the problem.

He narrated to them both as he slogged his way through Kate's absolutely stuffed-to-a-standstill fiber-gut and carb-gut—locating all kinds of discoveries that disgusted and shocked Jane and embarrassed Kate—a plastic fork beneath a mound of apples, her phone's rubber-coated charger cord, sorted by her stomach into the same chamber as a mound of old and rotting spaghetti, which also contained an errant shoe-lace, the snapped-off endoscope camera and Jane's other rubber glove, stored warm and wet by her innards among the mounds of noodles that she remembered eating at the panda palace buffet.

Just looking at all this on display made Kate's stomach groan and churn with guilt and embarrassment—and for the doctor, this meant a miniature earthquake that sent him tumbling and worsened his camera connection. This in turn sent nurse Jane into a panic, but still, the doctor was able to right himself again, assuring them both that he was very close to the source of the digestive obstruction now, sitting at the exterior of the sphincter leading to Kate's meat-gut.

"Now, I'm going to partially have to dig out this final chamber before I can properly explore it," he shouted through high interference on the communicator.

Kate briefly checked her phone—Candy was asking for her to confirm tonight's plans. Kate sighed, immediately feeling sad. *Here I go try some sexual experimentation, and I might end up flaking out because I literally ate myself sick...* Frowning, she texted Candy back that she was a little busy now but looking forward to it.

The doctor's transmission had become full of static interference, which distracted Kate and drew her attention.

"...So if you can—Hhh--ZZZZHZ—Please ...ZZZZH....prepare her, NOW, that would be—BZZZH—jane,"  
"You're cutting up, but—Yes, Doctor. I will."

Blinking, Kate turned away from the increasingly blurry and glitchy video feed, and gave Kate a perfunctory smile before frowning.

"The doctor was saying," she paused and sighed. "He wants to try to evacuate you naturally, first, BEFORE we try the teleporter—which is extremely unstable and not fully tested—which is a policy I agree with."

"Well, I'm glad you—*uhp*—agree with it, heheh!" Kate giggled, and drew a little, genuine smile from the exhausted-looking nurse.

"Heh...So..." The nurse frowned again. "That means....I'm going to strip you from the waist down, and we're going to hold your legs apart, and we're going to need you to just—just push out—Anything—as soon as you can feel that you can." She had avoided eye contact for this—another big inhale and exhale, then looked up the cow's face with a stern expression.

"Um, yeah. I don't mind."

After a minute, which involved much grunting from the doctor, much uncomfortable *gloorp*-ing as Kate felt at least one creature upsetting and stirring about the contents of her deepest stomach, and a very tight-lipped expression from the nurse, she had the lower half of the examination table set up like a gynecology room, with hoof-stirrups, spread legs, and was pushing apart Kate's thighs.

It was at this moment that Kate realized that her vagina—her vulva—felt slimy, wet.

"Oh—whoa." Kate relaxed her sweaty, fuzzy thighs, and heard the nurse exclaim when her thighs were spread wide apart, the main body of her chubby-lipped vulva exposed.

"Hhh....Hhhh..." Kate was extremely embarrassed. So embarrassed that she forgot about what was happening inside her digestive system for a moment, and could only feel her inner vaginal lips slowly

unfurling their meaty wrinkles and her vulva oozing out a thick, sticky droplet of sexual anticipation—completely against her will—a hungry mouth opening and salivating for meat that it was not here to receive.

“I’m—sorry, I really am, I know this is really inappropriate,” Kate stammered, horrified that she’d somehow gotten wet during all this—*why, even?* She wondered. *I wouldn’t even ask Candy to touch that part of me—vaginas are just dirty and gross—everyone agrees on that.*

“Huh?” Jane looked up at her. “Oh! Yeah. No. Some vaginal lubrication during the process is *totally normal*—that happens to more than half of patients when they’re touched there. Nothing to be embarrassed about. “ She smiled sweetly. “ I just didn’t know you were one of those cows with a vestigial udder. It’s—neat to see.”

“Y-yeah, I am,” Kate blushed, feeling her udder-teats slightly stiffed at the mention.

“Kate, I’m going to ask you to relax your buttocks now, and lower your tail—we need to check your anus and keep it well exposed during the doctor’s procedure so that any bad stuff in your stomach can just flow right out, okay?”

“Oh—yeah—um—“

“Oh, almost forgot.”

The tired-looking black rabbit hefted up a flexible-stand mirror from some low shelf and placed it nearby, giving Kate a crystal-clear look at her own profuse, slimy, oozing vulva and, below it, her big, tight anus.

*That’s my...my...butthole...*

Kate shivered all over at the thought, the sight. In the mirror, she watched her long-lipped pink vulva quiver, tense, gape slightly, ooze another drip of sticky, flimsy liquid down towards her tight brown tailhole, then relax again.

*I am so aroused right now, and it feels so wrong,* she thought.

“Uh—Uh....Nurse? There is one question....I always wanted to ask....a medical question...”

The nurse turned away from watching the doctor plow through endless heaps of rotting food-waste deep in Kate’s bloated stomach.

“Is my, um....”

“Hm?”

“Is my, like---*vagina and stuff*—um, *normal?*” Kate felt stupid immediately for asking.

The nurse blinked many times, as if just waking up, then smiled.



“A hundred and ten percent, no less!” She announced proudly. “Let’s explore, shall we?”

With a shockingly cheery and businesslike attitude, Kate lay back and watched amazed as the black rabbit began to touch her vulva and anal areas, making her struggle not to sigh too much. “Here’s your pubic fur—nice and rich and long, keeps this delicate area protected. Check. Next is your outer labia—nice and big and soft like pillows, again keeps it protected and lots of fun for your lover. Then we have the inner lips---labia minora, and yours are just going to be a delight for your lover...”

“G-haaah...” Kate yelped, feeling her whole pelvic musculature clench and relax when the nurse gently tugged her velveteen little inner vaginal lips.

“Hahah! Yes, it’s right to be sensitive there. Yours are connected to your big, beautiful clitoris up here...”

“E-eep...” The nurse didn’t even touch it, but in the helpful mirror Kate could see her embarrassingly big clit throb and swell, just at the attention.

“I definitely didn’t touch it, but I do promise not to!” She chuckled, and then adjusted the mirror and continued. “Your urethra is where you pee from—right under your clit. Can you see it as I spread your lips a little, here?”

The nurse reached under the cow’s big clit and peeled apart her incredibly sensitive inner vaginal lips with a little wet sound, exposing her puckered pink pee-hole.

“Hhahh....y-yes...nnh...”

“Yours is nice and pink and healthy. And then going down further, we have your strong, tough perineum—that’s this rough part here, with not so much fur....and then...here is your genuine, 100% grade-a, perfectly healthy cow **anus**.”

“My...my *anus*...” Even as she said this obscene word, she saw her tailhole clench and felt a thrill of strange pleasure.

The sight of Jane staring at her incredibly intimate and dirty parts like that—like it was no big deal—was incredibly erotic for Kate. She panted, and nearly forgot the uncomfortable churning and bloating in her stomach. It also made her realize that she has a mild urge to pee.

“Hhh...” Kate squirmed in her seat. She checked the time – there was only a few hours until she was supposed to meet Candy at the show. *If I can get any of this done... she thought. I really want to feel candy touch me there...I hope she’s willing...I know it’s a gross part of a woman’s body, but the way this nurse is touching me...I just want more...*

“So, anyway,” Jane said, standing up straight and looking a little embarrassed, “You’re totally fine! It’s always been a mission of mine to help women understand and be proud of their vulva and vagina, because I’ve had SO MANY boyfriends who were SO mean, and my husband is just so supportive—”

“ZZZH...Jane are you reading this? BZZZZhhh. Jane, Jane!” The doctor was shouting through the static. The black rabbit’s eyes went wide, and she hopped back to the computer.

“H-holy shit!”

The projector showed an increasingly fuzzy image of the furthest lobe of Kate’s deepest stomach. Here was a very slime-slathered doctor, his suit scraped and acid-scored but still generally intact, here was the tunnel that the doctor had dug through a huge mass of semi-solid food-waste, the greenish stomach muscles ceaselessly *trying* but failing to churn the stuff due to lack of space, here was—finally—a relatively clear view of Kate’s pyloric sphincter—the entrance to her long, hungry intestines—this pinkish orifice buckling, quivering, and clenching around a big, obvious blockage—A slimy yet still mostly fluorescent green *tennis ball*.

“Th—that tennis ball is *still* inside me?!” Kate blurted in amazement. “I accidentally swallowed it, like, a year ago...” *And where’s that huge bottle that I swallowed, too?* She wondered. *That had to be bigger than the tennis ball...*

“Good news, Jane!” The doctor grinned, shouting through his slime-smeared mask. “This obstruction will be easy to push on through with a little lubricant. And so will...” He pulled something equal to his own size, onto the screen.

“Hhhh!” Jane, the black rabbit nurse, gasped and put her paws on her fuzzy rabbit cheeks. “That’s—That’s a rabbit!”

The rabbit looked very bedraggled and barely alive from her adventures in the cow’s stomach, her fur totally matted with slime. The doctor lent her his oxygen mask, which she drank from greedily.

“You were right, Jane,” The doctor announced proudly. “And she’s still alive, too! We’ll help her out with the lube, too.”

“I...--cough, cough—I managed to plug up her gut with that tennis ball—only way I could avoid getting crushed by her stomach grinding—cough, cough—the plug-up made her stomach too full to churn—Hhh—you have to get me out of here, this cow’s gut is HELL!”

“And we will. Jane, I need your help now. Time is of the essence. Lubricate the patient—Both ends! Pills in her mouth and use the water-based lubricant on her anus—we want all this stuff out—including me!”

“Okay..okay... Jane began to breathe rapidly. She shuffled some papers on the desk, checking notes while on the projector behind her, the doctor explained the plan to the soggy white rabbit. “Shit, shit shit...have to be fast, Jane...” She mumbled to herself, visibly nervous.

Kate, for her part, was experiencing huge emotions. *There’s a whole, live person—that I trapped in my stomach—for a whole day!? And she was the one who gave me this terrible stomach-ache by blocking up my intestines—And my body was trying to digest her the whole time...*

Another nurse—a brown river otter, like the doctor—appeared in the doorway, pushing a cart filled with all sorts of medications.

“Hello, Room 243! I’ve got a special delivery of pills for a Mrs.—“

Jane leapt over and swiped the bottle without stopping to perform the medically-critical check of reading the label.

“Yes, I’ll take those—thanks, Nicole!”

“Sure, no problem. And wow, she looks pregnant with triplets or something! Hope those pills are enough,” Nicole smiled. “See you later, Jane.”

“Hhh...gotta get them out, gotta get them out...” Jane hurried over to the head of the examination table.

“Uh...Nurse jane...Is it really possible, that...someone was sitting in my ... in my belly, *all day?*” Kate was quivering with strange emotions. “Without me realizing? Mm—*uhrrp.*”

She shuddered as she felt the creatures sitting in her stomach begin to move around.

“Yep, sure is, Kate. If you don’t watch what you eat, you’ll have all kinds of stuff sit in your body that doesn’t belong there. Up to and including people. I’ve seen it get pretty bad.”

Jane hopped up beside Kate’s large head and tapped the cow on her big, soft pink nose.

“All right, open up for your pills. These should flush your guts right out in no time.”

“Aahh....” Kate held her mouth wide open, but was still surprised as Jane opened the bottle and *poured the entire bottle of pills* into her throat, tossing the empty bottle into the trash, again without looking at it.

“Angh! Iffnt tftt tah mah?”

“No, it’s not too much,” Jane said brusquely, reaching in to push at the big mound of pills in the cow’s throat, trying to get her to swallow quickly. “You have four stomachs—four stomachs filled with all kinds of rotten food and *junk*—and we need plenty of lubricant to—Ngh—Eep!”

Kate tried to swallow the huge mound of dry pill capsules.

“Hn-GULK!”

She ended up swallowing the poor rabbit-nurse—up to her elbows.

“Eep—Kate—Please—Stop—Pull me—EEP!”

“Hnn—GLUK—”

Another swallow yanked the rabbit nearly all the way in—Kate could taste the girl’s scrubs on her tongue—

Struggling to control her reflexive throat muscles, Kate simply reached up with her arms and grabbed the rabbit by the feet, yanking her back out with a

*Shlorp*

And a

“Mg—**bhurrp**—Hahh...Oh I’m so sorry, Nurse Jane.”

“Hah...it’s...It’s okay....I really shouldn’t...shouldn’t have put so many pills in...I just...wanted everyone to be okay...Hhh...”

Jane sat back. Her flat turquoise nurse outfit was soaked with warm, wet cow saliva, and they both stared at her bare black paws.

“Oh dear... your gloves...mm..*burp*...”

“Haha! Yep, looks like they went to join the rest.” The nurse sighed and sat back. “Inside your stomach.” She blinked and stared at her paws, then at Kate. “Phew.”

They both relaxed for a quiet moment.

Then, the black-furred rabbit nurse looked up and smiled. “Well anyway, your tummy’s full of that stuff now, you’ll be gushing out your rear like a fire-hose in no time.” She hopped down to the floor. “The doctor did order me to help lubricate your anus, though, so, before I go take a break I should do that too. Wouldn’t want things to get stuck in your very last little cow-hole.”

“Nnh...” Kate yawned. She was suddenly feeling very tired. Her heavy breasts and udder felt a bit tingly. *I hope candy squeezes my breasts*, she thought as she lay back and watched the rabbit draw up a stool and scoot very close to her spread legs, drawing up an intense lamp as well, and tightening her 3<sup>rd</sup> pair of gloves. *I hope she squeezes my nipples, too...Her soft little lips would feel amazing there...*

Kate watched, via the mirror, as the short black rabbit leaned in to inspect her private parts with an intense, squinting expression. The girl touched and peeled apart her long, floppy pink vaginal lips, drew her gloved finger down between their folds, as if checking for infections or detritus.

“Hhh...” Kate panted, closing her eyes, imagining Candy touching her there. It felt really good. She felt her heavy udder swell slightly. Kate unconsciously slid her arms down her sides, touching and then hugging her bulging stomach, which already felt better for some reason. Kate watched Candy further, as the rabbit’s gloved fingers slid down her rough furless perianal strip, touching the little excess flap of skin there, and then began to touch her anus...

“Ohhh...” Kate, feeling lightheaded, couldn’t help but moan---at the touch, at the sight (via the mirror) of the nurse’s slender finger probing her tight, dark-pink, stained, long anal folds. It felt *so good*. She made a mental note that she would have to ask, maybe beg, Candy to touch her tailhole...

“Are...are you gonna p—Oooh!”

Kate practically yelped. The nurse had stuck her finger in a jar of very cold, lubricating jelly, and now was pressing her cold-slimed finger very firmly against the cow’s big, long, brown-stained anus. She felt her body tighten up, slightly.

A bit distracted, looking at the projected video screen, she could also see the reaction inside her body. The nearly-digested rabbit and the doctor were pushing around the hunks of meat in her stomach and arguing inaudibly about something, but each time that Nurse Jane (who was facing away and did not see this) poked, pushed, or twisted her slimy finger ever so gently a little deeper into Kate’s big, tight anal orifice, the stomach walls would immediately clench and spasm—and notably, so too did the camera’s view of the cow’s pyloric sphincter—the gateway from her stomach to her intestine—the valve currently blocked by Kate’s swallowed tennis ball. This action, which the doctor and the swallowed rabbit did not

seem to notice, increased as Jane sighed when she finally pushed her entire pointer finger deep into Kate's tight, clenching anus, and began probing around inside her colon.

"Th—That feels—Oohh—I'm sorry—My vagina's dripping....." Sweating, quivering, and feeling strangely tingly, aroused and tired, Kate could only watch in the mirror as her furry, floppy vulva began to gape and glisten at the nurse's intense pushing, dripping milky-white rivulets of feminine slime down to wetten her dirty-looking anal folds and lubricate the nurse's probing paw.

The nurse, however, just looked tired.

"Oh, not a big deal, most people react that way," she sighed. "This isn't anything sexual, just nurse work...Ngh...You're a tight one, that's for sure..."

Jane grunted as she shoved now two fingers into Kate's pulsing anus.

"Gn—Haaah--!Uhrp!—Oh dear...Oh..."

Kate's eyes went wide at this intensely pleasurable, intensely sexual and dirty sensation, feeling her tight tailhole radiate pleasure throughout her body that made all six of her nipples erect, made her pant and sweat.

"Just hold still for a minute, okay miss cow? We need this tailhole of yours to be loose enough to pass a whole tennis ball...and a full-grown rabbit, too...So try to relax...ngh..."

She reached out with her other palm to brace herself against the cow's thickly furry pubic mound (the base of her palm inadvertently squashing the cow's big yet soft clitoris against herself) and began to make continuously bolder thrusts into Kate's ever-widening anus, stretching it out in a way that Kate never had—she had never tried any sort of sexual anal play before in her life—but she adored this.

Even her stomach gurgled pleasantly, and she watched with amazement as, on the projector screen on the far wall, each of Jane's finger-thrusts into her anus produced a corresponding clenching sensation throughout her intestinal tract and—visible on the screen—caused a strong clenching in her pyloric sphincter and duodenum that pulled that tennis ball deeper, and made her whole meat-stomach gurgle and squeeze tighter around the swallowed doctor and airport security guard.

"Anh...Haanh..."

Kate involuntarily shuddered with sexual pleasure at the anal fingering and gyrated her hips once.

"Try to relax, ma'am," nurse Jane was saying, in a slightly annoyed voice. "Just need to get this wide enough to get my friends out of your gut. Not trying to make anyone feel good, here..."

Kate just moaned, and watched on the screen, with an intense feeling of indescribable bliss all throughout her body, as with a muffled *glupp*, the cow's duodenum visibly **swallowed** the tennis ball down its tunnels—Kate, feeling sleepy, could feel the hairy ball moving steadily through her winding gut-tunnels, could feel her entire digestive system become warm again, returned to life.

"Okay...just a little more...ngh—" Jane was exhausted from the effort of anally training this cow. It felt like her tailhole was tight as corded steel. "Hnghff—" She thrust hard with her whole right paw—

*Squish!*

Her entire gloved paw vanished into the cow's colon—the big-breasted beast's anal ring now lightly clasping her thin little bunny-wrist.

"Gah!" Kate moaned, closing her eyes and involuntarily thrusting her hips. She felt her full bladder spasm, and bit her lip, struggling not to simply urinate in climactic pleasure.

"All right!" Jane was pleased with her progress. She wriggled her wrist around, making a slimy noise, making Kate whimper in pleasure, the cow's exposed, fat udder twitching with full erection.

The cow's stomach began to busily gurgle and groan. It felt like her stomach-contents were starting to finally drain into her intestines.

Kate could barely keep her eyes open—the pills were having such an effect on her—but the sensation of anal pleasure was beyond anything she knew.

The last thing she saw on the projector on the wall was a vision of the camera shaking and spinning as the cow's hungry-looking duodenum was visibly pumping excess food-mush down out of her stomach into her intestines, leaving plenty of room for active and violent churning and acid rain in her main stomachs to continue.

"Now that I'm in here...those x-rays...I remember seeing something stuck in the bowel area...There." Looking at the x-rays to the left, Jane screwed up her face and pushed her slender, furry black rabbit arm DEEP into Kate's anus and colon.

"Oh god—oh fuck...Haah..." Kate wailed. She writhed on the examination table.

"Just a minute, ma'am...almost got it..." She thrust her arm in and out of Kate's slimy-lubricated anus, the powerful muscle-ring clinging and clenching her sweaty-furred arm, Jane earning pasty smears of cow-dung, she pressed left and right, up and down, forcing the cow's soft, delicate organs to jiggle around inside her abdomen.

Kate was panting and whimpering with each thrust. Her pink, fur-ringed vulva gaped like a black hole and drooled obscenely, her big soft pink clit throbbing every time the nurse-rabbit unintentionally bumped into it.

"Almost—" *Shlorp* "Almost—" *Shlup* "G-got it!"

"Unnnhh~!" Kate bellowed like a beast as she felt the nurse start to pull out what felt like a huge wad of material from a bend or pocket in her large intestine. The sensation—of smooth, soft rabbit-fur and gloved fingers—inside her gut, and around her tailhole—was too much. Kate began to climax before it was even out.

"Hngh—Got to pull it carefully—"

*\*Scchpluip—plup—\**

"Ha-haah—F-fuck—Hhh--!"

Kate's pert, thick pink nipples ached and twitched, criminally untouched at full erection. Her clit throbbed.

And when Jane finally pulled out the wadded-up mess of bowel-debris—which included a lot of wadded-up hair, an old used condom, a stainless steel fork (that clattered noisily to the floor) an old butt-plug that was far too small, some crumped-up inadvertently-swallowed plastic-wrap, and a lot pasty, thick dark fecal matter binding all this together—Kate climaxed so hard that—

“Holy shit...If this is just the junk that *almost* made it out of you, who knows what else has been just sitting in the pockets and folds of your stomachs and intestines...Uh, ma’am? You can relax—”

But Kate climaxed so hard that she *squirted*—right into the unfortunate nurse’s face.

Nurse Jane looked up.

“Eek!”

She squeaked as she realized that she had unintentionally brought the cow to a climax so hard that Kate had temporarily lost control of her bladder.

*Gush—GushGush!*

Streams of hot, sour liquids gushed out in a straight line and poked the little nurse rabbit in the eye, making her yelp and stand up suddenly. She threw the recovered junk, and her soiled gloves, in a plastic tub receptacle that she had placed on the floor beneath the cow’s spread legs, and wiped her eyes with a tissue.

“Yuck! Well then...” Jane chuckled as she took a couple minutes to clean herself off. “Guess I did a good job, huh?”

She didn’t hear a response from Kate.

The nurse turned around.

“Miss Kate?”

The cow had dozed off-completely asleep.

“Huh...” the nurse wondered. “Sleeping isn’t supposed to be a side effect of that medication...”

“Nurse Jane!” Jane watched the cow doze off completely, as the doctor was yelling at her from the video projection. “Agh—NURSE JANE!”

“Wh—Yes, doctor!” Jane could now hear the cow snoring behind her. *Easy sleeper, I guess...*

“Nurse, things are—Oof!” She cringed as she watched him get violently punched by rolling stomach muscles, and thrust with an angry gloop-ing sound, through a sphincter into a chamber filled with wilted arugula and moldering cucumbers. “Things are not going to plan in here!”

“B-But—” Jane protested. “Out here we heard her intestines start flowing again. Didn’t the blockage clear?”

“It—Agh!” The doctor cursed as nearby digestive muscles wedged him between a swallowed corn-cob and a hard, fleshy green wall. “It did, but there’s no sign of lubricant OR laxative! So her stomachs—Oof!—her stomachs are going full bore digestion on us—we were thrust AWAY from the duodenum—Her stomach’s trying to crush us to death, Jane! If you gave her the wrong fucking pills, I swear—”  
“no, I know I gave her the right ones—the wrong medication wouldn’t have caused—Oh, SHIT.”

Nurse Jane’s eyes went wide as she fished the empty pill bottle out of the bio-hazard waste basket and read the label.

- *Patient: Hannah Orlan*
- *Species: Bovine*

- *Medication: Lactation Inducement for Late Pregnancy*
- *Directions: Take no more than one pill per week, starting at nine months*
- *Side effects: Drowsiness, Tender nipples/udder, Hunger, Lightheadedness, dizziness*

“What pills were they?!—Agh—Shit—Lost my oxygen tank—ANSWER ME, JANE!”

“L-L-L-Looks like there was a mix-up with the pregnant cow in room 234,” she stammered. “Okay, okay—can’t we try the teleporter?”

“Fucking *shit*—Yes, but FAST! Get it ready NOW! God damn, I hope that thing works. I’ll get the input unit ready—” He waved the disc-like device, which he switched on and activated a little red light that glistened on all the slimy walls of the cow’s insides “—but hurry—I’m getting squished in her stomach by this ridiculous mountain of *food* she swallowed whole—god knows why—So Please, jane, Hurry—There’s not much time!”

“Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay!” In full panic, Nurse Jane raced around while the pot-bellied cow snoozed and snored peacefully, her full-looking stomach becoming smoothly round and gurgling busily as it performed its natural work without further complications.

Jane searched frantically on the desk for the item she needed.

“Where’s the thingy, where’s the thingy...here.”

She plugged the teleport coordinator chip into an appropriate slot in the examination room computer, and watched it light up with a blue glow.

She started the controller program on the computer and hit the calibration button.

When the doctor shouted,

“Ready now!”

She hit “RUN MATTER TRANSFERENCE PROCESS”.

Jane held her breath in the moment of silence. She flattened herself against the wall so that she could both see the program-chip pointing away from the computer—where she expected the slimy doctor to appear—and the cow—whose stomach she expected to suddenly and rapidly deflate—like magic—like it had worked in test cases at the Institute, which she had personally helped with.

Then she thought: Wait—wasn’t the output unit supposed to have a red light?

There was a strange flash that lit up the room, and a *Blip* noise.

*Nothing appeared in the room.*

“Oh fuck...” Jane immediately knew she had made some terrible mistake.

Then suddenly, there was a *Bloorp-gloosh* sound.

The cow’s bloated stomach suddenly gained a big, obvious new lump inside it.

The sleeping cow briefly cringed and moaned loudly.

“Unnh....*Uhhrp*...”



She squirmed where she lay, and Jane stared dumbly at how the cow's vulva and anus clenched when her stomach gurgled and shuddered around this unknown and, honestly, unwelcome new lump.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU—ZZZH—DOING?!" The doctor shouted. "Don't teleport things in here—I can barely—Agh~..."

As Jane stared in horror at the projected screen, she could see fuzzily through the now damaged camera that the doctor was being crushed not only by the swallowed vegetables but also by a very large, black, and creased, and creaking object—an object which the cow's stomach quite angrily growled at and began to churn and grind upon.

The doctor, gasping for breath, held up what he thought was the input unit for the device, then just took his mask off to look directly at Jane. "Jane—This is the OUTPUT unit! Where is the input? Where did you put it?"

"I...I thought that other disc was just packing material so, I...I threw it in the garbage chute..."

"Oh fuck—Oh god---" There was a loud ZZZH noise as the connection with the camera worsened. Both inside and outside could be heard a loud and aggressive *GRRRRULPP* from the cow's third stomach as its powerful punching and grinding finally ripped apart the garbage bag that had been teleported inside of it.

"Oh shit—oh fuck!" The doctor's helmet-camera spun wildly, making Jane feel sick with worry and dizziness, as he struggled to fight his way not only through mounds of vegetables and a rain of acid but also tumbling towers of filthy garbage: banana peels, empty soda cans, half-eaten fish, plastic cups, moldy sandwiches, various medical wrappers, used bandages, apple cores, someone's old running shoes, and of course a pair of skittering cockroaches and a rather chubby and very confused rat.

The video feed began to flicker as Jane watched dumbly as the doctor ran, dodging as all this garbage that was being churned, soaked and pushed around by the stomach muscles, much of it submerging in the rotten food-slurry that filled her four different stomachs. She gasped as she saw the doctor leap past what looked like a big glass champagne bottle, wedged into a pocket of its own in the gut, then this was hidden from view by a churning tide of garbage and food-sludge.

"Jane," he said. "This camera battery is almost gone, and I have no oxygen. Go to the patient—I'm going to head to her fore-gut and trigger her to vomit. You need to stand by her head, keep her mouth open, and reach down—Okay Jane? JANE?!?"

The video feed cut.

"Shit...shit..." Jane was shaking, even as the cow snored peacefully behind her.

Quivering, she went over to the computer to shut it down—and as her paws shook with fear, panic, and shame, she accidentally hit that same button again—INITIALIZE MATTER TRANSFERENCE.

*Blip—Shlop—Blombpk~*

The cow's lumpy, fuzzy, brown-and-white-patched belly , which had just begun to work normally, and had even managed to break down the first garbage bag into small pieces, was now forced to suddenly bulge out wildly even more with this unwelcome new belly-tentant.

"Ooogh....**BURP...**" Kate moaned and belched in her sleep. "No more cake...too full...Zzzh.."

"Shit, shit , shit!" Nurse Jane hit herself in the head and simply unplugged the computer, erasing Kate's just opened and unsaved medical record—and with it, all written evidence that she had been at the hospital.

She rushed over to the side of the bed where Kate lay, snoozing open-mouthed, with her bloated belly gurgling and groaning, slowly trying to break down and move along the mostly indigestible garbage.

\* \* \*

"Okay...okay...Hhh..."

She got up on the stepladder again and looked uneasily at the snoring cow's huge, slimy, pink mouth.

Jane leaned down to where the sleeping cow's fat right breast met her bulging abdomen, and put her ear to it.

She could hear some muffled voices and see the lumps of little creature's fists, poking out from inside.

"Are...are you ready, doctor?"

"Mmph—Hmph!"

"Oh..okay..."

The nurse put her hands in Kate's mouth—it was warm and wet as always.

"Okay..I'm reaching down..."

She put her left hand on the cow's horn for stability, to prevent going too far in.

*Glk...gln...*

The cow's swallows were gentle. Her long-lashed eyes moved slightly in her sleep, but she didn't seem to wake.

"Okay...I'm down up to my elbow...Okay, doctor, I can feel your paws..I'm going to start pulling...pulling you up...Hngh..."

Jane was pleased to see a bulge moving up inside the cow's neck. It's really working, she thought. I'm going to save the day for everyone after all. I'm going to—

But then, she leaned a little too far in.

"Oh no..." She breathed as she saw her arms disappear, yanked down, the fat cow's pink, puckered, glistening throat-muscle rush up and press against her face and *swallow...*

*Gulp...*

Jane vanished from the waking world, becoming then only a bulge in the cow's neck, and then an ever-so-slight widening of her already bloated belly.

Kate was fast asleep, though and her digestive system was working quite well now, despite everything.

\* \* \*

When Kate awoke, she looked at the clock, and saw there was only 60 minutes left before her scheduled date with Candy. But what she saw next made her feel just wonderful.

A pretty, older fox lady sauntered in, pushing a tray of hot food that smelled delightful.

"Hello dear! I'm your midwife, Mrs. Rhonda, and here is a special delivery for our very pregnant Miss Cow!"

"Oh, wow!" Kate blinked, thinking that 'pregnant' must be a kind of polite metaphor for her condition.

"But—Are you sure it's all right for me to eat this stuff? So much..." There was roast chicken, hot potatoes, pasta, broccoli, and more.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked the fox as she unpacked a bag of various medical devices.

"Um...to be honest....much better," The cow said, smiling. "After that nurse did her—um—special massage..my body just...*relaxed*, you know?"

"Mm hmm, that's wonderful to hear , dear."

"And my body—now—I just feel ready to *release*. Just push everything out, nice and easy."

"As well you should!" The fox found Jane's sit-stool between the cow's legs and pulled herself in, beginning to push Kate's gown away to get a better look at her vagina and vulva. "Your babies are going to come out nice and healthy."

Kate was already pushing food into her mouth, barely chewing before swallowing eagerly , feeling very hungry. *Babies?* She wondered, but shrugged it off. *I guess if you help people shit all day, you might want to get more creative with the semantics.*

The soft-pawed fox began to press and rub all around where her sweaty thighs met her pelvic area, indirectly nudging and pushing her slimy, warm vaginal lips apart and together with little wet sounds.

"Mf...That feels really nice, keep rubbing there..Mmg...*gulp*..Mm..."

Kate spread her thighs wider , to let the gentle vixen rub her sweaty thighs. She could feel her vagina moistening again, but wasn't shy about this any more.

"Is it bad that I'm so hungry? Mmf—*gulp*.. Not sure why."

"Oh, it's understandable, dear. Those pills really demand a lot of nutrients, so your belly is going to be working overtime. Best to keep your tummy topped off."

"Haha, I guess you're right. By the way—the doctor and the nurse—I was asleep, so, what did they say after the examination? Is everything okay—inside me?"

"Well, let's see..." The vixen took some documents from a lower shelf of her cart. She squinted at a case paper labeled "Hannah Orlan, bovine, pregnant with twins", Then she smiled. "They said, everything's great! Exam finished successfully, all tasks done, they went home. Your body's clean, in tip-top shape, ready to give birth!"

"Haha, okay, all right! I'll start to try to push gently," Kate said, trying to spread her legs into a wider position. "If you could keep rubbing me around my thighs and where my pelvis meets my hips...Ooh, yeah, right there."

"Good...Now just breathe, Miss cow. Just breathe..."

"Hahh...your paws are so warm, haha...sorry if my vagina gets a little wet...It's not on purpose..."

"Oh, shh, dear, it's fine...You know, many cultures consider this to be an orgasmic experience."

"Or-orgasmic...wow...Hhh...."

"Okay...relax...Good, dear...I'm seeing your lovely, uh, flowery vulva, peel open like a lilly ....All very good..."

"Yeah, sorry...I don't really know how to do these pushes...Sorry if I'm pushing with the wrong hole, heh..."

"No worries, dear. Any way that's easy for you to push is fine. We have a receptacle here to catch whatever comes out. Now push with me dear, *puuuuush!*"

"Hnng--!"

Kate hadn't really thought she would need such coaching, but it was a wonderful luxury. She could already feel her bowels filling with warm, heavy, dense stuffing, her intestines feeling like packed sausages inside her, pumping steadily, ready to be pushed out, nice and warm. When she grunted and strained, she could actually feel some huge object being pushed all the way into her colon.

"Hn-So close—Haah!"

"Don't give up, dear, you're so close! Your vulva is beautifully dilated—wide open—lubrication everywhere—PUSH!"

The vulpine midwife squeezed her thighs in her claws.

"Hnnggggaah!"

"I can see something round, I think it's the head! Wait—what..."

The vixen saw not what she expected. There was a big round bulge in the gaping vagina before her—but it was a bulge *under* the vagina. It was a bulge from the cow's large intestines—the cow's vagina had only widened because it was just "in the way".

“Oh...oh dear...” The vixen looked down—at the cow’s huge, long, tightly puckered, dirty brown-pink anus as it bulged open wide around a shit-smeared, round object. “Is that a ...tennis ball?”

“Oh please come out please come out please come out...” Kate begged, and with one final grunt, tensing her whole body: “Hng-Yah!”

*Phlop—Flurrrrt~!”*

The tennis ball shot out of the big cow’s desperate anus like a cannon-ball from a pirate ship, powered by some of the ripest flatulence that Rhonda had ever caught wind of.

In a flash it rocketed through the air, and then shot right into the surprised fox’s open-mouthed, shocked expression, and then she was choking on it, and then she was—

“Hnk—*Glllp~...*”

She had swallowed it.

Rhonda , the midwife, was so surprised—by multiple unwelcome revelations— that she dashed out of the room , spitting, hacking, and heaving.

Kate was in heaven, though. After passing the ball, and the gas, she felt her guts clench and relax, and relax, and relax, joyfully pressing out vast amounts of semi-firm fecal sludge, very frequently stuck with random objects that she very much didn’t care to count, but that did tickle her anus delightfully on the way out.

“Anh...”

*Prrrft—*

*Thnk*

!

“Mmmh!”

*Phut—*

Plop!

Some ten minutes later, Kate was feeling immeasurably better, her stomach rumbling happily—still looking very full indeed, but then, she always did.

She was able to step off the examination table, re-dress, and glance at the massive mess she had made in the little toilet-tub.

“Oof, I really made a stinker...” She waved her nose, and, curious, peered down at her own thick, heavy, steaming shit-pile:

It was curling, twisting, crisscrossed ropes and heavy logs of glistening, slimy, thick-packed pasty brown lumps of digested fibers and meats, each looking like an intimate mold of the interior shapes of her bovine intestines, and she couldn’t look for two or three inches down along the lumps of fecal matter without seeing some item that she did or didn’t remember swallowing at some point: A toothbrush, the airport inspector’s flashlight, several quarters, an old costume-jewelry glass earring....

“Is that...rosie’s dog collar?!” Shocked, and kind of in disbelief, Kate squinted at it—then the smell hit her. “Oof—too stinky. Not gonna look at it, not gonna think about it. Hhh...Just gonna flush my poo and be on my way..Hngh...”

She reached down, hefted up the now very heavy toilet-tub, piled high with some 30 pounds of ripe, glistening feminine waste, and dumped it down the bio-hazard garbage chute at the side of the room. Then, feeling her stomach gurgle and rumble pleasantly, she stroked it and prepared to leave.

“You and me, tummy,” she said pleasantly, while texting Candy on her phone that she was on her way, “We have a date to catch. And there just might be time for a snack on the way, since we worked so hard these past few days.”

\* \* \*

Kate was so happy to be at a live theater production with Candace the goat, just a simple old-fashioned classical drama, taking place in an old warehouse decorated with lots of dark spots and plenty of mood lighting. She did insist on taking the highest seat closest to the restroom, behind all the other seats in the pyramid-shaped audience stands, mentioning that “my tummy’s been a bit busy today, you know how it is”, but thankfully, didn’t need to run into it, or even think of it.

That is, until the third act.

Her belly had been increasingly busy during the second half of the play, but during the third act, Kate whispered, taking her date’s hand:

“Here, goat. Touch my belly. How does it feel?”

She guided the goat’s hand inside and under her sweater, sliding it along her warm, fuzzy belly-fur, up to where her heavy, braless, furry breast creased against it.

“Wow...so firm...especially here...” Candy gently touched the right side of her lower abdomen, where the cow’s colon was.

“Umh....mm hm.....That lump right there...”

She turned and looked Candy in the eye and whispered:

“I think that’s that bottle I *swallowed*...and it really wants to get out of me...”

Her stomach gurgled and whined: *gloorp*.

“Oh...” Candy blushed. “Can I...help...”

Kate spread her legs and slouched back in her chair. She spread out the blanket-shawl in her lap.

“Oh, I don’t need—mmmh—don’t need help, no. This bottle wants to shoot out of my tail-hole like a rocket. The only question is...”

She lifted the blanket seductively, showing she was not wearing underwear under her opaque black dress, and swished her tail around teasingly beneath her visibly slimy vulva.

“Wil you be there, to catch it?”

Candy dove under the blanket.

“Nh~...”

Closing her eyes in pleasure, Kate felt the younger woman’s warm , soft hands on her thigh and tail.

As the audience laughed at a joke on stage, Kate slouched back even further in her seat, feeling the goat’s soft lips pepper her sweaty, furry thighs with kisses, and push her legs even further apart. *Why I*

*didn't try sex with a girl until Candy, I'll never know, Kate thought. Her lips, her fingers are so soft, but so hot...*

Reaching down under the blanket to grab Candy's little goat-horns, she guided the girl's mouth to kiss and lick her profuse, lippy vulva and clit.

Kate sighed sensually and squirmed in her seat, drawing a few angry glances from rows further down, but she didn't care.

She felt Candy's fingers, softly and gently touching her , probing, pressing, stroking on her tight anal folds—like Jane had—but this time, with curiosity, with affection, with care, seeking and pushing, finding a gentle way in.

"Ohhh~....Oh, that's good, candy....do you feel it?"

"Yeah—I do."

The cow slouched lower, whispered,

"it's coming, get ready, it's coming," and then—mentally thanking Jane for the anal training earlier today—simply *allowed* the massive bottle to be birthed. She could feel her anus stretching huge and wide, felt the massive bottle bulge open her tail-hole, her muscles spreading around it to allow it passage.

The whole time, Candy's gentle fingers caressed it, and her—stroking all around her tail and perineum, even caressing her velvet-soft, moist vaginal lips.

"It's coming out, candy, catch it, catch it in your pretty hands—Hahhhh!" Kate whimpered. This drew a few more angry grumbles from the rows in front of them, but still, Kate didn't care.

She felt her newly powerful anus slip and slide down to the thinner neck of the bottle, and whispered to candy, panting and breathless:

"Hhh..Push it back and forth...Push in little thrusts...Make me feel good, Candy....Hhh.."

Candy did this. With a stealthy, steady

*Shlop...shlup...shquish...squat...*

And wet sound. Candy gently but firmly fucked the cow's clenching, sweaty, smelly anus with the self-same champagne bottle that the cow had accidentally swallowed the previous day and passed entirely through her digestive system. Under the blanket she couldn't see much, but the glistening sight of the cow's inflamed, hungry vulva, drooling and dripping slime on the goat's fingers, the rich, grotesque scent of it, the way her plump pink udder bounced and sloshed and throbbed....Candy took all this in. And it all felt good—all the bitter, sour, and musky scents and flavors felt just *pure joy*.

But still Kate, panting, whimpering and gyrating her thick hips, wanted more.

“Hahh..Nh...Hah...Feels so good...Ohfuck, my nipples are so tender today...Candy, I need you to suck my udder,” she whispered breathlessly down to the lump under her blanket.

“Mm hm,” Candy hummed.

*Suk*

*Smooch*

*Lap, lick, lap*

*Suuuccck...*

Kate whimpered, tried to stay quiet, but whispered this:

“Please...H...Oh...oh yes...oh fuck yes...good girl...suck my nipples, candy...hh...good girl....suck my big fat udder nipples....good baby...oh fuck I’m coming...I’m—...Ohfuck--haaaah....”

And Candy did. Candy kissed and sucked and fucked and fondled, and brought her lover-cow to climax in a public theater on the second date, and didn’t even mind when the cow made a big, smelly fart afterwards, because, she knew now, she loved her.

\* \* \*

They touched each other under the same blanket on their bus-ride home, Kate just smiling, snuggling her new lover, and savoring the feeling of someone touching and pinching her big, swollen, tender nipples.

At home, they touched, kissed, fucked and rubbed against each other fiercely, the goat excited to play with the cow’s unexpectedly milky mammaries. Their hot and sweaty fucking was made all the more exciting and urgent by Kate’s increasing secret need to use the restroom—The sense of her bladder bloating, her bowels swelling full and heavy, her lower guts rumbling their needs—so that when at last, the final kiss had been laid, and the goat was asleep, Kate dashed to the restroom, and moaned out loud in divine satisfaction as she spread her buttocks with her hands and pressed her big, fuzzy rump to the toilet seat.

“Ohhh...fuck yes...oh fuck..so good...”

Her tail-hole radiated all kinds of pleasure as her body pressed out wide, long, ropes of warm brown cow-chocolate, hot squirts of feminine urine, and her anus birthed out clusters of slimy, indigestible objects that felt blessedly **good** to be rid of, her tail held high all the while.

*Sphfurt...Splat...Thud!...Pfft...Splut...*

Even the sounds were satisfying.

She returned to bed feeling a million times better, but during the night, woke several more times—each time with a familiar urgency and gurgling, bulging intestines, signaling the same desperate needs, promising the potential of immense satisfaction.



Each time she ran to the toilet and pressed out vast amounts of waste material—not even wanting to glance down, but merely quivering when something particularly oddly shaped strained, tickled or scraped her tender tail-hole, and went *Cling!* Or *Clatter!* Rather than *Thud!* Or *splat!* In the toilet.

“Hhf—Oh fuck...my *anus* feels so good pushing this stuff out...” She shuddered even to say that dirty word, and casually used two fingers to give her moist, fleshy vulva a few pleasurable strokes.

Each time, after wiping herself, she would venture shyly to touch her tail-hole, quiver and moan at how tender and tight it felt.

During her last such trip—waking up with bloated, gurgling guts, dashing to the toilet, turning, spreading her cheeks, sitting down, sighing and *birthing* out a third, warm and heavy load of well-digested mush, Kate felt her increasingly exercised anus stretch wide around three particularly big and somewhat round objects, belching them out wetly into the soiled toilet bowl beneath, each popping out with a *Puft!* Of hot gas, then clattering or cracking against the ceramic after they emerged from her depths. For a moment, while masturbating, she wondered – *What...are those shapes?* And was tempted to stand up, turn around , and look, before flushing her extra-large, heavy-duty toilet.

But then, she said to herself,

“I have a good job, a cozy home, and a wonderful lover. I don’t need to think about anything else.”

And with that, she flushed, and went back to her bed, and hugged her lover, feeling light as a feather, full of beautiful dreams, and rather hungry.

THE END