The Prey in the Group - Constipation

Written by Septia.

“Haaauuafmmfwoffumg awamfm,” Caila yawned and stretched, shuffling into a laying samba in her bed to warm up her vertebrae.

“Hawafmg whmm. Mmmh?” she mumbled, sleep drunken and woozy, as she felt down her torso. “Mmf? Oh, yhoushr're shrill here.” She mumble, and prodded at the droves making up your body. “Whakey wakey, breakfast.” She mumbled. Though you were sound asleep.

“Heeah.” Caila mumbled and closed her lips, reeling up in bed, tilting her head back… -Fglpgpsurupg- her cheeks billowing bloated as her gut contracted, concaving as the dunes of your body hosted upwards. “Phruuweeathch-” She gargled with her whole tall all her lip as they distended wider open. Jaw -Clslptrk- cracking unhinged and gaping oval around your shoulders -Dlspthths- slotting up through her jaw. The sudden thrust roused you awake, gasping for air whilst the lamia -Ghruralaprsh- let your body decant out of her fob, preventing you as a snail slippery from her saliva coating you in a rubbery membrane. -Ghcrprlthht- -Clpwhthpt- -Pplfggluruthsh-. “Paham paha. Caila?” you panted out.

“Murhnng to yhou thwoo,” she mumbled. Hawking up your thighs and -Slptht- unloading you over her coils. -Slwlptthpsth- your matted back clasping at her scales. -Klslpthth- gliding down the coils into her nest of a body. -Gprhghahg- -Glprhgh-. Your fall buffered by her stuffed coils. Though. -Cllspghht- though thee all of it, soft and suddenly like pancake cookie batter. Few lumps left to disrupt the uniform tail. “Pheaa… geeze, that's usually how my morning starts. Mmfmf.” She mumbled and stretched her arms high.

“Y-you… you didn't…”

“Hmm? Oh yeah, I didn't eat you. Almost like I said I wouldn't. Hmm?” -Chtglpghtht- The coils below you gurgles and rattled like a massage chair. “You know you could've just said something? I'm not deaf, only partially. Could've just called out and I'd hawked you back up.”

“B-but I…” Thinking back, you hadn't really tried that hard…

“But, that's a gut slut for ya, or I your case more a… gutter… grunt,” she said brushing back your hair. “If I wasn't so mfms, stuffed, I'd consider gobbling you down that last stretch. We'll put in a pin in that, alright?” she said with a snap of her lips and shuffled out of bed, slit. Her coils slithering past you -Clsptht- feeling the smooth, lumps gathering to buffer up the back of her tail, only chunky grinds of milling mulch. “See you in class, instead of my ass.” She said as she wound out the door. Leaving you a moment to gather your thoughts. And, perhaps wring out your clothes.

~ 1 ~

With your first night staying up gaming, and the second… barely getting any rest in what Caila teased as being your “personal sleeping bag”, your third day with actual classes was less than ideal. In one lecture you nearly passed out. When someone tapped on your shoulder. “Excuse me.” Said a blond centaur next to you.”

“W-whua?”

“You smell of saliva.”

“Ooh. That. I-.”

“You are one of those who won't stay down, then?”

You covered our face in a textbook.

“Fine, be that way.”

The rest of the day was similar, embarrassing, yet uneventful. Too tired to properly take in the lessons.

The evening proved cozy. Caila wasn't teasing as much as the day before, and Lurnea had dragged in a second couch for the communal room. It still proved cramp as your friends breathed out to fill in the new space like spongers in water… -Chrlrpghs- sandwiched between your larger companion. Though… it, was really cozy, even.

Secret, the story was some of my fastest words to paper so far, but slow from idea to beginning.

Retiring for the night, everyone heading off to their rooms again kept second guessing yourself, as you really only had spent one night in your own room. Soon it was just you and Kaj in the hall. And he was walking dragging his hooves. You peeked around their, bean bag of a hind. “Kaj? You do ok.”

“Well, when you put me on the spot…” They shuddered, their cosmic gray tail whipping up. -BBBBbwrrrrfffrorooorpwwrth- The pucker vibrated like a bassspeaker as it bellowed out the brown note of brine soaked leather and sulphur, the fog pelting back your ears and tickling your eyebrows, though there was something… comforting… It smelled foul, but, it wasn't but in that way gasoline smells gross, yet… you keep sniffing. Kaj coughed to cover up the blast, a few seconds late. But, they tried.

When you opened your eyes, you saw Kaj's tail still hoisted high, -Cllrpththths- and the pucker pinching with a daub of muck, brown grease slathered over the equine donut. As the pucker clapped with the sound of slapping two slabs of ham together.

“I might have, overdone it some have, overindulged. And my… poor pucker has been trying to pass this, clo for a few days now

“Oh, that… is a shame,” you mumbled, staring as the rhythmic throb of the brim.

“And well, you are the smallest one her, would you be able to… just,” he wiggled his tush gently, taking a hesitant step backwards, “wedge in there some and, coerce, my passengers to depart?” Kaj asked, looking back with his round, slim face dressed up in such a sweet smile, in contrast to the reeking pit bulleted out atop his haunches.

“Oh, well, s-sure, I Wouldn't want that to be a burden on you.”

“Oh Thank you, so much Indut, I feel more relieved, mfmpf, already.” he grunted. -Fbfsst- a thin whistle trickled out of the pucker as it inverted, pinched taut as it quivered and gradually -Slstplltah- pried apart them brim protruding outwards towards your face, as the rogulose pucker -Clrlprsththsh- peeled back over a pasture of auburn cleaving apart the grey and brow speckled coat. -Crhrlspthahs- It crinkled as the stubborn base budged up to the brim, knolls among the vast breadth of fractured mulch jutting out and up tit not he brim to keep it locked. Smooth and glossy with collected pools of bowel juices drooping along it, filling up the crevices of the deep coal cracks sprouting along the expanse of fishbowl batter.

You sniffed, the air radiating with the warmth of nutmeg, pepper, and gasoline. -Cllrpthsh- -KKrpgchtts- The pucker struggle, d thrumming as it tried to wedge over the mire, shaking right ahead… you were just a smidgen over eye level with the pucker, shifting closer. “So… how, big is this… clog??” you asked. -Cllprhghths- a squelch of win dining mulch grime and, for a chunk of skeletal foot to unearth through a crack in the hoof in the blockade.

“Oh it is, pretty far in alright, you will have to go, pretty deep, That is alright, yes?” He asked, backing up another step.

“Y-yes t-that i-is alright.” You said and reached up, fingers to shaking as they curled up around the pucker. Soft like a plush toy made of latex, so supple to squeeze into,

“Mmfsm Thank you~.” Kaj cooed as you got your hands, in dirty.

--Chhrrlpsltshah- You hooked your digits in around the pucker, threading your flat palm up closer through the trough of chocolate putty. Thinking you would get something to grip onto.

-Chprlpfllrhhts- though the muck forged around your hand like rising dough, welling up into the gaps you made on the way in, buttery smooth.

“I can't. Quite get a grip.”

“Fmm, a bit further in…”

You slotted your other arm onto the other side of the mound -Frrbbggllgsh- it puttered as it clapped and displaced the brief vacuum, piling onto over your arm. -Cllgprhgh- They sunk in fairly well, though when you tried to tug -Cllfth- it was like digging in cement. -Chsltlptaht- You stepped closer, winding your biceps through the brim, whinging it open with your arms. -Clglpthh- As it slowly. Deeper. “A-aa… I, might be a l-little stuck,” you mumbled, your face not a cent away from the pulsing brim and the barricade of butt fudge. “Mmfmfs.” Cooing as Kaj shuddered and tapped their hooves to the ground.

“Mfmms aooh but that is good…” he mused and shuffled forwards -Vrhhrlspht- the pucker drawing wider, as the mulch crawled forward, s around your hands, towards your face.

“Mfmfms, just…” he raised his haunches, and then squatted down, “Dandy…” -Pptwfcgrrlsppflflsuchs-. The booming roil of the dung avalanche went from nearby, to all encompassing, to muffling out its own thunderous rumble. -Cvfrlprghhs- Your head dunked straight up into the reservoir of gutter gingerbread dough as Kaj's rump warped and engulfed your head, suckling past your shoulders, your face enveloped in the enveloped with the in the cocoon of batter, that only spiralled and swathed further down your body as the bulk of Kaj's two-ton curtains draped over your form.

“Pphaa, right, up there, mmsf, I am positive, fmaphaa,” Kaj huffed out and let his tongue lull free as he gyrated his haunches over your body, -Shlltpthghs- -Bbrglpgshaj- caking it in the steaming slop of brewing in his bowels, “that you cannot miss it.” -Chrbflpfhhth- In the depths of the booty loaf your face brushed through fractures and grime, mulch spreading aside from you and drooling tainted grease down your hair, muddling through every hair on your glittering ears as you sank upwards. -Cbbrpght- You brushed past humerus and vertebrae partially embedded in the dung, -Cshfhrrth- with straps of sullied fabric and partially molten cloth underwear and gumming up to your face. Immersed within them you could hear the slow plodding and undulating through her bowels as it accommodated your girth, -Cllspgthht- stretching and spreading as the mire displaced, only for the colon to compress and knead the muck back into you in the few moments Kaj held off.

Your olfactory senses enraptured in the smog and essence of roasted chestnuts, toasted buffalo and gingerbread. It stung in your nostrils, but it reeked so good… “Mfmwpgm ammgwga.” You mumbled out, though with your thighs currently -Cllsptth- wading in through the constipation -Chrlrpahc- Crackling like fried butter awhile your knees were subsumed in the onslaught of mocha packed up in Kaj's catacombs.

“Mmfgs, Just a. touch deeper friends, almost.” He mused as his hind neared the floor, the your feet wiggling at the end, – jammed in the tail-end of a toothpaste tube. -Cwpwprltpkklslrtchwh- “Mmfnnhaa,” he moaned as his pucker kissed the ground, -Klslpthg- grinding back and forth as the last of you were devoured by the clotted fudge. “Mmf, that did the trick…” Kaj hummed and hoisted their hind up. -Chrlrlpfofotps- detaching from the ground with a pop of uncorking a bottle, and leaving a muddy hickey on the floor.

-Chrlrptthahts- the brim pursed over the soles of you feet aligned to the mulch- -Chgphthaht- crawling shut to seal the blockage -Flglprlghsh- back into the equine bowel. “Phrwew. Haa. Moo, That feels so much better,” he mused and swayed his cheeks, brushing down his horse half, feeling your frame blocked in with the gunk.

“Mgmgp Gmmgpg phaa.” You panted, scooping and wringing your head to get some space to breathe, viscous dollops of 'cake' batter trawling down your cheeks. “H-how was this supposed to, u-unclog you, now again?”

The bowels stiffened a bit. Kaj's body freezeing up. “You, see it is, fairly… straightforward, You are, ah, acting more as a… ladle that can, break up some of the… ehrm… Hfmmngn…” he strained, -Clslpthhg- and you felt the bulwark of silt around yo compile before a rumble -Grllglg- worked its way through the system. -Bbbwpfpppprrpprpghphththths- Your head cavity was -Cllpgths-

smashed back into your face as the tornado of turgid fumes crowded past through the bowels to trombone out the horse's mudschute. “Pardon, I could not quite hear that last bit, make sure to do a good job in there, sounds good?” she they mused quivering as they trotted off to their bedroom. “Besides, you never stopped inquire if we should have do waited to do this at the bathrooms.”

“And fret not, our mfms, help will be much appreciated, a bit latter, my favourite laxative~.”

-Bhrllgpghghs- -Vhrggllgpsh- The muck plied and stretched, kneaded into your side your body and cradled you to and fro. The stench barely bothered anymore, the aroma had grown rich in ammonia and boiled leather, butt this close, enveloped within its embrace, it carried a sweet, petrichor tone. It was doughy, yet warm – A sleeping bag full of nougat. If this was what it felt like to be a protein bar, then perhaps that wasn't as bad a fate as some teases made it out to be. Would you be the chocolate, or the gooey caramel center? -VhGlprhgbs- -Vlgphgh- Right now, it felt like caramel, sloshing to and fro in the viscous mire of chocolate mocha mortar, baking in the residual heat of the bowels. If Being inside Lurnea had been a lighter texture than this, it had a lift, you felt like you were floating. While Caila, it ha, been beyond your control, but it was closer to a sense of constantly on the edge of falling. But… this?

-Fbrrpth- A little cloud of smog whisked past and said hello with this hickory aroma. Less straight than Lurnea, less bundled like Caila, more, cuddled. This, felt grounded, safe, a pupa of dough to retreat into. Though, what would emerge back from the Kaj's flowerbud, was probably not a butterfly. But, a butt. That night, sleep came without strain or effort.

~ 2 ~

The morning came and went without your notice. Wagging to and fro in Kaj's bowels, you could sleep in until second period. When a particularly boisterous -Bbprpfpflwpptthths- flooded your surroundings with the tart tang of coffee sump.

“Mfms. wha…?”

“Shss, you are not supposed to make so much noise during a lecture my constipation companion,” Kaj's lecturing tone softened to jovial at the last line, her tail flicking to and fro.

“I wasn't sure I would wake up.”

“Y-you don't think it stinks, that badly, does it?”

“T-that's not what…”

“Well, cuz because you will have to stew in it a while longer, I am, it as been really cozy keeping you there, you are, mm, giving my heinie some well needed attention. You do not mind staying, right?”

There wasn't much You let the ambiguity of silence speak in your stead.

“So… have you thought about what I asked about?”

You winked awake, listening to someone outside, a nervous voice.

“I have,” Kaj responded, “and I could go for a… something to keep me going, have to run make a run to the shelter tomorrow, could use the energy boost~.”

Soon after you heard moans, and -Chrlrpghs—closotmpgsh- Swallows like risubemred rippling wings of latex, trudging through oil. You could hear the moans and shudderings of Kaj's meal clearer the deeper into the stomach they went, “Mmfpaha fmosapah finally.”

“This won't help with your clog.”

-ClGLPgmstpugsh- Kaj swallowed. “Mfmfmaa, that's why I got you, my leisure laxative~.” He snickered. “This might be the push I need, otherwise, I could always squeeze you just a bit

further up instead~.” He mused and waddled away -Cllspghghs- -Lglpghs- with her stomach swooning to and fro beneath his stride.

~ 3 ~

Ezry looked around the room. The movie had just stared, though he. “Hmm, I only count, five heads.” He mumbled.

Kaj peeked up. “Hmm? Oh, right, that one is, my doing.” He said and shifted on the couch, shuffling his hind up on the seat while he lounged over the armrest. -Clplfprhrpps- A fluttery of farts flutter free, -Clslpthgh- before your head crept up, clogged in mud pie booty batter. “Ta dah.”

Lurnea's whole slimy body twitched in rapid successions, she had to hold onto her carapace to ground herself.

Caila was less reserved. “Phhfaahahahah ~. Look, everybody, it is mr oh I'm not a gut-slut, I would never crawl up someone's butt just cuz they asked me mfptwoohoaapahah. Oooh that pff,” she tumbled back in the armchair, arms flailing in her laughing fit.

Perrine snickered. “Haven't seen her this active in a while.”

“Phhf haa w-wait wait,” Caila said heaving herself up, clearing her throat. “That's a nice that's asfmpfs that's a nice suit you got there Indut, but the collar looks a bit tight, and it… Mfmsp make you kinda look fat~.”

“What?” Kaj raised their voice. Though demeanour melted while the other chuckled. At moments like these, even between friends you kinda just wanna disappear, Though, thankfully into this instance, you could -Chhrrllrpths-.

That night you spent in Kaj's haunches again, though, head out In the cool air, which was refreshing, even if you felt the -Cllgpthhs- bulk of the filth pack and clump behind you.

~ 4 ~

-Ckt-clt-clt -Krltcl-Tkclt- The drumming of hooves to the ground rattle you awake. Kaj was on his way to the shelter, so it was morning again. Though in each step -Cllpghth- you felt he casket of fudge tumble, you were the tight in the mire, adding leverage to the filth tossing and -Clpghtg- -Cspthgh- bounding in her bowels. You could hear creaks ad gurgles croan and curl surround you, as Kaj's belly moved in jaunty jostles. She might not be able to hold it for much longer…

“Mfmpggh…mpg ha.” Kaj panted clutching onto a holding bar, legs shuffling and parting steady. “Prfw… “Hookay, should be mmf, able to squeeze you out before it is time for the critters' breakfast. Pfhoo, good thing did you mfms, know, Indut, we use this toilet for elephants?” He mused between groans, flicking his tail up from his oscillating pucker. -Cvlpths- -Cjjglpgsh- The brim twitched, winking down and -Krpclslpgths-. Strapping back over the broad bulwark of bile crowding the pit. In the middle, with mulch backed and folding n towards you, laid your face, the bottom of the brown trunk cocoon encasing your form. -Krrlpthth- You felt the crinkle and crackle of the mighty equine pucker polishing the residual bowel lube across the bale as it egressed. The air within the shelter only contributing tot the smell of compost surrounding you, but sprinkling in an odour of hay to differentiate it from the lard reeking, musky mire around you. -Sclspthth- a strap of a belt peeled down your face, thick filaments of booty browned cumber tethering it back to your face, thou, dripping in brown. You peeked down to where it dropped. It was a wide, rectangle of

porcelain, looking like a squat toilet, though even Kaj didn't have the leverage to squat that space that wide.

“Mgmgnrhhg.” The centaur panted. Silent whispers -Fsst- whistled out gaps in the surrounding mire, to inject an undertone of dilapidated onions to they must, though after a whole day of marinading In that hose bowels, it just tickled your fancy.

“Fmf… Those armffm, are pretty foul, you know that, right Kaj?”

“Huh? I d-don't know what you are talking about, I almost never ever fart, honest.” He claimed whilst his haunches flexes. -Cllspthghht- and distended around the clog of butt fudge encasing your chest. -Kkrlltpthgh- The crinkling of compacting crevices flooded in gutter dew squealed. You extended out along with the tubby sausage of centaur loam. The bale knobbled chestnut candy bard extruding from her hind curling town towards the toilet, a smooth arch that you followed through in, getting a faint reflection of yourself fin the clean ceramic below you – a Indut candy bar, baked fresh. -Clpghthghuglh- The mound compacted and flattened against the bowl, or, toilet plate in this case. Winding your way through their bountiful, voluptuous curve sin a tubby anaconda of dough, sloughing along the wet pore line like a reptilian swimming across a river. -Cslpthth- Smushing under its own weight, but gradually sloughing downwards, towards the draining pit further down… -Clpsthsth- You made out a few bones, tainted brown through the bowel baking – emerging from the clumped up domes on the fudge loaf. -Clspghtht- Whole shirts laid plastered into the caulc of filth oozing out through Kaj's pit -Clsgpshth-. Once you were though, lounging out, panting as you were delivered in the muddled cask, the rest of the fertilizer had an easier job of -Vhflrlprthsh- curling free of Kaj's pucker. The gaping nozzle unleashed a tangling swirl of fat manure bales smothering down upon one another, melting into themselves and forming a labyrinth of crackles through thin the decomposing sludge. You Took in a deep breath, letting out a shudder. -Fpprrpfhtah-

Kaj trotted up towards you, smiling as he shuffled up to the side, and let his taur half over you, letting his shaft hang close. “You do look a bit stuck, I could help you with that.” He mused. -Kllpflrtha. You felt s warm torrent of amber burrow through the surrounding mire, soaking into your clothes and simpering the steaming urine over your form, melting into the chocolate pudding of a dump and easing the bonds around you. -Clrlprghhtht-' it Mucks separated from your arms, slowly easing you out of the filth, making it easier to cram and scaled off. The warm liquid coursing along your frame, and imbuing it with a fresh, ammonia which brought a warm kick to your muscles. -Slpghgh- Gradually scaling out of the caked on carapace like wading through trough of molten emmentaler, you worked through the melting gloop to stand. -Cllpsghthtt- Clumps of filth toppled off of your body, along the occasional pantyhose or chunk of skeletal tissue. -Clsltptl- clattering against the porcelain.

“Pheorew. If I may be honest, that look, I thin believe you could 'rock' it.” The darling centaur mused.

You took a deep breath, just stretching and feeling some motion your limbs. “Mm, I guess I could see it.”

“Although, it suits my pucker, a bit less. Would you mind, giving it a once-over?” He said flicking up his tail to show the still oscillating pucker, -Crllslpgh- crinkling with plastered grease.

You stepped up, palms resting on the mammoth flank, and burying your head back into the pit -Vrrlpghsh-

“Mfmpoo.” Kaj moaned out.

You rubbed your face into the folds, swabbed it with you ears, and trailed your tongue over the briny, tart stains. You smooched the pit farewell.

“Mmwmf, hoo, yes. Give mmfs, that hind a real good thank you for letting you stay. Mm, though, in doing so, it does kind of make you look like a… gut slut~,” He teased and huffed.

The tail flicked over your face. You basted the pucker in slow drags of your tongue, cleaning grime in place of polls of saliva. Snuffing into the head size porthole and letting out warm as the filth stained back over you face.

“Phrew. Oooh, see, told you it would help.” Kaj said, and flicked a level.

-Vcfrlrlrprsptht- suddenly a torrent of water flooded the porcelain, the untold kilos of waste you had crawled out of drawing backwards towards the drains, and your hoof still lodged shut, a quick step left you toppling over wet ceramic. Slipping, backwards towards the drain. “Hshoayah,” you cried out and grasped desperately… and you caught something. -Clpghth-

“Ofhoaahaaa.” Kaj squealed out as you manhandled his tail, and inn the loss of balance drawing you both backwards, -Prllslptht- slamming into the ceramic and rushing back towards the open gutters leading down the gutters… -Cttwhthwptsj- where Kaj's haunches plugged up the pot with ample room to space, leaving you partially smothered in horse hind and partially starting into a deep abyss. -Frlpghgh- A depth where the mulch you crawled out of tumbled down, in a dark flume.

“Phaa. Ha. phew,” A bit too hasty, aren't we?” Kaj said and hoisted himself up, looking at you spayed out on the in the toilet. “If you want to go down there, you would need to be churned up first, silly.” He said and re, offering you a hand. The extension both and aid, but once you grasped his palm. It also felt like, a promise. A pact, had been sealed.

~ 5 ~

After a whole thursday at spent at the shelter; it was a relief to be back in the dorm. Both of you arriving before any other, classes still in session, but it your prerogative laid back in your sheets. Sprawled out on your mattress and just… breathing for a bit… So much had been going on. So man time sit had been. so close. Your friends were great, even if they were different, you still… Turning, shifting. Something was of. You laid on your belly, bur scrambled, buried your face in the pillow… Only to look up distraught. “This, doesn't feel right,” you mumbled, rolling out of the bed, back on your feet. You looked down. What you was, was a bedstand, a mattress, bedding, and a blanket. What you didn't see, was a bed. This wasn't your bed. It you had barely slept in it even once… you had slept in… everything but a bed… you brushed over your shoulder, looking to the nightstand: bare, except for your phone, and… the postcard. On the postcard, all you were still still there, together. Perhaps, one of your friends, could help you out with this bed conundrum.