

# Investigative Spelunking

A Short Story

from the Chronicles of Cyndar

By

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**B**ernadette let out a long sigh as she felt the warmth creeping up her ears and sidled up to the little human. “Hey, Thomas, could, um... could you help me with something really quick?” she asked him in a hushed, unsure tone.

Thomas stopped loading the bags of fertilizer onto the cart and looked up at her. His brow furrowed in confusion when he noticed how embarrassed she seemed to be. She’d never been that way around him before, usually it was him that felt out of place and rather uncomfortable around the massive Clydesdale.

“Oh, sure... what do you need?” he replied with a quick glance around him, a little unsure about the mare’s motives.

Knowing her, this was most likely just a rouse to get him alone and down her throat as an early lunch. Not that he wouldn’t mind all that much. Although, she’d been finding one excuse or another to eat him at least once a week, which was more than he allowed even Adeline to indulge in his flesh. He should’ve said something about it but figured saying something would be more trouble than it was worth in the long run.

“Well,” she eyed the others around them as they continued their work without taking much notice in their conversation. “It’s just, um... can we go into the barn for a couple minutes, I’d prefer we deal this in private.”

He blew out a long breath, now quite sure she just wanted to eat him. Although, he didn’t understand what all the secrecy was about. It wasn’t as though him being a Skin Dancer was a secret anymore, and quite a few of those around the farm had taken advantage of that on several occasions. Which was why he’d had to start wearing a protective collar, as some of them didn’t bother to do him the courtesy of asking first.

His had drifted up to finger the wide, bright-red collar around his neck. It was different from the one Adeline had gotten him, which he still wore on occasion when she wanted him to look presentable. Protective collars were more to keep humans from being casually eaten, not that it would save him. Just make their consumer so sick that they’d wish they were dead, thanks to a couple small capsules of neurotoxin embedded within the locking mechanism.

Despite it making him feel like a house-pet, which they were usually designed for, it was a small comfort to know he didn’t have to worry about any of his *co-workers* eating him for lunch. Of course, he could just rip their arms off if they tried, but that was the kind of thing that tended to get him in trouble.

“Bernadette,” he said with a shake of his head, “If this is about you forgetting lunch and wanting me to *help you out* again. Then it can wait, as I’m a little busy at the moment.”

“No!” she spat out at him with growing aggravation. Then lowered her voice to a barely audible whisper and almost mouthed, “...It’s a *personal* matter.”

He eyed her for a moment, still dubious of her intentions, then gave a small, resigned shrug. "Alright, let's go into to the barn and get this over with."

They walked the short distance to the large, red barn that served as a general storeroom and small workshop for farm. Which the little human tended to spend most of his time in, fixing one thing or another.

When she entered, Bernadette paced the space to guarantee they were alone before closing and locking the large double-doors. He tensed, sensing that she was up to something and prepared himself for the worst. But then noticed the pained expression on her face and realized that she'd been bent over in pain slightly the entire time.

"Are you alright?" he said with a look of genuine concern at her condition.

"That's what I need to talk to you about," she said as another awkward blush lit up the flesh within her ears.

"Why do I have a bad feeling about this?"

"Shut up," she muttered with an annoyed scowl, "You're the only person I know that can help... or would be willing to anyway."

"Ok, now I really do have a bad feeling about this. What is it you need me to do?" He uttered with a resigned sigh, he really didn't have any other option but to do as she asked anyway.

"There's something stuck in here and it hurts really bad," she said with a tentative rub of her stomach, "I'm not sure exactly where though. What I need is for you to find it and get it out."

He gawked at her for a moment as he processed what she had said, unable to respond.

"I'm not a fucking wizard," he said after managing to find his tongue, "What do you want me to do, reach in and pluck it out with my vast and mysterious magical powers?"

She went to growl at him again but paused and furrowed her brow while trying to process something he'd said. "What's a wazn-yard, and how do you may-jak something?" she said slowly while rolling the strange words around her mouth.

He pinched his nose, remembering that wizards weren't really a thing anymore so lythians wouldn't know about their magical powers. Nor would the words translate all that well into Lythian Common, at least the ancient dialect he'd used. So, of course, she wouldn't know what it was he'd said or meant by it. It was really quite frustrating being several thousand years old sometimes.

"Never mind," he sighed out to her, "It's a human thing, and a really old one at that. You wouldn't understand unless I took the time to translate it properly."

"Whatever," she said in a gruff voice that indicated she was done putting up with him, "Just do what you have to get this thing out of me."

“Ok, but... why don’t you just go into town and see a doctor?” he asked what sounded like a perfectly reasonable question. “I’m sure that’s a much better option than having me... do whatever it is I’m going to do.”

She huffed and gesticulated for a couple seconds while working to find the right words. “Because... well... because, I can’t...” she stammered. Then winced in pain and added with an angry glare, “Look, just quit stalling and see what you can do about this before you manage to really piss me off.”

He relented and nodded in the obedient manner expected of him, then walked over to eye her inquisitively. The first problem that presented itself was their size difference. She was massive, at just over thirteen-feet tall, and his demure size only brought him to barely her knees.

The other problem, which was the biggest one, was exactly what he needed to do to help her. He had a sneaking suspicion that she just wanted him to crawl inside and rummage around her fetid innards to look for it. As much fun, and gross, as that sounded it wasn’t a particularly good plan.

If there was more time, he could get a scanner of some kind together. Maybe refit a data-pad and link it to the optical sensors on his goggles. But the impatient look in Bernadette’s eye meant he didn’t have that much time and was going to have to do it the low-tech way... by hand.

“OK,” he began in a calm, steady voice, “This is going to sound weird... But I need you to strip and lay down on your back, so that I can... um... examine the area.”

She looked down at him with a stern, inquisitorial glare for a moment. “I bet you’d like that, you pervy little bastard.”

Despite the comment, however, she kicked off her boots and began to undo the buttons on her large, blue overalls. She dropped the overalls into a pile on top of the boots, then removed the plain, white crew-neck t-shirt, leaving her standing in her panties and bra.

She went to unhook the clasp on the bra but stopped and glared at him again for a moment. “I think you can do whatever you need to without me taking this off.”

He shrugged, a little disappointed at having missed out on the view but couldn’t argue as he didn’t have a realistic argument that warranted her further disrobing. “Alright, then just lay down on your back,” he said and pointed over to a pile of burlap sacks by the wall. “You can stretch out there if you want, it should keep you clean and be a bit more comfortable than the bare floor.”

Bernadette grunted with continued displeasure, moved over to the pile, and shifted it into a suitable bed. Although vexed at having to strip and be ordered around by him, his continued concern for her comfort eased her anxiety. In a way, she could almost see why Adeline put up with him and kept the little pest around. While especially annoying every now and then, far more than most humans usually were, he could often be oddly endearing at the same time.

She lay down and took a moment or two to get as comfortable as possible, then nodded to Thomas that she was ready for him to proceed.

“Alright,” he sighed while trying to add as much assurance he could muster into it.

His mind still raced on how to solve the problem before him. As finding or figuring out what was stuck in there was only the first hurdle. Coming up with a suitable way to get the damn thing out was likely to be a tricky matter all on its own.

“Show me where the pain is, I’m going palpate the area and see if I can feel what’s in there. If it’s low enough in your system, then maybe I can, um... squeeze *inside* and work my way up to... you know... get it out... or something.”

She shot him an agitated look that conveyed her dislike of the idea. Which, given the fact that she’d come specifically to *him* for assistance, managed to raise his ire a bit.

“Well, that’s what you wanted me to do in the first place... wasn’t it?” he added with an exasperate gesture, not sure why the sudden change in her attitude on the matter.

“Yes, of course, but... you don’t have to sound so excited about having to do it,” she seethed at him with a scowl.

He blinked at her for a moment, wondering if she understood what the word ‘excited’ actually meant. “We can stop this anytime you want, in fact, I know the doctor in town would be more than happy to help you with this... problem. Since, apparently, I’m far too *enthusiastic* about having to crawl into your stinking ass-hole to *enjoy* a fun scavenger hunt through your fetid guts.” He uttered in a low tone before turning to leave.

“Wait... stop,” she called to him before he could go more than a couple steps. Her face screwed up as she bit out her next words with obvious effort, “I’m... I’m sorry.” She let out a long, resigned sigh before continuing. “Please... just... just do what you can to help.”

Thomas looked her over for a couple of seconds, seeing that she meant it but really didn’t like saying it, especially to him. “Very well,” he replied as he walked back to where she lay, “Just relax and let me use my somewhat limited medical knowledge to help you.”

He sidled up next to where she still lay on the makeshift bed, as the heat from her massive body started to soak into him. Where, after she’d pointed at the general spot where the pain was the most severe, he began to press into the soft, pliant flesh of her belly. His small hands seemed well suited for the task. As he was able to find and differentiate the various organs and other structures within her torso that lay buried under a healthy layer of furry pudge. Which he’d likely added his fair share to over the last month or so.

With small, careful movements, he started at her lower ribs for a general reference point. Then worked down around the outer edge of where the pain had been identified. Where, through

several inches soft, fuzzy flesh, he located and thoroughly checked her small intestine. To his great relief, he found that it wasn't located within them, as dislocating it from there would have been next to impossible.

Bernadette looked on while he worked as best she could from her supine position. The gentle tenderness of his touch and careful manner in which he administered the rather thorough search was a bit of a surprise to her. She'd expected him to probe around her stomach like someone tenderizing meat or rooting around in the mud for a lost object. It amazed her so much that the repugnance she had ready on her tongue died away, while also managing to take most of the apprehension and anger with it.

In fact, after a short while, she found herself starting to almost enjoy the soft massage. She twisted her head a bit more to watch his face for a moment as he worked. Where she noted the unmistakable focus and attention he applied to the task at hand, as he turned his head one way then another while carefully probing various places along her belly. Each time his concentration would center onto whatever he felt, before cautiously moving on to the next spot.

The sight was a little endearing, she realized, as seeing a human show that much care and effort on her wellbeing. Of course, if he hadn't, she would've twisted certain *very-sensitive* parts of him off with vicious glee. But it still helped to further soften the already relaxed attitude she had toward him. Perhaps, as she gave it more thought, even...

Bernadette mentally shook herself at the idea. She usually didn't do those kinds of things with humans, not even before meals; which often tended to be a nice way to build up a good appetite. Besides, she didn't know if Adeline would want to share her favorite toy. However, her thoughts on the matter were cut off as pain surged through her and she lurched under his hands when he pressed lightly into a spot midway up her side.

"Ok, I found the general area where it is," he said with a grimace as she bucked in pain under his hands. "Although, I still need to poke around it a little more, I'm sorry... but I need to make sure it's where, and what, I think it is."

She grinned her teeth and braced herself for the next jolt of pain that would accompany his further probing. "Fine, just get it over with," she spat at him.

A couple minutes later, after he'd further explored the region as best as possible without causing too much pain, he stepped back with a small frown twisting his lips. "Well," he began in a tone of resignation, "I'm pretty sure I know where it is. But I can't quite tell exactly what it is just yet, it feels like something long and rather thin. Well, relative to you anyway."

"Can you get it out?" she asked with equal parts hope and apprehension edged into her voice.

“I think so,” he replied with a thoughtful scratch of his chin. “Luckily, for both of us, whatever it is seems to be lodged far enough down your lower intestine for me to get at it. So, I should be able to get in there and grab it, that is, unless I get stuck and asphyxiate along the way...”

She sat up with a groan and considered the matter for a moment. As seconds thoughts about whether having this odd little human wandering into her depths was a good idea or not. Despite his size, he was pretty strong, for a human, and might hurt her if he wasn't too careful.

“Very well,” she said as a sharp stab of pain shot from her gut, “Just get it over with.”

He let out a long breath and nodded with the expression of a condemned man at seeing the form of his execution. “As you wish,” he said, “Just give me a minute to think about how I'm going to do it.”

He walked to the back of the barn. Inside the small room, which had once been his living quarters for a couple nights when he first arrived. Adeline had let him build a small workshop of his own, where a wide array of machinery and devices lay in various stages of disassembly and repair. Many of which he was building from scratch or modifying in some way to suit a special purpose.

On a low shelf, and for reasons known only to him, sat a tube of lubricant he had *acquired* from a drawer in Adeline's nightstand. Which he doubted she had missed as there'd been a plentiful, and quite interesting, selection to choose from.

After considering his options, he grabbed the lube and a small headlamp, checked to make sure that the lamp was bright enough for the purpose at hand, then left the room. When he got back to Bernadette, he found she was still sitting, half reclined, on the burlap sacks as she waited for him.

He waved his free hand at her midsection. “If we're going to get this over with, then I'm going to have to get in there to get it done. And as I don't plan on going in through the front door, as it were, sitting down is going to make that a lot harder.”

She blushed as her ears lay back while turning an amusing shade of scarlet. “Oh... right,” she muttered, far too embarrassed by her situation at that moment to be angry at his chiding.

She stood up and gave him a couple of dirty looks to ensure he wasn't enjoying himself too much. Then, with only a hint of reluctance, undid the tail-snap on her panties and let them drop to the ground, where they were kicked onto the rest of her clothing.

Thomas had never seen her naked before, not that he'd ever had a reason to either, and he tried not to gawk at the wondrous sight that presented itself before him. Her now mostly naked form towered above him as the soft light from the barn's lamps danced across her grey and white-speckled fur. But what drew his attention though was her recently uncovered pubic area, and not for the reason one would first expect.

A dense thicket of dark, tangled hair grew around her large glovebox, while nearly concealing it from view. He also noticed that it had somehow managed to have acquired a damp sheen to it. Which couldn't help but make him think she must have been getting some kind of enjoyment out of all this.

He turned away as he realized he'd started to stare at it, then moved off a ways and began to undress himself. However, the image of her lush, shimmering bush wouldn't leave his mind. And he had to try very hard indeed to keep from letting certain parts of him get rather excited, as she likely wouldn't appreciate the compliment all that much.

She must be one of the very few Lythians who still carried the dominant, and mostly human, genes for it. He wondered, as he removed his clothing and placed them neatly on a metal container of industrial solvent, if she understood the significance of it herself.

Most Lythians would see it a simple genetic anomaly and pay it no mind, if they thought about it at all. Maybe as something that made them special, or a deformity that made them weird, especially if their parents or siblings were particularly unpleasant. He didn't know her well enough to make any conclusions one way or another, nor did he feel she'd appreciate him asking about it just then. Perhaps later, if he managed to get a couple drinks in her, he could pose a subtle question or two.

After he'd stacked the last of his clothing in a neat pile, he started back but stopped as an afterthought came to him and went back to his clothing. Where, from one of his shoes, he pulled a long, thin metal probe from the sole. He examined it for a moment to ensure it wasn't damaged, then placed it into a small space between the two halves of his collar's locking mechanism.

With a click and a soft, electronic tone, the collar unlocked, fell into his hand. Where it was deposited amongst his other clothing. He then picked up the lube and walked back over to the mare, where a wry smirk was already spreading across her face.

"I've always wondered how your kind manages to slip out of those so easily sometimes," she said with a shake of her head. "I bet Adeline would love to know about that little trick of yours, might help keep you out of trouble in the long run."

"You mean keep me in line?" he said with a cynical look of his own. "And she already knows about it, in fact, she thinks it a rather adorable little trick."

"Same thing," she said with a wave of her hand. "So, how should we do this? I suppose having you stand still and just squatting down onto you wouldn't work." She gave him a harsh look and added, "Besides, I think you'd probably enjoy that far too much anyway."

He gave her a thoughtful look for a moment while tapping the tube with his fingers. "Actually, that might not be a bad idea, we could always give it a try..." he said with a shrug while trying not to sound too hopeful.



She was right, he would enjoy that far more than she would like.

A low grunt emanated from her throat as she considered the idea. "I guess it would make it easier, now that I think about it..." she said as her gaze took in his small naked form. "Alright, hop up there and stand still so that I can get this over with."

She gestured at a stool used for getting to some of the shelves along the wall, he walked over and managed to climb up onto it after a moment or two. When he got in place and turned back around, it was just in time to see the massive Clydesdale already at the stool and spinning around to get in position herself. As she did, her tail slapped him in the side of the head and nearly knocked him off.

Just as her bottom positioned itself above him, she paused and half-turned to glare down at him. "Close your eyes!" she growled down to him, "I don't want you staring at my ass... or anything else for that matter."

"That's going to make this part a bit... difficult, don't you think?"

"I don't care what you think," she replied with a murderous expression, "Just clamp them shut before I find something sharp to do it for you!"

"Alright," he said with a defensive gesture, "Calm down, it's not as though I haven't seen a buttohole before or anything."

Thomas tried to comply, but as her bottom began to draw closer and the oppressive heat of it radiated down onto him, his eyes cracked open for a quick peek. He had indeed seen quite a few butts in his long life, as well as a wide variety of assholes. But looming just above him was an interesting sight. Where the two halves of her colossal rump had parted to reveal a winking pucker that was at least a foot in diameter.

He'd interacted with Adeline's ponut on several occasions and considered hers to be fairly large, even for an equine of her size. But Bernadette's was likely to soon swallow him whole with ease. And as the looming portal to her dark-dimension began to descend towards him, he couldn't help but wonder if she'd notice when he slipped inside.

His nostrils flared as the sweet smell of her musk danced within them. While soon being mixed with the other sharper and more acrid scent's associated with that part of her body. Where, between the heat and heavy scent, he found himself getting light headed and distracted.

As her white-furred rump filled the entire space above him, something in his head clicked and he looked down at his hands. Where he realized that the lube and headlamp were still in his hand, having managed to forget all about them with everything going on above him.

"Oh... shit. Wait, I forgot about the lube!" he shouted with a small chuckle. "Good thing you stopped or that might have been rather uncomfortable."

She stopped with a painful grunt and held her current position as she twisted her head to glare down at him. “I swear to all the Gods, that if you don’t stop fucking around, I’m going to hurt you in ways never before seen in the world!” she snarled down to him. “This really hurts you know, just hurry up and do what you have to do with it, I don’t have all day... And keep your fucking eyes closed!”

“Ok, but I really need to see in order to do this properly,” he replied.

She let out low bellow of mingled rage and resignation at the loss of her modesty. “Fine, just be fucking quick about it!” she roared. “And it will go very badly for you if I feel your hand somewhere it really doesn’t need to be.”

Thomas nodded, although more out of reflex as there was no need since she couldn’t see him. He squirted a healthy dose of the thick lube onto his hand and reached up to spread it over her expansive pucker. She jerked a little as the sudden cold startled her and could almost feel the low grumble she made through his fingers. Which he only just managed to not make a derisive comment about.

He took as little time as he could to properly cover her anus with enough of the slippery gel to ease his passage. While not wanting to tempt fate by really pissing her off, he figured that she’d be far more angry if he got stuck halfway through the process. So, once he felt there was a sufficient amount, he indicated that she could proceed.

Which she did far quicker than he’d expected. Her rump began to move down again in a sudden motion that didn’t allow him enough to move his hands out of the way. His fingers slipped into her with a small squeak of alarm, and he had to hold them as strait as still as he could. As broken arm would make this even harder than it needed to be and ruin the rest of his day.

A small grunt of exertion escaped him as her pucker tightened against his wrists pucker and she began to push down onto him with oppressive force. “Please try to relax,” he grunted as the ring of flesh slithered a couple of inches up his arm and began to crush them together. “It will make this a lot easier in the long run... plus, I really don’t feel like being cut in half by your ass if you hiccup.”

She said something that he couldn’t quite make out. The colossal ring of wrinkled flesh resisted for only a moment longer before it relaxed and his arms started to slip in with ease. He could feel the flesh around him further relax as more of him disappeared inside as she let her sphincter open further and allow his small body reluctant access to her fetid bowels.

It wasn’t long until the light started to fade as his arms slipped completely inside. He took one last, deep breath of the somewhat fresh outside air and let his upper torso be swallowed into her with a little slurp.

As the wide bulge of his shoulders flexed the sensitive flesh of her nethers, Bernadette couldn't quite suppress the soft moan that rose in her chest, despite hating the experience. There were few stallions around big enough to properly please her these days. A rather scant number of Lythians from any race, that is, due to her proportions.

The annoying human's small body, however, was just the right size for her. She bit her lip as it glided into her dark nether-regions with a smooth and delightful. Which managed to provide her with just the right amount of stimulation at the absolute wrong time, although, it did improve her mood quite a bit.

That, combined with how she felt during his tender massage earlier, worked in diabolical unison to start a small build-up of heat between her legs. She managed, with unimaginable effort on her part, to not grab his legs and work him back and forth a little bit. However, she did make a mental note to ask Adeline if it would be alright to borrow the little fellow at some point. As, perhaps, some good might come out of this experience after all...

His waist slid through her donut with a squelch, which managed to crush his and twist sensitive parts rather painfully at the same time. As it had grown uncomfortably tight again as she'd started to clench it repetitively for some reason. But from the soft rumbling moans coming from above him, he had a vague idea of what might be going on.

With his hips inside, he managed to position his arms in such a way to give him the leverage he needed to help pull himself all the way in. Which wouldn't require all that much effort with only his legs left outside. But the effort was moot as shortly afterward his feet leave the stool as she raised her butt back up a little bit and he felt her fingers against his feet.

She pressed against them and forced him the rest of the way up inside her rectum in a smooth, quick motion. It crammed him up into her so fast that it took him by surprise. He gasped at the sudden force, which nearly earned him a mouthful of the disgusting substance surrounding him. But did manage to fill his lungs with the putrid air that filled the extremely cramped space.

The thing he noticed as his feet slipped in past the now excitedly pulsing ring of flesh was how little room there was. The quivering walls of her rectum were pressed up against him in a tight embrace that gave him little room to move. Let alone crawl his way up and further into the stinking hellscape that lay beyond.

Which was made far worse when her body rumbled a little from a soft, low moan just before the flesh around him shifted and crushed him in a tight embrace. As she apparently fought the sudden urge to relieve herself when her colon realized it now had a passenger and a job to do. But what was worse, it also deprived him of what little of the precious air he needed to breathe with a long, rumbling fart that rattled his teeth.

The pulverizing pressure eased after a couple of seconds, which led to a moment of panic as the his lungs began to burn from lack of air. However, there was some movement under him and a

blast of cool air rushed in to fill the space. He patted the slick fleshy wall to convey his gratitude at her remembering that humans needed air to survive.

But there was still the problem of friction, and he had a hard time stabilizing himself at first. He wiggled a bit and pressed against the soft, slick flesh next to him in an attempt gain a footing. Which seemed to cause some kind of pleasant stimulation as he was slapped against the slimy, mucus-covered walls several times while her hips bucked around him. It would seem as though she enjoyed the experience herself a little more than she'd thus far let on.

*Great, he thought with a long, mental sigh, I think she's starting to actually enjoy this... a lot. Now I guess I have a similar experience to look forward to again in the near future. But I suppose it could be worse...*

There was an abrupt shift as everything tilted ninety-degrees when she lay back down again. Thomas was quite thankful she had, as it would allow him to work his way deeper into her without having to fight gravity. So, he clicked on the small head-lamp and crawled forward as best he could.

The pace was slow due to him still being covered in lube and the slick mucus that coated the walls. But also by the lack of adequate space, which had gotten even smaller once he'd wiggled up out of her colon.

He wasn't claustrophobic or usually bothered by being in small, cramped spaces considering how often he found himself in someone's stomach. Yet something about the constant tightness and pervasive, gag-inducing reek was disturbing. It made him quite glad to have never survived long enough to have experienced this part of a Lythian's digestive system.

As he worked his way onward, inch by disgusting inch, he tried not to focus on the small bits of waste he came across here and there. Knowing Bernadette's appetite, and her preferred food of choice, it was most likely composed of one or more digested humans. All that remained of a poor soul whom had, only just a day ago, been going about their own lives. Reduced to little more than small piles and smears of dark, fowl-smelling waste that waited its turn to be expelled by the massive, ravenous mare.

It was hard to tell how far he'd moved into her guts without a proper reference. He wished there had been both time and supplies to have set up an external scanner of some kind. Maybe that way he could have seen the object and then gotten feedback to where he was in relation to it. At least he knew it wasn't too deep into her lower intestines, based on what he could tell from the outside. But that was little comfort to him right then.

After what seemed like a solid half-hour or so, he began to feel lightheaded as the air quality started to diminish with rapid and alarming speed. It was then the he realized the stupidity of him not bringing something along to assist with that. He should have figured that out when she'd shat out all the air and fixed the problem right then. As it was, he considered it a bit of a miracle there was even air he could breathe at all that far up her ass.

His concerns were compounded when an ominous gurgle came from somewhere just ahead of him. Which was soon followed by squeezing wave of flesh as the gut convulsed to move a bit of mass closer to him. Another subsequent rumble seemed to answer from her small intestines, that lay just to his left, promising the delivery of a recently processed meal. Where it dawned on him that if he didn't hurry up, it was quite likely he would suffocate when one of her massive proto-turds showed up in the very near future.

The lack of oxygen to his brain, and the effect it created, seemed to heighten the alarm. He began to scramble forward, his legs pumped and his arms flailed in a desperate effort keep moving. In his mind, he could already see the slimy lump of waste as it appeared in front of him, pushed along by her gut's constant peristalsis to bare down on him with relentless inevitability. Where he'd be unable to evade the disgusting mass as it enveloped him, to be followed by a quick asphyxiation as he literally drowned in a pool of her shit.

This delirium fueled nightmare drove him forward as fast as he could manage without causing her pain. Which he still managed to retain the presence of mind to avoid. That, and the thought of hurting Bernadette, even by accident, and Adeline having to *punish* him again managed to help him keep being as careful as he could. He liked Adeline, quite a bit actually, but the randy mare could be downright scary at times.

Then, by some strange triumph of luck during one of his vigorous scrambles, his hand brushed against something hard. He reached out again and grabbed it on instinct and paused to asses what he'd discovered. Whatever it was, it had become firmly lodged against the walls of her intestine and had caused the area to become inflamed. Which gave the soft flesh around it an eerie, bright-red glow as it was reflected by the dim light of his shit-covered headlamp.

He worked at it with the utmost care for several minutes. Not pulling or twisting it too hard as he didn't want to harm her... or get her really angry at him. Finally, after coming dangerously close to causing some damage, it came loose. He let out a small sigh and held it up the offending object to the dim light for a closer inspection.

Where, to his mild horror and genuine confusion, it turned out to be a mostly intact bone. A human femur from the look of it. How the thing had managed to survive the lythian digestive process, one engineered specifically to dispose of humans, was beyond him. And he lacked the adequate amount of oxygen to care all that much just then.

Bernadette's body vibrated as she let out a long sigh, and he felt her press lightly against the spot where he was at. He pressed back against it with his hand as an acknowledgement. Which led to further vibrations and sounds that alluded to her saying something, but he couldn't quite make it out. However, the mumbles seemed to have a pleased and general gist of being "Thank you, but please get the fuck out of me now" to them, so, he began to work his way back towards the exit.

Going back was a lot easier, which was no surprise, as her body seemed to want him gone just as much as he wanted out. It squeezed and pressed him along in a way that he found to be quite enjoyable against his naked body, especially now that he wasn't preoccupied with something. The fact that he was still surrounded by her shit notwithstanding.

His progress was such he soon found himself unceremoniously dumped back into her colon. Which was such a relief that he didn't mind the light spasm it gave as though giving him a familiar greeting.

But when he made an attempt to squeeze himself out through the exit, she flexed her ass and kept him from getting out. He waited a moment, wondering what she had in mind as he fought down a rising sense of dread. Then, when nothing else happened, he tried to push his way out again and was met with the same result. Only this time there was a moan that rumbled through her as her hips rocked around him, which was a very bad sign indeed.

The world shifted and gave a sudden jolt as she adjusted her position. "Thanks for that, but why not stick around for a while," she said as he could just make out her voice as it reverberated through her flesh from far above him.

He pounded against the flesh around him as best he could in response. It was unlikely she'd hear his words, so, it was a good compromise. The hard part was making it seem like a polite yet firm refusal of her offer.

She stood up and walked around the barn, rocking him with each sensual sway of her hips. She crouched for a second and Thomas thought she was about to him out, but she stood and her body shook as though getting dressed. He slapped the pliant flesh next to him again, with a little more force this time to make his objection to the idea very clear. As perhaps she hadn't quite understood his initial response.

"Calm down in there," her muffled voice vibrated around him as he jolted from her slapping the slight bulge he probably made in her belly. "I'll let you out in a little while, nature's going to have to take its course down there at some point..." Her hips began to sway methodically, and a sudden sense of acceleration meant she had left the barn and was going back to resume her work.

He groaned with mounting frustration. As spending the rest of the day inside the equines cramped, stinking bowels was not his idea of a relaxing afternoon. Especially if that involved sharing the space with the remains of her breakfast. Another bout of noises from her gut echoed around him, which had gotten a little closer and more ominous.

Of course, the one good thing was that his air would run out in a little while. So there was that to look forward to, nothing like gasping for the last bit of putrid smelling air, great way to die. Then again, he could always find a fun way to use up the last of that air, and his dick was already awake from the treatment it had been getting.

Thomas reached down and grasped his twitching shaft, which jumped with excitement in his hand. However, before he do more than a couple of meager pumps against it, Bernadette's voice rumbled down to him again. Which thoroughly ruined the fun for him.

"Oh, but I will say this..." her voice mumbled around him a bit quieter, as though not wanting to be heard by anyone around her. "Don't get any ideas about dying in there, you hear me? I want to feel your delicious little squirms for the next few hours while I work, and if you aren't alive and smiling upon your eventual *rebirth*, there will be consequences. You understand me in there?"

Thomas did, very well in fact. So, he hit the wall again to communicate that understanding. The wet slap of which was rather loud against the relative silence of his fleshy, convulsing prison.

He felt the tightly shut exit under his feet with dismay as it pulsed and twitched happily every now and then in response to his presence. The looming task of having to pry it open from time to time to get fresh air already made him really dread the next several hours. Especially since Bernadette would fight him the whole time... and love every second of it.

The headlamp flickered for a second and he realized it was still on, having forgotten it was the only reason he could see. As it did, he also noticed a flash of white and remembered the bone still held in his hand. He held it up to the light again and looked at it forlornly for a moment, envying its previous owner's freedom to die and escape the noxious hell he was now imprisoned in.

But as he examined it with a casual glance, something caught his attention and he brought it a little closer to the light. It was the right size, the right shape, and had the same intricate patterns etched onto it found on the bones of Skin Dancers. Had she run into another one?

It was then that he remembered about the previous week. How she'd came to him with a problem and then implored him to—

"What the...!" Thomas exclaimed in shocked disbelief and growing amazement, "Is this *my* fucking leg?"

A special thanks to all my Top Tier Patrons, including:

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