

The warm, crisp outdoor air swept along a gingerly breeze, enough to keep ponies refreshed, but not quite enough to cause the spring break festivities to be uncomfortable. Scientific gatherings were uncommon – particularly outdoors – but this could be seen as a congregation of peers during a vacation, rather than a formal affair; after all, when students were off during their week-long spring break, it was only natural that a few days of relaxation were given to the staff – and any students stuck on campus -, where professors would invite their colleagues and former graduates in the field to enjoy their own festivities.

Ponies, gryphons, hippogryphs and various ungulates flocked to Canterlot's university for such festivities, given that it was able to house the large number of guests, and for a week the prestigious university was filled with bright and bountiful minds sloshing themselves in swathes of alcohol and barbecued food, simple pleasures taking place over the scholarly discussions, that were few and far between, and mostly in passing between the older generations who were unable to grace their palate with more than a glass of wine at a time.

Even so, with the outdoors grilling various hay-treats for the academic guests, few would cloister themselves inside; Aqua Gem was one such pony who would, the gray, splotched half-kelpie, half unicorn working on her aquamarine research instead of enjoying the food and good times. Not that she felt at odds with her pursuit, since she could mostly avoid their drunken colleagues and focus on using the state of the art equipment, or perusing the extensive documents, that were only available by request, and often took weeks to ship to her remote lab. The lack of students only meant she could study and continue at whatever leisure she wished.

Fortunately, the pathway between the aquatic section of the biology labs and the library, while crowded and somewhat long, was filled with guests who would pay no attention to a mare like Aqua, all of them far too keen on their rowdy partying. While there were a few former professors, and once-fellow students, present... she slinked through the crowd with the practiced ease of a socially awkward, reclusive mare, avoiding them entirely. Not that she minded, it was a lonely, but peaceful social standard, and while at times she felt the pull to stop and chat with a familiar face... she was better off alone. It was hardly a morose standpoint, simply that she needed to keep herself busy.

Aqua continued to mentally debate the eternal question of if she was working herself too hard; perhaps she deserved a few minutes, a nice pint, a tall, stacked hayburger, a friendly chat with old colleagues...

Spillrrrrnccch. Just a minute of Aqua tending to her thoughts led her to be smacked by a *moist*, dancing backside as she wandered forward without paying attention. The black, decidedly *rotund* cheeks making stars swagger around her head from the impact. Laughter echoed around her in the haze of blurred sensations while she slowly focused, the swaying form in front of her slowly revealing itself properly.

Aqua's heart nearly skipped a beat. Goat. A large, by *their* standards, goat no less, probably at least a head or two taller than the pony who was looking at the chunky layers of fat

sway on the round booty that clocked her. It had a sheen of sweat as if it had been dunked in the stuff, every wobble bringing a small splatter of a rainstorm off; Aqua gently brushed the point of impact on her cheek, and found that it had a slimy film of the repulsive, pungent residue.

“Urrgh...” Aqua mumbled, flinging her hoof as she tried to clean the uncomfortable reminder off, “please nobody watch...” Fortunately for her, nobody bothered to pay her any attention beyond the initial laughter. In fact... the nanny dancing was the center of the room's attention, and she swung on the cleared floor away from the stunned pony. Aqua could understand why; even she found herself enraptured by the vigorous movements-

Bwomp. She bashed another pony who dared ere too close to her with her colossal rump, but unlike Aqua, this time she noticed the impact. Glancing back, she smirked as the pony got their bearings.

“If you wanted a closer look, *bitch-boy*, all you had to do was ask,” she taunted the recovering stallion, slamming her back hooves down just in front of him; given that he knocked to his backside, he had a prime view of *hers* in all its glory. To say her glutes, individually, dwarfed his head would be an understatement, the two mountains rife with streams of salty perspiration that humiliatingly drizzled onto him, further stalling his recuperation.

Aqua couldn't see from her angle, given that the goat was facing towards her... but she was preoccupied with the stallion, who's hooves began to search for purchase against her backside as she swung her hips from side to side. Her ass was two wrecking balls that, at any point, could smash back into his face and leave it crushed; while she swayed, she flexed each cheek individually, the *rippling* power bouncing his hooves off the slick surface.

The crowd that watched the spectacle hollered at the '*lucky*' stallion, feeding into the goat's smug smirk as she flagged her tail, dragging it along the minor portion of the crack it could reach, and spraying a glaze of sweat onto the stallion's face. “Pucker up,” she warned, oozing domination in every syllable.

“N-mnnfff...” The stallion barely even had time to utter; she took a small glide back, and between her supple, strong cheeks his face went. It was hot and humid, like he had been plunged directly into a jungle, which naturally contrasted with the almost angelic plushness of her glutes. They gave way easily to his muzzle, allowing it to sink into the layers of fat, but when he tried to squirm and use the leverage from his hooves slapping against those same glutes to extract himself, he found that the *muscled* portion would clamp down. Even with all the *deeply* scented lubrication that was dripping down... he couldn't move back at all when she decided.

“You can start kissing anytime, *pony bitch*,” the goat groaned, her cheeks undulating with waves of force as her muscles drew him deeper into her oceanic ass, “and I expect to feel you deep, *runt*.”

Her words of encouragement meant little to the stallion, who could barely even hear her through the muffling, rippling layers of fat that swallowed his face. Even the small pockets of air that formed as she began to twerk in place were laced with so much moisture that he felt as if

he was drowning, and it was only more distressing that the crowd outside *cheered* for her show; he could feel the waterfall drenching down her salty crack as she continued to exert herself, working her hips to slam her cheeks downward, each orb pressuring his shoulders as he whined. Despite how soft she *could* feel, the raw force *hurt*, while she skillfully worked his face deeper into her crevice without losing a beat, or even letting him slip out an inch.

Aqua felt a shudder go through her body as she continued to watch. She could slink away; she glanced around, and everyone was *enamored* and cheering on the cruel nanny. The grey mare wasn't going to cheer... but she couldn't deny she wanted to, the rapidly beating heart in her chest thundering so hard she could feel it shock through every vein in her body. The same sense of curiosity fueled the pulsing length between her thighs, which were clamped together tightly in the hopes that nobody would notice her tense dick sticking out.

"I don't feel *lips*," the mean goat shouted, reaching a hoof back to spank her cheeks, and swipe the stallion's still desperately clawing hooves away. The tip of his muzzle was forced deeper forward with every moist bounce, easily sliding inward to her whims, and at the further forward point it was mashed against her twitching pucker. The ring was more humid than the rest of her, and covered with a layer of *deep* scent that made his eyes roll back as it stung his nose; he wasn't about to begin tonguing and kissing it given that it made him woozy with every thrust.

His mistake for not knowing that goats never gave mercy, and disobedience was punished harshly.

She kept his lips mashed up against her pulsating pucker, while he sputtered and tried to twist every which way but inward; her doughy cheeks riposted, and *insisted* that he was given a prompt entry, the ring squelching open with a *schlorrp* so wet and loud that a few of the closer admirers backed away cautiously. The stallion's hooves beat against her gargantuan cheeks with desperation, fueled by the humid exposure to her insides; she kept up the hip-laced 'dance', bouncing her cheeks around him as they drug him in further, easily sliding him up the sweat coated insides.

A sudden, heavy rumble traveled through the goat's lower gut. *Gwwwrrrrbbbbbl...* there was little warning beyond the somber grumble as her tail flicked up and the roiling wave of hot gas sputtered around his face, blowing back his mane as it forced his hooves to slap roughly for a few seconds, begging for mercy... and then peter out. The combined lack of oxygen that drifted in as her pucker squeezed around him, along with what he was forced to inhale, caused stars to dance across his vision tauntingly.

The goat sighed in pleasure, tongue rolling out of her lips from the blast while she rolled her hips sensually. "Guess you learned to not *disappoint* a goat the hard way," she teased blissfully, while her ass began to slurp him up more aggressively. "Might've even given you the front instead if you showed some tongue..."

Despite how he was sealed in an intense amount of ass, he could hear her taunting pierce through the slick walls that worked on him in tandem with her doughnut. It was like a whisper that he couldn't help but focus on through the storm of internal *slrrrcchs* and *glrrrggs* that sucked him deeper, mixed with the thunderous *gghouuuurrrnnns* from up ahead of her multiple stomachs processing... the thought sent a shiver down his spine as his hooves began to fold up, getting compacted to fit in as he whined. A desperate, sorrowful whine that made his predator smirk in sadistic glee as she felt it rumble through her bowels, responding with another vile fart that filtered around him, squeaking out of her rear with a *pffffnntt*... while remnants of it coated her tract due to the blockage that he created.

Aqua, meanwhile, could only see half of this. Or rather, hear all of it. The goat's drooping potbelly prevented her from seeing her meal being properly consumed, but the sickening array of noises that came from her backside, along with the flexing of her glutes and smug, but pleased face... it left little to be interpreted. Aqua's heart thumped recklessly, desperately trying to escape her chest in a fit of uncontrollable conflict.

On one hoof, her sexual inexperience found the massive, dominant goat *jaw droppingly* attractive. She was a sea of unknown pleasures, a crass siren teetering on a rock that was smaller than she was... and it was difficult to deny that her backside was deadly enough to drown *and* suffocate her at the same time, while being as fluffy as a cloud in Haven itself.

On the more logical side, *the other half of her was insane*. Aqua knew she had just seen the goat essentially reduce a fully grown stallion – stronger and more durable than her – to nothing more than a glorified buttplug. In front of a crowd of at least thirty or so that watched, cheered, and only backed up because of her exhaust; none of them even bothered to intervene to save him... and it would be the same for her. Anything more private was just a death sentence.

After hearing both the arguments shouting in her dazzled head in full-force, one question unraveled itself louder than the others.

'Why am I still hard?...' Aqua thought, taking a small look down between her thighs as she spread, and quickly clamping them back up at the sight of her shaft practically drooling enough to coat her thighs together, and cascade down to her balls. *'Alright, Aqua, just... once she leaves, ponies will go back to partying,'* she reassured herself, falsely calm, *'then you can slip away, maybe rub one out, clean off, and...'*

While Aqua was thinking, the goat finally took notice of her; Aqua was sitting in a seemingly dazed state, almost looking *past* her corpulent form and lost in thought. She took a floor stepping shake forward towards the mare, rousing her from serene thought, and making her focus on the now clearly attuned eyes that returned Aqua's nervous gaze with confidence and playfulness. "You're *mine*," her eyes spoke wordlessly, in a way that already made the half-kelpie melt. Figuratively, for now.

“N-no...” Aqua muttered, but the feeble attempt wouldn't stop the freight train of chub from making its way towards her. In a way, even her menacing strut was causing the same conflict in Aqua's head; her gut wobbled, hanging low beneath her, a smooth, furry globe filled with... well, Aqua wasn't *quite* sure, but amid the gargled whines from her backside as the stallion's midsection was suckled on by the puffy asshole, and the ever-present *grroouurrcches* of her stomachs... it was unpleasant for sure.

The goat noticed Aqua's ears flicking, and the focus on her stomach; she slapped it roughly, the hoof sinking deep into the pudge until she released it, and allowed it to swing like a pendulum, slow and steady. Wet, gastric bubbling rose from her stomachs, disturbed by the sea of swaying acids, and interspersed with some unknown objects clunking into one another loudly through the maelstrom.

“C-Celestia help me...” Aqua whispered, her voice eclipsed by a rumbling coming from the towering goat's gut, pockets of gas coalescing together inside threateningly.

“She can't help *yooouurrruuunoooooggggh*,” the goat billowed, the raunchy belch traveling up her throat recklessly as her first stomach grossly forced it out.

It blew Aqua's mane back and replaced the nervous layer of sweat on her face with a gooey coating of saliva, noisily blurring for a dozen seconds. Aqua was, rightfully, stupefied in the face of the lips that smirked as best as they could, the uncaring, smug eyes that stared, stone cold, into her own, the flickering tongue that had a river of saliva flowing down its center, until their force caused the gunk to catapult up the slight tilt at the end, and blast into her face....

The half-kelpie didn't wipe the wave of spittle from her face. She didn't stop her length from quivering as the deep, misty, *colorful* stench of the goat's stomach – or stomachs – spilled out of her still open jaw. It made her lungs shudder with the pungent, heavy aroma, thicker than air, as she repressed a gag. She didn't scoot back, try to get away, or otherwise do anything but *sit there and take it*.

“*Bitch*,” the goat blew into her ear as she leaned forward, her tone sultry despite the repulsive behavior she embodied, including the deep squishes of her asshole bringing the stallion's legs into her, a bulge not even showing from his insertion. “I can tell you think I'm hot, but you're too *wimpy* to kiss my ass to prove it, aren't you?” she continued, nibbling on Aqua's ear as she spoke.

Aqua found it hard to answer. The nanny's lingering scent was as overpowering as she was *large*, the stimulation on her own body was an alien sensation, and she naturally felt paralyzed knowing that she was being observed by the same crowd she was a part of mere moments ago. “N-no... I-I mean,” Aqua took a deep, steeling breath to solidify her nerves, “hot... scary goat...”

She was hardly successful, earning a retreat from the goat's teasing as she deadpanned the half-kelpie, and rolled her eyes with slow, bleeding sarcasm. “Kay, *lot* more pathetic than I hoped, so...”

Thwwwmmp. Her hoof beat her gut once, to Aqua's confusion, the only result a cacophony of rumbles as bubbles soared through her belly.

Thwwwuummmp. The sounds intensified, like a growing landslide that picked up more and more debris as it crashed down a hill, but instead light pockets of indentations or bulges formed on her stomach for a moment, masses moving *upwards* through her.

Thwoouuummp. Her hoof smacked her chest this time. At the edge of her throat, more protrusions formed as her first stomach dealt with the brunt of the horrible collection wave that had gone through her, gas, indigestibles and proper food taking a small, momentary respite in her storage stomach as it was brought through an emergency triage to imbue the offensive gas.

The goat stopped before smacking herself on the chest again, leaned in close, smugness plastered onto her face as the still quivering Aqua stammered her protests. She plunged against the half-kelpie's lips with her own, a sloppy, sudden kiss further causing Aqua to mentally fizzle, while the goat did her best to seal every exit for oxygen; her saliva washed into Aqua's mouth, naturally stained with whatever cud she had chewed earlier.

The half-kelpie had little time to contemplate, however, as she felt a vibration form between their connected muzzles, its source the stuffed, first tank of the goat's tract. The horrid gas bubbled up in a noxious, constant stream, a wet *brrruuuuuuppp* that was muffled with Aqua's own mouth. It was a constant rumble, splashes of slop from deep within the goat barreling forward on the windy waves of her thunderous burp; truth be told, some of it she probably hadn't even remembered ingesting as it made Aqua squirm for a moment or two, and almost debate fighting back... but as the oddly multi-colored mist rose from the small gaps in their kiss, it shocked Aqua's system.

It was volatile, messy, and practically made her body shut down; at the very least, she wasn't *stammering* anymore, her mouth loosely hanging open and allowing the goat tongue to vibrate against her own as the never-ending gale blasted into her. *Glrrruuk*. A wet clench came from the goat's stomach, forcing up something decidedly solid, given it formed a more defined bulge on her throat. It rolled up like a reverse landslide, the powerful muscles causing it to *clank* and bend with the contractions; after a few seconds, it was propelled into Aqua's lightly whimpering maw, with little resistance, the windy whims of the belch still rolling for a few moments, trying to force it down past Aqua's gag reflex.

Luckily for the scientist... it failed to sink further. She couldn't even close her jaw due to the almost *soggy* metal, and her vision danced like a tap-dancer's blazing hooves, leaving her as a fidgeting, orally fuming piece of handiwork for the goat to examine as she pulled back, strands of goey saliva breaking callously from their lips as she gazed at them.

Aqua's eyes were hazed over with a glowing layer of scrambled lust and disgust, overstimulating and ravaging her mind to a point of excessive vulnerability. She *could* move, but deciding how was an endeavor her senses were unable to undertake. A crunched, acid-wrought can was held between her lips, functioning as an effective gag; it was coated in a rainbow of

fluids, intermingling in various states of digestion, the green of acids and brown of hayburgers diluting the other colors, from the unmistakable red of *meat* to light, almost glowing shades of mysterious blue, and everything in-between...

And most importantly, it shut the bitch up completely.

“Now, let's get you right where dumb *toys* like you belong,” the goat hummed, her malicious tone registering, but causing only a small shudder through Aqua's form as the goat's maw began to spread once more. Saliva was dripping like brittle stalactites from the roof of her maw, forming thick columns that blew and wavered in the hot, humid, belch-basted breath-

“*Se-ren-di-pi-ty!*” The disciplinary voice came from behind the goat, and made her groan, clapping her jaw shut as she gave Aqua an annoyed look. Aqua only considered herself blessed that the teeth snapped in front of her muzzle, the goat's lips close enough to drool on her own.

“Well, I was *going* to give you a few hours of fun in here, but,” Seren rolled her eyes, letting one of her hooves prod the sphere that hung beneath her, “looks like you're getting the express trip instead, *plug*.”

Aqua's eyes almost seemed relieved... until the massive, dark backside replaced the gaping maw. Two hooves twitched at the valley of the mountains, having been all but slurped inside through the tempest of internal movements, and Aqua bore witness to their eclipse.

Schhhuurrrllllp... there they went.

“What do you want?” Seren groaned, the sound practically echoing into Aqua's ears from over the canyons, which drizzled with an avalanche of poignant sweat.

There was a small moment of silence – mostly, as Seren's stomachs and intestines still noisily continued processing through all her fat. “What do you *think* I want? I already let you have *one* without saying anything,” the voice from in front continued, with the softness of a forest creek that had been angered by a torrential downpour.

Seren raspberried solely with her lips. “So? She's *into me*, so she doesn't count, Cherry,” the goat riposted, with a sly smirk as she worked her hips back just enough to graze Aqua's muzzle with the rippling jiggle of her cheeks, “plus, even if she wasn't, when has that ever fuckin' stopped me?”

“Seren, the last one was some student, *not* Aqua Gem,” Cherry chided angrily, “graduated top of her class? Renowned for her breakthrough studies on exotic aquatic creatures? *Literally* featured in the entrance hall we went through?”

Aqua couldn't see the frosty colored alpaca glancing to Seren's portly side for any vision of the half-kelpie, which was denied by her prodigious backside.

“Ugh, fine.” Seren groaned, rolling her eyes with a flickering grin while her tail flicked up. “You get a freebie and I’ll let the stupid famous pony go.”

Cherry was dumbfounded for a moment – negotiations with goats normally weren’t a success, and *especially* not this easily. She suspiciously eyed the capra with a blank expression. “Seriously?”

That was what Seren was – impatiently – waiting for. “Yeah, I’ll let her go – *right up my ass.*” Seren simply sat down with a mischievous grin. Aqua witnessed the imposing landslide of sweaty, fat goat butt cascading onto her face, which easily slid between the mammoth cheeks. She had no time to appreciate the soggy, pillowy orbs that crashed around her, since Seren only stopped with a catastrophic *thump* when her backside hit the ground.

Crrrrnnnkkkk...

Or more correctly, *smashed* Aqua’s thighs against the floor.

Aqua whimpered and cried as her body twitched, entombed in a duality of heat that matched her emotions. The soggy, *hefty* exterior of the goat soaked her back hooves, while the rest of her was jammed right past the yawning pucker, and into the oppressively hot colon. The goat’s insides were *sticky* with natural, clear fluid, and peppered her face with hissing bubbles of gas that worked around her solid form; there was a pain in her legs, but with so many swimming sensations it was hard to focus on any one.

“Seren,” Cherry cried, in desperate pleading, “you just *broke* her-”

“Yeah, I know,” Seren smirked, grinding her cheeks over Aqua’s exterior limbs, a series of pops and crackles drawing tears from the scientist inside as the colon clenched around her, and drew her deeper with a sucking *squooorrrch* from the pucker... and then pulse the opposite direction, blowing an airy *ppffnnnt* past her and making her sob further. “You know she’d have gotten the front if you didn’t butt in, right?” Seren quipped to the alpaca, who responded with a frustrated and – unfortunately - experienced groan.

“You’re incorrigible, Seren.”

The goat smiled, her glutes flexing rapidly and drawing the rest of Aqua’s shattered lower half into her, while the half-kelpie cried as she began to wind through the bends of her bowels. “I know,” she replied, bluntly, “you can have her back in a few hours if you-”

“No,” Cherry pushed a hoof against the goat’s chin to silence her – minus the look of victory on her face. “You can keep her, just... *please* don’t take another one.”

With that, the chubby alpaca admitted defeat to Seren’s ravenous appetite while she strode away, only able to mildly suppress the shudder that rocked through her when Seren called back. “No promises!”

The entire debacle was, of course, lost to Aqua deep within the undulating waves of flesh, which were illuminated by some strands of the volatile, natural muck. Despite how she had been crammed inside just after the former snack she had... his back hooves were nowhere to be seen, and his struggles unheard over the gastric groans. The remnants of the goat's digestive conquests were vile, many pieces glowing with ethereal fervor, the processed and digested souls of prey; were Aqua in any kind of state beyond *suffering*, it would have been an interesting study subject. Seren's colon lacked any kind of mercy towards these musing, even while the goat was sitting; it clamped down on Aqua's entirety – burning back hooves included -, and catapulted her forward in firm movements.

Crrnnkkk...

Firm *may* have been an understatement, at times, since Seren spent only a minute or two relaxing once her companion had left. No sooner had she returned to partying than Aqua found her experience further horrified when her captor began to dance – *again*. Naturally, it was met with cheers as the crowd adored her gut and hip-centric movements, which sloshed Aqua's world around constantly, not only causing the stomach to sway in waves from side to side, lurching the scientist along with them, but caused the half-kelpie to *roll*, unsure of which way up was within a moment or two. All she was sure of was that every painful clench brought her deeper to the source of the sizzling rumbles up ahead; she couldn't even feel the struggles of the other stallion who was sucked in before her, likely on an even more accelerated rhythm than she was...

A light *pffouurr* came from the goat's backside, something that had blown past Aqua minutes ago, but it still made the half-kelpie sob as any *positive* aspects of the goat's backside had given way to noxious suffering. After witnessing two fully grown ponies vanish inside, and barely making a small bulge – if even that - on the sagging potbelly... simply put, Seren had nothing hampering her movements, and plenty of velocity to mash Aqua's face into the yielding walls of intestine, which naturally clenched back, and sent her on a continuous back and forth.

It – mercifully, even if Aqua wouldn't know – only took two sets of the DJ's music to work through her bowels. The sludge that she trucked through became thicker as she approached the sphincter to the last, and most corrosive stomach Seren possessed; Aqua's intrusion into it was graced with a shudder along the goat's spine as she was mashed inside, the connecting valve spreading around the half-pony's muzzle and releasing a thick soup of gunk directly into Aqua's face, spreading around her like goop as she was drug inside, as if to replace it. Aqua let out a bubbling shriek as a few fragments of partially melted bones, and a macabre skull, coasted past her on the gastric current, many of them cracked, and likely from the pony that sifted through the same passage earlier.

Seren glanced down at her gut, and gave it a shake that blew Aqua through the sea of acids, jamming her into various objects that had little reason to be in *any* of Seren's stomachs. Cans like the one that Aqua still hadn't pried from her mouth, bones in various states of fragmentation, pens ('*Aren't... they toxic?*'), mangled bits of... plastic, or metal, or *Celestia knew*

what, covered in corroding acids that etched away at them in rancid patterns, all floating in a soup of semi-glowing gunk.

Once she breached the surface of the toxic liquid, she finally had some amount of space to *move*, even if she was up to her neck in the gastric tub. She spat the can out of her mouth, watching it fizzle as it hit the surface of the pool she was submerged into. Her lower hooves were still unusable, but by now were numb rather than painful; she, however, didn't feel the same sting that the metal did as it sank into the bubbling vat, a temporary benefit as there was certainly an *irritation* of acid.

She still whimpered and cried, pounding away at the walls desperately while Seren danced, every slosh of her belly sending another wave through her stomachs, and submerging Aqua in the muck for another few seconds. The impact of the melting metal wasn't painful – physically, at least, since it made Aqua's emotions scream on overdrive. The poor pony didn't get a break either when the sphincter above her opened up, and callously dumped a load of freshly processed goop right on top of her, filling the chamber enough to deny Aqua any ability to breathe...

Or maybe that *was* the fortunate break, all things considered – it was probably better than languishing for hours in the earlier stomachs... meanwhile, Seren just kept on with her swaying, working the center of attention as the party continued; she could feel the struggles peter out inside her, giving way to horrible cracks of bones breaking, reducing Aqua over the course of an hour or two into nothing but another – oddly – half-glowing mass of slop, and being pumped back along the way she came, albeit not before having a diligent, gut-based dance to work any of the melted, *normally* indigestible objects into the slurry.

Gwwrrrrnnnggglll... Seren sighed as she finally quit dancing for the night, drenched in perspiration – it practically left a trail of moisture behind her as it cascaded off her glutes. She could definitely feel her previous toys-

Fffooorrrrth.

... pounding through her. The goat shuddered slightly as her asshole winked open, leaving a gas bomb that ensured her performance was a finale for a while. It *also* told her that she needed to find the bathrooms – even if they would be small for her size...

“Fuckin' pony stalls...” Seren grumbled, as she jammed her hips against the wooden stalls; university bathrooms were far too stuffy, and her grumbling guts – not to mention Seren herself – was far too impatient to put up with them. She had barely managed to squeeze herself into the bathroom itself, and backing into the stall itself was proving to be a nightmare.

Crrnnncch...

The wood gave way with another shove from the goat, bending in a 'v' shape around her hindquarters, which rested in the middle of the stall as she rolled her eyes. "Whatever... you shits aren't gonna be my problem in ten minutes anyway." Seren complained, her thighs twitching to widen her stance as much as she could; her tail flicked up, and she let out a grunt before the impending storm.

The deluge of former Aqua was mixed with bones, both from her and the stallion butt-toy she had consumed, along with whatever had managed to meet her fourth stomach's clearance standards to pump in deeper. It was ungodly in all fashions, the wet contractions of her bowels sounding like swamp bubbles popping and bubbling as she vacated herself in the general direction of the toilet; inconsistent blasts of gas littered the expulsion, soiling the toilet with shrapnel.

The door to the bathroom creaked open, Seren glancing over to see who interrupted her serene dump, only to groan as the frosty colored alpaca let the door swing closed behind her.

"Did you *really* need to come in here?" Seren complained – the goat knew she couldn't exactly walk away from the alpaca in the middle of a shit, and knew that Cherry did too.

"No," Cherry smirked, as well as one could when within wafting distance of a goat's hind, "but when else can I moralize you without you running away?"

"It's called *ignoring* you, Cherry." Seren corrected, with a grunt, her exhaust plopping into the stall; parts of it were still glowing, like a fetid rainbow mixed with frothing mud.

"I know, and I'll keep it short so you can-"

Pffrrrrnnntttthooottt...

Clnnkkk.

A few seconds of a fetid fart shot a bone from Seren's puckered asshole, causing the goat to moan as she rudely interrupted the alpaca as the bone shattered against the porcelain, its chunks sinking into the growing pile below.

"... so we," Cherry continued, waving a hoof in front of her nose, "can get back to our enjoyments."

Seren's only reply were more squelching splatters from her backside, and a disappointed sigh – she could never get away from her friend's chiding.

"No more scientists." Cherry stated, bluntly. "I *know* I can't get your greedy self to stop completely, but do you know how few ponies are working on exotic aquatic research? You *literally* might have set the discipline back years."

“Fine, fine,” Seren reluctantly agreed, her tone mocking and innocent – if only because she knew Cherry would go on and on otherwise, “I *won't* eat any of the vital ones.”

Cherry stared at her for a moment. “I *said* scientists in general.”

“Yeah, and I said the world doesn't need more mathematicians or whatever theoretical, dumbass stuff ponies study.” Seren riposted again.

The two stared at each other, silen-

Pffrrnt...

Almost silently.

“You can take it *ooooorr* I can turn every biologist into an *expert* on Caprans.” Seren threatened with a deadpan expression that told the alpaca she was serious, which was met with a defeated sigh from her friend once again.

“Deal.” Cherry replied, dejected, before dryly continuing as she opened the bathroom door behind her. “Enjoy your dump.”

“One last thing,” Seren's hips wiggled slightly as she spoke, causing the stalls to crack even further, before caving in completely to each side of the goat. A wet smack sent a trill through her spine as Cherry was forced to look back and address the goat, who was more concerned with her dump than the destruction. “Can ya send in a *bitch* to wipe?”

The alpaca nearly gagged at the suggestion, but nodded, if only because she knew an ask like that was more of a demand than anything, and likely attached to any tenuous respect Seren would show to their previous agreement.

Seren smirked, in a way that she knew could be *felt* through her tone as she made one last quip. “Thanks, you're *such* a good *friend*, Cherry.”