

The Accidental Snack [Feral, Vore, Filthy]

By Indighost, May 2022, lavender.spectre@gmail.com

Note: This is a fictional, filthy, furry fetish fantasy story.

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Mirabel, a patchy she-goat spotted with black, white and red fur, held her furry head low, quite close to the wooden door's keyhole as her little house-mouse friend, Alexander, pushed and squeezed his tiny little flexible body through the tiny crack between the door and the frame.

It was night, however, and, blinking, Mirabel could hear the engine of the farmers' car returning from their trip into town, even from far down the road—the family of farmers who owned them and did not want them breaking in to their house at night. She flicked her floppy ear.

“Hurry!” She whispered to the tiny creature.

“Almost....Got it!” He squeaked. “Okay, now just push your horn through the handle and pull—Yes!” She grinned as could feel his scampering feet hop back into his comfortable seat on top of her fuzzy head.

Creeeak...

The door to the farmhouse pantry annex swung open—and what a sight it was.

“Wooow!”

Mirabel couldn't help but gasp out loud as she trotted right in on four hooves, her big udder swaying between her back thighs.

In this room, there were shelves and shelves of sparkling, colorful things—most of them, she knew to be delicious food—cereals, sacks of rice, dried sausages on strings, canned things, jars of pickles, boxes of something, shiny bottles of blue liquid in various sizes....

“Alexander, you're a *genius*! I could have never figured out how to get in here, without you!”

“Haha, well, with a friend like you, Mirabel, we can do anything!”

She felt his tiny paw go *pat-pat* on her head.

“Wh...where do we even start? There's so much *food*! And we have to hurry—the farmers will be home soon!”

“Hmm...” The mouse sounded so surprisingly calm, even though Mirabel's mouth was watering and her usual pot-belly felt positively tingly with excitement.

“Lift me up to that shelf there, looks like they have cheese wheels.” His voice was so calm and collected, but Mirabel felt her mind grow almost hazy with hunger. Usually, she never got to eat anything more exciting than grass and flowers—and this stuff smelled fantastic in so many different ways!

Mirabel dutifully lifted him up, whereupon her big slot-shaped eyes and soft nose were filled with the sights and scents of well-aged cheese.

The mouse hopped off and got straight to gnawing, while Mirabel herself extended her furry neck, turned her head to the side, and took as big, huge bites into the waxy-sealed cheese as she could. The wax tasted okay, but the cheese 's flavor was amazing.

“Mmf—Mmf! This is—*gulp*—Oh man, Alex, I got to try everything here!”

“Haha, enjoy yourself! How much time do you think we have?”

“Mmf—Not more than five minutes before they get back into the house—Mmg—*chomp*—*glup*—Better get all the food we can!”

Mirabel was trying to taste everything she could, all the different little shapes and flavors of things. Some of them tasted more like food than others—the oranges and lemons were lovely, the sausages tasted fun, but there were other things she didn’t recognize, but had to taste and swallow at least one of everything—they were all so new and fun, and felt so slippery-smooth in her mouth and throat.

She particularly loved slurping up and swallowing down the smooth, clean plastic squares and noodly rubber wires in the electronics basket, and took great pleasure in chomping on and gulping down small plastic bottles of dish soap, and then a dish full of cigarette cartons and lighters. They were all so yummy-smooth and tasty and made her belly feel nice and heavy.

Amid all the munching and rustling they were making, and with the open door behind them, they heard a few *clop-clop* sounds of an approaching ungulate.

With a quick glance over her shoulder after swallowing down a mouthful of colorful little rubber coated paperclips, Mirabel blinked and flicked her tail.

“Oh, hey June.”

The rather large jenny, or female donkey, nodded casually, her gaze sliding over Mirabel’s pink hindquarters and the dairy-goat’s dangling, big-teated pink udder as the goat gorged herself, filling her cheeks with whatever was on the shelves and then swallowing breathlessly.

“You guys got the door open. Pretty cool.”

“Mm hmh—hm—*burrrp*—Yeah—help yourself while you can.”

“Heh. Thanks Mirabel.” The quite donkey blushed, then turned her head down to where sacks of rice, oats, and corn were piled. She immediately tore these open with her strong equine bite and began chowing down.

They were all lost for a moment in glorious munching and gnawing and *gulp*-ing, of enjoying the delights of which they could not previously imagine in their existence of muddy farmyard slavery—here was more of each animal’s favorite food than they would ever need—grains for the donkey, cheese for the mouse, and junk for the goat—and their only limit was time.

Mirabel chowed down on dried meats, devoured a basket of fresh sweet peppers, tasted and sucked down several devilishly smooth plastic bottles, licked, sucked, and swallowed a variety of extra bits of nuts, bolts and spare parts, enjoyed many bites from a bushel of dry corn, and sampled delicious silky underwear treats from the human family’s laundry basket, and plenty more things besides, gobbling one of everything she could reach, overjoyed with the full variety of flavors in this room.

Mirabel was clearing out the last of the fifth shelf she could see—her belly starting to feel heavy and swingy beneath her—when they heard the front door creak, and the chatter of humans entering the home.

“Oh shit!” Mirabel bleated. “Guys, we have to—mm—*urrrp*—clear out!”

She took several cautious hoofsteps backwards, and bumped her big rump and raised tail into the flank of June, the big donkey, feeling her tender pink vulva and tail-hole brush up and squish against the donkey’s short, soft fur.

“Oof!” June blinked, countless crumbs falling from her plush equine lips. “Go time, huh?”

“Yes, go time! Go! Shoo! They won’t know it was us!”

“Y-yes ma’am. Mm—*urrrp*.” The large donkey, her own belly bloated and gurgling, trotted out into the warm summer night, her tummy big, round and pregnant with grain, sloshing gently and swaying to and fro, her tall ears lazy.

Mirabel was about to follow the donkey outside and go hide in the barn among the dairy-cows, when she heard a sudden

Snap!

...from behind her that made her ears prick up.

The worried goat whirled around.

“Alexander! Are you there? We have to leave!”

She didn’t immediately see the mouse, but heard a telltale squeak from further in the house—around the corner, leading from this pantry area to the hall, where the humans lived.

Mirabel took a few cautious hoofsteps forward, her stomach cramping painfully due to (she thought) worry.

“Oh ho ho, ya hear that? Another of those damn *mice* caught in my traps.” It was the voice of the mother human.

Traps? Thought the stuffed goat with alarm.

“Nooo, mama, don’t kill ‘em!” A young human boy’s voice.

“Now, sonny, listen to yer mom...” The father’s voice.

“He’s gonna get away if we don’t squish ‘im now! I’m telling you, they shit all over our pantry!” The human mother sounded angry.

The whole human family was arguing, but clearly time was short.

Mirabel curled her long-ish neck around the corner of the hall. At the end of it she could see the glaring human mother, two boys, and tired-looking father.

But then she looked down.

“Oh no, Alexander! I’ll save you!”

“P-please...help...” The little mouse was desperate, with his tail-tip caught bruised in a mouse trap. He was shivering and frightened.

Grunting, Mirabel squatted down—her goods-bloated belly squashing against the step up from the pantry to the hall with a little *Gloosh*—and after having little success bashing the trap’s mechanism with her hoof, finally chewed the thing off and spat it away, freeing her tiny friend.

He still seemed dazed from the traumatic experience of the mouse-trap, however, stumbling around in the hall.

“Come onnnnnn, Alex, we gotta go! We don’t have time!”

“Oh—okay—okay...”

“What—Is that my new dairy-goat in the pantry?” The human mother’s shrill, angry voice rang out.

The woman glared directly at Mirabel, who didn’t particularly like her. She leaned down and tried to help Alex escape.

“C’mon, hop on my head! Fast!”

“Oh—okay—I’ll—hh....”

The enfeebled mouse tried to climb up onto the goat’s lowered head, but the impact of the trap left him too shellshocked to do so successfully.

“What—if it isn’t that damn Mirabel causin’ trouble again, I swear—Mirabel! Hey! Get outta here!”

“Now, Susan, they’re just animals—“ The husband tried to placate his wife’s rage.

The angry human mother grabbed a broom and began to hasten towards the dairy goat.

The goat for her part bleated in alarm, and, not knowing what else to do, gathered the tired little mouse up in her soft grazing lips, tucking him into her cheek with her warm tongue, smothering him in warmth and wetness.

The farmer matron had by now rushed over and was shouting at the embarrassed goat.

“Go on out of here, get—wait—what’s that in your mouth?”

Oh, no, Mirabel thought.

She tried to twist away—tried—but the human’s hands were so dexterous. They grabbed her by the cheeks and tried to pry her jaws apart.

She could feel poor Alex tumbling around in her soft mouth, but she had to keep trying to turn her head away. *Maybe if I can spit him out onto a shelf..*

The floppy-eared goat squinted, and tried to situate the wriggling little mouse on the base of her tongue, for maximum spring, aiming for a high shelf with old shoes on it where she knew he’d be safe until—

“I know yer weak spot, little lady, ‘cause you were bred to have big, fat, sensitive tits—“

The human woman suddenly grabbed one of two of Mirabel’s, big, long, sensitive teats on her fat udder.

“Hhh!” She gasped suddenly, opening her mouth, in shock, squirting a bit of milk.

“Well, I’ll be damned, a mouse in the goat’s mouth! “

The human reached.

Mirabel blinked, shut her mouth, and jumped back

“Mm—*Gulk~...*”

She had...*swallowed*. *Swallowed* him! Her best friend! Down her throat...down...down...she kept feeling him.

Crying tears of shock and regret, Mirabel leapt and galloped out into the night, her bloated belly swaying and cramping painfully with its big load.

She kept running, leaping over the pasture fences, feeling the tiny lump slip down, down...until she couldn’t quite feel it...but what she could feel, was indigestion. A bad case.

Grrrowll...!

Her upset belly wailed inside her.

Mirabel gazed longingly at the pine-covered hills. Wouldn’t it be great to just run away and just be *free...*

Glurrgg!

“Owwh... my tummy...”

Cringing and belching, Mirabel trotted shamefully back to the barn, where June, the donkey, was standing just outside, casually chewing on some dandelions, the donkey still filling her already swollen belly.

“You’re still eating? Oh brother...” Mirabel groaned as she slumped down next to where June was standing calmly. “My tummy hurts like hell. I think I must have eaten something—*Urrrp*—something really not good...”

“Well, you did seem to be eating everything on the shelf,” June said, chewing calmly. “Are you gonna throw up?”

“Ooogh...” Mirabel wailed in complaint and flopped on her side, her bloated belly revealing several odd shapes trapped within. She flicked her tail against the dirt.

Glooorbbt! Her stomach emitted an embarrassing warble that made several cows and horses glance over, further embarrassing her.

“I probably *should...*”

“Oh, and by the way, where’s your little friend? I wanted to thank him—I’ve never eaten so many tasty grains in my life.”

Should I tell her? It’s so embarrassing... Will she think I ate him on purpose? Oh, this situation is the worst!

“He’s, um...kinda busy right now....*burrp...*”

“Human food isn’t good for your body,” Put in a bull in a stall nearby.

A cow nodded.

“You’ll be feeling that pain for weeks if you don’t eat right. I recommend eating some nice fresh carrots.”

“Oofh....” *Gluuurk~!*

Mirabel cringed in pain as her bloated stomach cramped and shuddered.

She wobbled up to her hooves and stumbled towards where the farmers had filled a trough with fresh-cut sweet carrots, and tried to force herself to chew and swallow a few mouthfuls, struggling to belch between each bite, trying to do anything to lessen the rumbling indigestion seated deep in her warm goat-belly—and the guilt of having accidentally gulped down a dear friend.

I sure hope he’s okay in my tummy... Mirabel blinked as she chewed and gulped down another mouthful of crunchy root vegetable. *But maybe it’s better if I don’t tell anyone...they might just..forget...*

“Um...Mirabel?” A squeaky high-pitched voice called.

The goat gulped, swallowed the grass in her mouth, blinked and turned towards the small, rather mousey accent.

There in the dust was Tina, Alex’s sister, a mouse just like him!

Mirabel felt positively sick at the sight of her.

“Do you know where my brother is? He’s usually home by now, and I know you two play with each other a lot. I’m worried about him.”

“Umm....” Her bloated belly emitted a long, loud, whiny gurgle that drew the mouse’s attention.

Gwwwwrrllll~

“Owwh...” The goat wailed at the digestive pain.

“Are you okay, Mirabel?”

“My stomach hurts...” Mirabel whimpered.

The little mouse-doe blinked and stared at the goat’s bloated, lumpy middle.

* * *

Inside of the goat’s jumbled fore-gut, things were dark, hot and sticky, and quite chaotic.

Alex the mouse had at first shouted himself hoarse trying to call out Mirabel’s name, but though his squeaks echoed in her churning, packed, groaning stomach, she did not seem to be able to hear.

“Just my luck,” the breathless little mouse sighed, trying to climb onto a mound of hard cheese and wax resting in a side-lobe of his best friend’s big, slimy, warm stomach. “We finally manage to sneak into the pantry, and next thing I know I’m accidentally swallowed alive by my best friend, and I don’t even have any way to communicate with her...”

Glop—Gloop—Plut~

The stomach shifted and churned, and suddenly the little bit of free space here was filled with saliva-sticky bundles of barely-chewed carrots.

“Damn it , Mirabel, stop eating!” He shouted in frustration, kicking the soft, warm, slimy gut-wall, which whined plaintively back at him as he was tossed around among carrot chunks, melting cheese, sausages, candles, and—

“Wait, candles?” He grabbed on to the wick of a fresh-made candle that Mirabel had apparently swallowed, and used it to pull himself into a safe, tucked-away pocket of the gut, near what he guessed was the orifice leading to her second stomach. “Candles don’t belong inside anyone’s belly,” he mused, pushing apart wet, aggressive curtains of slimy warm flesh that were trying to squish him. “Wax is totally indigestible...but...Hmm...I know she does occasionally swallow things simply for the fun of it...she is a goat, after all...I wonder if there’s something here I **Can** use to help myself escape...”

Grunting and pushing around, he used the relatively firm candle to prop open and barricade a little free space inside Mirabel’s busy tummy – a small temporary home, of sorts – and then began to push, dig, and shift around the massive pile of food that her stomach was struggling to deal with, looking for something he could use to effect an escape.

“Wax won’t stay solid for long...I could really use something more like a knife...Aha!”

Something sparkled in the oozing, heated gloom before him, and he reached out his little mousy paws to grab it.

* * *

“You WHAT?!”

“I...I....Hhh....”

Mirabel squinted as her belly emitted another long, angry groan—she could distinctly feel something squirming inside of her now—

Grrrrroannn...

“I accidentally swallowed your brother and now he’s inside my tummy and he’s doing something inside me and it really hurts and I’m sorry and please help me get him out—*HURRRP—!*”

The tiny female house-mouse was bowled over by the foul blast of Mirabel's belch.

"How *could* you!?" She squeaked in rage, crying hot tears.

June, the big donkey-mare, had trotted over and was watching all of this with calm, curious equine eyes.

"I—I don't know! *Urrp!* It was an accident, I was trying to hide him in my mouth from that stupid mean farmer lady who caught him in a trap, and then—I don't know—he tickled my throat, and I just—"

"Mice don't belong in mouths!!"

"Okay, okay! Please, just—maybe you can talk to him or something? Tell him to—"

Gloop...

"Ohno—he's pulling something—I can feel it—not good—Oooh—*bhurp*—please..."

The goat was rolling around from side to side in the dust, her bloated belly and swollen, veiny pink udders flopping and sloshing back and forth. The curious donkey leaned down to sniff the dairy-goat's swollen teats, then licked her lips.

Tina was exasperated.

"All right, just hold still!" She squeaked. "I'll put my ear up against your belly and try to talk to him."

"Please—Oogh—Quickly!"

* * *

Smothered within the warm, dark, slimy fore-gut of the goat, Alex had found some sort of shiny metal ring beneath a mound of half-chewed carrots and was tug, tug, tugging on it, making the whole fleshy chamber surrounding him rumble and groan in complaint.

With a huge *SCHLORP* sound, he yanked his new prize into the safe pocket of stomach he'd found:

"A human key-ring!" he exclaimed, amazed. Wiping off bits of pepper, grass, and old plastic shards that Mirabel's stomach had churned and slathered on to the faces of the keys, he admired the clear plastic labels for *Garage, Car, Truck, Tractor, Shed, and Pantry*. "This must be giving your stomach quite some pain, being in here," he said as he worked to slide off the key labeled *Tractor* from the ring, while an increasing tide of mushy carrot-chunks sloshed around his legs and waist. "But it just might be my ticket out!"

The little mouse let the remaining keys fall and submerge into the goat's stomach-mush with a *Gloosh* and turned to the nearest undulating, oozing flesh-wall, brandishing this key like a sword. "Sorry Mirabel, this might hurt a bit."

And with that, he began to thrust and slash at the walls of her rumen or first stomach.

* * *

Tina, a little female mouse only a few years older than her brother, cringed as sudden sharp lumps appeared, disappeared, then appeared again nearby, on the surface of the goat's bloated furry underbelly, near her ribs.

"Ow—Ow—Make it stop, wagh..." Mirabel whimpered, trying to hold still as Tina pressed her tiny mouse-paws to the goat's furry skin, and shouted against it:

"Alex, alex—are you in there?"

"Huh? Tina? Yes, I'm—Oof—Right here, although this stomach is working hard to digest me!" His voice came muffled through the flesh, along with a loud and noisy

GLRRRRTT

Mirabel panted with relief as the internal stabs with the brass key stopped briefly. She could feel her multiple stomachs working hard, trying to squeeze along all of her massive feast along to each item's proper digestive chamber while under constant discomfort.

"Okay, well—Alex, we're going to get you out of there!"

Tina glanced back—at this point, many of the local farm and wild animals nearby were curious about the commotion and had lined up to watch.

"Good! I'll try to make her vomit from in here—you wouldn't believe the kind of stuff that's sitting in her stomach, Tina! It's like a slimy junk yard in here!"

Looking again, Tina tried to think of a solution.

There were many animals watching now: June the donkey, Maria the hen, Jason the rooster, Tony and Darcy the sheep, Burt the stallion, Gabby and Hannah, two cows, and several curious crows that were flocking in—and there was Walter, the local garter snake.

A garter snake! The perfect shape and size, Tina thought.

"You!" Tina pointed at Walter, the small, short black-and-yellow striped snake, who had been chasing a tired june beetle. The snake immediately looked uneasy and turned to slip away, but all the other animals got the idea quickly.

The hens pecked, the stallion stamped, the sheep clustered and bleated, and the donkey leaned down and snorted. None of them liked snakes!

The uneasy snake slithered towards the bloated, moaning goat and the little mouse-doe, Tina.

"You w-want me to do, what exactly?"

"You're going to go *inside* Miss Mirabel here, and rescue my brother!"

"W-*What?*" He sputtered, looking at the belching, groaning goat and her bloated, lumpy stomach.

"Inside?!"

"We'll hold your tail," said June calmly, lifting her hoof over the nervous reptile.

* * *

Alex leaned against the goat's stomach lining, feeling hot, soporific fleshy lobes start to close around him again, making him feel tired.

He could hear a bunch of animal noises from outside but nothing clear.

Gloop...

The goat's stomach made a sudden spasm, and the key he'd been holding was sucked away from him.

"H-Hey--!" He briefly saw a flash of other swallowed items—nuts and bolts, and apparently a golden necklace, but they were soon buried under the massive mound of chewed carrots in the rumen.

Grrr... The goat's stomach gurgled aggressively around him, slapping him with warm meat-flaps.

"You'll never digest me!" he shouted defiantly, telling himself that he wasn't melting and wasn't tired.

Then, he heard Tina's voice.

"Okay, Alex! Go to the stomach entrance. We're sending Walter in to pull you out!"

"W-But—I don't—"

GLOOORT!!

The belly clenched him, painfully now, and Alex gritted his little mouse teeth. He pulled his tail around himself and resolved to slog his way around Mirabel's rumen, and to find the sphincter by which he'd first entered the goat's stomach when she swallowed him. But the memory—not to mention current

circumstances—was all a bit of a blur, and all of Mirabel’s inner fleshy rings, flaps, wrinkles and lobes looked all the same...

Alex grunted and shoved aside cucumber chunks, slices of heavily peppered beef jerky, and what seemed like a slime-coated spark plug, until he found the winking, puckered orifice that he believed represented the way to Mirabel’s throat.

“Okay, guys,” he said as he gripped nearby flaps. “Let’s hope being pulled out by a snake isn’t as bad an idea as it sounds....”

Ghulp~...

He could hear the sound of his best friend swallowing *something* down to join him, but then when he heard an echoing

Splurt!

And someone shouting “Alex, alex! Are you in here—Oof!” from **behind** him, Alex suddenly realized his mistake.

“Walter, walter I’m here—“

Glurt!

A heavy, slimy swallowed sausage slapped him in the back of the head. Dazed, he found himself pressed against the pinched valve leading to Mirabel’s second stomach—her reticulum—and, borne on a tide of vegetable mash and pushed by heavy chunks of salted meat, that orifice rapidly swallowed him up and gulped him down with a

Glorp-schlorp!

* * *

June rested her hoof lightly on the little tail of the garter snake, while everyone watched as the cringing goat alternately tried to swallow down his thin, slithery body, and belched up excess gas around him.

“Nn-*gllp*—hnnh—Urrp—*ffh---gllp*”

“I---I think it’s working okay—“ Tina stepped back and commented hopefully.

Everyone could see faint indentations of the snake’s wriggling head and body slithering around inside her fore-stomach, searching.

It was at this point that June, the donkey, curious, had leaned forward and just slightly brushed her lips against the dairy-goat’s temptingly engorged, long and girthy udder-teats.

The goat’s eyes suddenly went wide, her whole body jerked and—

Ghulp!

She swallowed the snake entirely—tail and all—yanking him out from under June’s hoof.

Everyone gasped and stared.

The goat, glaring at the donkey, wobbled to her feet, green in the cheeks, belching glassily, and moaned: “I feel sick...really sick...I’m gonna throw....Oogh...*hurrrp....*”

Everyone backed away, whispering: “She’s going to vomit! She’s going to throw up!”

Rhythmic spasms of retching and heaving possessed the she-goat, her whole body thrusting itself forward and back, her open mouth slack and drooling, her rebellious belly and fat udders swaying—
“Hrrh...Hurrh...HLLLLLCK--!”

A thick, sloppy jet of brownish-pink mess rocketed out of her sick throat, splattering into the dust.

Everyone rushed forward to see what she had vomited, while the exhausted goat sat back, coughing and resting, her still-big belly gurgling resentfully.

The hens pecked at several kernels of corn they found in the goat’s vomit, while one of the cows-- Gabby--pawed through some half-digested pumpkin meat.

Everyone gasped again as something revealed itself:
A shiny brass key labeled “Tractor”, and a pile of little metal screw-bolts.

“Look what she’s been eating!” The cows whispered to each other.

“Mommy, look at that gross stuff that was in Mirabel’s tummy!” A baby chick exclaimed to its mother hen.

“I’ll bet you feel much better now,” said June, the little donkey, to an embarrassed and annoyed Mirabel the goat.

“Well—my stomach feels a little better—but YOU bothered me by nipping my udder and YOU made me throw up and I liked having those things in my tummy and you Still haven’t gotten out Alex! He’s still stuck inside my tummy, somewhere!”

Mirabel glared at the big, impassive donkey and stamped her hoof, making June blink and put her ears back.

“Let me listen again,” offered Tina.

Mirabel sighed and lay down again so she could try, but no matter where she pressed her big soft mouse ear, all she could hear were gurgles, glorps and groans of digestion.

“I don’t...”

“No, put your ear further back—lower on her belly,” advised June as most of the other animals turned away, satisfied that the disliked snake had been taken care of.

While they were distracted, Mirabel quickly extended her long neck to lick up and re-swallow down all of the stuff she had just vomited out upon the grass—*Gulp, glup—That metal tastes so nice!*

“I think—I think I can almost hear—”

“Hey!” Mirabel exclaimed as she felt the mouse’s twitching nose brush up against her swollen, tender udder. “Don’t touch that part of me, that’s private.”

The donkey looked skeptically at her.

“Private? Aren’t you a dairy goat? Don’t they milk you all the time?”

“They gave me hormones but I REFUSE to be milked! I’m special, Alex told me so,” she said proudly.

* * *

Deep inside the goat’s second stomach, her reticulum, designed for fermenting food into mush and squeezing it into clumps for further digestion, Alex and the garter snake Walter fought against churning motions to find a safe pocket of the stomach to rest in.

After much fighting with sloppy balls of swallowed meat and corn and potatoes, they managed to climb up on top of what seemed like part of a big plastic bottle, sitting in her gut. Behind it, in what appeared to be a pouch formed by the heavy weight and long tenure of its contents, was a little gut-sack piled with objects that seemed to have accumulated here for their inability to pass through the goat's innards: rusty spoons, tarnished coins, grape stems, rubber gloves, an eye-dropper.

"Damn...." Exclaimed the snake, wobbling as he slithered over the stuff and dislodged several coins, which fell back into the reticulum and were swept along with the mushy balls of food through an orifice to the third stomach.

"Why does she even eat this stuff?" he asked, very skeptical as he searched through it with his tail-tip, looking for anything useful. "Is her brain just stupid or something?" He cringed and shook his head as a drop of digestive ooze dripped on to it.

"No! Mirabel is just a very sensual and curious person," Alex replied, feeling defensive. "She just loves to feel and taste things."

With a grunt, he pulled out a tea-spoon and used it to dig out some slimy object, which appeared to be the half-digested corpse of a rat. Both males cringed and they tossed it away into the main stomach with a *glunk*.

"You say that like you wanna *date* her, though! She's like three hundred times bigger than you, dude! Give up, already. How could you even *please* her?"

Alex glared. "Plenty of ways! I could, like....rub her vagina, or...her udder is pretty sensitive...."

"I don't know, mouse. Better to stay in your size-lane. Like , maybe you could swing a rabbit , but...Hey, what's this?"

The snake gestured with its tail.

"That's...that's the cap of this bottle!"

"Looks like it's..." The snake scraped away some slimy old rubber bands with its tail. "Dishwasher detergent?"

"Perfect! I'm so glad you swallowed this bottle of liquid soap, Mirabel!" He shouted, and eagerly used all four paws to open the cap of the mini-bottle of dish detergent with a Pop. Thick blue liquid began to pour out, and immediately started to bubble and form suds in the sticky , churning, sloshing environment of the goat's reticulum. "Aren't you glad too, Walter? If you were eaten by a more picky monster, you might not have such luck!"

"I never wanted to be inside *ANYONE*'s belly, much less a smelly, filthy goat-gut!" He laughed. "C'mon, let's squeeze all the soap out of this, and really clean out this gut, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah!"

* * *

Tina, meanwhile, had sat back and was thinking, when the goat's innards began to whine and wail once more.

Glooorbb! Wuuurll!

"Uh oh...That feels really wrong...they're doing something inside me, June, please help!" The goat wailed.

The donkey leaned in and nuzzled the goat's warm stomach, and the goat nuzzled her back.

The two ungulates exchanged glances. The donkey blushed and then turned to the mouse.

"Um...What do you think we should do next, Tina?" the donkey asked the mouse.

"I've been thinking about this," Tina explained, raising her little paw. "The snake was the right idea—it made her vomit just a bit. But we need something like that, but, like, **More.**"

"More?" Mirabel blinked.

Glorp-orp-up...

"Oh no..." Mirabel whimpered. The mouse doe, goat and donkey could all plainly see Mirabel's belly starting to rapidly bloat outwards. "They're hurting my insides—Oogh—**HUURRPT!**"

With a huge belch, the goat's stomach shuddered, and a big clump of soap bubbles floated out of her mouth into the air.

"Soap!?" The donkey and mouse exclaimed.

"It hurts...please—**BURRP!**" Another massive belch and a big pile of soap suds filled Mirabel's mouth and then poured into the air.

"Since when did you swallow a—"

Glurrrk—

"Oh no—" Mirabel blushed and squinted as—

Frrpt~

Her tail lifted, her hindquarters flapped and wobbled as she emitted a long, gassy, soap-bubbly fart from her rump.

"Please—**Hrrrp---Urrp—**Do something, guys—**Urrrp~!**"

It was all Mirabel could do to keep from bursting, to constantly belch out bitter soap suds and press out irritatingly soapy flatulence.

The suffering goat whimpered, and the donkey nuzzled her affectionately and gave her a few licks to her neck for comfort's sake.

"Okay, okay, I got it!" Tina hopped up and down. "We just need something long and thin, but like, longer, and not quite so thin, and not as easy to lose control of as a snake..."

She turned and surveyed the barnyard animals from her low-to-the-ground perspective.

She first glanced up at June the donkey's stubby little grey teats, each around the size of a mouse.

"Too small..."

June blinked.

She glanced at the two gossiping cows and their big udders, each teat the size of three mice.

"Still not big enough...."

Then, Tina saw Burt, the dark-furred stallion with his immense, very long penis, half-erect the size of eight mice, his dark face eagerly watching the bloated goat.

"I've got it! Mirabel, you're going to swallow Burt's penis, and he'll push it around to stop whatever they're doing in your stomach, and make you throw up. Sound good, Burt?"

The dark stallion smiled and nodded, flexing his attention-starved cock to full 12+ inch erection with a few quick bounces.

"Yep!"

He trotted forward from his stall and nudged his huge, long penis against the side of Mirabel's face, while she belched and spat soap suds, and June helped lick away the suds dribbling from her winking, sputtering pink anus.

Looking at her in profile, the horse's mostly-erect penis reached from the goat's nose to her rear haunches.

“Plenty long enough,” Tina declared proudly. “Okay, Mirabel. If you want your stomach pumped for good, open your mouth and *swallow that penis!*”

“Well, it doesn’t smell good, but okay I—HURRP!—I guess...”

Mirabel, belching up bubbles that floated away and irritated her throat painfully, was ready to do anything. Positioning herself beneath the stallion’s underbelly, she opened her mouth and took in his big, fleshy penis into her warm, soft goat-lips.

Mmm...actually tastes kind of like those sausages in the pantry, she thought, sucking and licking the tip, hearing the stallion snort.

“Smmg lff sff if nffh?”

She tried to ask, but just then the stallion bucked his hips and *bashed* his cum-dribbling cock against the back of her throat.

“MMff---KKkkc—gullllp!”

Mirabel the goat’s neck absolutely bulged and stretched to accommodate and swallow down the massive girth of the male horse’s musky, sweaty, greasy penis, pushing its way towards her warm, wet stomach.

* * *

Meanwhile inside the goat’s groaning belly, Alex and Walter were high-tailing each other on a job well done. After stirring up the soap with a spoon, they could see all the goat’s digestive orifices go slack with the irritating chemicals and suds flowing out of this gut from both ends. They were simply debating which exit to use to ride to freedom when they began to hear a strange sound.

Sgulp...Shlop...Slam..SLAM, SLAM!!

The goat’s entire digestive system shuddered as an immense force was slamming into it from somewhere!

“What the fuck—Whoa!”

Mirabel’s safe little purse-gut—where all her misbegotten treasures were stored among her stomachs—was violently smashed and turned inside out by the massive size, penetrating shape and immense force of the horse’s penis forcing its way into her first stomach. Even though the cock-tip didn’t reach here, it pushed away her flexible, soft inner walls—and other soft organs like her lungs and liver—just to prevent anything breaking or ripping!

Alex and Walter were sent tumbling into the stew of messy gut-contents: old coins now mixing with carrot-mush, spark plugs, chewed cucumbers, soap suds and more unidentifiable mess...Alex hit his head and lost consciousness as he saw a tight, hungry-looking puckered sphincter grasp him and *Gulp* him deeper into the goat’s third stomach...

* * *

June was cringing, watching as Mirabel’s eyes went wide as the horse’s violent sexual thrusts pushed faster and faster and harder and deeper into the goat’s first, then second stomach, and perhaps third.

“Ggg-Hggg—Gff—“ Mirabel could only gurgle.

“M-Maybe that’s enough, to make her throw up,” June suggested. “Hey—Hey Burt—You can come now. Come now.” She nudged his heavy testicles, giving them a very gentle nip.

“Oh—Hokay,” Burt agreed, but when June’s teeth brushed his tender, dangling balls, his eyelashes fluttered and he came indeed.

The stallion’s massive, dangling brown-leather testicles clenched, then his whole body began to shake and spasm as his penis squirted massive hot, sticky loads of fresh, fertile horse-semen directly into the goat’s stomach.

Sqloort—Splurt—Sqilt—

Everyone watching could see the goat’s belly swell significantly with each spasmodic ejaculation of hot, thick semen into her warm, squeezing belly.

“Hgg-Hrrk—” The goat seemed to be choking.

“Ss-so good...” The stallion’s eyes rolled back, he just couldn’t stop coming. “Those tummy *juices*...Better than any p-pussy—hahh...”

Splurt—Squirt—Splut—

The goat’s abdomen had now swelled larger than it had ever been even right after she’d devoured everything she could reach in the pantry. She was incredibly full of horse sperm, and it kept on squirting right into her swelling tummy.

“Uh oh...maybe this wasn’t a good idea...” Tina cringed.

She’s gonna explode, June realized, and trotted forward. “Hey Burt—Stop. Pull out!”

“T-too good,” he breathed. “T-tingly tummy juice—So slimy—Hahh—”

Squirt—

Frrpt!~

Mirabel involuntarily farted again a sudden jet of soap suds squirting out from her rear, as all other space inside her digestive system was simply flooded with sticky, thick, salty sperm, and food, and swallowed objects.

“Damn it, Burt!”

Taking action, June leaned forward and gave Burt a very hard *chomp* right on the testicles.

He yelped, and yanked his penis out immediately, the big sausage-like thing now soft, flaccid, and dripping into the dust.

Mirabel coughed fitfully, while June ambled over and licked the goat’s face clean of extra strings and spurts of semen.

Tina scampered over too, dodging the huge puddles of sticky whitish goop.

“That sure is a lot of sperm...”

The goat sighed, and leaned against the fuzzy donkey for a moment.

“Feel any better, Mirabel?” Asked the goat.

“Well, I just feel kind of *stuffed* right now....not quite *ill* as such...so I guess, that’s an improvement...”

Gluurg...

Then, Mirabel’s bloated belly emitted a tell-tale wail.

“Or wait....Ooogh....*bhurrp*...”

As the stallion shuffled shamefully away back into his stall, shivering from the fresh bite-mark on his precious scrotum, Tina and June watched curiously as the goat’s cum-bloated belly rumbled uncomfortably, and large shapes began to shift around visibly inside it.

“Ohh...ohfuck...hurrp..” Mirabel belched noisily and spatters of cum-juice moistened the dusty floor of the barn.

“Is she gonna...” Tina breathed.

“Yup,” said June, watching.

Then, her muscles adopted the familiar rhythm of pre-vomiting. This time, however, whatever her gut was rejecting was buried far deeper, so the convulsions grew rather violent and noisy.

Her eyes wide, her legs clenched, she began to heave uncontrollably:

“Hurg—Glurrk—Hurllk---Hrrrk—Hllch~!”

Splat...clatter.

June and Tina peered forward to see the goat vomit out a rather sizeable, semen-smeared plastic object. As the horse-sperm dripped off, they could see it had a bright label and contained small amounts of a blue fluid.

“A bottle of dish soap!”

“Mirabel, how did you even *swallow* that?”

“I dunno, it tasted good! Ugh....I need a rest...” The goat coughed.

“Let’s go sit over behind the big oak tree in the meadow,” June offered. “Away from all these gawkers.”

“Really?” Mirabel looked up to her and swished her tail. “You can open the fence?”

“I know a way,” June brayed, grinning.

“Hey, wait!” Tina squeaked. “You can’t rest, my nephew’s still inside your tummy! You might digest him!”

Mirabel sighed in regret again, and June said to Tina,

“You can come, Tina, but we have to let Mirabel rest a bit.”

Frustrated, Tina said “Hmph,” but followed along with them.

June nosed a section of fence-post apart, and let the other two animals out of the farm and into the lush, green late-summer meadow nearby.

* * *

As the cum-filled goat trotted along through sage grass towards the big old oak, deep inside her warm, wet third stomach, her omasum, Walter the snake and Alex the mouse were climbing on top of the driest part -- a mound of churning grain seeds – and trying to dodge the various crushing muscles here in this part of the goat’s grinding-focused gut.

As his eyes had gotten used to the dark, Alex could see that the exit sphincter of this third stomach was far, far smaller than the way they had come in. It seemed to him like this part of Mirabel’s gut was designed to crush food into as tiny particles as possible before passing them on to the final stomach to begin nutrient absorption.

“You okay, Walter?” He asked the snake, pulling him out of a pile of what seemed to be phone charging cords and audio cables that Mirabel had eagerly gulped down earlier.

“Ugh...I’m getting’ tired, Alex,” the snake coughed. “Losing a few scales here...Digestion startin’ to set in...how are you holdin’ up?”

“Not much better,” The mouse coughed. “But we almost got out, there, we almost got out!”

“Maybe,” the snake coughed, slithering forward to dodge the wrinkly, slimy rings of muscle that kept trying to squeeze each of them to bits.

“Hey, look,” said Alex. “The gut-muscles aren’t crushing over there.”

“Where?”

“There.”

The pair rushed over, timing their movements to avoid getting squished by digestive action.

“There’s something under the slush here,” said Alex. “Help me lift.”

With effort, they reached into the stomach-sludge, now mixed with dish soap and horse sperm, and felt a large, smooth, rectangular object.

“What could this...ungh...**Be...**” Alex grunted, until they finally exhumed an object huge relative to their small animal bodies:

It was a full-sized modern cell-phone, with a flat touch-screen.

“Wow! A cell phone! And it still has power. It’s very rare that I get to play with one of these.” Alex excitedly wiped off semen, pepper seeds, onion skins, and other bits of Mirabel’s stomach-slop from the screen. He tapped the screen, and it lit up.

“I don’t believe it,” Walter breathed, huddling close to the large metal-and-plastic object, as it offered complete protection from the crushing squeezing gut-clenches, if not the digestive enzymes. “Maybe you can use it to call the humans, to help them come get it!”

Glorp....Gloorp... Gurgles echoed through Mirabel’s oozing, churning omasum as they played with the device.

“I’m trying....” Alex remembered watching the mother human using this phone in the past, so he was able to defeat the password swipe check after several attempts.

As the muscles of the goat’s omasum went *Glorp....glorrrp...glurrt...* struggling and failing to crush the two little explorers, they browsed through the touch-screen of the cell-phone that was so tightly trapped inside of it.

By tapping certain icons, Alex called up a list of photographs.

“Whoa—that’s the farmer lady, the human mother!”

“And she’s...naked...wow....”

The two males flipped through the photos, all of which appeared to have been taken by the red-headed human woman of herself.

There was one where she had spread her legs and pointed the camera at a close-up view of her slimy, hairy, dribbling vulva...there was a short video of the woman pinching and pulling the puffy pink nipples of her sagging, freckled breasts....there was another showing her pulling aside the strap of a pair of turquoise lace panties, exposing her meaty-lipped vagina, and urinating lewdly, and then another one of her taking a cucumber in one hand and pressing it in to penetrate her own dark-stained anus while she moaned...

“W-whoa...”

“Kinda motivates you to get out of this goat-gut and explore that house a bit more, doesn’t it?” The garter snake grinned, coiling himself up by the device as its processor grew warm with effort.

“Yeah, I’ll say...I guess being a mother doesn’t make people boring...”

GLOOOB.....

“Ew!”

“Ugh!”

The goat’s omasum suddenly gushed digestive slime all over the mouse and his ophidian friend, making them shiver with the pain of digestive fluids attempting to absorb the nutrients from their bodies.

“Okay, we need to get this thing vibrating, now,” Walter said as he tried to shake off the soporific tingly slime from his coils.

“I’m on it.”

* * *

Deep in the mountainside flower-meadow at night, June led Mirabel and the little mouse Tina to a special big old oak tree where they could watch the moon and the stars.

The air felt different here, far from the farm: cleaner, fresher.

“Yeah, this here, this is my favorite place for naps.”

The short donkey led them to a large, warm, flat rock beneath the big old tree.

The donkey knelt down there, resting on her knees and belly. Her own stomach—full to the brim with stolen grains—made gentle gurgling sounds as it gently massaged the softened corn, oats and rice, slowly allowing some of them to slip into her warm equine intestines.

Mirabel, her stomach feeling better, although a little bloated with so much equine semen, sat down close by, and leaned her head against the donkey’s warm, fuzzy, full belly, to listen.

“Hah...it feels nice here,” she said, smiling for the first time in a while. “You smell kinda good, June.”

“Mm hm,” The donkey nodded, ears perky.

“But...my brother...” Tina complained. The sights and scents of this quiet place were pretty, but she missed her brother.

“Relax, mouse,” the gray donkey said gently, swishing her tail as she leaned over to lick and wash the goat’s ears. “He’ll come out in good time, one way or another.”

“Haha...that feels nice,” The goat giggled as the donkey licked her.

“Well, it’s hard to resist kissin’ you,” June said simply, and nosed Mirabel over to make the goat lie on her side. “You’re very pretty.”

From somewhere deep inside the goat’s belly, a faint light glowed, and a faint vibration—*vrrrrr, vrrrrr*—could be heard.

Tina noticed this immediately.

“Guys!” She pointed. “They’re much lower inside her than we thought, and they’re trying to—”

The other two animals were not paying attention.

“Ooh...my tummy feels tingly when I kiss you, June,” Mirabel said shyly, and licked the smiling donkey back on the lips.

“Better keep it up, then,” June breathed in her deep, warm voice. “It’s good for you.”

The goat and the donkey kept kissing, and Tina watched with some frustration as a now-giggly Mirabel rolled over onto her back, playfully spreading her legs and exposing her swollen, engorged udder to June’s eagerly exploratory wet licks, nips, and kisses.

“June....” The donkey could plainly see the faint glowing light and vibrations coming from deep and low in Mirabel’s gut, but she didn’t care too much, being more interested in simply playing with the goat’s soft parts.

“Haha, oh june, your tongue feels so – *mmmh* – oh yes, put your lips on my big teats—Ohh—oh, june, lick me, drool on my udder, suck my teats, please, more, ah—More, june, suck me, lick me, please!”

The goat wriggled and moaned.

The donkey meanwhile drooled, smooched and profusely slathered the goat's hormone-engorged udder-teats with plenty of saliva, using powerful grazing lips to lick, suck, squish and *milk* this dairy goat from her first squirts of deliciously sour cream, June using her whole muzzle to press down on Mirabel's bloated veiny pink udder to force out more delicious cream to swallow, noting how Mirabel would moan, beg, and belch as she did so.

Tina watched this, blushing, for it was quite a romantic sight, but shook her head and tried to think of a way to save her brother.

As she watched Mirabel roll around with her legs spread, with the female donkey leaning down and sucking, licking, slurping, nipping, suckling and swallowing every last squirt of milk in the she-goat's cream-bloated udder, the little mouse girl got an idea.

There, beneath June's fuzzy chin, she could see Mirabel's puffy, oozing, slimy, *gaping* pink vulva, and below that, the goat's tight brownish anus.

A female's vagina is always a safe place to be, Tina thought, and it's quite close in proximity to the guts—a good place to communicate with Alex! And so, she dashed forward.

"Oh, June, milk me, mouth-fuck my udders with your big, stupid donkey-lips, *please*, June, Oh!" Mirabel was moaning loudly in the warm, quiet summer night.

Tina dashed up quickly, grabbed the paired puffy, pink, slimy lips of Mirabel's arousal-widened vulva, and peeled them apart, exposing a long dark tunnel.

"Oh—Oh June, my pussy—Oh June!"

Without further ado, Tina hoisted herself in to the sour-smelling hole of the goat's slimy, pulsating, throbbing vaginal flesh-tunnel, and not a moment too soon as she saw the donkey-mare's lustful lips closing over the entranceway just a moment after.

* * *

The goat was rolling around, causing the contents of Mirabel's third stomach, her omasum, to tumble and slosh everywhere, including the exhausted prisoners of her digestive system.

"I don't think....this is working...!" Walter gasped over the reverberations of the goat's sexual moans and gyrations.

"I don't...understand...hhh...Getting tired..." Alex gasped. He watched with dread as the swallowed audio cables and phone charger cord sitting in the digested plant-mush in this part of the stomach were sucked down the tiny hole leading to Mirabel's fourth and final stomach with a *shlrrrp...glup..*

"We're gonna die here," Walter coughed. "That last stomach is gonna squish us for sure..."

"Nggh..." Alex grunted as he tried to shove away Mirabel's aggressive stomach-flaps that were still trying to squish them.

Despite all efforts, though, they (and the cell phone) were forced by peristaltic action through an incredibly tight squeeze and a clenching sphincter, through a small, warm flesh-tunnel, into Mirabel's final or true stomach, the abomasum.

This was a huge chamber filled with vast amounts of sludge (or pre-shit, Alex thought ruefully), and Mirabel's digestive juices were painfully intense here, but not just that, there were plenty of swallowed objects piled up here as well, mostly some sort of textiles.

As the pair of exhausted creatures struggled to cross the sizzling lake of acid and quicksand-like mush, they finally managed to crawl atop a big mound of swallowed cloth articles.

"Look at this," Walter breathed, coiling against the warm, rippling, green gut-walls. "It's the same pair of panties that mother was wearing in that video. Mirabel actually swallowed it!"

Using his tiny little snake-teeth, he peeled out a very soggy, filthy pair of lacy feminine underwear from the mess of congealed, gut-rejected indigestibles in the goat's deepest stomach.

"And plenty of socks, too...and a pen?" Alex, feeling his strength fading, struggled to find anything of use in Mirabel's swallowed mess tossing aside melted globs of unidentifiable stringy fabric..

It was then that they heard the voice of Tina, Alex's sister, from just beyond the wall!

"Alex, alex! Are you there?"

"Yes, yes, but we don't have much energy left!"

"Okay, guys, listen—"

From outside, they could hear Mirabel's moaning:

"Ohh, I'm gonna come, June, I'm gonna come! Your tongue is so long—so deep in me!"

The shaking and shuddering of the gurgling, squelching stomach increased.

"Do you see something in there that looks like a long cylinder with a button and a metal part on one end?" Tina shouted through the flesh. "If Mirabel really eats everything, then it should be in there!"

"Wait—where are you, Sis? Did you get swallowed too?"

"No—I'm in her vagina, and I'm about to be pulled out—I don't have much time!" The voice came back.

"Found it!" Shouted Walter, using his coiled tail to YANK a plastic cigarette-lighter out from years' worth of slimy, swallowed socks and underwears in Mirabel's deepest stomach.

"Okay! So you guys, you have to work together to turn the wheel AND push the button and NEVER LET GO until—"

The goat's stomach suddenly erupted in a cacophony of gurgles shudders and squelches, like an earthquake through the goat's entire body..

"Oh June! Oh fuck! Oh June! Your tongue—more, please"

The two males heard a *shlorp--gulp* sound, and nothing more of Tina.

"Tina! Tina!"

Alex shouted at the unthinking, throbbing warm flesh-wall, but there was no response except for Mirabel's incoherent orgasmic screeching and moaning.

"Okay, Walter, you heard my sister!"

* * *

June, licked and lapped at the goat's delicious vagina, swallowing every glob of sour feminine ejaculate it produced, along with a little lump of something she barely noticed—The little mouse Tina slipped down the donkey's tight, hot throat, dropping into a soft, warm stomach full of flowers and oats, losing consciousness quickly from the impact.

June didn't even realize she had swallowed the little female mouse, she was too busy licking and sucking up everything that oozed or gushed out of Mirabel's delicious vagina. She admired how it squirted delicious hot, sour fluid fitfully and exactly in tune with Mirabel's orgasmic spasms, when she came. She carefully licked up and swallowed these liquids, along with the little female mouse that had so rapaciously snuck inside the goat's vaginal canal—the vagina that June had widened with her loving licks, no less.

After the orgasm subsided into hot quivering pants, and after two more warm, wet, sucking smooches to each of the goat's massive engorged dripping udder-teats, June stepped forward over the goat and gave her a big kiss on her face.

"Oh June...I think....I think I'm in love with you, heh..."

June smiled.

Then, Mirabel's stomach warbled uncomfortably.

Gwwrrlll..

"Oof..." The goat cringed slightly.

June looked concerned.

"My stomach hurts, June, it hurts – it's warm—oh not, it's hot—help me, June!"

June stepped back and looked, amazed at Mirabel's very full belly. Deep at the lowest point, there was indeed a flickering, fiery glow, from somewhere inside!

"They've started a fire inside your tummy, goat, you got to drink water, fast!"

"But—But!" Mirabel rolled back to her feet, but the fire still burned inside her belly. "Ow-Owch! But there's no ponds or streams around here!"

The donkey bit her lip for a moment, feeling a light tingling sensation in her stomach—the feeling of her belly churning and rubbing Tina around against her soft interior walls.

"I've got an idea."

The donkey knelt down on this sun-warmed rock again, and flicked up her tail.

"Get behind me."

"Okay, but—Oofh—*bhurrp*—Oh no, I can taste smoke on my breath—"

"Get behind me, goat, and put your lips on me! I'm gonna make water for you."

"You're going to—oh—"

Mirabel, feeling her stomach start to bulge with hot, sooty smoke, got behind the donkey as ordered, and caught full wind of June's scent.

"Oh...."

The donkey's tail flicked up, revealing a greyish, leathery strip of bare genitals—the equine's big, puffy anal ring, a tight, puckered, dirty, earthy-smelling star, and below it a pair of very thick, dewy and sweaty, vaginal lips.

"Mh..."

In this moment, with the burning, alarming heat inside her, belching and coughing out smoke, Mirabel just stared for a moment, watching the donkey's long vaginal lips flex and spurt out a little glittering urine in the light of this meadow's strange moons, revealing a hint of the sight of June's big, pink equine clit.

"Mirabel, *now!*"

"O-okay..."

Stumbling off the big rock and standing in the grass next to where the donkey was sitting, Mirabel slipped her soft nose under the donkey's tail, nervously watching the equine's big and intimidatingly muscular anus wink and clench. She pressed her lips to June's soft vulva, listened to the jenny say "Nh..."

And opened her lips...

A trickle filled her mouth.

Then, a gush.

It was sour. Acrid. Pungent. And there was so much.

Cringing, but feeling that burning pain deep inside, Mirabel let her cheeks fill, bulge, then she swallowed.

Glupt.

The scent of the jenny filled her throat and nose.

Sensations of relative coolness flooded into her first and then second stomach.

"Good, Mirabel...Hhhh..." She heard the sound of June sighing in relaxation, and this soothed her.

Mirabel let her mouth fill again with her friend's warm piss, then swallowed heartily:

Glukk...

As she gulped more and more of the donkey's warm urine, the taste seemed to change. It still tasted sour, but now it was tangy, rich, and full of love. The cooling sensation spread to her third stomach then her fourth.

"Mm—**bhurrrp**—"

She felt the jenny's fat equine clitoris swell and extend into her lips as her friend pissed warmly into her mouth.

She had to turn her face aside to belch, and received a copious splatter of piss on her cheek.

Gloop—glorp—

The coolness spread throughout her belly.

"More, Mirabel, you need to swallow **more**. Fill your belly to quench that flame."

"Mmm...Okay..." Opening her mouth obediently, the goat once more sealed her soft lips around her friend's gushing vulva, this time noticing the jenny's sizeable clit throbbing on her lower lip.

"Nh..." June gasped gently. "Gentle, please..."

Ssssss...

The gushing urine rapidly filled Mirabel's mouth, and she swallowed.

She used her tongue to taste June's clit—it was savoury, and warm.

"Mh—Mirabel—" The donkey shuddered as her most sensitive organ was gently tasted.

Glup.

And swallowed again.

Lick..suck..

Letting her mouth fill with urine, Mirabel suckled and lapped at June's swollen clitoris, making the big donkey whimper and whinny.

"Mff—G-good—goat—Hah!"

Glukt.

Mirabel, feeling exceptionally full, gently pulled away from the jenny's slimy, sticky, tasty tangy vulva-lips.

"Mf...Feel better?" June asked, in a soft voice, turning her long face around to look back.

"Y-yeah...wait...oofh..."

Glorpt...glop....

Mirabel cringed, then made a loud, piss-scented belch:

“Bhurrp!”

“If there’s something in your belly that wants out, goat, let it out.”

“I don’t think it’s a –Ooff-“

Gloog...

Strange shapes shifted in the goat’s bulging belly.

“Hurrkk—“ She cringed for a moment, and her whole body heaved forward. “Hurrrg---*beeeelch~*”

There was a massive explosion of fermented stomach-gases, urine and semen droplets and mixed belly-stew, and then...

Mirabel blinked. She felt better. No more pain, fire, or belly-ache.

The two animals looked at each other and blinked.

“Better?” June asked, and watched as Mirabel slowly grinned.

“Much better. I just feel nice and full now.”

The animals leaned in, kissed, licked and nuzzled each other. Mirabel licked her lips, and her little goat-head was full of ideas.

“June...you make me feel so *warm*,” she breathed as she felt her aching, distended stomach shift and settle, slowly recovering from being singed on the inside. Within her deep digestive chamber, her abomasum, Alexander and walter’s flame had been doused, and they had rapidly been submerged in a flood of sour donkey-piss mixed with horse-semen, dish soap and the goat’s gut-slime. Frantic, they had dove through her pyloric sphincter into Mirabel’s long, tight intestines, but there was very little air here, and they rapidly lost consciousness in the endless tight, squeezing tunnels of her warm, busy entrails.

Mirabel was kissing and licking the donkey’s strong, muscular neck.

“There’s so much I want to do with you...”

Giggling, Mirabel leaned up to whisper in the donkey’s ear:

“I want to kiss your....*tailhole*...your *teats*...your *hooves*...”

“I’d like to do the same for you, Mirabel,” June breathed in her low voice. “But it’s been a long day. Let’s sleep and give you a chance to digest, okay?”

“Mm...Okay...”

The goat snuggled up next to the big, strong donkey, listening to her big stomach gurgle.

Closer to morning, deep inside of June’s big, warm, high-capacity equine belly, Tina the mouse awoke on a soft bed of wet oats and flower petals, feeling the donkey’s stomach churn around her. The air was thin in here, but the stomach was large and warm and very gentle, and there was plenty of room to move around. Tina began to curiously climb around and explore June’s warm, fleshy insides, looking for a way out.

Mirabel was awoken in the morning not by the roosters, but by a lewd shout from a human.

“All right, Goat I found you. Time for you to learn to like getting’ *milked!*”

The farmer’s wife, the woman looking formidable in her plaid flannel shirt and dirty jeans, stomped around the old tree in the meadow, awakening Mirabel.

The goat stood up with an accompanying belch, her bloated stomach now sloshing noisily and feeling well-mixed.

The goat bleated in protest as the human strode up to her and fixed a tight rope around her neck. June wasn't sure if she should fight the human—she knew they could be mean.

"I refuse! I don't consent for you to touch my udders or any other of my parts," Mirabel shouted, but to the human it only sounded like typical animal sounds.

The human then squatted down next to the goat, and stroked her patchy-colored, furry sides, caressing her swollen, vein-engorged belly and milk-bloated udder.

"You sure look pregnant enough. But that's strange, I don't remember us breedin' you this season..."

Then suddenly, there was a vibration, from deep inside the goat's guts.

Vrrr, vrrr!

"Oohh...*burrrp*..." Mirabel belched and moaned in discomfort and embarrassment. Jeanine, the farmer's wife, and June looked and all could see the glowing square of the human woman's phone-screen glowing somewhere inside the lowest part of her bulging, dangling furry stomach, vibrating.

"You dumb animal! Swallowing my phone, huh? You think that's gonna make me treat you good?"

The human woman slapped the pot-bellied goat across the face, making Mirabel gasp. June snorted and stamp her hoof.

"Well, today's your day! You're gonna learn to get milked, and cooperate, and I'm gonna milk you dry, goat. And my phone better come out of your shit-filled guts, too, or I'll have to cut it out of you with a knife. Done it before, with the last goat. Got it?"

Janine slapped the goat's soft rump without waiting for Mirabel's answer-bleat.

Mirabel whimpered as the rope around her neck was tightened and she was led off to the milking barn. "And back to the barn with you, old June!" The human scolded the tall-eared donkey, who blinked, then cautiously put her ears back and began to obey.

"Mira, will you be okay?" brayed the donkey.

"I...I don't know..." The goat whimpered.

As she walked off, June was captivated by the sight of the goat's swollen, stuffed belly dangling and swaying, and her big pink udder jiggling and swaying as well, throbbing with veins and potentially full of milk, her long thick pink teats soft and flapping in the breeze. Her full belly and udder made faint *slosh*, *glorsh* sounds as they swayed temptingly with each hoofstep.

June felt an uncomfortable tickling sensation inside her belly, although it wasn't clear if this was her worried love for the goat, or the sensation of tiny Tina the mouse struggling to force open her pyloric sphincter and push in to her gut past globs of semi-digested oats in her long equine intestines. The grass-eating donkey's stomach was so gentle that it had barely done anything harmful to the mouse she'd swallowed except make her rather tired and short of breath.

Thinking about what to do next, June leaned down her long head and took a long series of deep gulps of water from a nearby trough, inadvertently causing a huge tsunami inside her big, warm stomach, and smashing the little mouse trapped inside, away from the entrance to her intestines, and churning her around and burying her beneath a mound of chewed dandelions, which were then sucked into the jenny's intestines with a long, low

Glurrrrrt

...noise, that made several strutting chickens glance up at large, round fuzzy belly in surprise.

The donkey, however, was wondering about what would happen next.

"I know the farmer milks all the goats, cows and sheep...but does that make it okay? Isn't it a kind of violation? And I kind of like Mirabel..." June thought. "She's very independent. And very cute. And she has a nice rump. And nice udders." June licked her lips, and went to gulp more water, swishing her brushy tail.

* * *

Inside the organic farm's milking barn, there was an adjustable rack for milking various shapes and sizes of animal, complete with straps, clasps, an adjustable platform, and a control panel, with a label that read "Customized to give your organic dairy animals the most comfort possible." This milking machine had both automatic suction cups as well as a manual setting, and plenty of options.

Mirabel stamped and tugged away on the rope, bleating and refusing to cooperate, but Jeanine dragged her to the milking apparatus and hit the **Automated Fitting** switch. A robotic voice said "Dairy Goat Detected, securing now."

"Baah!" Mirabel blinked in surprise as the machine whirred to life. Straps and padded clasps seemed to come out of nowhere and bind her front and back hooves to the platform.

"All right, stop yer whining..." Jeanine said casually. "Now, what in the damn hell did you eat, you dumb little animal..."

The patchy-colored goat frowned and shifted uncomfortably in the tight harness as her owner moved around and poked, prodded her swollen belly, eliciting strange noises from inside, occasionally pushing into the soft, furry flesh to try to grasp some object:

"Is that...what is this thing in your gut, here..."

Gurrrrrll..

"Is this where the phone was?"

Glooorrrpp...

"S-stop touching my tummy!" Mirabel bleated in her own animal language. "Only June is allowed to do that. Keep your hands off—Ooh! *Urrrp.*"

A particularly rough poke into her upper rumen area made Mirabel belch suddenly, and out of her wet, salivating mouth flew a rusty old metal bolt that clattered on the floor.

“What the hell....have you been eating, Mirabel...”

Jeanine swore again and used one hand to force the goat’s mouth open, and then used the other hand to try to clear out any items that might have been in the goat’s mouth.

“Guess I’m gonna have to reach deeper into this filthy mess, huh...”

Annoyed, Jeanine tied her hair back into a tight bun, and put long rubber gloves on over her ring-decorated fingers while she and Mirabel glared at each other.

“I’m never going to let you pull my dinner out of my tummy,” Mirabel bleated at her.

“It must be your breed,” Jeanine mused, not understanding the animal noises. “I was told you were bred for the longest teats and most milk of any goat...and you got ‘em for sure...but apparently you got *No Brain*. Eating metal like it’s candy...pfeh. Who even knows what kinda garbage is in your guts.”

“I know what—Umf—Ullk...”

Mirabel blinked her wide blue eyes and swallowed easily as the human grabbed her short horns with one gloved hand and with the other, reached deep into her throat.

“Unn...mmm....”

The goat could feel the human’s rubber-clad arm push deep down into her hot, slimy first stomach, probing around, poking her inside secrets, fingering the orifice leading to her second stomach. It was a strange feeling—on the one hoof, it felt really good to be swallowing down such a big part of the human, but on the other, she didn’t trust this woman and didn’t want her touching her sensitive insides without her consent.

Mirabel glared at what of the human she could see—her chest, which, given how her shirt was buttoned low, revealed that the human seemed almost like she might have some udders of her own, too-though she had carefully covered them up. *If you have udders, then you can be milked, too*, Mirabel thought angrily. *I’ll bet you wouldn’t like it.*

“Okay, I think I got something, deep in your reticulum...hold on, Mirabel, I’m gonna pull it out of your mouth...”

Jeanine’s tone was almost caring now, but Mirabel didn’t like this at all.

“Hnng...!”

Gloorrgk...

“Ngh...”

This wasn’t comfortable for either of them, but more than comfort, it was personally offensive to Mirabel, who decided to take action.

With the grunting, cringing human deep in Mirabel’s throat up to her elbow, all the goat had to do was deliver one quick bite on her arm:

Chomp!

“Ow—Shit!”

And then make a big, hard swallow

“Nng—Gulk~...”

And another...

“Mm-Gulp~...”

And then, like magic, when Jeanine withdrew her bruised right arm from the goat’s insides with a *Shlorp*, her arm was slimy, but most of all *bare*—there was no sign of either her jewelry or her rubber glove, because the grinning goat had swallowed it down into the warm, churning treasure-pouch of her stomach.

“God damn stupid fucking...” Jeanine swore. “You like eating stuff, huh, you stupid overgrown rat? Then eat this!”

Swearing, the human woman poured a whole bottle of livestock laxative pills into a bucket of protein nuggets and stirred them around, then placed it in front of the restrained goat, who blinked, confused at this apparent gift, especially the tempting-looking ovoid shiny blue pills.

“I’m going to deal with your OTHER end, which, with luck, should be just a BIT more cooperative...”

Jeanine sighed and rubbed her bruised arm as she sat down on the milking stool and admired the goat’s plump backside.

“Here we go...much better...”

The woman reached out with her bare hands now and rubbed and stroked the goat’s bred-plump furry white buttocks, then pushed them apart to reveal the tight, glistening orifices between, using her left hand to lift the female’s tail high.

“What—I don’t consent to this!” Mirabel bleated angrily and began trying to wiggle each of her four hooves out of the machine. It was a tight fit, but the straps were just loose enough...She pulled her head out of the feed bucket and leaned down to nibble and loosen the straps.

“Relax, little goat ...Farmer Jeanine’s juuust gonna get you used to you milking, and being checked...”

The human woman lowered her eyelids and licked her lips. She squirted a bottle of oil onto her bare hands, rubbed them together, then reached up to begin massaging, touching, prodding and peeling apart Mirabel’s anal and vaginal openings, sliding greased fingers between plush and soft lips and little wrinkled fleshy puckers.

“D-don’t—Ha---Ahh...” Mirabel felt flustered, because this felt kind of good. Especially when the woman’s palm rubbed her snug caprine clit, *squishing* it in a tantalizing way, and then her fingers pushed in forcefully into the goat’s now lubricated anus. “Eeh! Baah!”

“Easy girl...let’s see if there’s anything stuck in your bowel that I can pull out...”

The goat quivered and whimpered as the human woman pushed more and more fingers inside her rectum, until finally she was pushing her entire hand into the goat’s soft, pliable asshole, making her long vulva begin to gape and drool, lips quivering.

“F-Fh...Farmer Jeanine...” The goat bleated.

There was a *Shlopp* as Jeanine pulled her hand out of the goat’s anus, and toweled it off, squinting at the items she’d retrieved.

“Coins and paperclips, huh? Well, it’s a start...wonder what else I can massage out of your bowel through your vag, goat....”

“B-baaah....” Mirabel felt her udder throbbing, her two big pink goat-teats swelling thick and long and wet. “That—that part of me isn’t for you!” She wailed, but the human could not understand her language.

In a moment, the goat’s eyes blinked wide as the human woman’s whole bare, lubricated hand pushed and shoved its way past her greasy, floppy pink vaginal lips, deep down her soft and capacious vaginal canal, using this flesh-tunnel like a glove, and shoving at all her internal organs that were arranged tightly around it.

“N-no--!” Mirabel wailed, feeling her anger form clearly now. “N-not for y-you...that part of me...I only share with...Ah!”

“Wow, girl, your teats sure are dripping. Here, let’s get you started milking while I massage your bowels through your vagina. Don’t worry, I *won’t* use the suction machine, just my hands...”

Squish, slupp

Mirabel shuddered in angry pleasure as the farmer-woman’s hand pushed her innards around through her cold-oil lubricated vagina. She redoubled her efforts in escaping the milking harness.

“...Sure is a huge lump of stuff in there that definitely needs to come out...”

Having pulled her front two hooves free, the goat was nibbling on the back leg-straps when she suddenly felt Jeanine’s cold hands grasp her big, cream-dripping right teat. This, above all else, enraged her.

“NO!”

With a heroic burst of strength, the goat yanked her legs free of the back straps, drew back and *kicked* the farmer as hard as she could with both back hooves.

“Oof!”

There was a *thump*.

Leaping out of the milking harness machine, Mirabel shook herself, feeling her bloated belly rumble and her stretched vagina throbbing inside her.

She turned around, seeing the knocked-out farmer collapsed and snoring at the controls of the milking machine.

“You have no right to touch me in that way,” Mirabel scolded at the unconscious human. “Especially when, IF I’m right....”

Trotting over to her ‘owner’, the goat used her teeth to tug and rip apart the unconscious woman’s flannel shirt and elastic bra (sucking and swallowing down each shirt-button, savoring the taste.)

“A-ha!” The goat declared in triumph when she had fully ripped apart the unconscious woman’s top, and exposed her rather aged, flabby, freckled breasts and broad, wide, slight pink nipples.

There was a **Bang** from behind her.

Mirabel turned and saw June's back legs bashing open the door to the milking barn. A moment later, there was the donkey's curious face.

"You okay in here?"

"Until the rest of them get back, yes—but look, I kicked her and *she has udders too!*" Mirabel leaned in and sniffed the unconscious human's fat, saggy breasts and wide areola.

"I bet she'd re-think all this if *she* gets milked," June figured, swishing her tail as more of the animals from the barn behind her clustered in to see the commotion.

"Good idea. C'mon, help me get her into this harness thing."

By carefully pushing and nosing the unconscious and topless human woman, they managed to place her into the general area of the milking harness, then Mirabel began to mash buttons on the machine, making it whirr with a loud noise and several robotic announcements as it came to life.

"New dairy animal selected. Auto-detecting."

"Fhh...huh? Wha?!" Farmer Jeanine stared down, shocked, as the goat she'd paid highly for had just commanded her expensive milking machine to lock her in tight. "Mirabel, No! Get away from that—Ngh!" The human struggled, but the animals smiled as it only made her bare, fat, defenseless, pink-tipped breasts wobble in the cool morning air.

Beep boop

The goat kept pushing buttons.

"Animal secured. Two teats detected. Suction mode activated."

To Jeanine's great humiliation, the machine produced two industrial-strength rubber-and-plastic suction cups, and slammed these on her bare, vulnerable, tender breasts, and then the suction pumps began—And they sucked, *Hard*.

"Ah—No—Ah---Anh~!"

Squish, squish, squish, squish...

The human moaned and whimpered, and the animals, especially the cows, watched in delight as the powerful sucking machine made a mockery of its owner's tender breasts—applying so much suction to the mature woman's soft pink nipples that they bulged to obscene sizes again and again, filling the plastic cups with swollen flesh, left, then right, then left, then right...

She writhed and squirmed in the harness but she was not as strong or muscular as her livestock, and could not escape.

"Harold! Boys! Come help your mom—**Anh—Anh!—Oh fuck—Anh~~!**"

While the other animals cheered and kept watching, enjoying the human's increasingly obscene moans, excited to watch the milk begin to squirt from her soft breasts, Mirabel and June trotted outside, and, since the humans seemed quite defeated for the moment, the jenny easily kicked apart a section of fence, and she and Mirabel trotted out, galloping towards the lush forest beyond the meadows, a place they'd always wished to go.

Arriving in a cool, soft, pine-bedded forest clearing, the two animals began to kiss, lick and nuzzle each other's faces, giggling.

“Mmh...*smooch*...Let’s rest here...” June breathed, licking her big tongue all over Mirabel’s fuzzy face and floppy ears.

“Mm hmm...*smooch*...You lie down, June, on your back...”

The donkey rolled to the floor with a *Whump*, lying on her back, and playfully kicked her legs in the air.

“Mmh...”

Mirabel leaned in and began to kiss and lick all around the donkey’s dark, puffy, dirty anus, smooching and sucking on the puffy tailhole, licking its folds clean of bitterness until it tasted of pure June.

“Ah—Mmh—Mirabel...Go up...My *clit*, please...”

Looking up slightly, Mirabel’s horizontal pupils widened to see the donkey’s huge, swollen, grey-lipped equine vulva, looking engorged and gaping slightly with its big fleshy pink clitoris poking out.

“Mm...I love you, June...” Mirabel breathed as she went in to lick and slide her tongue up and down on the donkey’s thick, muscular vaginal lips and her big clit, earning brays and whinnies from her much larger lover.

“Mmh—Yeah—More—Fuck me, Mirabel—Hah...”

“Mm—*Suck*...I love your vagina...*Sllck*...It’s got warm breath, like a hungry mouth...*Suuuuk~!*”

The big donkey writhed and flexed her powerful legs and huge thighs.

“Oh fuck, suck my clit, Mira, more!”

Sucking on her lover’s pleasure-nub and savoring the steadily oozing tangy flavor, watching her lover’s fuzzy grey belly heaving and gurgling, Mirabel saw that June had teats too—small, soft grey ones, not as big as the goat’s massive dairy-bred pink teats, but bigger than a human’s and her thick nipples would easily be a mouthful for the goat—something that made her lick her lips, spit out June’s throbbing clit, and climb forward.

“Wait..Hhh..Why did you stop...No mira, please...”

The full-bellied goat climbed on top of the upside-down donkey’s hips, straddling the bigger animal, pressing her bulging belly (which still contained the bodies of two tiny creatures) and seating her little furry navel against the donkey’s erect, dripping clitoris, until she could wrap her lips around June’s fat right nipple and *suck*.

“Ah—Mira—you’re sucking my—Ah!”

Mirabel grinded forward, squashing and deforming her stuffed stomach against the donkey’s muscular haunches, until they both felt it.

Mirabel’s semi-erect, dairy-bred teats brushing up against the donkey’s swollen, gaping, warm, oozing vulva.

“Ohfuck—fuck me, Mira—now—Now—with your—Mmh!”

They did so. With all her concerns of the past fading away, Mira and June humped each other until the goat’s soft teats were slipping and slapping against then slipping *into* the donkey’s slick, hungry vulva—and in this way, they fucked. Slowly gaining erection, with one teat pushing deep inside June’s soft, warm, wet vagina, and one grinding and rubbing and squirting in the sweaty cleft between the jenny’s muscular thigh and furry belly, they fucked with a pure female love, rapidly filling June’s vulva and womb with warm goat-milk until it dribbled out, down past her winking anus, to the soft pine-bed forest floor, while the goat’s sweaty, hairy, throbbing veiny pink udder-flesh grinded and squished the jenny’s thick equine clit.

After a few minutes Mirabel panted:

“Feels so—Good but—Hh—June, my stomach feels weird, I gotta---Hhh”

Glurrrrg...

Mirabel felt an intense heaviness in her bowels, a need to relieve herself. She felt her anus start to bulge, and her tail lift.

Grrumble... The jenny’s warm, soft belly beneath Mirabel’s forelegs also rumbled and shuddered, as if in romantic communication, with its delicate inner walls tickled by the trapped mouse-doe still seeking exit from her warm innards.

“Mhf—Me too—But don’t stop—Keep pushing—Love you, Mirabel--!”

“Hng—Hahh—June!”

Mirabel thrust faster and harder, bleating for all the little goat was worth as she felt her udders absolutely *gush* milk, and her intestines finally let loose, forcing her tight little anal ring to stretch wide around the girthiest tube of waste she’d ever produced as

Splurt—Splarrrt—Blaart!

Massive amounts of deep brown-smear solid, liquid, and gaseous digestive waste poured, belched, vomited forth from the goat’s stretched-wide anus, tumbling out to build up into a huge, steaming mound—Mixed among the thick, rich brown chocolate loaf were some audio cables, key rings, coins, some dish detergent bottles that shot out of her tailhole like a rocket, and massive, huge amounts of thick, sludgy, well-digested female goat feces—and two, small, unconscious little creatures, a mouse named Alex and a snake named Walter, who were rapidly buried under a deluge of sloppy diarrhea composed of thoroughly digested dish soap, horse semen, corn, oats, and donkey urine, which spurting noisily and violently from the goat’s now reddened anus as her aroused vulva oozed thick slime onto the big warm pile.

Just a short distance below this, the donkey’s much bigger, stronger asshole bulged wide with a ladylike *Phoot—blurrrt* and began neatly and steadily birthing out a long, firm, well-formed serpent of well-digested grains, grass and flowers, the full products of the donkey’s big meal of the previous night, passed completely through her long, muscular, hot alimentary canal.

The two steams of waste at last met when June’s long, straight defecation pressed against Mirabel’s huge pile and bent, peeling apart the thickly packed sludge and fibers, exposing an unconscious and exhausted little mouse-doe named Tina who collapsed into the grass, totally smeared with jenny-poop. The lovers did not notice these—not yet.

Gazing into each others’ eyes as they recovered from their orgasm, June giggled as she began to release a massive amount of urine, spraying it hot and warm right against Mirabel’s pleasantly emptied and softened pink udder.

“Feel that, Mira?”

“Mm...it’s so warm....” Mirabel gently smooched and kissed the jenny’s plump little nipples. “I might too...Hahhh....”

Pssshhhh...

Both of them pissed out copious amounts of pungent female urine from their vaginas, enjoying the gentle cool late-summer breeze on this cloudy day in the quiet forest, making a huge, fly-attracting mess of the big forest clearing.

“Ooh—Something big is—” Mirabel bleated and bit down lustfully on the donkey’s little nipples as behind her, her anus stretched wide to a comically huge and long slot-shape before blasting out Jeanine’s cell phone with a warm, wet

Blaarp!

..sending it tumbling into the pine needles.

It was then that behind them, they heard a tiny coughing noise.

“Huh?”

Mirabel turned around, and June rolled on to her hooves, shaking dirt from her wiry mane.

“Alex!”

“Tina! Damn, how did you get in there?”

“Walter! Oh, I didn’t mean to swallow you into my tummy. I’m so glad you passed through my body!”

Mirabel was quite happy to see them again.

“How did y’all survive?” June was curious.

“I raced for the exit,” Tina said, coughing. “Pyloric sphincter, intestines, bowels. Pushed past whatever I could. I’m lucky your stomach was so full of oats and flowers, June, or I’d never have been able to reach the exit.” She glanced at Alex, grinned, and went over to hug him, both of them smeared in shit from the female donkey and goat, but not caring, too happy to be alive and reunited.

“Us too,” explained Walter after shaking himself off. “We were able to use the stuff we found in Mirabel’s stomach to help open her digestive system’s valves to let us through faster. If they hadn’t been there...”

“We’d be part of this shit!” Alex announced with a rather dirty smile.

“Well then,” said June, feeling like she was in charge. “How about we explore this forest until we find a place we can all wash off, hmm? What do you think, Mira—wait—what are you eating?”

Mirabel, of course, was already quite busy gobbling up and swallowing down a big, woody pinecone with a harsh *Gulk!* And a prominent bulge in her neck that she had to swallow several times.

“Mmf—Ulp—Mmg—*gulk...*”

She squinted and the other creatures cringed as the big, ungainly lump slipped from a bulge in her neck to drop into her stomach with a *squish*.

But Mirabel just belched and grinned brightly.

Urp!—“Sure thing, wife!”

THE END