

Three hours after noon, the sun beats down on a large, oddly placed clearing in the middle of an otherwise enormous, towering forest; inside that field was a mismatched group of animals: a wolf, a tiger, a grizzly bear, and an Argentinosaurus. Alfred, the dinosaur, was easily ten times the size of the creatures around him, and was the only one of the group who wasn't colored a middling shade of brown. The other animals were all absolutely *covered* from head to toe in a huge, warm, steaming pile of dinosaur shit.

Shane, the tiger, was watching the huge dinosaur fart on the wolf from what he thought and a safe distance, and winced as the poor canine's fur was blown back like he'd been punched in the face by a jet engine.

Seconds later, after a particularly powerful blast from Alfred's enormous anus, all thoughts of the 'poor' wolf were struck from the tiger's mind when he was bowled over by a sudden flood of poop, landing on his back just in time to see the oncoming wave overcome him, burying him in scat. Thirty seconds later, his outstretched paw had disappeared under the monumental influx of scat that followed, leaving a truly gigantic pile of manure in the wake of the green sauropod's huge bowel movement.

While every other animal seemed to have disappeared under his tremendous poops, Alfred looked on and laughed, humor twinkling in his eye; his back end was more than buried in shit, and even *he* had to work to free himself from the mess created by his own biology. He was an old, wise creature, and though matters of toiletry – and the things we do in toilets – were considered child's fare by his race, he had always maintained his sense of humor, much to the regret of the smaller creatures around him, of which there have always been many. He set loose a spell that would protect his friends, and the unnamed wolf, from coming to any harm, and then proceeded to watch their escape in violent, almost hysterical laughter.

Benny, the grizzly bear, was the largest and easiest to find of the group to make out amongst the behemoth's crap. His natural fur color's dark brown didn't make any difference to visibility, since he was so covered in Alfred's poop that it would be literally impossible to discover his natural coloration without a thorough wash.

The big bear gasped as his head broke the surface of the manure pile; the dinosaur's scat was warm, making an already sweltering environment even hotter, and it was *thick*, owing to the high-fiber diet of your typical sauropod. Any movement was resisted by a heavy load of shit, and the bear winced from the disgusting *squish!* that occurred whenever he tried to move. It seemed to surround him on every side, and despite his size and strength, it threatened to envelop him, dunking his head under the mountain of crap every few seconds, as if his desperate attempt to escape drowning in fecal matter was some kind of cosmic joke.

Shane's lithe body was somehow more adapted to the heavy muck, and he ascended near the surface relatively quickly compared to the bear; still, he encountered his own problems amongst the squishy brown stuff, as he found himself heaving against some kind of furry behemoth. He didn't realize it at first, but the force he was pushing against was his friend's furry rump, and his shoulders were heaving to push Benny upwards – in fact, the smaller tiger was the only reason that the ursine's head was above the pile, quite opposite to Shane's nasty situation.

After a few seconds, Shane came to the realization that he was stuck between Benny's now familiar rump cheeks, and struggled to extricate himself from a whole new mess. It took at least half a minute for the tiger to escape from the bear's big rear, releasing him with a muffled “*frrrrt!*” at the same time

that the grizzly's head disappeared underneath the pile of poop.

The tiger, happy to be free of the bear whose rear end was an unhappy place to be *when covered in manure*, immediately forgot about his friend and focused on getting to some kind of solid ground that wasn't covered in shit. His friend, less mobile than he, fell behind, but they plodded forward nonetheless, and heaved themselves out of the dinosaur's scat pile after about fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile, despite the two friend's unenviable situations, the wolf who has yet to be named was in a much worse place; the only reason that Alfred had escaped being covered in *his own shit* was that he was so huge, and the epicenter of his bowel evacuation was the place that this wolf found himself in, buried under a truly gigantic amount of shit. What the other two had to deal with was lighthearted play compared to where he was; where they were, it as only a fifteen foot high mound, but he was buried under a fifty foot high *mountain* of steaming, fresh manure, and he was at the very bottom.

The experience was like being hit by a Category V hurricane, made up of millions of pounds of pure, freshly digested poop. If he hadn't been protected by Alfred's sorcery, his body would have been broken up into pieces, never to be put back together; being hit by a ballistic missile made of shit would have been merciful compared to what it was like to be directly hit by the source of Alfred's great poopslosion.

He had experienced only mild pain, but it was still an awful experience; his ears were filled with shit, he had to spit a load of shit out of his mouth, and he ended up needing to shit himself. If he'd had the presence of mind to defecate, he would have been shitting *dinosaur poo* out of his colon, because despite Alfred's powerful sorcery, **nothing** could have protected him from the magnitude of the dinosaur's bowel movement.

He came to no lasting harm, but he lay there, buried almost imperceptibly under fifty feet of *Argentinosaurus* feces for several minutes, completely stunned from what he had just experienced. When he finally came to, just over ten minutes later, he tried to shake his head and had trouble doing even that; something dark and heavy was pressing in on him from all sides. Still, he maintained his sense of direction, and managed to heave himself slowly upward, hearing a faint *squish, squash, squelsh*, every time he made any kind of movement.

After what seemed like an eternity, but what had in reality been only thirty minutes, his head finally burst through the dinosaur's manure, and he gasped his first fresh air in almost an hour... before coughing from the sheer magnitude of the stink of it. He was being smothered by the sheer *stink* of the dinosaur's poo mountain. The wolf pack's latrines had been true nose crimes in the past, but he'd never smelled anything like this – the stench was a physical thing, as bad as the actual poo itself, and there was going to be no breaking through it until he could get past the pile of shit on his horizon. Knowing that shore would come as long as he picked a direction, and exhausted from his experience, he headed north, the direction he happened to be facing.

While the unnamed captive wolf was dealing with Alfred's wrath, the wolf pack had another problem on their hands: over two thirds of their members were soaked in the great dinosaur's scat. The ones that weren't had all been seriously injured, and were being taken care of by the pack's healer, who had managed to avoid any messy or injurious incidents because she was on the sidelines during the earlier battle.

Arthurius, the pack's alpha, was speaking to Archie, the wolf who was responsible for capturing Mark. "Archie, you're in command of the target; I want you to clean yourselves up, and then assist the other wolves in doing the same." He wrinkled his nose and *huffed* at himself. "You both *stink* something abominably." Before Archie could say anything in return, his big brother had turned around and began going the other way; he was covered in scat along with everyone else, but he appeared to be very busy and was obviously putting off bathing for things he considered to be more important.

Archie was a very young wolf, and it was rare for anyone his age to become a full warrior for their pack; however, since he was *huge* for his age, talented and well-connected, he had managed to secure a spot in the most elite part of the wolf-country's military presence – the Hunter-Killers, whose job it was to track down high-profile targets who were either marked with huge bounties or deemed important enemies of the state. Because of his age, every other member of the pack held seniority over him, and he was still barely up to the shoulder of the next-smallest member.

The scat-coated wolf sighed and proceeded to pick up Mark in his mouth with ease; it didn't seem to matter how much the human struggled – the wolf was much larger and stronger than he was, and his mouth was able to cover about three fifths of his body. Archie's hot breath lightly blew in Mark's face, reeking of rotting meat, and made the boy gag; the wolf, however, was determined not to even gag, despite the fact that mark was covered head to toe in dinosaur shit. He wanted to show that he was *disciplined*, but he was still a kid at heart, and sometimes he seemed less like a soldier and more like an eight year old pretending to play soldier in his back yard.

After a few minutes, they entered a huge cavern deep underground – it was some kind of hot spring. The water was hot, and the air was filled with steam; there were seventeen huge wolves in total cleaning themselves up from the dinosaur's messy tactic, but the room wasn't even a little bit cramped. Arthurius, the pack healer, and the two wolves who had been seriously injured weren't there, but Archie doubted that they would have managed to make the room even a little bit cramped.

He spat Mark out of his mouth, who landed in the hot water with a bit of a splash. It took him a few seconds to get up, coughing and sputtering, but eventually he managed to stand up in water that went up to his lower neck. They were in the shallow end of the pool, but it was obvious that it had been built for creatures much larger than your typical human from a foreign dimension.

"What now?" he asked his canine companion. "How am I supposed to wash up without any soap?" Immediately after the words left his mouth, a huge, sopping, soapy washcloth dropped on his head, covering most of his body – it was almost as big as he was. He had to wrestle with it to get it off, and when he did he was soaked in soap suds. He would need to do a good scrubbing to get most of the brown stuff out of his hair, but besides that he was more-or-less clean, though he was sure he still stank quite a bit.

Archie said, "Good: you're almost clean. Now you can start on me." He promptly turned around and backed up; he may have been small for a dire wolf, but compared to Mark, he was pretty big, and the human was quickly splashed in the face with water due to the waves caused by its displacement when the wolf began backing himself up.

He stopped moving when he was about a foot away from the boy, waiting for him to begin. Because he wasn't looking behind him, he didn't see Mark gape at him in surprise, before hurriedly closing his mouth (the steam from Alfred's manure seemed to leave a taste in his mouth that was not enjoyable)

and continued to just stare at Archie's rear end as if he had been stunned.

He was, however, pulled out of his condition when the wolf released a strong, eggy fart right in his face. Large flecks of dung hit Mark in the face; it was impossible to tell whether they were from the wolf or the dinosaur, but either way, they were nasty. He tried to use his massive washcloth to wash his face, but he ended up being hit in the back of the head by a furry, poo-covered wolf butt, and then slammed face-first into Archie's equally shit-covered rump. Behind him, he heard a loud gurgling noise followed by a deep, wet fart which ruffled his hair and even managed to blow back some of Archie's fur. Stuck between the two wolf's butts, and thus engulfed by ass fat on all sides, Mark had no choice but to lie there and take it; any previously clean air had been replaced by the second wolf's fart, and it was something like being in the world's very worst dutch oven.

Laura, the pack's second in command, had seen Mark's hesitation to obey Archie's orders, and apparently she had decided to help out a little, racing backwards and shoving what she liked to refer to as her "big ol' butt" right into Mark and Archie; their butt-cheeks came together with a loud *clap!*, and Archie yelped, surprised at Laura's unexpected forcefulness.

"You need to learn how to work with your inferiors, kid." She said, a wolfish grin adorning her face. "That kind of hesitation needs to be dealt with, and quickly, or it's going to cause you problems in the long run."

If wolves used human expressions, Archie's mouth would have dropped open; this is more than he'd ever heard Laura say to anyone, ever. "Wh-why are you t-telling me this, Sir?"

"Because you're gonna be a leader some day, and that means you have to know how to deal with kids like this. Hell, as far as I'm concerned, *you're* still a kid – just don't think of yourself like that, or you won't have the self-respect to get anywhere in this pack."

During this exchange, Mark struggled to escape his stinky prison, but his hands just sunk deep into the wolves' layers of fat, and when he did manage to reach the bottom of Archie's almost quicksand-like ass, he couldn't even get a grip, because his fur and skin were slippery with scat. His nose was being rubbed into his dinosaur friend's poop, which seemed to stick to the wolves almost like glue, but which smeared off of his skin just fine, coating his recently cleaned face in even more poop. He didn't dare open his mouth, in the fear that he would end up tasting or even swallowing some scat. Butt-fur was one thing, but shit was another, and it was doubtful that anyone would come to his rescue even if he did start shouting.

"Now," she said, "you've got to teach this guy a lesson: '*do what I say*'. So I want you to give him a good, rumblin' old fart – the very worst one you can." She laughed, her somewhat high voice bouncing off the walls of the cavern.

Archie was a wolf of few words, and he didn't comment on what she'd said. Instead, he closed his eyes and concentrated on his bowels. He could hear his belly gurgling, and he knew he had quite a lot of gas inside him. In just a few seconds, his sphincter opened up and released a roaring fart; he quietly giggled to himself, feeling naughty as he bombarded Mark with an enormous load of gas. Sure, he'd farted on other people before, but never *on purpose*!

Normally, one would say that Archie 'released' gas, but this was no simple, lazy fart – it was more like a gunshot, and made the noise of a goddamn supersonic jet engine. The gas was practically exploding out

of his buttohole, buffeting Mark with a blast almost as strong as some of Alfred's gas. It appeared that the littlest member of their elite pack had a talent for flatulence.

Mark could make out that the two wolves were having some kind of conversation, but had no idea what they were saying – the voices were muffled through the respective wolves' fat butts, and the human was distracted enough by his situation that he wasn't sure he'd have been able to understand them even if their voices weren't so muffled.

Archie's intestines gurgled loudly enough that, soon, the conversation had been drowned out entirely, and after a little while the wolf released a boisterous explosion of a fart – something so nasty and loud that it could never be experienced by someone on Earth. Mark's hair was completely blown back, and the force of his gas made his fat butt violently ripple and wave in every direction; the human could feel a similar reaction from the ass of the wolf behind him, and *that one wasn't even farting*. Mark had the dubious honor of receiving the stinkiest, nastiest massage in all of human history.

Mark and Laura laughed together, loudly and boisterously, as the blasts of gas exited his anus. It was truly enormous in volume, and it *tickled*; Laura had never seen anything like it. In-between their respective rumps, the captive Mark was still desperately trying to escape; he whimpered, continuing to claw at their butt's fat and gaining no real purchase.

About an hour later, the unnamed captured wolf heaved himself out of the dinosaur's scat pile, gasping for – relatively – clean air. As he did so, Benny, the grizzly bear, barreled into him, knocking him down.

“You're going to tell me what I want to know” he growled, “or I'm going to fucking *eat you*, and you'll be just like the pile of shit you just escaped from. *Where. Is. Mark?!*”