

"Are you sure about this?" Mary asked her girlfriend for what seemed like the hundredth time that day.

The naked vixen lying on the bed next to the equally nude and anxious mouse laid a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "It's okay," Becky told her. "You'll be fine."

"I'm more worried about you," Mary replied. "Once you're down there's no backing out." She held a hand to her petite stomach.

"As you told me the first time I ate you!" Becky reminded her.

"Yeah, but look at me!" The mouse accented her lithe frame with her hands, reminding the fox that she was a head shorter and half as wide as her girlfriend. "What if you get stuck in my cramped little rodent intestines?"

"Oh come on already!" Mary and Becky's heads both turned to the other side of the room, where a weasel sat in a director's chair next to a film crew. "I've seen a rabbit pass a full-grown wolf, you've been trying to psych yourself up for thirty minutes now. Those antacids won't last forever!"

"We get it Al!" Becky shouted back at the weasel. She turned back to her girlfriend. "Look, if worst comes to worst we have a surgeons on standby."

"And he has been bored since Mike got appendicitis," Al added. "Open wide mousie!"

Mary sighed, nodded and opened her mouth. When she'd opened it as wide as she thought possible Becky looked inside.

"Wider, hon." The fox commented. Mary tried opening her jaws even wider but something stopped her. The bones of her skull seemed to be blocking her. "Hold on," Becky gently grasped both sides of Mary's face and began to rub with her thumbs. The mouse felt herself begin to relax under the gentle pressure. "This helped me the first couple of times."

Before Mary realized what was happening, something popped on both sides of her jaw and her mouth widened to an extent she didn't think possible. Her girlfriend shoved her muzzle into the mouse's gaping maw.

Mary almost gagged as the fox shoved herself down her throat, she was up to her shoulders in no time. The mouse felt her collarbone strain against the head attempting to slip underneath. She heard a rumbling sound in her chest and Becky's voice echoed through her body. "I can't do all the work myself hon. You're going to have to help me out." Mary put her hands under Becky's arms and started to lift. Slowly the fox began to disappear down the mouse's maw. She gulped, bringing her shoulders in, and her tongue felt the familiar texture of her nipples upon her rounded breasts as they entered her mouth.

"Don't stop," Becky said, deeper inside now. "I'm almost in your stomach now."

"This is taking too long," Al complained. "Somebody give her a lift."

One of the camera crew grabbed Becky's protruding feet and lifted them into the air. All the while being careful not to enter the camera's field of view. Mary felt Becky begin to slide down faster as she tipped her head back. Gravity helping her slip past breasts, arms, belly, and crotch. Her belly bloated painfully with the volume of a much larger meal than it had ever accepted, and Mary found herself lying back on the bed, fox legs and tail sticking straight up in the air.

The contents of her distended gut shifted. "Sorry," Becky gurgled. "I need to move around a bit to..." The fox's thighs slid past mouse lips. As the awkward shifting continued the fox slowly slipped more and more into the mouse. Finally Mary gulped down her feet, followed by the brush of her tail. Once the bristles were clear of her windpipe she gasped heavily, breathing deep lungfuls of air she'd missed.

Once she'd regained her composure she looked down and gasped again. Her belly was massive, it didn't seem real! Her brain kept picturing a tan-furred exercise ball laying on top of her body. "Oh, my, God..." was all she could manage to say. She could feel Becky moving around inside her, doing what? She couldn't say.

"Okay," she heard Becky say. "I think I found the pyloric sphincter. Now, normally I rest for a bit after getting gulped. But I get the feeling you might want to ask Al for the laxative now so we can get a move on."

"Laxative...?" Mary gasped out slowly, and the same camera guy shook up a bottle of combined laxative and antacid and held it out to her. The mouse gingerly took it and swigged a small mouthful at a time until the chalky mixture was gone. For several minutes nothing happened, then Mary cried out in pain and grasped her stomach as it convulsed violently.

She heard Becky attempting to breathe through the fluids of her digestive system. "Don't-"
gurgle "-worry! This is-" **blorb** "-normal for a-" **burble-glorp** "-first timer!"

Mary screamed as her stomach muscles convulsed and forced the vixen into her not-so-small anymore intestines. The pain slowly faded into a dull ache as Becky's journey through winding mouse guts began. As the weight shifted around she found herself rocking back and forth on the bed, shoved around playfully by her internal partner. She turned to face the film crew, "so what now? You just watch me lying here?"

Al waved at the camera man and he turned the camera off and turned it to the side. "We'll come back to film a few transitive scenes, but we'll leave you alone for the most part." He walked up and handed her her phone, the cameras taped over to prevent independent filming. "If you need anything, just text. More electrolytes, a movie, bedpan..."

"Bedpan?" Mary interrupted.

"Small preds with large prey often have trouble walking themselves to the bathroom," Becky explained. The lack of gurgling noises suggested she'd found an air pocket of some kind. Mary felt her guts start to shift towards the weasel and saw the outline of a fox muzzle begin to rise out of the mass. "Speaking of which, what was your plan for the big exit?"

Al popped Becky's nose through Mary's skin. "We're prepping the invisible harness. If we can't get it to work we can just do it on the bed."

"So, I'll just lay here for how many hours?" Mary gasped.

The weasel felt gingerly around the sides of Mary's gut, his finders coming warily close to her groin. "I'm estimating seven, maybe eight hours."

He left, and Mary lost track of time as she lay there, stomach bloated on the bed. She watched some videos and read a book on her phone, drank three bottles of electrolyte solution, and twice she reluctantly called for someone to bring her a pan to piss in. Eventually she heard a deep rumbling in her lower bowels. "Mary, I think I just entered your colon. You should probably call Al now."

Al and the film crew came in just minutes after she sent the text. Two of them lifted up her back and affixed a largely transparent plastic harness around her upper torso and shoulders, which they attached to a rail in the ceiling by near-invisible wires. They pulled up on the wires and slowly her body lifted off the bed, her belly dangling down precipitously. Her feet met the floor, but her legs felt like jelly after so long on the bed. If not for the harness holding her up, she wouldn't have been able to stagger slowly to the attached bathroom.

Shoving aside the door she saw the custom-designed toilet the studio had designed for these scenes. Half Japanese-style squat toilet, half bathtub, the pred would squat at the lip of the bowl and release their prey backwards into the water. She'd been deposited that way often enough by Becky and the studio's other preds. But now that she looked into it with a bloated gut hanging heavily from her hips she felt like she might fall in. She turned around, facing the camera, and slowly backed up to the toilet. At Al's hand signal she stopped and then the wires began to give her slack. She almost collapsed to the floor before she got her legs back beneath her. At Al's direction she didn't try supporting her weight with her legs, instead using them to guide her massive body down until she felt porcelain touch her thighs.

Al walked up and drummed on the massive mouse's belly. "Mary is in position," he said. "You ready in there?"

Becky's voice reverberated up through Mary's body. "Almost..."

Mary's eyes shot wide open as she felt her rectum tense up at the intrusion from within.

Al looked up at Mary's expression and nodded approvingly. "Nice, nice," he turned back to the camera crew. "Tell me we got that?" When they nodded he backed off and gave her more orders. "Now, push!"

Mary tensed and started trying to push the fox out of her tiny little mousehole. Several minutes of groaning later she looked down and saw that her stomach hadn't shrunk to any notable degree. She looked behind her and tried to move her tail out of the way.

Between her cheeks she saw a small black nose protruding from an angry pink ring. The mouse turned back around and began to change strategy. She took a deep breath, hold it for a count, then loudly and emphatically exhaled before repeating the process.

"Are you lamaze breathing?" Al asked.

"I picked up a few things from my big sister." Mary explained between breaths. She felt something pop out.

She heard Becky speak clearly for the first time in hours since she'd gone down the hatch. "Got a bunch of nibblings then?" the vixen inquired.

Mary looked behind again and saw Becky's ears and the top of her head sticking out under her tail. She tried to push again, but felt something catch inside her. "I've got two nephews and a niece," she explained, continuing to push as she talked. "Sorry Becky," she gasped. "I think you might be stuck."

Becky let out a long sigh that Mary felt deep inside her. "That's my shoulders. You're going to have to push me out manually now."

Mary blinked in confusion. "What?"

"Feel along the left side of your gut," the mouse laid her hands on her side as instructed and felt the fox's stiff back nestled among the soft tissue. "Okay," Becky continued. "Now a little further up." Mary did as she was told, "now push down."

Mary pressed gently down on her belly with her palms. "Harder," Becky insisted. The mouse cautiously pressed with slightly more force. "Harder!"

Mary shoved Becky's back down into her pelvis. There was the pop of cartilage followed by a loud fart and a slight whiff of gas. With the release of pressure the mouse felt her vulpine partner slipping rapidly out of her ass.

Her stomach shrank until it rested on her hips like an empty sack. She turned just in time to see the nude fox's tail slip free.

"So," Becky asked, floating casually in the water of the toilet/bath. "How was your first pred experience?"

Mary started fumbling with the harness, and one of the crew helped her the rest of the way. Once freed she shakily got back to her feet just long enough to lower herself into the tub next to the vixen. "I feel like an empty toothpaste tube, I think I'll stick to prey for now." She draped her arm over Becky's waist and lovingly rubbed her tummy. "You hungry after that ordeal?"

"Sure, I could go for some pasta." At the mouse's disappointed look she appended that. "I know what you want, but you'd just go right through me. We'll see after I've gotten some starch in me."

"Mouse for dinner tomorrow night then?" Mary asked.

The vixen gave her a playful nip on the cheek. "And the morning after you're landing in this bowl."