

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 20: Messy Weekend (pt. 1)

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Now, On To The Story

“Y-you’re really okay with it?”

Gloria looked over at her, a wide grin across her lips. “Are you kidding? That’s hot! And if it helps you being more comfortable with who you are...” Her girlfriend leaned in close for a hug from the side, “So much the better.”

“I-it’s gonna get pretty bad.” Marci winced slightly as a fart escaped her ass.

“You sure have an odd way of saying, ‘delicious,’ ya sexy horsie.”

“Okay,” Marci took a slow, deep breath, “So, a whole weekend?”

“Yyyup!” Gloria gave her a tight squeeze, “And we’re gonna do it at my place.”

“Your whole apartment is gonna smell like me by the end of the weekend, though.”

“All the more reason to do it!”

“Alright, as long as you promise to stop things if it gets to be too much. Like, I’m serious.”

Leaning back, Gloria looked up into her eyes. “I promise, if it starts to be too much, I’ll stop things. Cross my heart, Marci.”

“Thanks, that really helps.”



Marci gave the bottle of shampoo a shake, trying to get any last drops out of it. Standing in Gloria’s shower, the mare had lathered, shampooed, scrubbed, and washed every last inch of herself as thoroughly as she could. As bad as she was going to smell by the end of the weekend, she was supposed to start out as clean as could be.

Her caprine girlfriend had let her in before leaving for the last class of the day, so she had the apartment to herself for the shower.

“Maybe I should get my a-armpits, one last t—”

She was interrupted by a knock on the shower door. “Time’s up, horsie! Come on out, and we’ll get you dried off.”

Marci turned off the shower, hesitantly opening the door. Was she clean enough? Had she missed a spot?

Gloria sniffed the air. “Well, all I smell is shampoo. I don’t smell a hot mare, even one bit.” The goat girl gave Marci a wink, “Not yet, anyway.”

As Marci and Gloria each took a goat-sized towel and started drying her off, she thought about what was planned for this weekend. For the rest of tonight, tomorrow, and the whole next day, she wasn’t going to shower, bathe, or wash herself at all. She knew Gloria said that the smell was hot, but she was sure it would reach a point where it would be too much even for her girlfriend.

Though that was still going to be easier for her than the second part. As she started to smell, Marci was supposed to try to be less shy, talking not only boldly about herself, but even making it extra vulgar. She would do her best. She also knew that the more excited she was, the easier it would be.

After a few minutes, the mare was thoroughly dry. “So, uh, what are we gonna do first?” She knew what Gloria had in mind, but she wasn’t sure how things would be starting.

“Well, first I’m thinking we should have something to eat. And I’ve got juuust the thing for you.” She led the mare out of the bathroom, to the apartment’s small kitchen. The goat girl opened a cupboard to reveal about half a dozen big cans each of baked beans and chili.

“O-oh, my. . .”

“Of course, the *best* part, my sexy horsie, is that it’s all pre-cooked.” The goat girl opened a drawer, and somehow Marci wasn’t surprised to see her pull out a funnel. “So feeding you is as easy as opening the can and dumping it into the funnel.”

The thought of being fed straight from a can, without it even being warmed up, felt like a new kind of degradation for the mare. Compared with other things she had eaten, of course, this was quite tame. Still, she couldn’t help replying, “Yes, ma’am.” The goat girl giggled at the response.

Looking at Gloria, her mind wandered to the contrast between the two. Her girlfriend was wearing a baggy t-shirt and a pair of jeans, getting out a can opener like this was a perfectly normal afternoon. Marci, meanwhile, was standing naked in the goat girl’s kitchen.

“Oh, and I almost forgot.” Gloria opened up the other cupboard, revealing several large bottles of different soda. “You’re gonna need something to wash all of that down, you know!”

Warm soda, to go with the cold food. Marci felt herself starting to get excited. “So, um, what about you?”

She felt Gloria give her belly a pat, “I’m gonna be eating it after my beautiful mare warms it up for me!”

Marci laughed, still a bit nervous. Her stomach let out a groan.

“Let’s get you taken care of!” Marci was a bit surprised when Gloria led her to the bed, still holding the funnel. “Now, you lay down here. Thaaat’s it, nice and comfy. Now, why don’t you open your mouth for me?” As her girlfriend slid the funnel into her mouth, she continued in a soft, gentle tone, “Such a pretty horse! Now, I don’t want you to worry even the tiniest bit about what your body does, this weekend. You’re a beautiful mare, you know. Now, I’ll be riiight back.”

As Gloria stepped away, Marci thought to herself. *Weren't we gonna go the route that I'm a dirty horse? I thought that had been the plan. Well, I guess I'll see what happens. Maybe she has something special in mind.*

She saw Gloria step back up to the bed, holding a large can of chili and a can-opener. "Why don't you close your eyes, horsie? Just leave eeverything to me. Tonight is all about you."

As she closed her eyes, she heard the *snap* of a can-opener's bladed discs cutting into a lid, followed by the mechanical noises of it working around the edge. Her stomach gave another gurgle. She did have to admit, she was pretty hungry. She braced herself for the coldness of her meal, though.

"Okay, here it comes," she heard, before hearing a loud *squelch* as she felt it hit the funnel. "Oh, uh, it came out kinda all in one big cylinder. Didn't expect that—probably should have, though. Uh, hang on!" She heard hooves walking away, then returning. "Okay, this is gonna be really fizzy, but it should break that up."

Marci heard a soda bottle being opened, followed by feeling it being poured into the funnel. At first, the chili cylinder formed a seal and prevented anything from reaching her mouth. After the fizzing had several seconds to do its work, though, the beginning of a mixture dribbled down onto her tongue. The flavor was bizarre, to say the least. It was a mix of meat, cola, beans, vegetables, and assorted spices, all mingling in her mouth. She felt herself starting to gag slightly, but took a slow, deep breath through her nose as she told her body that this was a perfectly normal meal. As her mouth started to fill, she took her first gulp.

As the dribble became more of a steady stream, Gloria reassured her, "That's it, pretty girl, you eat up now! Don't be shy, we have plenty to last the whole weekend."

She swallowed a second mouthful, and then a third. *It's kinda like a thick sludge*, she thought, shuddering excitedly at the idea of something that could be called "sludge" sliding down into her belly.

There was a soft giggle from above. "My sexy girlfriend must be getting into this. She's getting niiice and wet. Shhh, it's okay," Gloria laid a hand on her shoulder as she squirmed a bit. She wanted to apologize, sure she would be starting to smell already. "It's all okay, Marci. Your girlfriend loves how you smell. She thinks it's hot and exciting. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You just relax, you beautiful girl."

It was hard, but Marci laid still again. She had to admit, the texture reminded her a bit of her times under Three's ass. At one point, Gloria had told her everything the cow had done, chemical-wise. The list was quite long, and one effect it had was that the cow's shit had a consistency something like she was swallowing now. *God, that would feel good right now.*

"Thaaat's it," Gloria said, giving her belly a rub, "You're doing great! I'm gonna pour the rest of the bottle in, but you're most of the way through the chili already." As Marci struggled to reply, she felt a pat on her tummy, "Shh, you don't need to say anything, horsie. Don't worry, juuust relax..."

Just as she was about to take another gulp, she was surprised by a belch

escaping up into the funnel. “You know, my favorite thing about funnel-feeding is probably the belches,” she heard Gloria muse, “It all bubbles up, with the muffled sound of you belching from underneath.”

She heard her girlfriend set the bottle aside, then felt a hand on one of her breasts as the other one slid up from her belly to join it. Gloria began to rub them, before the mare felt a pair of lips wrap around a nipple and begin to suck and nurse for a moment. The mare moaned silently against the funnel.

“You know,” she heard, “I can’t think of a single good reason to ever let you stop lactating, you milky girl.” She felt Gloria suck again briefly, before her girlfriend continued, “Fresh, warm mare-milk absolutely anytime I want it. Who would say no to that?” As Marci continued to gulp down the funnel’s contents, Gloria added, “In fact...” She felt the suction for a bit longer this time, followed by her girlfriend pulling away. Then, warm milk splashed down the funnel and into her mouth. *She’s spitting my own milk into it!*

The mare shuddered, thrashing slightly as she felt a surge of wetness between her legs. “Mmm, I think my sexy horsie just *squirted* a little bit. Don’t be shy, now. Why don’t you spread your legs? Your girlfriend loves seeing you like that, you sexy mare!” As Marci hesitantly spread her legs, Gloria said, “Yup, definitely a sexy horsie. It smells sooo nice, too. It just makes me want to bury my face between your legs and start licking!”

Marci felt blood rush to her cheeks. She loved how Gloria was talking, finding it somehow sweet and arousing at the same time. *I guess she had something special in mind, after all...*

She felt the goat girl’s hands run down her body, never breaking contact as they passed her belly and slid down her thighs, bypassing her aching pussy. She immediately realized there was a different hole her girlfriend had in mind as a finger traced around the puffy ring of her asshole. “Don’t be nervous, Marci, I’m not going inside right now. I’m just going to rub and touch it, juuust like this.”

As Marci continued to swallow, something about having her ass touched while she was eating felt strange at a deep, biological level. It reminded her of her first time eating someone’s waste, like she was forcing her body to do something it was hard-wired to hate. Just like then, though, that thought only made it more arousing when she took another gulp. At this point, the chili had been washed down, and she was just swallowing the remaining soda. The mare both felt and heard a loud gurgle from the mixture she could practically feel sloshing around inside her stomach. She winced as she knew Gloria would have heard it just as clearly as she did.

“You make such sexy noises, horsie!” She felt a gentle pat on her belly, “I could just lay my head here and listen to you aaallllll day.”

Marci shuddered. Surely at some point, her girlfriend would have had enough. The goat girl would tell her that her disgusting body was just too much to be seen out in public with, or that her smell had gotten too awful to be around. And yet, every time she was sure it was about to happen, Gloria had only told her how much she was loved, that she was sexy, and that her girlfriend couldn’t get enough of her.

She supposed that *was* the reason she brought up the idea to her girlfriend in the first place. She felt her body gurgle again, lower down this time. “Mmm,” she heard her girlfriend say from between her legs, “Sounds like I don’t have long to wait before I have a hot, gassy horse hole to play with, down here.”

Marci had to admit, there were some aspects of their relationship that she was still trying to make sense of. Gloria was definitely the more dominant member of the couple, and yet the goat girl was eagerly waiting for her to fart on their hands. Gloria had also made no secret of her love of eating the mare’s ass, just as much as the mare loved doing it in return. Despite things not being as clear-cut with Gloria as they had in the past with Clara, Marci was very happy with her girlfriend.

Ah, Clara. That’s a whole other wrinkle, isn’t it? The elephant’s return, and subsequently joining Gloria and Marci, had been unexpected. The mare certainly didn’t regret it, and she had to admit she had loved when the three of them had played together, but she was still coming to terms with what it meant for herself and Gloria. As much as she hated to admit it to herself, she did still enjoy being around the elephant, and that massive elephant cock still made her dripping wet.

As if reading her mind, Gloria asked, “You’re thinking about her again, aren’t you?”

Clenching her eyes tight in shame, she nodded.

“Shhh...” The goat girl gave her thigh a gentle pat, “It’s okay if you think about her, you know. I don’t mind one bit. I know my beautiful mare loved our threesome before. But I think getting that little taste just made her want more, didn’t it?”

Marci nodded, still waiting for Gloria to scold her. Her eyes were still closed, but not clenched tightly now.

“Maybe sometime I would let her cum inside you,” her girlfriend said, and Marci felt a shiver run down her body. “After all, I know my sexy girlfriend can’t get enough of massive...throbbing...*cocks*.” The goat girl emphasized each word more than the last. Marci’s hips bucked forward off the bed, just a little. Gloria took a loud sniff, then teased, “Someone’s thinking about that right now, isn’t she?”

Marci nodded eagerly, unable to stop herself.

“You know, you aren’t the only one on a journey of self-discovery this weekend,” her girlfriend explained, “Clara actually has an assignment tonight, too. Want to hear about it?”

Marci nodded again.



Clara buried her face in the sopping-wet cow pussy that was pressed against the large hole that had been cut in the restroom stall’s wall. She was starting to recognize it—this cow had visited the stall next to her several times this

evening. Each time, they would sit down, there would be the splashing of piss hitting the water in the toilet, and a moment later they would pressing their hole against the wall again. Clara never heard a flush, nor did she ever hear the soft tearing of toilet paper.

As the now-familiar taste of piss-soaked bovine reached her tongue, she heard the obviously high cow continue the one-sided conversation from last time. “Anyway, that’s when he walked in on me with his brother, and he just dumped me right there on the spot! Can you believe that?! Like here I was, ready for a good double-teaming, and instead I’m getting kicked out without them even letting me rub myself off. And my other-other boyfriend is out with his friends tonight, so I came here. Like I’m not bi or anything, but any port in a storm, right? That’s why I love gloryholes—nobody ever has to know!”

Clara rolled her eyes, but kept slurping away. Gloria’s instructions had been very clear. She was supposed to make three different people cum tonight, and this cow was the second. She was surprised to find, though, that every time this cow returned, her cock would slide out of its sheath. This cow actually repulsed her, so why was her cock reacting like this?

She knew the answer, of course. Though she was surprised that it wasn’t only shame mixed with arousal that had the effect on her.

Suddenly, she heard the restroom door open and footsteps walk into the stall behind her. The cow, mercifully, went silent. The stall door closed, and she heard a knock on the wall. There was a low muttered, “Cheating whore. Well, two can play that game...” Clara repositioned so that her ass would be pressed against the hole in the wall behind her, without pulling her mouth away from the cow’s pussy in front of her.

She heard very quiet tapping from the stall in front of her, just barely audible over the cow’s muffled moans. Here she was, eating a girl out, and they were texting?! The elephant tried to ignore the wet *plap* of her precum hitting the tiled floor.

Meanwhile, behind her she heard a quiet, disappointed grumble, “A guy huh? Well, any port in a storm.” Clara couldn’t help rolling her eyes, thinking about how much happier this pair would be if the positioning were different. In either case, as long as it worked, he would be the third tonight. Without a word, she took the bottle of lube she had set on the floor and slid it back toward the newcomer under the wall of the restroom stall.

She was surprised to feel a pang of sadness at the thought of it being over, as she heard pants being pulled down behind her and she continued eating out the cow in front of her. She had to admit, as offputting as this cow was, the elephant couldn’t keep herself from wondering what the wet hole she was eating would feel like around her cock. But she knew that somehow there was more to it than that. Was it being used by strangers trying to get off? That was definitely a part of it.

Her thoughts were interrupted as she felt lube being rubbed around her asshole. The hands felt small, as expected by the elephant. Pretty much anyone felt small to her.

But why was her cock reacting so strongly to the cow in front of her? It

was more than just being a nameless mouth. Maybe it was knowing they were cheating? Her thoughts went to the cow's boyfriend, walking in on their girlfriend with someone else. At first thought, she didn't think it sounded much different than sharing his partner. But then she started to think more deeply about it, before her thoughts were interrupted by a canine cock pushing into her. She couldn't help letting out a groan into the cow's sopping-wet hole from the sensation.

She also couldn't help noticing that the cow had started grinding against her. *Sure, Marci's hot and all. But I'm never gonna get the chance with her for anything more than now. I mean, with someone else... The sky is the limit. I mean, I really, really shouldn't. But like, I've already made sure she's set for life. I don't really owe either of them anything, do I?*

Carefully taking her phone in one hand and trying to look at the screen out of the corner of her eye, she pulled up the notepad and started to awkwardly type.



Marci laid on the bed, with Gloria rubbing her belly, now constantly gurgling from the mix of chili and soda sloshing around inside it. "Mmm," she moaned contentedly, "I love you rubbing me like that." *Okay, now just ask it.* "Could you... rub my asshole some more?"

"Yup!" Gloria said, one hand reaching lower. As her girlfriend's fingers started to work around her puffy donut again, Gloria mused, "You know, with how soaking wet you get? You would be absolutely perfect for a gangbang. Or I guess it's a 'train' when it's one after another. But yeah. Maybe a nice horse-train, absolutely flooding your womb over and over. Maybe we could make that a weekly thing, even."

Marci let out a long, low groan. "But I thought I couldn't—"

"Some new research just came out, and they were talking about it at school. They're finding a lot of this BioChange stuff works the same way, where for the most part all it does is trigger recessive genes. So that second one you got works like the first one. If you get pregnant from someone who—" Gloria was interrupted by Marci's hole letting out a loud fart. Her girlfriend never stopped rubbing, though. In mock annoyance, the goat girl looked down at her ass. "Do you mind? I'm trying to give my girlfriend some good news, here!"

Turning back to face Marci, she continued, "If someone else with similar genes got you pregnant, then some of these effects may be passed on. Maybe think of it like someone tossing a rock in a pool. Yeah, there are ripples that get sent out, but it's not like the whole pool explodes or anything."

"S-so, you mean..." Marci had given up hope of ever being able to do something like that again, resigned to the fact that the foal she had from Ally would be her only one.

"I mean you're probably not gonna be spending much time un-pregnant like

this,” Gloria leaned in close, “my little foal-factory.”

Marci actually heard the splash of her slimy juices hitting Gloria’s wrist as an orgasm hit her like a freight train. She thrashed and bucked on the bed, before her body calmed down enough to get out a shuddering, “T-thank you. . .”

Apparently not ready to stop teasing, her girlfriend asked, “So what does that make you, hmm?”

“Y-your foal-factory?”

“Mmm, that *does* have a nice ring to it. I dunno, though. There are other things you love being too, aren’t there?”

The mare thought for a moment, then nodded. Seeing Gloria’s expectant face, she whispered, “T-toilet. . . Mmm” The moment she said it, Gloria started rubbing her again. With another loud gurgle from her lower belly, a fart escaped between her girlfriend’s teasing fingers. This one smelled much more strongly than the last ones. “S-sor—” She was interrupted by a finger from Gloria’s other hand against her lips. When she could speak again, she asked, “S-should we go to the bathroom?”

“Aaactually,” Gloria said, “I think you should shit it out right in your girlfriend’s bed.”

“B-but with just how, uh, gurgley I am, I might just. . .”

“You might just what, horsey?”

“I-I just don’t think it’s gonna be solid.”

“Good thing I threw on that waterproof layer and picked up these cheap sheets specifically for your visit, then!” Gloria gave her a wink, “So what is my beautiful girlfriend gonna dooo?”

“S-she’s gonna. . . She’s gonna take a big, wet shit all over your bed!” It came out sounding a bit awkward, but she had to admit to herself that it felt exciting to say.

“You know, maybe I’ll have you start doing it in front of an audience.” The goat girl grinned, “Or maybe I’ll turn you into a cam-girl.”

Marci whimpered. “W-what would you do to your cam-girl?” She could feel her pussy dribbling from the thought. She had always loved porn, having a huge collection herself, and this wasn’t the first time Gloria had mentioned the possibility for her.

Gloria giggled, “Not gonna give that away and ruin the surprise, silly! Buuut I think you’ll like what I have in mind. Though I will say that I’d love the world to see the very first time my girlfriend takes it up her ass.”

“I, um, I want to be outed to the world on camera. I-if that’s okay!” The words slipped out. It was a thought the mare had been turning over in her head pretty much ever since her drugging. The idea of anyone being able to find that side of her—even her own family—always made her dripping-wet. “S-sorry, maybe that’s—”

“—a great idea!” Gloria interrupted, with a grin. Seeing her surprised expression, her girlfriend continued, “Look at it this way. You don’t have to worry about coworkers finding out. Nothing you are doing is illegal. The worst that could happen would be your family finding out.”

“I. . . I hope they find out.” She felt her pussy dribbling as she said it.

“Now try that without the hesitation,” Gloria said with a wink.

She took a deep breath, “I hope my family finds out I’m just a nasty toilet-mare. I want them to see me getting knocked up—no, *bred*—by one stallion after another. I want someone to see me somewhere and quietly ask if they can shit down my throat.” She felt her girlfriend slide three fingers into her, encouraging her to keep going. “I need everyone to see me pregnant, knowing it’s like my fifty-third foal and that my hole is just a gaping cavern. I need to eat shit, suck enemas out of people, drink piss, maybe even get pierced or tattooed, and I need the whole world to see it!”

She felt Gloria slide a fourth finger in, replying, “I see no reason why all of that and more can’t happen, you know.”



Clara reached out under the stall door, holding her phone. By this point, the cock behind her had been knotted inside her for several minutes. Despite having done some anal with Marci and Gloria, she was still very much tight and not used to it. Trying not to move her ass too much made it an awkward reach to hold the phone out.

The message she had typed was a simple one. “Ever thought about dating someone with both tits and a cock? When the guy behind me leaves, I’ll unlock my stall.”

A hand reached down and took her phone. That wasn’t exactly what she had in mind, but since the cow didn’t immediately pull away from her tongue, she figured her phone was most likely not being stolen. A few moments later, she felt the knot being pulled unceremoniously from her ass, along with some of his cum dribbling out and running down her balls. Without a word, she heard pants being zipped up and the stall door opening behind her.

Her hand was bumped by her phone being handed back, so she grabbed it. A new message had been written. “Want some more of this, huh? Wouldn’t say no to dating someone new, if you’re cool with dating a slut. Because that’s not changing anytime soon.”

As she heard the restroom door open and the other occupant leave, Clara gave her answer by loudly sliding the latch to her stall to unlock it. The pussy she had been eating pulled away from her mouth, and Clara moved her jaw a few times to ease the soreness that had built up, as she moved to sit on the toilet. She heard things being gathered, then the cow leaving the stall. It was a good thing that these were extra large, specifically for this sort of thing. They also each had a small table to set things like clothing, phones, etc.

The door of her own stall opened, revealing a relatively small and petite cow. She was still about seven feet tall, Clara guessed, but she was quite slim and had small-ish breasts by bovine standards.

The cow’s eyes were solidly fixed on Clara’s massive cock and balls, mouth slightly agape. Clara was still hard from being used by two strangers in a

gloryhole, but she knew it would pass quickly unless—

“God, my boyfriends are gonna *hate* your cock.”

“Mmm, how many do you have?”

“Uh, well I was gonna say five, but from what I saw thru the crack of the stall door, one of them just dumped his puppies into you. So I dunno if he’s sticking around or not.” The cow sat down on Clara’s lap, straddling her, “He always loved knotting my ass, though eventually he started knot-fucking it. Have you ever been knot-fucked? You don’t seem to mind taking cock.” The cow’s words were slurring a bit, and their hands went to their small breasts as they talked.

Clara shook her head. A voice in the back of her mind told her she was making a mistake. But somehow, the thought of intimacy with a woman she knew would cheat on her, who talked about boyfriends and other partners with her, and that she had met at a gloryhole... Her cock was starting to get harder again.

“So aaanyway, I’ve never dated someone like you before!” A moment later, Clara was surprised by a pair of lips clumsily mashed against hers, with a tongue slipping inside a moment later. As the shock passed, Clara started to kiss back. The cow’s mouth tasted like cum, which didn’t surprise her even a little. She also felt the bovine starting to grind against her cock. Pulling away from the kiss, the cow said, “Oh, I’m Emily, but everyone just calls me Em.”

“Clara—” was all she managed to get out before Emily was making out with her again. A hand reached down and began to stroke her cock for a moment, before she felt the cow stand partly back up to awkwardly straddle it.

As she felt the head slip back and forth between Emily’s lips, the cow pulled away again. “That’s it, grab my hips and *claim* my hole. I want my smallest boyfriend to cry when he tries fucking it again.”

This is a terrible idea, she thought as her hands nonetheless wrapped around the petite cow’s hips, *But my cock is absolutely throbbing right now*.

“C’mon,” the cow pouted, “I’m sure your girlfriend won’t mind! Oh, uh, I kinda took a look at your phone quick before handing it back.” The cow gave her a slow, wet kiss, “I’m *sure* you don’t mind, when I’m ready to let you absolutely *pound* my insides.”

Bad. Idea. She could feel her resistance cracking, though.

“Sounds like you’re not even allowed to fuck her, you poor, poor elephant.” Emily ran a hand down her cheek, caressing it, “I’ll let you nut inside me every single night, you know. But you’re gonna have to teach me how to take your big, hard cock. *Especially* if you wanted to pin me down and assfuck me. So why don’t ya forget about that ice queen and bury yourself in a warm, wet girl who *really* wants you?” As if sensing just how close she was to giving in, the cow stretched up to whisper in her ear. “I’m probably gonna cry when you make me take it. With a cock like yours, you’re probably used to breaking in bitches like me, though.”

Clara felt the last of her willpower crumble.



"I can't hold it anymore. I'm gonna shit on your bed..." the mare whimpered. Between her own thoughts and her girlfriend's nonstop teasing, Marci's body felt like it couldn't decide whether to shit or cum.

"You don't need to hold it," Gloria replied, continuing to rub around Marci's asshole, "Push it aaallllll out right here in bed." Gloria sniffed the air, "Mmm, someone smells like a horny horsey, too!"

"A-aren't you gonna pull away?"

"Nnnope!" The goat girl gave her a grin, "I'm gonna do a fun experiment, just for science. I wanna see if I can train you to associate shitting with pleasure, over time."

She was about to reply, but that's when her body decided it was done waiting. With a loud, low groan, Marci felt her asshole stretch open.



Hey everybody, the author here! With trying to get back into the swing of things after my break, this story is gonna be a two-parter! The next Gloria story will pick up right where this one leaves off. This one's a bit on the short side, but it will be finishing with a normal-sized second part. See you all there!