“Was I right?”

Volta groaned heavily in response. Her whole body felt *different.* She hadn’t been expecting that. Carmen had told her she’d feel *full*—moreso, in fact, than she had ever thought possible, in ways she had never considered—, that she’d constantly feel like she had to pee, unless there wasn’t a drop left, that until the wriggling stopped every squirm of her “meal’s” elbows and knees and head would ripple through her whole body. She had not, in reality, been *adequately* prepared for those effects, but Carmen and Doctor Balley and Madam Director had all discussed them with her at length.

What she hadn’t really been warned about was *after.* The Dachshund—an “ISFOOD,” as she’d been informed—had stopped moving almost a full day and two food coma-like naps ago. Even the little movements afterward, when her stomach had squeezed in against the almost uncomfortably-hot corpse inside her and triggered a ripple of causes and effects as bones slipped free of sludging flesh and collapsed, had finally lost any semblance of solidity.

Carmen's palm, gently, *ever so* gently, *pushed.* The pressure—already difficult to bear—made Volta's eyes cross; she buckled, claws digging into feline shoulders for support as she whined.

“Awww, my poor, sweet puppy. I think you're ready~”

Volta whimpered, nodding with naked desperation. Her hole felt like a thinning plastic grocery bag, desperately fighting a losing battle against a bowling ball.

“Come on, big girl,” Carmen purred. She pivoted, hands moving to support the enormous wolf’s elbow; she helped Volta limp across the living room and into the bathroom.

Every step was another ripple that rearranged the bloat in her guts and threatened to tear the seal she was so diligently, *barely* maintaining. The way she petted her arm gave her the strength she needed to keep being a *good girl,* tromping through their quarters and onto the tiled floor.

Carmen guided her past the sink as her vision swam, the bathroom a blurry smear of porcelain fixtures. The paw at her side bid her to turn, and she obeyed.

Brown tore out of her before she could sit down. She shuddered, thighs tensing and quivering as her tail swung up and out of the way just a moment too late. She felt the adjustment in her bowels, shifting as her body involuntarily squeezed.

With horror, she realized she was not hearing the telltale sound of shit splashing into water.

"C—C-*nnnnnnnghhharrmennnnn,"* she groaned through grit teeth, her claws digging into her knees. "Th-th-the *toiiiletttttt…!"*

"You started going before I could open the lid!" Carmen half-laughed, half-apologized. "I'm sorry, Volts—but at least this way you'll get used to making big messes~!"

Volta opened her mouth to protest, but only found a guttural howl in her throat.

It slithered through her body and surged out in a thick dowel of shit, stacking on its own loose coil with wet *smacks.* Carmen held her as she yawled, tail twitching, flicking flecks of brown onto the tile below.

The Dachshund had been all but forgotten entirely.

"Oh, *god,"* the wolf whined, throwing her head back, back arching; fat, grimy logs slid to the edges of the lid to make room for more, broke apart to fall and splatter against the floor. "Th—there's so *much,* there's *so much,* M-Mama—"

"Shhh-h-h-h-h." Carmen reached up to run a hand through Volta's hair, guiding her chin to rest on her shoulder. "There, there. Mama's got you. Maaaama's got you…"