

"What's gonna happen to us, Betty?" Lily asked nervously, clutching her sister's arm.

Betty closed her eyes, steeled herself, and said in as calm a voice as she could, "I don't know, Lily. All we can do is take things one step at a time, and that starts with us taking a bath and trying to get some of the dirt off us that has been raining down for days. I don't know what will happen after that, but let's just get through that, okay?"

She turned and forced as genuine a smile as she could muster as she stroked her sister's hair.

Lily bit her lip and smiled at the gesture. Eight years old, she looked just like their mother with her ice-blue fur and shy, quiet, and easily frightened demeanor. Her sister, Betty, a decade older, looked like their father, a red fox, but she lacked—or so she believed—his bravery.

Their parents were away, clear across the country on business, when the end of the world began. Neither Betty nor Lily knew exactly what happened. One moment they were sitting in their house, Betty playing on her phone and Lily coloring in a coloring book, and the next, the walls were down in rubble around them. Sirens blared all around. The sky was covered with reddish dust and smoke. Betty had instinctively sought out her sister and clutched her close as she ran them to safety. Now, several days later, the smoke, at least, was finally beginning to clear, but the world was dirty, dangerous, and in far too many places, toxic. It had taken everything they had and over a day just to make it out of their neighborhood. At last, they found a river passing below the road that looked less disgusting than the previous ones had, and desperate to have *some* semblance of cleanliness, they disrobed out of sight and waded in.

"Do you think Mom and Dad are okay?" Lily asked nervously, still clutching her sister's arm as Betty half-dragged her into the water.

"I think so," Betty replied, and she meant it. Somehow, though she didn't know how, she knew her parents were all right, and that all she and Lily had to do was to make it to them. But after things had taken so long just to make it a few miles, she confessed to herself—but certainly not to Lily—that it seemed hopeless. If it took a day to go a mile, would she even be alive by the time they crossed the country to their parents? And supposing she did, what was to say her parents would still be there when she arrived?

She shook her head, driving out the gloomy thoughts. If not for her own sake, she *had* to keep the faith for Lily.

"Come on, let's get cleaned up," she said, lowering her arm and Lily into the water.

"Ack! It's cold!" Lily protested.

"Well, then, get washed, and we can get out," Betty replied.

She was doing her best to hide it, but her sister's clinginess was beginning to wear on her. She understood it, of course, but that didn't make it any less irritating.

"I don't wanna!" Lily cried, grabbing her sister around the neck and holding on for dear life.

Unbeknownst to either of them, several of the many manufacturing plants on the outskirts of the city had dumped toxic waste into that very river. Mixed by the river-currents, they formed a bluish tint that was easily mistaken for clear water, yet it possessed other, less wholesome properties, as well. The very instant Lily clung to Betty and their bodies pressed together, a chemical reaction took place that would change them both forever.

"Ow! Lily, get off!" Betty cried, wincing. "You're too big to go yanking on my neck like that!"

"But I don't wanna be cold!" Lily whined.

"Fine, then! Be filthy; see if I care!" Betty exploded, finally unable to contain her annoyance and unease anymore.

Lily's lip quivered, and Betty immediately regretted it. She sighed.

"Look, I'm—I'm sorry, okay?" she said tiredly. "Things have been hard, and I just—I don't need you to be complaining and whining and clinging to me all the time, okay? I need...space."

"You want me to go away?" Lily asked, taken aback.

"No, just...be a good sister and be quiet for a while, okay? Let *me* get clean, and then we'll figure out what we're going to do next."

Lily huffed and nodded. "Fine," she said, turning to go back to shore, but something was wrong. "Hey, wait," she said. "Betty, let go!"

Betty frowned. "What do you mean? I don't have you."

Lily struggled. "Ha, ha, very funny," she said. "You've got my leg and won't turn loose! *Now* who's being clingy?"

Betty held her arms up out of the water. "Look, I don't have you! See?"

Lily stopped struggling and closed her mouth. "But..."

Betty put her hands on her hips and gave her sister an expectant look. "Okay, fine, do you want me to carry you out?" she asked at last.

"No, but...why can't I move?" Lily asked, beginning to get scared.

Betty knew that look and turned to hug her sister. "No, no, none of that, she said. "Come on, let's go."

She tried to move her right leg, but it wouldn't budge!

"Wait, are *you* holding *my* leg?" she asked.

Lily held up her hands helplessly to show that she wasn't.

"What the hell?!"

Now Betty was getting nervous. She tried moving her other leg and found that it moved just fine. She swallowed.

"Lily," she said, "Which leg can't you move?"

Lily struggled. "My left one; it's stuck!" she said.

Betty swallowed, feeling panic gripping her throat. "I don't want to scare you," she said, "But somehow, my right leg and your left went dead on us. Lean against me, and I'll use my good leg, and you use yours, and let's get out of the water and see what's going on."

"But I don't—"

"Just do it!" Betty snapped through gritted teeth.

She took a slow breath. "Don't argue; just...do it, okay?"

Lily looked about to tear up, but somehow she knew that wouldn't help.

"Okay," she said quietly.

Betty nodded. "Okay, put your right foot forward."

With much effort, Lily did.

"Now mine," Betty said, struggling to move her leg.

Back and forth they went, until they finally made it out of the water. What they saw horrified them.

The toxic chemicals in the water had caused their bodies to fuse, developing a scar that split them right down the middle at their groins, conjoining them into a creature with two trunks that shared one set of legs, one from each of them. On the left was Betty, her fully developed body and rather large buttock resembling the 18-year-old red fox she was. On the right was Lily, her pre-adolescent arctic fox body standing out in stark contrast with a much smaller, much bluer buttock and shorter leg. Their tails did not join in the merge, and Betty's long, thick tail batted against Lily's shorter, more sparsely furred tail. Their abdomens merged at an angle, making both of them lean slightly outward.

But far more drastic than the external changes were the internal ones. Their intestines fused to create one bowel and one set of entrails that received partially digested food from each girl's stomach. Their

cardiovascular and neurological systems remained largely separate, however, though nerves and blood vessels grew from both of them to aid in digestion.

The result shocked and dismayed both of them. Lily burst into tears while Betty stared in dumbfounded horror. Unable to process the bad news standing up, their legs simultaneously buckled, plopping them down on the ground. Yet even that proved to be distressing: Betty's larger buttock pitched them both to the right, leaving them both feeling unbalanced. Yet both lacked the wherewithal to try to get up at that moment. Lily continued to cry, and Betty was far too out of it to even begin to console her sister. They sat there awkwardly for many minutes before Lily finally cried herself out. The air grew silent, dark, and oppressively still, yet still Betty said nothing.

"What are we gonna do *now*, Betty?!" Lily cried, grabbing her sister's arm.

Betty grimaced and tried to push her off, but her clingy hands were not to be turned away.

"Will you stop it?!" Betty yelled. "I can't even think this way!"

"This is all your fault, Betty!" Lily shot back. "I didn't want to take a bath, but you said we had to! Now we're stuck to each other!"

"Well, you ought to *love* that!" Betty snapped. "You won't keep your hands off me for just *one minute*! Geez, you're so freaking clingy!"

Lily's jaw quivered, taken aback by how mad her sister was at her. Her face became a petulant pout.

"Fine, then!" she said, doing her best to turn her back and crossing her arms. "Maybe I don't wanna hold your arm anyway!"

"Good!" Betty retorted. "I don't want you to!"

Betty then turned her back as best she could and crossed her arms, too. The sisters sat there seething in a mixture of fear, frustration, and hurt.

A twig snapping in the brush ahead of them made them both whip their heads around to look.

"Betty, I'm scared," Lily said, instinctively wrapping her arms around Betty's arm.

"Yeah, let's get out of here," Betty agreed. "Come on, let's get on our feet. Count of three, ready? One, two, three!"

They both straightened their legs and quickly realized how awkward it was to walk with Lily's leg nearly a full foot shorter. Betty looked around, grabbed some scrap metal discarded by the river, and tied it onto Lily's shoe.

"Can you walk on that?" she asked.

Lily gave it a try.

"It's kind of heavy," she complained, lifting her leg for emphasis.

"I know, but it's the best I can do right now. Let's find shelter, and then I'll see if I can make you something better."

They started to leave when Betty suddenly blushed.

"Wait," she said. "We can't go naked."

They clambered back to where they'd left their clothes. Betty's tank top and Lily's T-shirt with her favorite cartoon character on it both fit fine, but when it came to their lower extremities, it was a bit of a lost cause, and especially with Lily walking around on a stilt, they decided to forgo pants that might trip them up and opted to wear just enough to avoid flashing everyone. Wearing Lily's panties was out of the question; Betty's butt was far too big to fit into them. On the other hand, while Betty's heart-print panties fit her side nicely, they sagged on Lily's side.

"They'll have to do," Betty said desperately.

"But hey, they're cute, right?" Lily said, brightening. "I like the big heart!"

Betty bit her lip. She liked it, too, but not just because it was cute.

They set out, slowly and awkwardly making their way back to the road and then turning and following it for what seemed like ages. A flickering light ahead guided their way, and as they came over a hill, Betty gasped in relief.

"There," she said. "We'll stay there for the night."

The two of them ambled down the hill, carefully making their way to a gas station whose backup generator was on its last legs. They made it inside and collapsed on the floor, resting against the wall as they tried to catch their breath.

"Well, at least we're inside now," Betty said.

Just then, a bolt of lightning shot across the sky, and it began to pour.

"Thank goodness," Lily said before passing out.

Betty awoke the next morning, startled and shuddering at what she thought was just a bad dream. But as she turned, she let out a yelp of surprise and dismay at seeing that her sister was indeed fused with her. Her yelp awakened Lily, who woke with an even severer start than her sister.

"Betty, what's the matter?" Lily cried.

Not wanting things to escalate further, Betty fought hard to get herself under control. Her voice pinched with tension, she forced a smile and said, "N—nothing; I—I thought I had a spider on me."

Lily gasped and looked around.

"No—no, Lily, it's fine; it was just a dream," Betty said reassuringly.

Lily breathed a sigh of relief, and then she felt her intestines gurgle. The feeling was unnerving because they both felt it at once.

"Come on, let's see if we can find something to eat," Betty said. "There's got to be something left around here." They got to their feet and began looking around. "Now, remember: don't eat expired food," she warned. "You don't want to get sick, after all."

They walked up and down the aisles, but most of them had already been picked clean. As they passed the deli, Lily's face suddenly lit up, and she reached out and snatched something off the long-cold warmer.

Betty turned and looked at her. "Did you find something?" she asked.

Lily bit her lip and did her best to look disappointed. "No," she said.

Betty gave her a weird look but then turned her attention to the chip aisle. Far back on the shelf, pressed up against an endcap display was a bag of sour cream and onion potato chips. It wasn't Betty's favorite, but it was something, and she felt like she hadn't eaten in days. Her intestines growled loudly—almost violently—as she reached for it.

"Wow, I guess I'm hungrier than I thought," she said aloud. "Hey, Lily, do you want some—"

She trailed off on seeing her sister with food and a shit-eating grin all over her face.

Betty's breath caught.

"Lily, what was that?" she asked slowly.

"Nothing!" Lily grinned.

"Lily, this isn't something to joke about! This is very important! Now, what did you eat?" Betty asked urgently.

Their intestines growled viciously, making them both exhale sharply and double over.

"What did you eat?" Betty growled through clenched teeth.

"Nothing!" Lily protested. "Just a burrito off the counter over there."

Betty's pupils constricted. "Burrito?" she gasped, looking around frantically. "Where's the package? Do you have it? Give it to me!"

Lily hesitated and then handed over the empty wrapper.

Betty took one look at it and sagged.

"Lily, what did I tell you?" she asked, feeling defeated. "I *said* not to eat expired food! This expired last week!"

"What? It still tasted fine!" Lily protested as their intestines growled again.

Betty's eye twitched as she felt a bubble of gas trace its way around their colon. Seconds later, a shrill, prolonged squeak erupted from between their buttocks.

"Ugh!" Betty cried. "That's *disgusting!* Lily, you farted!"

Lily blushed crimson. "I'm sorry," she said, hanging her head. "I tooted."

Her eyes and nose burning from the stench, Betty didn't notice how embarrassed her sister was.

"Geez, Lily, did you crap your pants? That stink *reeks!*"

Lily went silent, turning away and covering her face with her hands in humiliation.

Betty glanced at her sister and sighed. Fighting back her revulsion—she had just experienced her sister's fart first-hand, after all—Betty gingerly put her hand on Lily's shoulder.

"It—it's fine," she said. "I mean, we all fart, right?"

Lily remained unmoved. Wracking her brain, Betty hit on an idea she was pretty sure would bring her sister around. She closed one eye and made a face, undulating her body subtly until she finally felt a gurgle in her stomach. Forcing a satisfied smile to mask her distaste at what she was about to do, she tightened her abs and shoved the gurgle further down. Lily gasped as she suddenly felt the shared experience of Betty's gas squiggling its way down their intestines. It reached their anus, and Lily clamped down on her anus as hard as she could.

Betty, on the other hand, worked her muscles, and the gas flowed out of them without a sound. The relief was definitely there for Lily, but she hadn't heard anything.

She frowned uncertainly. "Did you just—?" she asked. A moment later, the stench hit her nostrils, making her reel. "Augh! That's even worse than mine was!" she cried.

"Silent but deadly!" Betty grinned wickedly. Giving her sister a smug look, she said, "I bet you can't beat *that* one!"

Lily hesitated but brightened in spite of herself. "Can, too!" she said, taking up her sister's challenge.

"*Cannot!*" Betty teased.

"Can, too!" Lily replied, crossing her arms petulantly.

"All right, then: I challenge you to a farting contest!" Betty said. Her eyes darted around as she thought quickly. "The prize will be, uh..." She glanced at her hand. "Uh, this half-eaten bag of chips!"

Lily raised an eyebrow skeptically, but Betty's trick was working: she was grinning ear-to-ear.

Encouraged, Betty continued on. "Now, we've got to make this official," she said, adopting a formal tone, "Ten of our points come from volume, forty points from stench, and fifty points from style."

"Style?" Lily asked, intrigued.

"Yes, like, did you make an original-sounding fart or did you just lazily let it out? Was I careful to make it silent but deadly, or did something just lazily escape?"

"Oh!" Lily said, her eyes widening. "I get it! How many tries do we get?"

Betty pursed her lips. "Hmm, let's say three each, or until we can't fart anymore. And we have to take turns; when it's my turn, you have to relax and let me go, and when it's your turn, I'll relax and let you go."

Lily giggled and clapped her hands. "I'm gonna toot so much I take those chips right out of your hands, Betty!"

"You're on!" Betty replied, grinning competitively. "You first."

Lily pursed her lips thoughtfully and then squeezed her stomach. Betty couldn't help but shudder as she felt Lily's gas pass into their joined intestines. A few seconds later, she *really* grimaced as a burning-hot fart blew against the fur on their butt.

Lily giggled, clapping her hands. "Hehe, I tooted, and a stink came out my tushy!"

The stench hit Betty just then, and her eyes watered. "Oh, good *grief*, that's awful!" she laughed. "But why do you call it 'toot'? All the cool kids call it a 'fart.'"

"Well, I don't!" Lily replied exultantly. Then her nose shriveled. "Eew, I felt your hair blow when it came out," she said. "It was all coarse and scratchy!"

"Well, *yours* is all...feathery and tickly!" Betty retorted good-naturedly.

"So, what do you think?" Lily asked. "I think I should get a billion points for being cute!"

Betty rolled her eyes. "Well, volume-wise, I gotta give you zero points, and you *did* sorta copy me in the silent-but-deadly one, but the *heat* pretty well singed my fur, so I'll give you 45 points for style. And the *stench*—that was *awful*, so I'll give you 40 points for that. 85 points; not bad!" She pursed her lips. "But I *gotta* take a point off for 'toot.'" She shook her head. "One must give dignity and respect to the great sport of flatulating!"

Lily stuck her tongue out. "Well, I *like* toot! Toot and tushy! A tushy-toot!" She giggled, amused with herself.

Betty rolled her eyes. "Well, then, my turn!" she said.

She forced some air down into her stomach and felt a series of gas bubbles go bubbling down their intestines. Lily shuddered and groaned, doubling over a little bit.

"Ooh, this one's gonna be a bad toot," she moaned.

"The best ones hurt a little bit," Betty said smugly. "Here goes!"

The first of the bubbles made it to their anus. Betty squeezed her side closed and pinched her buttock against her sister's.

RAT-TAT-TAT!

The other bubbles followed shortly thereafter.

RAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-TAT-TAT!

Lily covered her ears and started to look around for gunfire, but then the stink reached her nostrils. It wasn't as bad as the others had been, but it was still definitely stinky.

Betty, on the other hand, was looking mighty self-satisfied.

"I tell ya, that half-eaten bag of chips is as good as mine!" she chuckled. "I definitely won points for volume!"

"I'll say!" Lily replied.

"And it was pretty original and also hard to do, especially with only half an ass!"

"Mmm, I bet!"

"But the stink could have been worse." She pursed her lips. "I'm gonna go with 85 points, and since I call it a 'fart' like a big girl, I get to keep them all!"

"No fair!" Lily protested. "I wanna keep all my points!"

"Then you gotta earn them!" Betty replied, grinning mischievously. "Come on: your turn."

Lily excitedly began working her stomach, determined to outdo her sister, but in her haste, she didn't realize that a bubble of air was already ready to come out.

Her eyes went wide as it fizzled out in an insipid "pfft."

"Wait, no, that—" she started to protest.

"Aww, was that all?" Betty chuckled. "Here, I've got just the thing."

She made a face and let out a two-toned, descending fart that unmistakably sounded like "mwah, mwah."

Now it was her turn to giggle at her own cleverness. Lily, on the other hand, was sulking.

"Aww, come on," Betty said, "You've still got one more! Tell you what, let's ignore the last two—those were just for practice anyway—and this next one wins all the chips!"

Lily pursed her lips and then smiled. "But you ate half of them already!"

"Well, okay," Betty conceded, grinning ruefully, "*Half* the chips, then!"

Lily's eyes narrowed mischievously. "All right, then; you asked for it!" she said.

She gulped down mouthful after mouthful of air, grimacing as it tried to come back up as a burp and forcing it back down. Betty's eyes widened as she realized just how much air was about to pass through their combined intestines. Lily's stomach rumbled, and then both girls groaned as the air began its circuitous route through their bowels.

"Oof, here it comes," Betty said.

Lily nodded, made a face, and then clenched her buttock against her sister's.

A shrill, whining sound came from between their legs, like a balloon whose neck was pinched, letting the air squeak out of it. Betty chuckled and glanced at her sister, who still wore a very intent look on her face as her fists clenched and she continued to modulate her anus to keep it going.

"Good *grief*, Lily!" Betty laughed, "How long is that thing gonna go? It's got to have been 30 seconds already!"

"Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one..." Lily said, counting.

At last, the infernal squeak stopped, and Lily gave Betty a smug look. "Ha! Forty-three seconds straight. Beat *that*!"

Betty raised her eyebrows, clearly impressed. "Whoo boy, you *are* a little stinker, aren't you?" she laughed.

"Better than a *big* stinker!" Lily retorted, crossing her arms. "You're up. Gimme those chips!"

Betty glanced from her sister to the chips and back and then shook her head and handed them over.

"I concede," she said, chuckling. "I can't beat something like that for length! Silent but deadly and loud I can do, but *that*...that was an abomination of the raunchiest kind!"

Lily clapped her hands. "Yay, I won the tooting contest!"

Betty gave her a dirty look and snatched the chips away before her sister could eat them.

"What word do we use?" she prodded.

"Toot!" Lily said, clearly saying it just annoy her. "Toot, toot, toot!" she taunted, giggling impishly.

"Tooters get tickled!" Betty said, dropping the chips and tickling her sister mercilessly.

"Ack! No!" Lily cried, "Stop, or I'm gonna—"

FRRRRP!

Betty stopped, and both girls looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"You know," Betty said thoughtfully, "We could work together and make a *big* fart!"

Lily's eyes lit up. "Yeah!" she said. "The biggest, loudest, stinkiest toot ever!"

"Let's get ready!" Betty said.

Both girls began swallowing as much air as they could stand, so much that their stomachs hurt a little until the air moved downward. But when it reached their intestines, they both *really* doubled over. So much air at once hurt *quite* a bit. They both panted as they felt the air squiggle around inside of them, searching for an exit. Suddenly, they felt it shoot across them from right to left.

"Ohh, it's coming pretty quick," Betty said. "Know what you're gonna do?"

"Yeah!" Lily said. "I'm gonna make a—"

The gas hit their anus and immediately began pushing through. Lily squeezed her half of their anus tightly together to make it squeak while Betty semi-relaxed, making a much lower-pitched drone. Both girls began laughing uncontrollably as they both let their anus tighten and relax, making warbling and almost melodious noises in the gas as it passed.

"Ha! We sound like a bagpipe!" Betty laughed. "We should do Blue Bells of Scotland!"

"Let's make it louder!" Lily said. "Let's force it out!"

Betty wasn't gonna argue. They both squeezed their abs tight, and sure enough, the air rushing faster through got louder.

All of a sudden, both girls' eyes widened, and they reflexively squeezed their buttocks together.

"Oh, sh—" Betty gasped, hardly daring to breathe.

She and Lily exchanged glances, both their faces burning with embarrassment.

"We've got to get to the bathroom—fast," she said "Come on!"

Lily offered no protest, that the two of them awkwardly but quickly headed back to the back and into the dark bathroom. They fumbled around for a light switch, but to their dismay, the power was completely gone. Feeling around some more, they found a stall and groped their way to the toilet. Leaning against the wall, they managed to pull their panties down and sit down heavily without falling off.

That was the easy part.

They looked at each other expectantly and then both turned and looked at their respective stall walls, too embarrassed to say anything. They must have remained that way for a good five minutes, both too weirded out to relax and let nature take its course. Both started to say something multiple times, but neither could bring herself to do it. All the while, their bodies sensed their presence on the toilet and began mutually trying to move things along, whether the heads attached to those bodies liked it or not.

Their stomachs rumbled, the pressure against their tightly-clenched anus grew, and their bowels cramped in protest against their refusal to yield.

Betty sighed at last. Lily looked at her nervously.

"We can't go on like this forever," Betty murmured, deliberately avoiding eye contact, even in the dark. "We're gonna have to both just let go and let it happen."

"But *you're* here," Lily protested. "I can't go while you're here!"

"I know," Betty said, sighing miserably. "I don't like it, either, but unless you know of a way for us to separate, I think this might be how things go from now on."

Lily swallowed and grimaced. "But I don't wanna..." she said.

Betty pursed her lips and took a deep breath, trying to ignore the sinking feeling she felt in her gut.

"Well, I'm going to," she said. "And if you feel like you want to, too, just...I dunno, relax and let it happen, okay?"

For Betty, it was bad enough defecating in a public bathroom with someone in the neighboring stall. Now her sister was not only in the same stall, she would be able to feel everything as it happened, just as Betty could, and despite the genuine fun they'd had with the farting contest, she still felt painfully self-conscious. But she'd already said it: they couldn't go on like this forever. One way or another, they were going to have to move past it.

She steeled herself and relaxed. She felt something move and felt the first part of the bowel movement shift, trying to get out through her side of their anus, but it was too big to fit.

Lily suddenly whimpered, startling Betty, who clamped back down in surprise.

"What's the matter?" Betty asked.

"When you did that, it...it got a lot harder to hold it back," Lily said awkwardly.

Betty sighed. "It looks like we're going to have to do it together," she said. "We can't hold it back by ourselves, and we can't let it go by ourselves. I don't know about you, but I *really* need to go."

"Me, too," Lily whined.

"Take my hand," Betty said as encouragingly as she could. "We'll go on the count of three, okay? No holding back; in fact, let's push it and get it all out of us!"

Lily bit her lip and took Betty's hand. "Okay," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Okay," Betty said, taking a few deep breaths. "One...two...three!"

They both cried out to vent their humiliation and pushed for all they were worth. A thick paste of feces pressed itself against their anus and began to slide out. They both shuddered, and Lily instinctively tensed. She regretted it the second she did and quickly relaxed again, leaving a gouge in the scat-log as it pressed out. But as it plopped into the toilet—thank *goodness* there was still water left—the girls both felt a little better. They'd survived the first piece, and now it was just more of the same. Their bowels churned and pressed out a long stream of paste that tickled the hair on their anus and stroked in a gross but sensuous way against their quivering butthole.

At last, the ordeal was over. Wiping was awkward, but they managed, got to their feet, and left the bathroom. As they stepped out, the feelings of awkwardness melted away, and they both felt, surprisingly, better than they had in a long time.

"Come on," Betty said, "Let's go find our parents."

Lily nodded. Though the going would be tough, they knew that if they could survive what they'd just done together, they could survive just about anything.

They stepped out into the hazy sunlight, heading west. They made it about a hundred feet when a squeak erupted from between their buttocks.

Lily blanched.

"Oops," she said, blushing hard. "I farted."

They came to a stop, and Betty looked at her. "No," she said, wrapping a consoling arm around her sister, "We farted."