

## Mooned By Sunrise

Written by Septia.

-Phhrfffprpth- A gale of pungent vapours bellowed from the breach of flesh above the changeling, the flatulence haunting him odours of scorched lard and charred peppers. A mere blanket sealed Chrono in an intimate union with the queen's bottom; the changeling watching as every puff of exhaust made the pucker ripple like the skin of a roasting hog.

The queen slept peacefully, yet rest was a hassle for the former rebel leader – now designated fart cushion. -Ppfrrrbbth- A flush of fumes filtered out through the gas giant's nether, singeing the changeling to sweat under the torrent of fluid heat and the toasting aura radiating from Daybreaker's ignited tail; spewing smog as from the pyre within a dilapidated blacksmith's workshop. Each night for seven days, all spent baking in the steam oven of a living sun, huffing the reeking concoction of burnt garlic and disputants to the sun's regime, stewed in molten tar.

“Haawwmmmf.”

A yawn, Chrono blinked tears out of his eyes, she was awake.

Daybreaker's hind shifted as she greeted her glorious day in a yawn, scooching her leg aside to part her cheeks wide. -Brrppggrrrrfft- A burble of steam flooded out of the leaking pressure cooker of a hind, venting jets of sulphur stench that sunk its talons through Chrono's nostrils. Gas plumed to a cloud of soot littered with sparkling tinders that burned onto Chrono's carapace; his groans of pain coaxing him to inhale a lungful of torched refuse.

“Phaa, hhuuaawh,” he coughed out a whirlwind of umber smog dressed in a haze of tinder-throat hoarse and dry for cooking at the queen's cleft.

Daybreaker's sinew stiffened, eyes narrowed as she surveyed the room in search of the disruption. Her expression mellowed as she felt the thrashing at her rear, remembering the unwilling asset.

“To think, I was suspecting an intruder,” the queen shuffled under her blankets, pinning Chrono's head to the mattress under the weight of her burnished buns, “how could I neglect the services of the, ever faithful, royal fart-cushion.” She polished the changeling's ace squealing with her sweat stained bottom. “For your rebellion desiring to see my reign abolished, you have to admit you got far... for now, you are at the end of my regime, butt crack-ling,” the mare punctuated her statement by unleashing a cascade of exhaust, fleeing her rear with the hiss of water evaporating in a pan -Sfrshst-.

At the overwhelming presence, Chrono faltered, slumpinh limp as the queen's ass wiped off on the proverbial welcome mat of a changeling. Despite pain and disgust, the acknowledgement and physical contact brought a fluster to his cheeks.

“C-. Dch-... y-your mages-ty...,” Chrono coughed out with vocal chords of sandpaper.

“Pha, it is embarrassing – even for a fume sponge – to address their saviour with such – feeble – tones,” Daybreaker scoffed and tossed the blanket aside, sauntering off the bed with the tattered stink-bug glued to her hind, “your throat is as parched as the dessert I am facilitating in the eastern swamplands. I could grace you with the privilege of my boiling urine. Yet, perhaps a chug of pungent lava will serve as an eloquent medicine for your condition,” Daybreaker pondered to herself whilst adjusting Chrono's head to slot under her marehood.

His head clamped between thighs and eyes sticking up just past the lips of her fireflower, the rest of his frame slumped over the bed. Chrono peered up at the towering visage of the queen, staring up at the radiance of a sadistic, living sun. There was something that stuck with him, how her blunt visage had nothing to hide, shadows unable to form in her presence. Her hoof rammed his

face into her crotch, and Chrono sensed the vibrations through his carapace, the streams twirling through the pipelines of her frame.

“Mmfpfhrgr,” he mumbled into her crotch, before the heat blossomed. From the parted folds oozed a citrine glob of heat made manifest, sunbeams at sweltering temperatures exuded from the mass of congealed urine, lighting up the insides of Chrono's maw like a slab of hot metal. The jellied lava pooled over his tongue despite his best efforts to avoid it, steam of fried changeling flesh and tart lemonade stuffed his lungs and slipped out in dust twisters from his coughs.

“Aaaaa, a suitable, mm... relief, haa, I needed this,” the Queen declared, slumping back seated on the bed, rear smothering over Chrono's torso, as she releasee the river of internal magma to singe its way through Chrono's throat as a loaf d of smelt honey...

Sticky, molten lava washed off Chrono's tongue, a jet of temperate fluids rushing through ad pooling off of his flesh and flushing it into his throat. Chrono glanced up seeing Daybreaker's gaze aimed out the window, at her kingdom. What ferried down his throat had gone from the punishing molten rock to a mere boiling gold, the steaming drizzle scolding his maw with the imprint of wilted wheat and burning copper. Yet to his torched, numbed, nerves, it was but tepid tea. Despite the stings of foetid bitterness, Chrono took solace in s moment, panting out plumes of saline mists in the atmosphere of the royal chambers.

~ 1 ~

“Considering how well rebels have been reinstituted as urinals, perchance there is hope for some of the blind fools in my kingdom,” Daybreaker considered as she sauntered into her Lava-tory, Chrono stumbling behind her with his head sandwiched in her cheeks, lead to a mat covered in chains and hoofcuffs in the porcelain privy. -Ppffrrth- Puffs of singed nausea washed over Chrono's muzzle as the rump was detached from his complexion.

“Shame it brings us such satisfaction when their meat dissolves and essence vaporise. You should have room for this assemblage, similar to the room for new advisors, once these have seized contaminating my body.”

Chrono's gaze affixed onto the round cheeks looming above, the twin suns rumbling with the padding of traitorous delegates, parting for the reverberating funnel hissing of evaporated sinew. -Ghhrrlslpth- With the crinkle of clotted glue the brim of meat engorged, the flesh drumming back and forth, heralding the chunk of burnished sludge framed by the pearl coat of the queen's pucker. The bundle of slag distending Daybreaker's rim clad in a hue of tarnished bronze with splotches of charcoal black crawling over its surface in a labyrinth of countermarks tangled in an arcane pattern. Fissures tore through the surface of the molten muck, cracks sprouted as the hunk was bent and contorted through the furnace hatch; the colours of flames glowed through the trenches, each crevice a glimpse into the molten depths of bile was contained by the shell of pliable bedrock.

“We shan't require the hoofcuffs, shall we?” Daybreaker questioned the aether, and massaging her bloated barrel.

Chrono remained silent, head tilted upwards, with his jaw hanging low, as the queen's derrière plunged on top of his head. -Dtthhwwp- Sulphur rich exhaust wriggled through every crevice and burn mark on his skin, while his maw was subjected to the undiluted taste of stewed acrid smog and molten methane. Insubordination would only turn his punishment severe, he knew his place supporting the bulk of the queen's exterior smothering his head, draining the flood of bowel magma straight down his gullet. Droplets of orange grease trickled out from the crackled surface, the bile cooked his throat from the inside with their smooth texture – even in residual heat they held the warmth of sauna stones – yet the fluids draining between them were rivers of untamed fire, licking over his scorched flesh. As the mounds billowed out from the hind, Chrono felt the stray streams torching off layers of burned tissue, exposing new flesh to be cooked by the boiling garbage vacated from from the mare's rear. And yet, he felt his lips morphing along the motions of

the brim, sprawling wide as she unloaded a congested clog of tart lava into his mouth, and retracting over bumps and cracks in the volcanic mire. A week of conditioning had taken him farther than expected.

~ 2 ~

“Mmm, haa, a befitting prelude of my day, discarding the redolent residue of past conquest,” Daybreaker mused as stuffed Chrono with defecated defectors, “I cannot ensure to graze my subject with my shining kingdom, were I to haul around a trove of trash all day.” She let out a soft sigh, a spiral of smog flown through her teeth, as she shifted her weight backwards, grinding her flank onto the changeling, lubricated in lukewarm mare brine and sweat.

-Chhrrllglsth- Chrono felt her pucker crinkle as rock submerging into a flow of lava, the convulsing hollow warping over his muzzle, a seamless transition from dispensing loaves of scorched manure, to swallowing his cranium. His last few glimpses of the world choked from view as the bowels yawned around him, hauling him into the chambers of congested smog and dripping lard, an aroma of boiling tar and cinders invading his senses while the royal rump devoured him – trapping him in her organic furnace.

Daybreaker wringed and gyrated her hips towards the ground, her pale buns clamping and munching over Chrono's onyx hide as she descended. Vague bloats of a wriggling body formed a silhouette on her front, while the queen let her bottom collide with the ground -Dgmmmpth- -Crllsh- -Crhrrllsgh- crinkling of wrestling in molten gelato as the rear engulfed the last of her subject.

“The irony is that I am left carrying waste, to rid me of the refuse and fumes I'll forge throughout the day.” The queen shivered as she stood. -Ghrhbrsbgl- A grumble of her gut ramping up to a rousing boil, but once it reached her hind, not but a -Fft- left her cheeks. “Though, you entertain a purpose, in gorging yourself on my gas.” Daybreaker's mane flared up in a flush of amused determination. “A lousy leader, yet a passable regal ass-crack-ling.”

In her depths, Chrono took in every word she said through the beating, churning and oscillating depths, hanging onto the little interaction he was granted, before the queen would return to her duties, not sparing the internal fart pillow a fleeting thought.