

Against The Seat of Royalty

Written by Septia.

Pharynx's wings twitched under his shell. If not for his presence alone being enough to induce fright, then changeling's irritated demeanour was enough to part crowds of changeling before him. His hearing was leading in towards the chamber, where all the ruckus had rallied to.

"This goes against our nature, we have given up our place on this world, the whole ecosystem is out of balance. If us changelings won't return to our previous ways, and it is all the ponies fault," the speaker showed vehemence in his cause, a single grey carapace changeling hovering over the colourful crowd. "We'd do better for ourselves, and the whole world, if we just went back to nature, and showed that we are not a force to mess with. We are changelings, and this friendship business won't last."

"Enough is enough, Chrono," Pharynx called out and unravelled his wings out in their full, crimson flare. While he didn't think anyone was agreeing with Chrono, they were all gathering, and listening to him, which was cause enough for worry.

"It is spooky seeing this from the other end of the debate," the newly reformed changeling leader admitted, "but you have to listen to reason."

Chrono flew up into Pharynx's face, blue and purple eyes clashing in glares.

"Don't talk to me, traitorous trash who sheathed his wings first sign of struggle, just to cover your own flank, the true hive doesn't need you." Chrono darted off after exchanging a long stare.

Once calm had been reinstated, the crowd dispersed. Pharynx was silent.

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The redolence of wilted vines and fungal growth condensed under the midnight moon, croaks and the rustling of wind accompanying a shadow zipping through the air. Snoring. The shadow turned. Shielded by bushes laid the sleeping form of a grey changeling.

"This is how much the hive needs you," Pharynx proclaimed with his stallionhood dipping out of its sheath. Veins twitching along the vascular meat, Pharynx's tip rippled like algae in the wind, parting for pressure he had let build since the meeting came to its boiling point. -Frslllssh- It cut through the soggy air in an arc of liquid amber, flooding down Chrono's carapace in golden rives; oozing a stench of pickled changeling musk from the liquid veins sprawling and spattering over his natural armours. The fluids flushed through crevices and cracks, painting Chrono in outlines of tenebrous cockjuice.

"Mfma, mma... mmwa? Mfmf, aaammf mmf," Chrono started awake, turning over onto his back, unable to escape the river of piss cascading down his front, dousing its oozing heat across his frame.

"I don't take dirty from noponies. You are a coward, neglecting the communities well being. You being so used to taking the piss, thought you wouldn't mind getting soaked in it fresh from the source." He called out, straddling Chrono to the ground with his back hooves and painting the changeling in the hail of urine, ensuring every segment laid drenched in the vitriol substance before aiming it down his throat. It was going a bit too well... It surprised Pharynx that Chrono didn't put up further resistance, seemed to keep his maw open, along with his grunts being in tune with those of pleasure, rather than disgust.

"You can't... this is ridiculous," Pharynx scoffed, the stream petering out and the changeling panting on the ground, soaking in the odours of vinegar and nutmould.

“Are you savouring my piss? Here I come, trying teach you a lesson, and you little stench sponge just take it all with an open mouth?” he scolded, wings flared as the changeling below attempted to wedge himself free. “Don't think about it, if I am supposed to be so good at covering my flank, then how about I cover it with you for a change?” the changeling roared out, and slammed their rear onto Chrono's head,

-Dddwfth- The cheeks mashed down, enveloping Chrono's face, gliding against his piss polished carapace as Pharynx finagled to get his pucker lined up.

“This is what you aremmf trying to feed out colony,” Pharynx grunted between words, his colon compacting mounds of raw contempt through his system, his pucker throbbing in the face of the humid, flailing Chrono. -Ppfhhrhrth- -Brrmmfth- A flush of vapour soaked him in molten intestinal sulphur, the brim surpassing the girth it gained from the gas exchange, bloating under the bulk of manure trudging through the changeling compost canals, and burrowing their way through the rim right into Chrono's gape.

“Mfmps, mmrw, mgmf... mm...” Chrono mumbled, muffled under the cheeks engulfing his face, his struggling petering out as the loaf of condescend bug dung crept into his maw. The segments laid bundled taut with an intestinal liquid serving as a coagulated binding agent, cobbled globules of corpulent ballast warping Pharynx's brim and Chrono's lips alike to their chubby, scragged exteriors. -Spslltshg- -Chrsls- A crinkle – wet latex rags polishing windows – ruffled from the egress of Pharynx's cargo; gelato with tree-bark skin and reeking of fertilised loam congesting Chrono's gob, swelling out his cheeks to the volume of manure deluging from the verdant cheeks above.

“Mfmmwr, fmmgrwh,” Chrono huffed, jerking his head within Pharynx's posterior chasm.

“Mfms, you aren't getting that down unless you handle all the, mm dung your mouth spews out for once, so instead of hurling it at our people, just, swallow, it.” -Bbwn- -Bbwbg- -Dbbdwf- Pharynx bobbed his rear onto the rival turned toilet-seat, mashing cheeks together over his face and mimicking the motions of masticating, until he felt Chrono sink his teeth into the tangled ribbons of filth bundled in his saliva.

-Shhhgtl- -Ghhrsls- Chrono's teeth chomped through the rump clay, separating globs of the putrid manure by the patchwork of cracks covering its exterior, breaking the bones from each lump, which instead clogged and gummed onto his teeth in layers of acrid soaked gel. When his molars dug through the congealed texture of flank bread, his saliva mixed with the filaments of dung dew, infecting his mouth with the sharp flavour of wilted roses boiled in cider and dust.

Pharynx sighed, grinding his rump back into the compliant changeling, spying at how Chrono's jet black member twitched and riled up at the exercise. “This is a joke, you are a joke of an ass muncher, lick my butt clean after I use you why don't you, worthless stink bugmfmfmggh,” Pharynx gave of faint squeal as the pale blue tongue swirled over his pucker, swiping up specks of gummed up fudge clutter and applying a sleek coating of drool.

“Ok, that is enough,” Pharynx concluded and raises his read from Chrono's face, watching the bug panting, flustered and quivering with his cheeks swollen full of the greasy gruel, stuffed to the point where he couldn't shut his maw.

“Disgusting, really are all that bile you spew out, just speaking straight from that crystal of mulch you call a heart.” Pharynx scoffed at the sight, and grabbed Chrono's horn, throwing it backward, exposing the changeling's gullet in a smooth arc. “Flush...,” Pharynx's commanded.

This opened the pathway down Chrono's oesophagus, easing the changeling's task, letting him chug down the load of foetid chocolate. Mulch contorted in droves down his throat, till there was just smeared strokes of manure across his cheeks and down his tongue, along with the lingering stench of a puppy back from a heist into into the outhouse.

Pharynx sighed, and let Chrono go. “I realised, that just because you want something to be true, doesn't mean you are given the right to force it on everyone. Isn't easy to know what to do, and that is ok,” he mumbled, somewhat humbled by the experience of the embarrassed, flustering below him. “However, I believe I have an easy solution for integrating you back into the hive...”

“And... you, really are doing this because...?”

“Because he wants it,” Pharynx answered his somewhat concerned brother, Thorax, while the two watched the changeling throne being fashioned with an extension, a lower chamber which Chrono was being funnelled into and restrained.

“He goes crazy about it.”

“So... you mean I should... use him?”

Pharynx wrapped a hoof around the Changeling ruler's back. “It keeps him happy, and keeps his mouth from barfing up propaganda, really, we'd be hurting the colony if we weren't treating him as the rightful filth bag he is, might as well enjoy it along the way.” Pharynx said and patted the somewhat distressed brother on the back before sauntering away from the royal chamber.

“Mister, mister?” a little nymph got Pharynx's attention, “what happened?”

Pharynx glanced back, nodding to himself. “I put a pervert in a throne. I thought it went great.”

