

Cock-block of the new Year

Written by Septia.

As the orchard's patrons diminished, the ticking of the midnight bell grew louder. Perhaps it was only easier to hear, now that only a dozen ponies remained standing, along with a melange of processed pony plaster clustered in heaps and sloughing off furniture. A tang of tiled turf temperate in the air.

-Ghrbrsltlsh- “Sssh, good that you two are eager. Mm, it... isn't mmfs, long now,” Nark grunted to his stomach, knotting a batch of bowel fudge through his frame, his shaft aching for release in tandem as he garrisoned his greasy, gassy rear gate. -PPFfhrrht- -Pffwrht- Puffs of flatulence fizzled through, fuming fluffy fart clouds through Nark's already-struggling pucker. -SPhhrslth- His pucker splayed and undulated over the mountain he was holding back, “Sphoo, that is fine, You'll fill my ass good and proper, and I'll take turns filling you up right after,” he teased the mares mulched up into his rear reinforcements.

”Erryone, tis thime, hup yall gut yer business dun propa,” came a voice through the speakers, the crowd watching seconds of the year tick down.

They counted down from ten.

“Seven.”

-Ppfbrrht- a bulge of bile bullied its way to the brink of Nark's butt, which was then reeled back with a strenuous hump. “Keep in check girls, gonna let you out next year,” he groaned out at three.

“Two, one...”

Septia

Confetti erupted from the ceiling, clouding the orchard in a hail of colourful paper, the volume ramping up as all the sacrifices to the past year – and their own depravity – swarmed to life in the premises of debauchery.

“Happy new yea-mmpfgh,” one stallion cried out, just as a mare with an impressive cock corked his cheer.

“Back to bottling my piss, been holding this in forever.”

Thought the stallion, eagerly nursing his bladder-baked wine.

“Mmgs, you like that now, you sexy freak?” she said and pounded his muzzle into her crotch with newfound vigour.

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Starting her new year, the first ponies Grease and Wireless laid eyes upon was each other, curled on the catwalk with a cavalcade of confetti fluttering across the room.

-Ppbfhrhrwwetg- This reunion was promptly followed by the emission of a typhoon of crotch-mists tangling them in tendrils of a combined nut and fungus farm. -Ghrhbrslth- A rupture of hot cement moulting through papier-mache signalled the bulk of mare batter bursting through Nark's barricade. Clutched by a frame of ochre flesh, the maroon mulch mouldings its exit wide open as the redolent pony clay hurled out of his brim – the smoothed surface of ponut putty rippling

into a prickled mudscape from the brim's fluttering smacks. The meteor of fractured filth blotted out the mare's field of vision, as the hoof-girthed loaf of muck collided with their muzzle and robbed them of the sight of the new year with the humid mulch leaking of viscous grease.

"Mmfs aa, ooh you got mms, me stuck in this, Wireless~." Grease pan groaned out, clutching the amber mare to her chest as the pegasi's rear avalanche sprawled over their heads.

"Gmmrs, it is a challenge not to get you stuck anywhere," she called back and smacked Grease's rump, the two moaning out as the sloughing heap of fresh clay deluged from the stuffed stallion, slathering them in sulphur-scented stomach slag.

-SPFllrrhsth- -Brhgst- Crinkling droves of raw umber unfurled from the pegasi's hinds, cheeks spread by the warping bundles of butt-baked batter behest on burying the snuggling couple. Nark's pucker distended and contracted along protrusions and crags littering the landscape of sludge sliding from his backside, -Slllsthc- his rim snapping back into place whenever it passed over a particular hurdle of compacted mare butter, the rebound slamming it back into the dung and leaving imprints where his rim cut into the droves of reeking clay.

"Mmfs, phaha, you might be used to lethal pigments, but none fmfm, of that measures up to my chocolate factory," Nark grunted out between pants and humps, his stomach grinding into his pole, worming around in a hug to jerk the diamond of a dong.

As loaves of gruel curled out of the stallion's cheese to cake the mares below, Wireless breached the surface of dung, tearing up the layer of moulding mud. "You've gotta bring something more devastating than this, to bring Grease down, say, a fully-loaded warhead."

"MmfsTsks, trying tosmms, steal the show? I might give you mm, you ladies a test ride, mm, just stuff your face in and lick at those farts, they are fatty and delicious, made of pure mmfs, chocolate grease." Nark taunted, at which Wireless leaned up and tenderly smooched the rump, reaching with a hoof to brush over it, only for the onslaught of manure to flood through, the force of the rigid dung pillar thrusting her back into the pile and entombing her with tangling coils of rich, fluid mahogany.

With hooves bending his gullet flab around them, Nark kneaded and compressed his gut, snickering to himself as the heap behind him grew to a hoof above the mares, where it kept crumbling and melding down the sides of the stack in chubby droves of nougat. "Too much for you, I smms, am not nearly finished," he groaned out and took to the air, frantically flapping to hover above them, where he squeezed the tubes of polished terracotta through himself like a batch of a giant's toothpaste.

"Mmgs, ofh, oof, this is a bit much," Nark mumbled to himself, the flow clogged by a constipation of padding, th-slflsth- a coil of mulch dropping like a wet rope from his hind and exposing a path of white stretching out this rear, the padding swelled like a mushroom cap in a fissure. -Flllfrhst- -Crhrslffgh- The crinkling of mud laid muffled under the engorging bulge of padding, rumbling with a submerged aura to its rumbles, the more it distended the clearer the diaper became, egressing from Nark's depths, recycled to contain its previous bearer in a display of muddy magnitude. -SPpghtsht- The diaper dropped from his tush, like a droplet of water, smacking into the pile, and unravelling to bear its contents. -Ghhrlslth- The grime clutching and gumming into the sides of the diaper, tethers of muck spanning across the mosaic pattern separating the clustered globules. The diaper unwrapped around a labyrinth of crackled clay, blossoming to garnish the club with its septic stench. "Phaha, so that was, fm was stuffing me up," Nark sighed, his pucker yawning open for a load of soft-serve caramel to drizzle down over the pony-filled mudpie, spritzing with a juicy -Ghhrlslth- of frosting sandwiched between a pair of feisty flanks.

As Nark's stomach shrunk back into a manageable amount of sludge, his hooves were freed to beat off his erection, churning the Wifu glue through his orbs as the jolts of pleasure spiked through him.

"MMFs, ready for the money shot, this was supposed to go up your asses mfms, but there's gonna be more where this came from," he huffed with sweat beading at his forehead, reaching back behind his head and wrapping his wings over his front to titillate his black mast. "besides, I couldn't

resist frosting a heap like this,” he squealed when his jewels constrained, concentrating the flow of pleasure up his shaft, and pumping the congealed juices’ slime through the tower of throbs, disgorging the creamy vanilla syrup in an arch onto the heap of chocolate gelato with hooves flailing from the ends. -Spfltlsh- The load collides and dents the muck in a pooling pattern – the imprints formed invoking throughputs of tentacled beasts spanning to choke the ground it latches onto. The white batter clots into jelly as the fountain flushed through the jostling mast, gushes of cock custard drooping over one another, pooling, sloughing and melding into the streams burrowing out through the foundation of fractures littering the lurid load. Smoothed, pearly streams of spunk passed over the rugged landscape, melding the fluffy cock custard with muddled marshlands. -Splltch- Gllspght- Throughout the torrents ferried molten femurs and wrecked vertebrates, sprinkling a garnish of pearl sugar over the frosted vanilla.

“Ppahha, ohooa,” soosh year’s begun with a bang,” the stallion panted as he nursed his cock with all four hooves, staying mid-air as the hose decanted globs of bronze-swirled phlegm, adding to the awe of the sparkling dessert, layers of polished bronze and liquid pearl playing off each other in splendid patters.

-Splltsh- His tip swelled, engorged with weight, through the abused hose swelled a teardrop of cum, contained by a translucent wrapping of partially-melted posterior plastic, the globule balloon filling up from the tap until Nark grasped it, and tied a knot on the end, getting the parch drop into the heap -Spllfth- muck and spunk alike budged around the form, with the load carving out a crater on top of the mire mound, plunged deep enough to bounce into the faces of the mares buried beneath. -Srlrlthc- and with a rupture of the plastic sheen, the load drained into the deepest recesses of the grime pat, showering the cavities Grease and Wireless were trapped in, and greeting them with a facial of festering fondant.

-Pmmfwrhrht-” “Mfmpwrwmrmtg~.” Moans and quivers escaped from the bile, leaving the whole heap rippling. An exhausted Nark watched from a hoof’s length away, slumped onto his back, tongue in his cheek, and delighting in the aftershocks traversing his system, the year was young, and he needed to recover himself before they burrowed out of his home-made new year’s dessert.

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The orchard's festivities enjoyed an injection of lewd energy once midnight had struck – a sugar rush of debauchery – which had calmed to the levels of half an hour to midnight by the time the pair of mares had made their way out of the chocolate burial mound.

“You had to be so, mfmpg, full of gunk,” Wireless said, -Sghrstl- her hind-legs caught in a canyon of cheek copper.

“And you keep being your spunky old self, phoommf,” Grease quipped as she hauled her out of the heap, tumbling together on the catwalk.

“Ladies, ladies, you are both equally hot and steamy, all thanks to me,” Nark said at the end of the catwalk, turning back to them after having enjoyed the orchard's view.

“Oo, you he has some teeth today,” Wireless admitted.

“Think he can go for another few rounds still?” Grease asked whilst wiping some cum blots off of Wireless's cheek.

“Girls,” Nark called.

“The night is young, the youngest of them all, isn't it?” Wireless mused.

“Girls...?”

“Ooo, if you have such confidence in him, I can't wait to start the year off by mmf, interlocking our bodies to a clockwork of carnal expressions,” Grease cooed out and nuzzled against the auburn mare.

“Girls...”

“Turning into a little wordsmith, am I rubbing off on you?”

Grease snickered. “Oh you have, and you will, maybe we could eve-.”

“Ladies!”

The two acknowledged Nark's cries.

-Gklrlstk- A bundle of orange fur and feathers, topped with a tuft of turquoise mane, laid tucked back in the incarnadine abyss of a grey throat. The mare's jaws dropped, as the sudden assailant did the opposite -Oommpgh- wrapping up over Nark's muzzle and sending the torso-wide bulge in the gullet jostling downwards. -Flrlrsg- -Gllrsh- A glistened fomenting of saliva and drool-polished fur escaped the lips with the reverb of a few grunts and struggles, impressions of hooves morphing along the bulge, while the stallion arched his head back to contain it. -Ghrhrbsht- Peristalsis was soon enough to claim the stallion, and the bulges billowed down to the boy-burglar's barrel, balling up the bloat of a belly bobbing with bulk.

-Bhruuaaaoorp- The Grey stallion's mane whipped back as he attempted to conceal a bout of smog, Tíree time finishing his belch with a wide toothed smirk.

“Phaaa, that is right, I got you now, right where I want you, in there, roughly at my belly o-oh wait not just, just gotta, mmspgph,” The stallion stretched, holding his breath and convulsing his belly like an accordion, complete with an appropriate -PBFhrhstls- clench of liquids and solids, “Phaa, there, right you are, stuck in my gut now, away from those lasses, yer mine now~.” The Stallion chuckled to himself, keeping an air of authority whilst bobbing his filled gut to the catwalk.

“Ooooooh,” Grease called out, throwing her head back just to fling it back and tossing her irritation toward the alicorn, “Are you serious?”

For a moment Tree Time looked worried, but then he remembered how the mares had played along with Nark's predatory role previously, smiling as he wasn't going to be bested in this game, that would mean he would be letting his friends down – which didn't suit a pony of his style.

“Oh I am for so real, I am not giving back this stud cheap.”

Wireless dragged her palm down her forehead. “You couldn't even have waited twenty minutes at the very least?”

“Hey,” the gullet warped along a face thrust in the front, quickly snapping back the rude morsel into place, “I would last you much longer than that.”

“Really now, ‘cause it doesn't seem like you lasted ten seconds to me,” Grease said while slumping back, seated with her eyes rolling billiard balls in her sockets.

Tree snickered at this. “Oh, you had some plans for this one, well... I am not unreasonable, if you know what I mean, Ladies,” Tree Time suggested with his words and eyebrows simultaneously, a moment of silence passing between them, “sexually.”

“We got that part,” Wireless cut him off, miffed about her plans being foiled, by Tree Time nonetheless, a great stallion, but seemingly incapable of reading a room.

“Right, you would know, working your way around the pole,” he said whilst splaying himself out on the catwalk, showing off his chrome sheathe twitching under the pressure of the swollen stomach, and with some taunting thrusts, his pale pink pucker rose as a thick mast of meat. “If you know what I-.”

“She got it,” Grease filled in, seeing Wireless slapping her face again.

“Then you'll agree to my terms?” Tree asked, kneading at his stomachs over droves of the struggling Nark shifting around the sack. “If you two, lovely mares please me enough, then we'll have this bugger out of here in a jiffy, just a little ride in my saddle, for your friend's well-being, sounds fair, hmm?”

The couple exchanged glances of pure irk, more so from the embarrassment. Though, by their exchanged judge, it was still getting a threesome, maybe even two, they would just have to bite the sour apple about it not being on their terms.

“Where do you want us...?”

-Ghrhslth- -Tffwlgh- The dome of flesh breathed around its occupant, filtering ammonia-soared fumes through Nark's mane. Viscous droplets of caustic slime conjoined into full globules trailing down the walls to and his fur alike, the chambers closing its grip around him in more ways than one.

"You are kidding me, I was right there, I did the hard part already, Tree you cock blocker," the Pegasus shouted and jabbed into the walls, his hooves sinking into the droves of pliable flesh, enclosing around his struggles in a sheet of doughy sponge, his struggles nullified. "Just great, oh by the forces of the moon and sun," he heaved out and slumped back, brow furrowed, he wasn't going to enjoy the cozy humidity, the tingling at his back or the gentle, rhythmic kneading of the stomach around him, not even a little, not at all...

"... dang..."

"Mmfms, mmw, aaa, that is a fine year, so mature," Tree Time cooed out into Grease Pan's snatch, his warm tongue brushing strokes of his moisture over the puffy lips, swabbing them in his lustful heat, letting their two pairs of lips' drools merge.

"Yeah, thanks," Grease muttered, feigning ignorance about the fluster creeping up her cheeks, or the lust-filled little grunts escaping her when the stallion's warmth prickled up those walls quivering for release. Her crotch lips were wide enough to suckle up his head if she tried, and boy was she... The hulking mare humped into the delinquent's muzzle, grinding her pussy on him like a washboard in hopes of swarming up her vagina, she wasn't about to let this kind of behaviour go unpunished, but that wouldn't stop her from enjoying her evening.

"And you are mdmfs, paha, are like a river of silver, solid and smooth yet making my boil in heat~ Course, I wouldn't, amam, expect any less form a mare so used to working the poles~." Tree Time cheered on the mare across his stomach, before diving back in to lick the Grease off of the mare's pan.

"Certainly, don't hear that once every parag-... day; everypony thinks it is so funny," she mumbled as her hooves trailed along the outer rim of his mast, massaging the outlines to the thick tower of flesh. It all came naturally to her, where to put pressure, how and where to massage only for a moment, lubricating her prosthetic grip with the pooling cock ointment leaking from Tree Time's tip... Yet the mood had just about fizzled out, she kinda enjoyed how silly and charming Tree Time was, though it was not the place for hearing those quips again. She hugged onto the mast, feeling it reach about mid barrel, grinding against it with a gyrating hump of her hips and smushes and twitching the pony sausage into the stomach – which through the bulging bottom formed a fold halfway around the throbbing flesh.

"Isn't even as big as Nark's," she grumbled and allowed her hooves to roam haphazardly across the convulsing member.

"Mmfs, aaah oomm, oh you are a diva of dicks, mf, such a snake mmf tamer," Tree gargled out between hefty slams of Grease's pussy.

"Tss..." Sometimes, Wireless Fuzz wished she could turn off her cock charming expertise.

"Just...fm get... im, there..." Grease groaned out, clamping her thighs around Tree's head, quivering as his horn brushed up against her labia, teasing surges of mare cum to swab over the stallion's happy complexion.

"Mfm, smfm, you are making true to your name, mmf, haven't enjoyed this greasy of a flesh purse in, fmm, ages," Tree Time cooed out into the twitching hood of the pussy, all whilst she responded with a pounding session to flatten his erection in her vulva.

"Phaa haha, ok, ok, time for a switch~. Mmf, I am getting all too hard, and I need a bit, mm, greasy flank to deal with it."

Grease pan stood off of the stallion in defeat. Leaving an imprint on the stage of her leaked lust.

“Mfm, keep working your magic on my gut now, Wifu, maybe it can hold off on churning him up, skilled as you are.

What truly ground Wireless's gears was of how giddy Tree was about all this. She sighed as she scooped up, feeling the throbbing member at her back poking her up to the stomach, and driving her hooves into the clutches of ashen grey mane flab, most of which was feeling less like a fresh steak, and more like a rising dough.

It was tough not to feel at least a little better, Nark slumped backwards, resting his partially-dissolved back to the wall of the gut, feeling Wireless give him a back massage through the padding hull of Tree's stomach. ‘Least he was marinating in a comfortable position. -Ffbrshth-.

Despite the stallion finding some respite, the stomach's thirst for his body would not be slaked through his compliance. Waves of the boiling gut custard seeped into his body, carving flumes in his torso, melting off segments of flesh to spread and meld into the rest of the fluids surging around him in the boiling pot of oblivious alicorn. -Ckkrsllth- -Fflrlsth- Nark blinked, peeking down the side of the scarlet wall, following a trail of phlegm down his torso, watching as it bored rifts through his abdomen and seeped throughout to fry his fur.

“Phf... dang I... fmmfw,” -Vrrrslslxth- the tear ruptured in a spline, stomach acids getting a chance to flood in and ravage his insides. -Gbrbsh- His liver vacated, sloughing off like a hill of red clay, lifting a great weight from the pony's body, as he became his own slow cooker for brewing his remaining organs. “Mgmrg...” The stallion grunted, and jabbed his hoof inside the rift, rummaging around to fish out the end of his colon. “bright side, least I have always wanted to try this.” -Sshrlrlpth- Nark threaded his cock into the sock of plasticine colon, the sinew soft like putty and moulding just as easily over the tip of his member, he took great care in wrapping up his shaft with the slithering tube of meat. He winced at the feedback from his own body, the pegasi feeling every stretch of the organ as it engulfed his cock; what usually laid beyond his field of sensation now burst forth through him in a big way.

“Mfmms, oohf, this, ms is more like it,” Nark huffed to himself, closing his eyes to imagine the self-made masturbation toy was really just the perky pucker of those pretty ponies outside, his breath washing out with excitement, staining the wretched gut air with his own lust-filled desire, overpowering the stench with his own ginger-scented musk, the stomach growing to a steady rumble while it and Nark competed for who could churn the most goop out of him.

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“Amsmn, asw this is the way to start the new year,” the stallion called out with his cheeks flushed with jubilation, and his horn aglow with magic, his telekinesis aiding Grease's romp on his cock – despite her wishes.

“Honestly, just a couple of minutes later and this would have been great,” Wireless said, muted in the atmosphere of the orchard and the momentum of her lover's bottom getting screwed by Tree Time's trouser trunk. Wifu rubbed her hooves into the stomach, sighing as her gropes went deeper and thinner, resistance petering out as her hooves were met with a homogeneous mass. So much for planning this special night. -Ppflrth- -Dwellpth- She sucked in air through her teeth, her rubs abrupted each time Grease's marehood smacked the moist lips into her back, it was a compromising position to work in – being sandwiched by the gut and pussy.

“Don't hold back, babe.” Wireless assured with a groan, least they would have some fun with this night.

“Mmf, it is not as easy as young, mfmf, aawmgf,” Grease squealed out as the alicorn levitated her, pucker nursing at the top of his member – then rammed her down to the base of the mast. -Shhrrllfpght- with the ripple of a giant straw sucking up porridge, Grease's pussy collided

with Wireless's back, the lips swathing around her shoulders and encroaching over her neck, The plump pillows of padding surrounding the pink tunnel clamped around her and hugging the mare's upper body into the feminine chasm.

"Mmfms," Grease grunted as she became the winner of a surprise double penetration from her two friends, both the internal bulges of Tree's cock and Wireless's frame rubbed into each other, grinding the pressure contained within the depths of the large mare's crotch, and leaving her panting as Wireless's engorged her nocturnal canal, and sprinkled a hail of liquid lust roaming along the rattled lips.

"Mmgs, dat, this wasn't meant for you babe," the unicorn huffed out as she reflexively clenched her thighs over the squirming mare, "but heck do you fit right in there you oversized vibrator," she admitted with a cascade of moans following, her honeypot soaking the mare as she funnelled up the fountain of flesh. Bloats emerged around Grease's crotch, a pantomime of Wireless fidgeting and squirming as the walls bore down on her like a lollipop.

"Mammwa, mfs, ohr, always wanted to stuff you back there," Grease huffed and curled forwards, breath erratic as the interlocking poles of flesh thrust through her nethers.

"MFFm, Oooh right sexy, you are mm, gonna get stuffed like a new year's turkey, and I was just planning on basting you with cream," Tree time huffed in his rampart rut, witnessing the massive mare bowing in pleasure.

"You are stocking your tankmfmfps, locked and loaded, so once you aremm, full to the brink of your calibre," he grunted out and smacked his crotch into her bottom, cheeks rippling like the loose saddle in gallop, "I can unload my cargo and send you flying," she beamed with joy as his breath struggled with the jolts travelling from his massaged member all the way out through his body, this meat throbbing down her bowels and shaking to the rhythm of the club.

Grease felt her insides struck with a bolt of liquid stimulants; the throbbing pound-hammer crescendo as it dislodged its payload of stallion gel. In the same instance her body shot forwards, hauled by a thirst and guided by magic, her curled-up head descending into Tree's parted maw, the lips roving over her mane and neck, throat sinew clasping over her – as if she was an exotic fruit dressing up in its peel. -Oogllrtk- The swallow undulated her surroundings, stimulus assaulting her from every corner, leaving her in a haggard, shaking state, and an easy morsel for the stallion to claim as his own.

Septia

"Wwhoo, look at that."

"But she is so big."

"You can do imgmpgh."

"Chug, chug, chug."

The Orchard watched as the slow pale giant was consumed by the maw of ashen fur; lips warped and contracted to compact the mare's frame past the gullet, roaming over shoulders and protrusions of her body alike, bending like waves of the ocean with slobber showered as salty foam. A hind along with two squirming legs still flailed from Grease as she descended down Tree's throat, the brazen cybernetics polished to a scillitant by the leaking nectar, -Chplslht- -Spglitsh- A few hugs of the lips contained the amber mare in a dome on the crotch. -Sllslthshs- this too soon reached by the alicorn stallion, crouching and curling his body to hump into the hind for as long as he had them in reach, -Splsltlrh- his shaft dislodging from the steamy tunnel, splashing an arc of liquid lust off as it egressed, and left the juicy ham at the mercy of Tree's abyss.

-Oompgh- -Gllrlsrk- -PppOmpgh- Swallows after gulps sent the wrapped mare up in his cheeks and gullet, bundling the mare into bloats that engorged his gullet, weighing down on his chest, forcing him to turn over as she wrapped up her hindlegs, gnawing on the rump while his throat reeled her into the expanding chasm ballooning the stallion's barrel spill over the edge of the catwalk in a dune of rattling bulges and churning slop. -"Mmfms, mmpgght, -Ooglllsh- Tree curled up the mare's tail into his maw, pushing and scooping it up in his hooves and packing it down

his gob, moaning while that final swallow sealed the depraved trio, jamming them clogged down his distended abdomen.

-Jhrlspgh- -Chhtslpsth- -Pcsssught- A myriad of blobs and clenches surrounded Grease, her frame succouring to the taut hold limits of the stomach lining – its sinew wobbling, gellated and wobbling with the convulsions of the midriff, yet its clench bore down on her with the comparison of steel pistons.

“Pmfms, phaha... can't, believe that... mmfs, oh you little snatch sucker, 'least I got you here,” Grease pan mumbled as she caressed the swollen lump on her core, The bump wobbled and indentations rose and fell from Wireless's wringing.

“For such a big meal, you sure go down easy, babe,” she began, but then broke out into a squirming fit. “Wait, think Nark might still be in here?”

Grease let out an awkward sigh, shifting her rump so a grind of -Sbghhrls- rippled through the chamber. “I think I'm sitting on him”

“Sure mfms, are...” came a muffled complaint from below, swinging and melding in with the bubbling stew of ruined plans brewing the mares into mulch.

“Pha... just great...,” Wireless grunted.

“Ohmmf, I concur sincerely, this is more than great, magnificent~.” Tree's voice came from outside, grinding his hooves into the stomach to tenderise the mare bubbling away in the rising drink of gruel and caustic fluids.

“Sure, a marvellous way of ruining our night.” Grease said with a jab of her bow into the constraining walls, leaving the stomach rippling and tightening into a skin suit around her frame.

“Mm, yeah that's... Come again? Ruined? I appreciate the dedication to the role,” Tree said, continuing to knead into the gut, “but you can drop the act now, ladies,” he panted out breath, quivering, his shaft leaking a puddle of spunk in the ensuing silence.

“Girls?” But the mares seemed to be giving him the silent treatment, only an occasional grumble rustling out his tummy. “oh... ain't that a right bother.”

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SepTia

Come early sunrise, the orchard had completed its metamorphosis from a place of action and dancing to a redolent bog; -Bhuroooarp- -Hoorrsp- Its inhabitant croaking out belches like satisfied toads. Interlocking piles of ponies snored in some corners, others brimmed with the reeking remnants of the festivities' refuse. Their room laid tepid in a melange of odours: smoked eel, wilted hay, salted earth, all melting into one another. Yesterday's energy had vacated the premises, as had the majority of the patrons – whether it be by their own will or not.

-Pmmsa- -Mmcch- Tree Time smacked his lips, patting at his stomach. “Awwmf, crazy night, right?” The stomach did not address him back, splayed out as a smoothed drove of barrel bulk. “Boy, did I make a fool of myself yesterday or what?” he continued, heaving himself up, dragging the gut along the catwalk, grunting as his effort roused an internal maelstrom of stirs and growls, “but suppose that is nothing to what I made you three, aha, a steaming batch of manure, that is,” he continued to chat with the unresponsive organ, while getting comfortable at the end of the catwalk, shielded by the bondage fence – which was down to one hog-tied mare snoozing away.

“Pbbrrfwh- A flush of foul fumes fanned from the alicorn's rear, staining the air with strokes of wisping flatulence.

“Right then, mmhr, Grease, would you lead the march out of my gut, don't think I mfm, haven't noticed how well you have oiled up my colon, feel a real new year's cleansing,” Tree mused whilst his gut clenched upwards, the rattle of pressure curling down his catacombs, shuffling up the encroaching avalanche with a smatter of boiling lard -Brhwlghruslp-. “Mmfs, a mechanic, a stripper, and their consigrnee, this is gonna be a hot and, steamy bunch,” Tree huffed out, his ears folding back as the tension drummed through his body.

-KRKlsrrthg- -GRGhrshslp- The ashen pucker winked, contracting inwards and swelling outwards in a slow rhythm, the bobbing stopping with a crinkling rupture -Crhrhslslstch- the brim pried apart by the mound budging through, tethers of slime webbed the pit together, yet the load inside rammed through the barriers. Once it neared the pucker, the pale hue could be spied, giving the impression of a pearl in the back of an opening clam. -hbrbhssslth- -Pgrrrrffth- With a combustion of bowel smog, the load shot up through the pucker, exposing the head of the mound; a chalk-pale dome with two sockets carved in its center. The cranium splayed the pucker around it, Tree's rim contracting and tugging around the polished chunk of bone, gradually letting it pass through his clutches. "Mmgs, haa, huh, what is the, matter, I thought you were gonna... head off." Tree Time paused, only the ripples of -Chhrsllt- his rear sounding through the orchard.

"Ha, I get it," one of the ponies mumbled.

-Cllrlsgthts- Tree's colon massaged the loaf of muddy mulch outwards, the skull curving about along with the hunk of pony clay it laid embedded in. An orange peel texture dressed the posterior putty, down to its hue, a glistening, pitted exterior with a plastic sheen from the coats of colon grease. The burnished tangerine hue reminiscent of the stallion first baked into Tree mush and compressed by Grease's bottom. Tufts of cyan and ultramarine hair sprouted from fissures crawling up the length of grime, the little hairs hanging heavy with digestive dew, groomed back in a sleek pattern as it passed through the pucker -Sshrhrlsplt- plastering segments of the fur back into the pliable skin of the slop while the hunk sloughed its way out of the brim.

"Mmgs, getting a bit ahaf, fpm," Creaking tension interrupted the stallion, the bulk in his bottom bending his brim bloated to the barrelling bulk budging through his buttocks, its girth swelling gradually, layers of packed pudge distending the mound to the width of Tree's thigh, creaking in the pucker with a humid flutter around the equator of the apricot slab, the protrusions of entombed ribs and bones only testing his limits as they crammed through the narrow hatch. "Mmgms, gmph," Tree huffed, clenching to halt the bulk, yet there was much more aching for a release down his congested colon, and its will surpassed his own.

-Chhwsllrpth- the mound heaved outwards, prying the pinching brim apart for the length of crackled clay to curl out of the cheeks, sloughing onto the exposed catwalk with the skull slamming into the planks -Ckkrllslstch- What appeared to be a rigid calcium structure, bent and collapsed as a sponge once it felt the pressure from above, a filly's clay project tossed away mid-making when mother called for dessert, crumbling to a pale paste the few moments before the remaining manure descended upon it, burying the skull in droves of coiling orange fudge with slabs of paste clapping together in a mudslide of sloshes and churns -Pglltsh- Bbhrrlsagl-.

-Grslstth- -Plldtthddw -Grllrsplth- -Twwwdph-. Tree's rear furnace forged folds upon folds on the heap of greasy tangelo grime, the pastel saturation giving it the look of a sunset on a summer's eve. -Sbbtsl- The mulch piling up underneath the open facet of Tree's bottom reeked of an ammonia syrup, tartness spreading through the air in swirls of mists escaping from crevices rupturing through the texture of dung dough, venting through the expanding crevices that gradually sloughed the heap apart, moulding broad mosaic patterns through the bile that segregated the mire into droves of batter sprawling out across the catwalk with the speed of molasses. The crack mended like liquid as the dunes shifted over one another, melting into creases of pencil strokes trailing along the gellated bloat of compost.

Vibrations quivered through the stallion's frame, his pucker used to dispensing the coalesced honey butter, smooth and gooey the further along the load went, yet the good times were coming to an end, when the brim was contorted by a haggard behemoth -Ghhrbsbtj-. A clump of compacted clay crashed through Tree's cusp, engorged to spread this cheeks wide apart around its stiff girth, rigid and twitching as it -Chhrsllt- crawled through the brim after its initial assault. -Sslltpsh- Tendrils of the orange gunk laid clogged in its trenches, dripping down off its edge in a beard of clustered gullet phlegm. -Pfbffwrt- -Wertrfth- The mulch jammed Tree's brim to its limits, muffling

any wisps of rear mists to bubbling flute notes. “Mmgs, ashg, this is, getting pretty big for my britches,” Tree complained as the jam throbbed back and forth.

With the cluster of vertebrae and ribs jutting out of the white column, the whole thing took on the appearance of a spiked lump with its shaft piercing through this pucker, an apt analogy to how Tree felt about passing the slab of marble, yet he couldn't hide his blossoming fluster as the hunk began to arc, bending downwards as the girth slimmed out, his pucker traversing through a cragged wasteland of deep dung crevices and protruding lumps, warping his brim to its whim as it paraded out down into the semi-solid puddle, -Ghhrls- The mound burrowing into the orange loam and displacing the grime around itself, gradually coiling through the mess. -Ghrsltlsh- -Chhrt- The stallions pucker contracted throughout the lump's journey, finding softer bits in the consistency of the grime to chomp through the wax texture and divide the mounds. Each bar of butt-forged steel slammed into the stack, -Gwbebet- The catwalk creaking as the mounds descended, the substance sending the previous loaves – breaking only under their own density – and sweating a thin film of goo. The air reeked from the smog pluming from the interspaces in the bone-white gunk, stinking of motor oil, boiled marshmallows, and molten rubber, odours that curled and intermingled with the previous stench of the Orchard, further polluting the contaminated zone in the redolent bio-waste.

“Ugnn, ghhsns, really, had to use up all your grease, mm on the first one? Feels like you threw a tank thread up my tush,” Tree Time trudged along the taut trunk, huffing as sweat trickled down his forehead, clashing with the condescending trails of mist moistening his muzzle.

The colon cement packed into a mountain of droves, creating peaks and valleys through the lumps moulding and grinding into one another. With the fractures settling into deeper recesses of grey, the compiled surface was taking on the guise of opalescent marble. The molten mulch jabbed into the gradually macerating bulk, the tremors this caused opened rifts and craters along the proverbial mountain of mare manure, the tessellated pattern widening the segments of the filth. Yet, unlike the orange bile, this segregation only went so far as to reveal the objects entombed within. The droves of damp dung were webbed along their crevices in filaments of the guttural oils, along with tethers of dung bonding the mulch together, it slid supported around a skeleton; stiff metal chunks; plates of green armour from the mare's prosthetics, still intact; tubes; pistons; and, even the mares' actual skeletons. Crossed ribs, lodged pelvis bones, scapula, and cracked skulls sewed the bulk together, crafting a foundation of reinforced concrete and rebar which the stallion was set to suffer through, every cent of the way.

The alicorn's legs were shaking, his stomach rumbling as it contracted around the mulch billowing out of its compost hatch. The mound of filth had come to clump up against the barricade of planks fastened on the end of the catwalk to tie the bondage bait onto, white and orange mud packing up to smudge the slapdash structure in its slick fudge. Lines of steam continually rose from the heap, now reaching for the height of Tree Time's buttocks. -Pflslth- Then his cheeks contracted, to his surprise, the mulch softened to a consistency of a pillow. Waves of relief jolted through his nerves at being able to close his brim back to an apple width.

“Pfmaa, ashaha, howoa... oh there we go, much better, take that as you forgive me, huh ladidiemmgm, mmgs, ladies?” Tree time huffed as his pucker belched out a dung-smacked clump -Bhrhslpurch-. -Spnth- The outlines of a cranium and fractured vertebrae. -Bhhrrs- Tree Time's brim clutched to a pit, then throbbed, budding outwards and squeaking inwards, each iteration it swelled more than it receded, till it laid bulging as broad as a bowling ball.

“Mmghrhkk...,” Tree Time crooned out, shaking from his head to his hooves.

-Splslth- One of those ripples parting the clasped chute, erupted wide open to peel off the thick hunk of white and amber manure, his brim snapping back into place like a rubber band, and distorting in size for the globby mound of goop to bob out of his pucker, swelling as the length went on, yet its shape adjusted along with the brim at an even rhythm. Its exterior laid shimmering in a silver sheen of iridescence. It moved with a fluidity of heated honey, drooling of viscous juices as it trickled out and folded into ribbons over the massive bale of manure, moulding to the crevices and

outlines beneath to swathe the mountaintop in a coat of cream. -Cllrlrths- A rend cropped up along its side, spreading as the mound coiled in gelatinous droves, its first rift parting the pale texture into a maw, out through which a wave of amber nougat pooled. The thick soup of auburn fudge sloughed over with a density of burnished copper, strewn throughout the flood laid a jumble of bones, sunken halfway into the bubbling tar or bundled together by bonding tethers of the umber gum. A stark whiff of mare lust blossomed forth from the rupture, along with undertones of spunk and attitude.

“Phaha, houa, always gotta mm, make an entrance, huh? Or an exit, in this case?” Tree Time huffed out as the globby length deluged from his rim, frosting the stacks of grime in equal amounts white frosting smelt Wi-fu nougat, crowning off the threesome in swirling display of orange lava, coconut steel and auburn sludge. What before had only contributed to the atmosphere of the club, was now dethroning it, in the earthy myriad of vinegars, prickly pepper, and fondant copper breeze, eliciting coughs and quivers from the party goers still present. Though, those who missed it need not worry, as the caramelised redolence sap seeped into the floorboards, it ensured the musty air would linger for many days into the new year.

~ 6 ~

Tree Time sat back, marvelling at the hill of slogging flank fudge, bubbled and set melded together, radiating warmth that glued into his coat. “Phaa... golly, doesn't this end up much better than you all planned?” Tree Time posed to the pile, which gave off a grind of munched mud merging together. “I'm sure it was fine, and hey, there is always next rear, right around the corner,” Tree Time chuckled, though the merriment soon petered out, as he imagined the look of his friends faces, especially Wireless. Memories surfaced of the last time someone had foiled Wi-fu's plans. The sight in front of him was quite reminiscent of the results of that endeavour.

“Well, first day of the year, can't be lazing about, but girls,” Tree said as she trotted off stage, “do let me know next time you wanna set up a show of this calibre, I bet we can find a way to blow the roof off this shoddy party,” -Ppfhbbrrthrl- a moist burble of a fart whistled through his brim, leaving a trail of smog curling through his tail. “Ah, I had expected something like that from Nark, but that one smelled very Greasy, excuse yourself, and go wash up, you got a whole year ahead of you.” With this said, the stallion elected to flee the scene, and maybe even plan ahead for once, instead of acting without forethought.

The mare tied up at the catwalk yawned and wiggled about best she could, tongue rolling out her lips as she stared at the ceiling, then pursed her lips and shuddered, sampling the smoothie of syrupy steam. “Has somepony been baking?”